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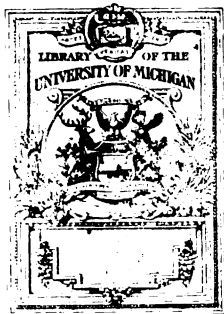
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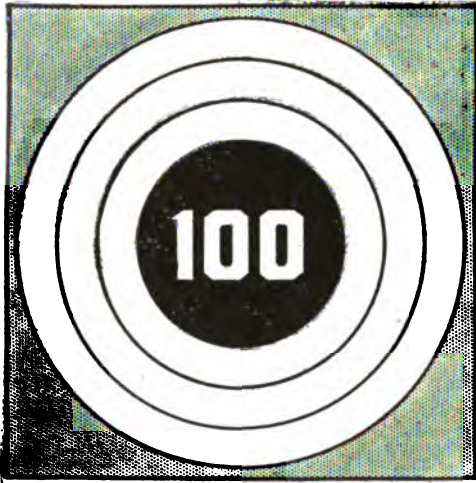
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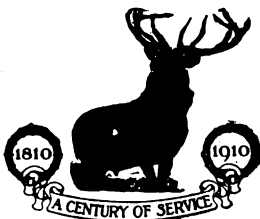
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VOLUME XXVII

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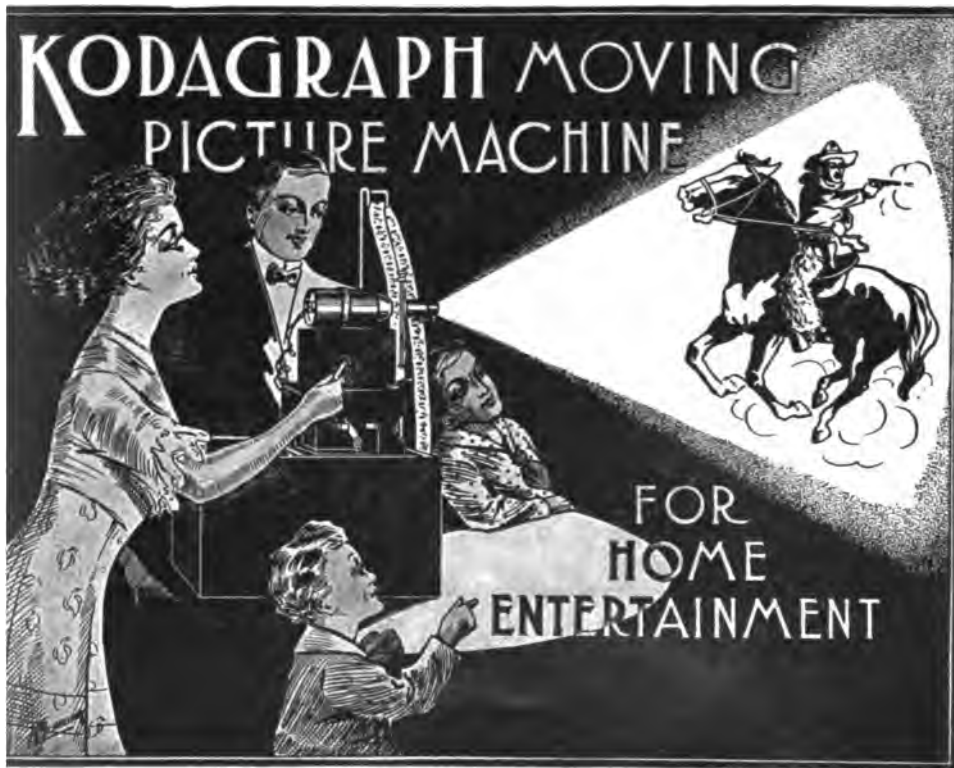
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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. (SEE "SOME WHO HAVE GONE.")

Memory Day.—By Will Carleton.

(The Legislature of Michigan has designated September 30 as "Memory Day"—in which all able to do so are requested to improve the condition of such graves as are in their vicinity—not only those of their own loved ones, but of others. This beautiful thought was suggested and furthered by Mr. J. T. Daniels, of St. Johns, Mich., and it was at his request that the poem below was written.)

UNDER this mound is a maiden at rest—

Hands white as pearls to her bosom were pressed;
Tears pure as rays from the stars in the sky
Fell on her face when they bade her good-bye.
Not long on earth did the soul shed its cheer:
Only a half-score of days was it here—
Then she was called by her heaven-given name
Back to the beautiful home whence she came:
But the bright spirit in passing away,
Left its sweet impress on glorified clay.
So, of the hearts of her kindred possessed,
In this last cradle they kissed her to rest.
Here her fair image lies prone at our feet:
Must not its refuge stay dainty and sweet?
Let this reflection be with us always—
Deeper than ever on Memory Day!

Under this mound lies the wreck of a joy—

Pride's brightest garlands were hung on his name:
Manhood and womanhood welcomed the boy,
Thanks went to heaven at the hour that he came.
Many the hopes that upon him were laid—
Brilliant ambitions were centered within:
Could he not lead in the cohorts of trade?
Might not his genius a world-homage win?
Would he not plead with the listening throng,

(Copyright, 1910, by J. T. Daniels.)

For their right action and word and belief?
 Might he not triumph in story or song?
 Should not the nation-tribes vote him their chief?
 As by an acorn the oak is possessed,
 What might have been in this tiny form lay:
 See that due honors around him shall rest:
 Give him his portion of Memory Day!

Under this mound is the bride of a year:
 Much did she love, and as much did she fear.
 Life early whispered that loss goes with gain—
 Exquisite bliss carries exquisite pain.
 Short were the lessons vouchsafed her to learn,
 Ere to the summer-land she must return—
 Perished this girl as a spring-blighted leaf:
 Wifehood and motherhood both were so brief!—
 Here is a maid who, though winsome and gay,
 Never knew wedlock—Death wooed her away.
 Here the sweet garb of a soul that was wrecked—
 Lured into triumph—then crushed by neglect.
 Oh, could the beauties of honor and worth
 Sown every day 'mid the gardens of earth,
 Rise up in flowers half as lovely as they,
 There were less need of our Memory Day!

Brave-hearted youth! how you sprang to the fight,
 Ready and eager your prowess to prove!
 Whether you stood for the wrong or the right,
 You were encompassed with pride and with love.
 How in such good as their fond eyes could see,
 Father and mother would triumph and rest!
 How in such actions as faulty might be,
 Still they stood by you and hoped for the best!
 So did your strength fill a need of each hour—
 No one would think it might e'er be o'erthrown:
 You had the courage, but Death had the power,
 And you are lying there, sadly alone.
 You had a mission that could not be spoiled—
 Though but for briefly, proud youth has its way:

Whether for country you battled or toiled,
You have a claim upon Memory Day!

Always save thoughts for the mother and wife,
That, through the burden and toil of a life,
Round those she loved, threw protection and care,
In the long hours—were they stormy or fair.
Bless the sweet form that in suppliance bent:
Up to high heaven prayers for mercy she sent.
Though she was working, the while that she prayed—
Ever she aided, while pleading for aid.
Trouble to her called for swift-speeding balm:
Over sad spirits her life cast a calm.
Many a soul, to beatitudes led,
After it walked through the gates of the dead,
Told the true words as it came to her near,
“This is the angel that guided me here.”
Is not a life that such fruits can display,
E'en of itself, one long Memory Day?

Look at the tomb of a king lying here!
Though on his low roof no blazonry be:
Monarch of forests—brave peace-pioneer—
Vanguard of civilization was he.
Branches barbaric spread wide where he came—
Poisons were haunting the swamp-tainted air;
Beasts growled their rage at his fallow's red flame—
Reptile-assassins were watching him there.
Loved ones around him fell low in the fray—
Under the wild-flowers he hid them from sight;
Toil was his faithfulest comfort by day,
Dreams of the angels his solace at night.
Low is this tomb, for so lofty a heart!
Here as the centuries drift, must it stay:
But should the living, ere hence they depart,
Drape it in splendor each Memory Day!

There lies a soldier whose heart laughed at fear:
Loud was their praise when they buried him here!

Garlands upon him descended in showers:
Now he gets yearly one handful of flowers.
Shall his last camp glitter only in view
Of the old comrades, grown feeble and few?—
Here is a pastor who toiled night and day:
Help him to preach from this pulpit of clay.
Let not his mound, once distinguished and high,
Shunned by God's worshipers, shrink from the sky!
Wars for your life this physician oft led:
Give him due thanks 'tis not you that are dead.
Here is a statesman, whose genius flamed high:
Let not the glow of his brilliancy die.
Ah, there is never the lack of a way
Justice to render—on Memory Day!

Thousands of tombs have long passed from our ken,
Those who once guarded them cannot come nigh:
They, too, have gone from the mansions of men:
Bleak and oft nameless the sepulchres lie.
How do we deem, but from first unto last,
They who are gone hold their earth-dwellings dear?
How can we say but the souls that are passed,
Still love the bodies that harbored them here?
Grave-yards?—God's albums!—and when He has said,
Thund'ring to us through our grief or our mirth,
"Dying ones, what have you done with my dead—
Made in my image—entrusted to earth?"
"Those that thou gavest, we cherished with care"—
Thus to the King may we truthfully say:
"Love linked to justice, and work wed with prayer,
Hail the sweet sunrise of Memory Day!"





His "Gold and White Girl."

BY MYRTLE J. COREY.

EVERY available foot of space on the deck appeared to be occupied by a busy crowd of bluejackets, each deeply engrossed in the task of writing answers to the letters which had arrived that afternoon, and which constituted their first mail for several days.

Some wrote easily, with half-smiles on their faces: while others spelled each word laboriously, forming the letters with their lips, and frowning worriedly the while. Realizing the significance of the scene below, Jim paused half way down the ladder, his eyes travelling from one to the other of his eagerly absorbed ship-mates.

He was oppressed by a sense of loneliness and isolation. The bulky mail-bags had contained nothing for him, and he was probably the one man on the huge battle-ship who never received letters.

Wistfully, Jim imagined himself one of that throng, filling the blank white pages with little accounts of his daily life, and acknowledging the receipt of message or token from mother, sister or friend.

Although orphaned at an early age, the young man had received considerable kindness, if not ardent affection, from an uncle and aunt: so he had missed his parents less keenly. Nor had he felt the passionate mother-longing that a cruelly treated child, or one who remembered his mother, would have. Girls in general occupied his thoughts very little, and sweet-hearts not at all.

But ever since the day, two years previously, when Lieut. Hayden brought his sister Joy aboard the "Connecticut", Jim had wished for just such a little sister. As he hesitated on the ladder, the wish

was more poignant than ever before: and, stifling a sigh, he remounted to the gun-deck, then walked slowly, heavily out by the starboard turret, and leaning on the taffrail surrendered his mind to thoughts as dark and restless as the water on which his eyes were fixed unseeingly.

Of the several hundred bluejackets aboard the boat, Jim was probably the most commonplace. Unlike the others, nothing odd, nothing thrilling, nothing uproariously funny ever happened to him. His enlistment in the Navy, far from bringing the adventures and experiences for which he had hoped, proved to be merely the exchange of one life of routine for another a little more strict.

Even his name was commonplace. There were a dozen Jims aboard-ship, and he had never taken the trouble to count the Smiths. He would have given much for a nickname distinctively his own: but there was nothing sufficiently striking about his personality or appearance to earn a suggestive title.

Of medium height and weight, his features were of a most ordinary sort, his hair an indeterminate shade of brown, and his complexion prevented from unusual clearness by a sprinkling of freckles on nose and cheeks. There was but one thing about this young bluejacket, that would have claimed attention if anyone had ever looked at him twice, or even once closely enough, to notice his eyes. They were really remarkable, not in color or shape, but in their expression. The moon peeping from behind a cloud-bank, gazed understandingly into their brown depths, and recognized the spirit that dwelt there, looking forth with patient

wistfulness, invincible honesty and deathless loyalty. Their pathos would tinge even gleams of joy with an undefinable sadness, haunting to the observer.

Perhaps the moon's soft radiance which enveloped the drooping blue figure soothed the troubled mind, for Jim went below to his hammock with a strangely rested, peaceful feeling.

The monotony of ship life remained unbroken until, some ten days later, the anchor found a resting place in the North River, New York. Then a noticeable stir was caused by great preparations: for the "Connecticut" was to figure prominently in a naval parade.

The third day in port, Jim was crossing the main deck carrying a large pail of water, when he stopped so suddenly that the bucket tilted sideways in his half relaxed hand, while a considerable part of the water splashed over. His eyes were centered on the figure of a girl who had reached the deck in advance of Lieut. Hayden and his party of friends. It was a slight, graceful figure, clad in white, relieved only by a trimming of gold buttons, and poised on dainty feet, shod also in white. A white picture hat rested on soft curling hair, which gleamed living, brightest gold even in the shadow; and below was a winsome face, in which dimples lurked everywhere, and blue eyes sparkled and laughed like twin mischiefs.

In that instant, the most wonderful thing in the world came to Jim: something that comes but once in a life-time—God's most exquisite gift to man. To Jim it was the more wonderful in that no imitation, however fair, had ever usurped its place. A line he had heard or read somewhere came to his mind: "Gold and White Girl! Gold and White Girl!" he murmured, unheeding of the trickling water and all else save the girl at the gangway.

"Look lively there! What do you mean by slopping water all over the deck?" and Ensing Bentley scowled disapprovingly at the offending bluejacket.

The harsh voice at his elbow roused Jim to confusion, and he moved hastily away. But one thought dominated his

mind—never again would he wish that Joy Hayden were his sister. His heart had awakened, and with every throb called the "White and Gold Girl" Queen.

It was fortunate that few duties de-



"GOLD AND WHITE GIRL."

manded his attention that afternoon, for it is doubtful if he could have carried out the simplest order. Fortunately, too, for

once, that he was such an inconspicuous person: otherwise the ladies might have wondered why they so frequently passed the same sailor, for an irresistible attraction drew him wherever Joy went. When she left the boat, he wakened to some extent from the daze: but familiar objects seemed strange, and accustomed duties were awkwardly done.

It was as if Jim had entered a Dream World in that magic moment on deck. Outwardly his was the same commonplace figure, and none guessed the new glory within: a glory that shone between him and the most uncongenial task, and that tinged with rose color the dulllest day.

During the Celebration and the ensuing time spent in the navy-yard, Jim saw his Gold and White Girl on several occasions, and each time the spell grew stronger. But he would as soon have thought of plucking a star from the sky, as to approach her with an expression of his love. Indeed he was almost too shyly reverent to name it even to himself.

Almost the last evening in port, contrary to his usual habit Jim accompanied several of his shipmates to the theatre. He keenly enjoyed the first two acts, watching with the closest attention as the romance unfolded scene by scene.

During the intermission, as he leaned on the balcony-rail, his gaze wandering from one gay group to another, his eyes finally rested on a familiar figure in the orchestra-circle. It was Joy, and never had she seemed so irresistibly attractive. Her escort was the Junior Lieutenant, and with that recognition came a sharp stab of pain. Having regarded her as so infi-

nately above all others, so rightfully unattainable, it had never occurred to Jim that another man might think otherwise. But now, watching the girl's delightful animation and the Lieutenant's assured happiness of manner, conviction tightened his heartstrings. One with a less humble opinion of himself or with less of reverence in his love, would not have yielded without a struggle to such a belief.

The play moved to a startling climax, unheeded by Jim, who saw only a flower-like face in a halo of lustrous gold, while he struggled with a dizzy sickness which seemed to hold mind and body prisoner.

During the following short cruise the young sailor watched Lieut. Stanford with mingled feelings. Previously he had re-



BLUEJACKETS AND MARINES IN GROUPS.

sented that officer's Annapolis-bred conceit. Now he felt sure Joy's clear true eyes could not have been deceived, they must have seen beneath that surface-veneer, and found a man's spirit and strength. Thus the struggle went on. He could not question his "Gold and White" Girl's choice—she could do no wrong. But the new-born light shone less brightly through the wistfulness in his eyes and the waves that lapped the sides of the boat crooned a sad accompaniment to his thoughts.

A few weeks later, and the "Connecticut" was anchored once more in the North River: and at breakfast one morning it was rumored that Miss Hayden would bring a party of her classmates aboard-ship that afternoon. Bluejackets and marines were animated by a thrill of excitement. Uniforms received an extra brushing, while gold buttons and bronzed faces shone with much polishing. No matter if the day were dull and dark, ship, water and sky a mirror of leaden grey, the girls should receive a welcome that would make them forget the sombre color scheme!

Of course they came, and the spotless decks echoed the lively clatter of high heels, while feminine voices laughed and chattered about the grim implements of war.

Late in the afternoon, the entire party, with one exception, went below to explore some half-forgotten portion of the huge ship. Lieutenant Stanford detained Joy, by a very obvious pretext. This did not pass unnoticed by Jim, and a little later, when her companion left her alone for a moment, she stole closer, where, unseen himself, he could watch her every movement.

The deck was almost deserted: every man who could do so had gone below. As Joy paced slowly back and forth, some one in a room near by commenced playing a merry little tune on a violin. From keeping time to the lilting melody, the young girl glided almost unconsciously into dance-steps. Scarcely breathing, Jim watched as she swayed gracefully to and fro—the very incarnation of her own name. Sergt. Mulkins had to call his name several times before he heard and moved reluctantly to the ladder.

Meanwhile the lightly-dancing feet moved near and nearer the edge of the deck; there was a slight stumble, a backward step or two to regain balance, then a little startled cry. Jim turned and ran hastily back.

With the eloquence of that empty space on deck, fright nearly mastered him. Yet in that moment of horror, he was conscious of a feeling of exultation. No one else was near.

Just once God had let him be first, and that once made up for every disappointment or unsatisfied longing of his entire life. *His* strength should save the Gold and White Girl! He would snatch her back from covetous Death, and give her to radiant Life!

Perhaps if his haste had been less great, or if his attention had not been held by a gleam of white already borne outward by the tide, he would have seen a curious dark object floating nearly submerged in the water. Leaping far out he rose with an ugly ragged cut, high on his left temple. But he was unconscious of this, feeling only the icy chill of the water and thinking of the frail girlish body suddenly plunged into its depths.

There were curt orders from officers, now, bringing prompt obedience from men; frightened exclamations in girlish tones and one agonized cry, "O, God, it's Joy; and she can't swim!"

It was the supreme moment of the boy's life. Every faculty was strained, every effort exerted in his struggle with the waves. He was very near to Joy now. How her hair gleamed in the water! It was cruel to grasp it, but she mustn't sink again! Now he held her close, and was swimming toward the boat, and safety. Everything seemed strangely still, and the splash of the water no longer sounded in his ears; a strand of her hair washed across his face. He had never thought it red, just golden: yet it was strange that he now saw objects through a crimson haze. But he didn't know of the dark stream creeping slowly down his forehead to spread, thinned by the salt spray, over his eyes. Anxious watchers aboard the war-ship saw it and marvelled at the strength with which he swam, burdened as he was with the girl's inert body. Valuable minutes were lost in the beginning, but at last a small boat was lowered. Soon eager hands lifted the drenched figures from the water, and with difficulty released Joy from the strong grasp which even in unconsciousness held her so firmly.

* * * * *

For a long time Jim seemed to himself

to be floating in space surrounded by fleecy clouds, which enveloped him in a soft darkness. Then he heard voices in conversation: but so vaguely that he could not understand the words. "You are quite sure there is no hope?" "Positively sure, Lieutenant. Aside from the considerable hemorrhage from the temporal artery, the injury to his skull is fatally serious. It is a miracle that he did not die in the water; and I can't understand where he got the strength to save your sister."

Then he thought he must be dreaming: for he heard Joy's voice quite distinctly, and there were notes of sorrow and pleading in the tones which stirred his dull senses to wonder who could possibly cause her one moment's pain.

"You can't deceive me any longer, Walter, for I heard what Doctor Ainslie said. Please—please *don't* make me go now! I just can't. I must speak to him once." Then the words halted pathetically. "Walter—think—think—he saved my life, and now—. Oh, we can't let him die! Dear Doctor Ainslie, please try to do something more for him!"

"I am trying, Miss Joy," came a gravely soothing voice. "Suppose you try. Perhaps if you were to speak to him, he might rouse a little from the stupor."

There was a slight stir: then it seemed as if some one leaned over him, and soft fingers rested on his hand, while the dearest voice in the world called gently, "Jim! —Jim!"

Now he felt sure it was a dream: for, though every sense seemed alert, his body remained obstinately immovable, and he knew if it could ever be real that Joy should clasp his hand, nothing would prevent him from returning the pressure.

That invisible vise-like grip, against which every effort was helpless, held one only in dreams. Never before had sleep brought such a wonderful fancy: and this was so marvellously real! The touch on his hands was so vibrant with life, that it became at once pain and ecstasy.

Presently a warm drop fell on his cheek just where the largest freckles were, and the sweet voice grew more insistent in its pleading.

"Jim, Jim! Open your eyes! Please, Jim!"

He didn't want to awaken, but quite irresistibly his eyelids obeyed the coaxing command, and he looked straight into sorrowful blue eyes, their mischief veiled with a mist of tears.

"Gold—and—White—Girl! Gold and White—Girl!"

The words came slowly, falteringly, but they throbbed with the love-note—and Joy understood! Unerringly she read deep in the eyes which gazed so steadily into her own, all the loneliness and longing and the love that gave all and asked nothing in return. Her heart ached with the pitifulness of it, and stooping she kissed Jim softly on the forehead close to the sorry white bandage; then pressed her warm red lips to his cold ones. The tired heart throbbed with rapture, and each tiniest pulse fluttered response. His spirit was very near the Borderland, but stayed by the ecstasy which thrilled his very soul. His stiffening lips curved in a tender smile, a wonderful happiness shone divinely radiant through the wistfulness of his eyes, and the dark lashes drooped slowly over the depths in which lay mirrored for all eternity the dear image of his Gold and White Girl.





Tours of the Potentates.

BY BERTHA JOHNSTON.

II.—CONTINUED.

HADRIAN also visited Smyrna and here the Emperor could view the statue of Homer, erected by the city, which was one of the seven to claim him as her son by right of birth. In Sardis, could the Emperor but have known it, the Christian religion was growing also, and soon after Bishop Melito of the city, became famous as the compiler of the canonical Old Testament.

Next we find the Emperor in Syria, where Antioch reigned as the capital city, celebrated for wealth and splendor, and for her festivals in the groves of Daphne, of which we read so fine a description in "Ben-Hur." It was in this city that Hadrian first reigned as Emperor, being there at the time of Trajan's death. And in this luxurious city Hadrian had most trouble with his troops, who were enervated by its vices. Heliopolis, Tyre, Sidon, Damascus, Palmyra, were not omitted by this Roman globe-trotter, and from thence he went into Judea, where Jerusalem had been already all but destroyed by Titus and was soon to have the final blow given to its mistaken Messianic hopes that anticipated a temporal king.

And now we follow the Emperor to Egypt, which had for him the mysterious charm it exerts upon all sensitive minds. Alexandria was at the height of her material glory, but in respect of righteousness her fortunes were at low ebb. All races and religions from three continents were found there, and the corruption, vice and wickedness flourished by the side of a vast commerce and material wealth. And her religion, her art, her mysteries,

her philosophies penetrated into and influenced forever Roman art, thought and life, both for good and bad.

Up the Nile goes the Emperor, accompanied by his Empress, and, among other court ladies, a Greek poetess, Julia Balbilla. Memphis and Thebes win their respect and awe, although in ruins, even then, so ancient were they, even in Hadrian's era. At Thebes he visited the vocal Memnon, which then was still vocal. The somewhat melancholy sound which was heard at sunrise was ascribed to a current of air stirred in the crevices by the movement in the atoms due to the sudden change in temperature induced by the rays of the rising sun upon the chilled stone. Both the names of Hadrian and his Empress Sabina are found carved upon the statue. The musical tone was said by the Greeks to be the morning greeting of Memnon to his mother Eos. The poetess of this royal party was inspired to write some verses upon the occasion. Other cities were visited and although we do not know that he visited the porphyry quarries, which were the Siberia for Roman criminals, he did mitigate the severity of their life. In the Lybian the Emperor anticipated the American ex-ruler, Roosevelt, by killing a lion in the chase.

He then returned to Syria and again to Athens, where he presided at the dedication of the temple to Olympian Zeus, and statues were erected in his honor by the eager Greeks. To our thinking, the glory of the festivity was not enhanced by the hunt in the Athenium stadium, at which one thousand animals were killed. This sort of celebration seems really more Roman than Greek in

spirit. The Roman Emperor now assumed, undoubtedly by request, the title of the Olympian Zeus and received honor as a god for his benefactions as founder and restorer of the communities. He was worshipped in many Greek cities as Zeus and received divine honors elsewhere.

It is difficult for the orthodox Protestant of today to account for the spirit that could thus honor a mortal man, but the ceremony was not uncommon in the ancient world, and we see something akin to it in the beatification and sanctification of holy men and women in the Roman church.

The Emperor was back again in Rome in 134, and his main travels of investigation and observation were concluded.

But one people refused to render this homage as to a god; and these were the Jews. When Hadrian began to rebuild Jerusalem as a Roman City, after the destruction by Titus, the Jews rose in despair, and this time the ruin was complete and thorough. Palestine was made a desert. Thousands of the inhabitants were sold into slavery. But, though the temple was destroyed, Judaism survived, and the way was paved for Christianity to become truly the religion of all races, with the circumcised and the uncircumcised.

The closing years of the Emperor's life were saddened by pain and by suspicion, but he conferred a lasting benefit upon his people by adopting as his successor the noble Antonius Pius and securing his pledge to adopt and make his successors Marcus Annianus Verus and Lucius Verus, the former of whom ruled later as the Stoic philosopher—Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

Recurring once more to Hadrian's unique journeys, we see that he made them under conditions quite different from those of the present day. He travelled simply, without state or followers. He endured all the hardships that his soldiers did on the long marches, with head uncovered and ever on foot or horseback, but never in carriage. In camp he shared the same kind of fare that they did. Crowds of engineers and artisans took the place in his train of the cohorts of sol-

diers that usually accompanied royalty in those days. Wherever he went he conferred benefits upon the cities; harbors, and streets, temples, and monuments, trade, agriculture, all benefitted by his visits. As Dion said, "He visited more cities than any other ruler, and to all he was benevolent; he gave them aqueducts and harbors, corn and gold, buildings and honors of many kinds."

He founded colonies here and cities there, at will. His legislation made for progress. The blessings of peace followed where he travelled. So many were the restorations that the Emperor had carried out that many coins were struck designating him as "Restorer" or "Saviour of the World." Coins indeed were made in nearly all the places visited to commemorate this happy event and these are frequently the main records of his visits and the blessings they carried with them.

III.

Besides the marches of Moses and Xerxes, that of Hannibal across the Alps, in point of distance traversed and the numbers engaged, pales into insignificance. But in the light of the physical difficulties to be overcome it was a tremendous undertaking.

In the spring of 218 B. C. the great Carthaginian began his remarkable march which had for its ultimate purpose the conquest of Rome, which city was to be reached via the Pyrenees and the Alps. A large part of what is now Spain had been overcome and ruled by his father, Hamilcar, who, when he was about to set out on his war of conquest, had pledged his nine-year-old son to eternal hatred of Rome. We see this boy, now grown to manhood, preparing for what was to be one of the greatest campaigns in history. He had previously given all his Spanish troops a furlough in which to visit their homes, telling them to return in the spring, and he would lead them to glory and gain. To protect the domains which he was leaving, he sagaciously sent Spanish troops to Africa, and African soldiers were placed in Spain, among these being infantry, cavalry, slingers, elephants, and

many ships. He then crossed the Ebro with his own forces and found himself on Roman territory with an army of 100,000 men, and which included thirtyseven war elephants. He had to overcome the native inhabitants as he pressed on his way, and he found it wise to discharge some 10,000 malcontents, who, for one reason or another, did not wish to accompany him. The Pyrenees were crossed, and he then pushed on to the Rhone in the face of some little opposition from the Gauls encountered, only to find a strong force of hostile Gauls on the opposite shore. Ready for every contingency, he sent one contingent of his men to cross in a shallow place twentyfive miles away, and so take the enemy in the rear; those who were Spaniards swam over, having placed arms and clothes on bladders, while the African troops, unused to swimming, crossed on rafts. Meanwhile, Hannibal himself crossed in native boats and rudely constructed rafts. Attacked in front and rear, the Gauls soon fled, and the elephants were then taken across in this wise: A large raft was covered with earth and firmly moored to the bank; to this a smaller raft was attached, similarly disguised. The elephants, led by the females, were then conducted upon the larger and the smaller raft in succession; the latter was detached and moved across the stream. They were so frightened when the supposedly firm ground began to move, that they kept perfectly still in their terror. Two that plunged into the water swam safely over, but their drivers were drowned.

The determined leader now made friends with a native chief, who, among other things, supplied him with shoes for his troops. His route across the Alps has been a matter of discussion, but whichever way he went was sufficiently difficult. Men, baggage, horses, elephants—all had to be transported in the face of all kinds of natural obstacles, to which inimical men added their opposition. Nearly every foot of progress had to be won against savage foes, until they reached almost the highest point on their way. Then, for three days there was comparatively little trouble; but this truce was

followed by an endeavor on the part of their enemies to foil them by treachery, rolling rocks and stones upon them from the cliffs, after they had lured them into a narrow defile. Snow had begun to fall before they began the ascent of the mountains, and the roads, narrow and slippery, proved especially trying to the elephants: in some cases it being necessary to widen the paths for the huge bodies. They were, however, useful in that they created such terror in the inhabitants that they never ventured to draw near when one of the strange two-tailed creatures was visible. We can in a measure sympathize with the surprise felt by the mountaineers upon first seeing the tropical beasts, as the writer recalls turning suddenly a mountain corner in Switzerland and there meeting a small wandering circus which numbered in its train a camel that certainly looked very much out of place so far from its native desert.

Livy tells how Hannibal split with fire and vinegar the rocks that could not be surmounted or removed bodily. It took nine days in all for the army to reach the top, where their wise commander permitted a two days' rest. Another fall of snow proved discouraging; but soon from the summit, as the toil-worn soldiers looked down into Italy, the great Carthaginian general encouraged them, saying, "You are standing upon the Acropolis of Italy; yonder lies ROME!" But seeing the goal was far from being present there in body, and the journey down the rough slopes was all but as difficult and dangerous as the ascent had been. Of his vast army at the beginning of the attempt, only 20,000 foot and 6,000 horse were mustered in the plain below; 33,000 were left upon the road, victims of cold and disease. And many a victory and many a defeat followed before Hannibal learned that Rome was not to be conquered by him. It was in this campaign that Quintus Fabius Maximus Verrucossus pursued those tactics which won for him the name of Cunctator (The Delayer), and which gave the name thenceforth to what is commonly known in history as the "Fabian policy."

That was a tremendous undertaking of

Hannibal's, and one which by dint of good management and ingenuity in contriving means of transportation, and of overcoming other difficulties, he did bring to a successful conclusion. He did cross the Alps with his army. And now, through the modern tunnels, the luxurious traveler may leave the winter of Switzerland to find himself in a few hours in the summer of Italy. But whatever the marvels of engineering skill which man may achieve as the years go by, they cannot detract

from the greatness of the man who planned and executed that feat of conveying an army of many men through the mountain fastnesses of a strange and unfriendly country.

But the skill of strategy, the determination, the sagacity, were all unavailing. Carthage failed to reinforce him with supplies, and soldiers, and Rome again was victorious in the terrible conflict with her great rival on the southern side of the Middle Sea.

September.—By Margaret E. Sangster.

LARGESSE of the vineyard,
 Largesse of the corn,
 All the orchard's perfume
 Fills September's morn;
 Like a royal princess
 Proudly sure and strong,
 O'er a flowery pathway
 Brave her vassals throng.

By the brookside nodding
 See the gentian fair,
 With the sky's own blueness
 Tangled in her hair.
 On the hillslopes muster,
 In superb array,
 Golden-rod and aster,
 Courtiers rich and gay.

Diadem of beauty
 Sparkles on her brow,
 Love makes haste to greet her
 Coming hither now.
 Winds of hers are pungent
 As with breath of pine,
 And her clouds are curtains
 For a couch Divine.

Banners of the Autumn
 Wave o'er mount and dell,
 Bugles of the Summer
 Sound their long farewell.

Every hedge is glowing
 Where the brier weaves
 Its triumphant purple
 For the golden sheaves.

O'er the dewy meadow,
 In the dimpling space,
 Trail the snowy garments
 Of a bridal lace.
 June had wealth of daisies,
 Lillies crowned July,
 Queen Anne's shining splendor
 Now delights the eye.

Royally September
 Fills her jewelled cup,
 Heaven itself is blessing
 Those with her who sup.
 After Spring the Summer,
 After Summer, Fall,
 And God's love to keep us
 Through the seasons all.

In the rosy dawning,
 Or the opal eve,
 Hearts that erst were heavy
 Cease to droop and grieve.
 Labor ends with sunset,
 Night brings calm and rest,
 The Creator bids us
 Trust Him and be blest.





Laus, The Coward.

BY R. H. CHRISTENSEN.

A CERTAIN inhabitant of the very little town Holsted, Denmark, well-to-do, not ugly, nor of a sour disposition—wanted a wife. He doted on no particular woman; but, past forty, longed for a companion to share his weal and woe. This was no recent desire with him; but it was growing stronger from day to day. Yet he was a single man, a bachelor because well, because he had chosen no girl for his wife.

It would have been the simplest matter in the world for Laus to have married, and married well, for there were plenty in Holsted ready to accept the phlegmatic Gaardmand. But to pull Laus by his coat-tails to the pastor could hardly be asked of any girl; and no one knew whether Laus desired to marry or not.

There was no excuse for Laus. He was worse than a coward. A coward must necessarily display his lack of courage; but here was a person afraid to show that he was afraid.

The people in and about Holsted are a curious and a gossiping set; but all their conjecturing concerning Laus and his shyness amounted to nothing in the end.

While his father lived, the two often struck the matrimonial problem, but they never delved deep into it. The argument was something like this. Old Lausen would begin, "Laus, you ought to marry; you must marry; and it's high time you do." Then the forty-year-old child would say: "But how can I find a wife? I don't know any one!" "Well, you've got to become acquainted then", his father laughed, dryly. "Oh,"

Laus cried, with sarcasm in his voice: "It's easy enough for you to talk like that: you married mother."

The blackest period in Laus' life extended through the days when Maren lay a corpse in the Stuen of his Gaard. Good and faithful old Maren, who had been his Husholder, his second mother, so to speak; for she had been at his elbow ever since Madam Lausen's death, when Laus was scarcely strong enough to walk unaided. Yet, after she was put into the ground, Laus inclined toward independence. There was no burden on his shoulder now. He was free to do as he chose, and would manage the Gaard to his own liking. Yet—and here fresh and utterly untried trouble arose—he must have another housekeeper! What kind of a woman should it be? And involuntarily he censured his own neglect in not having married. It was too late for that at this time, he mused; this small courage was a mere speck of a quality with him now.

The Karle had complained that their meals of late were dreadfully ill-cooked; and had remonstrated with Laus. The Gaard-owner asked their patience a little



THE GAARD.

longer. Meanwhile he was much perturbed; it was in the middle of summer, and his fields promised a rich harvest. He must do everything for his Karle now. He would secure a new Husholder regardless of cost.

At last he resolved to advertise. It would be a torment to face the girls that might apply. Oh, how he wished his father was living now! Yet the ordeal must be passed; and he despatched the following advertisement to Hojskkolobladet:

"WANTED.—A middle-aged girl for Husholder at Laus Lausen's Gaard. Holsted. Excellent wages. Apply in person at once."

During the days that followed, he was restless and nervous. Servants in hundreds might flock to the Gaard, and he would be compelled to face them all. It would be a fiasco. For he could not possibly summon strength sufficient to even conceive the probable results of the advertisement, and out of sheer despair he consulted his Avlskarl, Peder Sav. Peder gladly assumed the, for him, pleasant duty of meeting the applicants for the Husholder position.

"Be very careful, Peder, and don't engage any coquetish flirt. I won't have any such about my Gaard."

Sav promised, and Laus was very much relieved.

Just at twilight, while the pair were eating supper in the Kjøkken, the first caller came. Laus suspected as much on glancing out, and grew very excited. "Hurry, Peder!" he cried, tearing the beer Krus from his hand. Sav flew up, and bracing himself, strolled across the room with an arrogant air that would have angered Laus, if he had seen him. But the Gaardmand dared not look around.

Peder opened the door, and shoving both hands into his pockets remained standing on the threshold. The girl in a

very timid voice explained her business. Laus could just make out the words, and shivered. Still haughty, the counterfeit employer demanded her previous experience. She had learned household duties of her mother, who was an invalid and a widow. "But where have you served?" asked Sav. "Nowhere", said the girl; she had always been at home. And why was she giving up her home? Could her mother take care of the house now? the



DEJECTEDLY, IN TEARS.

inquisitive Karl persisted. The girl started to speak. But whatever she said was incoherent and Peder could make nothing out of it.

He shook his head. "No, no, you are too young, and not strong enough to do the work required of a Husholder at our Gaard."

She murmured something and went away. Laus looked out of the window and saw her put a handkerchief to her eyes. That was enough. Rushing blindly to the door he collided heavily with Sav. "Go after her, Sav, and make haste." "But"—Sav started to say. Laus waved him back imperiously, "Do as I tell you", he cried, in a voice that was strange to

the Avlskarl; who now ran out to summon the once rejected applicant.

And as Laus saw Sav disappearing, the whole matter flashed in kaleidoscopic fashion before his eyes. He wanted to retreat into some remote nook of the Gaard where there could be no fear of discovery. But he could not do that.

But what was there to fear? A little frail creature! A mite before his huge frame. He would let her and the rest of Holsted know him, after this! He had frightened Peder Sav, and he could easily enough, he reasoned, scare the applicant. Yet after all, he went on further, were such measures necessary?

Just then he discerned the girl and Sav enter the Porten. They walked very slowly, and her eyes were fastened on the ground so that Laus, although he tried, could not see them. As they drew nearer, all his artificial and momentary courage gradually failed him, while his desire to vanish was stronger than ever. Yet he could not go; he seemed to be pinioned to the spot.

Ere he realized it they were beside him; and he heard her weak, quavering voice exclaim in a tone of surprise and apprehension, "You wished to speak to me?"

Laus gazed dreamily into the girl's deep blue tender eyes. "Yes, come in", he said, in a low voice. The Avlskarl had gone away.

He led her into the Stuen. "Did I hear you say that your mother is an invalid and a widow?" Laus began trying to appear self-possessed and nonchalant; and succeeded very poorly.

"She *was* an invalid. But she is—" Here the girl broke down and sobbed aloud. Laus, the blockhead, understood at last; and noticed for the first time her garb of mourning. He could say nothing for some minutes.

"You may stay, Froken", he managed to stammer, at last. There was a long silence. Neither cared to break it—and really there was nothing to say. Finally, she arose, moved straight toward the startled Gaardmand, and extended her hand. "Thank you," she said, "my name is Thora:—Thora Berg."

Laus pressed her thin little fingers. "My mother's name was Thora, too", he replied, still holding her hand. Then he let it fall. "You must be hungry, froken Berg: come."

Laus, and for that matter every one else at the Gaard was very well satisfied with the new Husholder. They were all fairly amazed at Thora's dexterity and proven proficiency in her duties. Laus praised himself for his excellent selection, but there was something else that made him happier. Her presence pleased him immensely. It was hard for him to consider her a mere servant in his employ. Truly Thora was the sunshine of his home. He was anxious to have her realize this, but as the readers of this story already know, Laus was not of a courageous nature.

It was in late October that an incident or rather an accident brought a great change over him, in more ways than one.

Although nearly fifty now, it had been Laus' yearly custom to help gather the winter fruits and assist in preparing them for market. There was an uncommonly long and slender-limbed apple tree in the orchard that it used to be his delight to rob of its treasures, when he was thirty years or so younger. But today his spirit was unusually buoyant and exalted. Who can know but he may have been eager to convince Thora that he was yet far from the stage of physical infirmity?

At any rate, scorning a proffered ladder, he scrambled up the tree and was soon upon its uppermost branches. He stocked the first basket with much of his oldtime skill; and glanced frequently in the direction of the Gaard, where he could see Thora watching him. Farther and farther out he ventured, deaf to Per Sac's warnings of imminent danger. "Be careful, Laus, that limb is rotten and unsafe to stand upon. Look out; Oh, look out!"

There was a sharp snap, a crash through the branches, and Laus, the broken limb, basket and apples, flew downward, striking the hard ground almost simultaneously. The Avlskari, his heart in his mouth, rushed to the side of his employer's prostrate form. The Gaardmand lay stretched at full length on

the ground, deadly pale. "Laus, Laus!" cried Sav; but there was, of course, no response from the insensible man. Thoroughly alarmed, he started to pick up his master bodily, when a voice arrested his purpose. "Wait, and I'll help." It was Thora. She came running with a pitcher of water in one hand and a towel in the other.

She bathed his temples and washed blood from his face, while Sav rubbed his wrists; after which they carried him with all possible haste to his room in the Gaard. The Avlskarl then sprinted with the speed of a trained athlete to Dr. Martinsen's, and happily found the physician at home. Ten minutes, perhaps, had elapsed; but when they entered, breathlessly apprehensive, Laus, who had opened his eyes, was looking intently at Thora. His lips moved, but spoke nothing.

* * * * *

After a long conversation with the Avlskarl, Thora had promised to apprise Laus of the inevitable. "He is so confident and so cheerful that I cannot tell him now", the physician had explained. Thora was a brave little woman, but her duties since Laus' accident had doubled in severity, and they taxed her strength to the utmost. She deemed it her solemn obligation to nurse the Gaardmand; but two months of this brought her dangerously near collapse.

Thora mounted the rickety old stairs very slowly. Her heart grew fainter with each ascending step as visions of the probable spectacle she must anticipate, flashed before her. She could not bear to see poor Laus in tears. But here was no time or place for anything sensa-

tional. She knocked lightly. His response was stronger than ever, since that day she dreaded to recall.

She found Laus very happy that day. In a dream just broken, he had unburdened his heart to Thora, and she had actually kissed and caressed him. That dream had given him courage; he could at last tell her everything.

Laus insisted on taking her hand. "You gave me yours once, Thora", he said; "Do you remember?" The Hus-holder could make no reply. "Thora", he spoke slowly as if pleased to hear the sound of his own words. "Thora, can you, I mean will you—do you think you could"—Laus tried hard, but the final word was left unspoken.

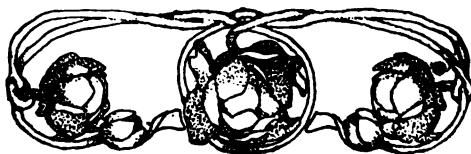
Thora's eyes had never left his and she now bent slowly over him till their lips met. Not one word did she say. Tears and strong emotion choked whatever she had intended to tell him. Then she drew quickly back and hurried from the room.

She was composed when she met Per Sav a moment later.

"I did not tell him", she said, in a low but distinct voice. "First because there is no hurry; and second, I had really no desire to sadden his gay heart. "Per", she went on, raising her voice a little, "this morning you asked me to be your wife; I must not leave you hoping. I cannot marry you. I have promised your master, five minutes ago."

The Avlskarl stood still, while a cloud of thickest mist drew past his eyes. "You will marry a cripple, Thora?" he cried out at last.

But as she turned to go, Thora smiled. "Oh, no Per, I will marry Laus."





They Discuss the Third Degree.

“**W**HO is the little feller that lately come over to this country on a steamboat an brought a son with him that turned out and eventuated to be some one else's daughter?” asked Mercy Jane, while we was resting one evening under the sunset tree, as Mrs. Hemen so nicely puts it, which in this case happened to be the front porch of our modest little country seat in the village, close to my store.

“His name is Crippin,” I retorted, “when he is in his dentist-shop or other dens of horror: but when he sails the great big tall seas, all so gay more or less, he puts another story onto it, and he is then Mr. Robison, or Robberson, or whatever it was before he shed it the other day. He now reads books, an tinkers up his grammar, an tries to be something altogether too fine for anything, havin lately become known all over the world.”

“I never had no use for dentists, anyhow”, says Mercy Jane, who has lately been getting seven teeth filled, and did not enjoy the func-tions—as she now calls everything that happens away from home.

“The biggest use we have for dentists, Mercy Jane,” I responded, “is generally after we get through with em, and the achin has evaporated. It's like a good many other things—the doing of it isn't pleasant: but the havin done of it is A number one. After all is ovah, as Gladys Goldenburgh says every time she stops being engaged to her latest young man, then you feel, as you start along a nice

little road of knife-an-fork victuals, that your mouth is full shod, and you aint going to trip up on the way, till you get to the end of the appropriation. And your teeth maybe dont stand on edge again a single time, until the above-mentioned dentist quietly and sweetly sends in his bill.

“I have knowed dentists that was as straight as a string when you draw it out far as you can both ways: and I have knowed one or two that was jest about as straight as the same string when it was in a tangle. I know a dentist that I would trust with the last dollar in my insidest pocket: and I know a little hypocrite who puts stopples in teeth badly half the time an preaches still worse the other half, an I wouldn't leave a penny in a child's savins-bank where I was afraid he could find it and sneak it out. And I'm disposed to think that this little feller that come across the ocean with a silly girl that was willin to play at his say-so, the part of a still sillier boy, probably belonged to the same class-meetin.”

“Had Doctor Crippen means?” inquired Mercy Jane, rousin up a little. Mercy Jane always wants to know, the very first thing, when any one is mentioned, if they have means.

“I guess he had all he could get hold of”, I ans'ed. “He seems to have had most of his wife's jewelry along with him, and probably would have took along his sister's, too, an most of what his other relations had, if he could have got em. But we wont know how bad he is, till after his trial.”

“Yes, I suppose he will hev his trials, poor man”, said Mercy Jane, sympathiz-

ingly, in a kind and rather gentle voice.

"Truly," I replied, "we all have *them*. But I mean after he is tried by law."

"Why shouldn't we know before?" asked Mercy Jane.

"We would, if it was in this country instead of Canada and England", I stated. "Here, they try people that is arrested, before they get into the court-room."

"How in the world do they manage to do that?" said Mercy Jane, openin her eyes a little wider than usual when under the sunset tree (which had now laid its sunset one side).

"They try em in the Third Degree Court," I said, "an find out all about it from their own lips. They often decide whether they are guilty or not."

"But suppose they aint guilty, as you call it?" asked Mercy Jane. "How can you make a man own up to things that he didn't do?"

"Well," I says, "I'll tell you what fellows that have been through that nice little cider-mill have told *me*. They said that sometimes when the officers wanted to make out that the man had been murderin some one, and they didn't want to take all the trouble of findin out, themselves, they kept a-askin the fellow if he done it, again and again, and told him he was a dumbd liar every time he said he didn't. When one policeman or other house-a-fire of justice got tired, he went home an took a nap, an let another take hold of the job: and so they would keep at it, hour after hour, and day after day. The papers, too, all knew beforehand that he was guilty, after they had tried him in their columns.

Finally, they perhaps got him so that he would be willing to die if by that means he could get a little sleep, and maybe he'd be like the bad bad schoolboy that thought they was accusin him when they asked who discovered America, and ruther than be whipped, owned that he done it himself.

After he did confess it, they would put it into writin and tell him they wouldnt let him go to sleep till he signed it: and by that time he had got so tired that he would put his name to a statement that

his grandmother was a lady chimpanzee, if they would only let him take a snooze afterwards.

"But if his inside outfit still stuck to it and *would* go to sleep in spite of all the arguments they could bring on the other side, then they went at it an fixed a little nightmare all ready for him when he woke up. Perhaps he found a coffin by his little bed, or a knife or a revolver that was supposed to have done the bad deed, or maybe a fixed up ghost with a face lookin like the one that had been killed, and then they said How kin you deny it now? And probly by that time they got the feller too crazy to dispute anything. And when a man gits that way, the best thing to do with him, I spose they think, is to hang him, or put him so full of wire-juice that he cant make a live of it any longer in this free and enlightened country."

"Well, an what do they do with em in cold bleak Canady an in enslaved England?" says Mercy.

"They seem for to take it granted that a man or woman is innercent until they can prove that he is guilty", says I. "They don't appear to feel that they have a right to punish, or do anything to him at all, except to hold on to him so that he wont git away. They let him sleep nights, and give him his meals, though not too much, reglar, an so fur as I can make out, they act with him, aside from hangin on to him, about the same as they would, if they knowed he would prove bye and bye that he was innercent. Then after they have given him a fair trial, they punish him or let him go—whichever the jury says."

"Why: that seems to me to be about the right thing", said Mercy Jane. "I shall recommend it for this country at the next meetin of our Woman's Fix Things Club."

"Well, I answered, "a good many folks especially in England, feel so too: but you know we have improvements here in America, or what we call improvements, and I suppose this is one of em."

"I shall certainly call on the Fix Things Club to have the whole thing changed", says Mercy, "an I think they surely will."



The God of Fate.

GOD'S wrath had calmed. The wild wind had fled, and the torrent had swept away with the dark, scowling clouds. Again the sunny wavelets came up and kissed the sandy shore as they sang dreamily to the morn.

Father John, the good priest, and Francis, the young student, came slowly down from the old mission and gazed out at the ocean, now so peaceful. "Aye, it was a terrible storm," said the old priest, with a touch of sadness in his tone.

"Hopes and lives were wrecked and lost last night," answered the youth, as though to himself. "But God, in His wrath, seems merciless, at times. The innocent must suffer and perish with the wicked."

"Hush! You are young, yet. When you have lived face to face with your God and death, as I have done for years, you will learn what resignation means. His slightest order is not to be lightly considered," the priest replied.

Francis made him no reply; he seemed not to hear, but stood looking out at the incoming tide.

"What is it, my son?" asked the good man.

"Father John, it is death. The wreck of some poor soul is drifting in, over the moaning bar, for the last rites." And he pointed out to sea. Father John followed the direction and said:

"I see. God be thanked if last night has sent no more than one poor soul to meet its Maker."

"One poor soul, whether ready or not": softly spoke the youth, and the priest replied not, if he heard.

Silently they waited there, in the first gleam of the morning sun. Then tenderly

they bore the lost wreck of human life up to the old chapel on the hill, where the white roses bloomed and sent up their perfumed incense to their Creator.

"He was young to meet his God, but he will have no more sins to answer for. It is, perhaps, better so. Poor fellow!" and a sigh ended the priest's words.

"Aye, he has solved the riddle of life. Fate met him, and his time had run its course. Where are the wise men—the boasted philosophers—who can tell half that he has learned? If I knew the puzzle which he has solved!—but when my fate"——

"Francis!" and Father John's voice was pained and stern. "You must not—you shall not speak so. It is a blasphemy. Some day, when age and experience have given you wisdom, you will learn we are not children of fate. We are our own moulders and makers, and the good All-Father calls us to slumber when the burden of life bears too heavily upon the weary soul. Fate, my son, is the god of the unbeliever and the heart embittered toward all mankind. You have your life before you, and it is sweet, after all."

With gentle hands they closed the wide-staring eyes, composed the rigid limbs, and spread a white sheet over the lost body from the sea.

They lighted the candles and left Miguel, the gravedigger, and his aged wife, to watch with the dead.

"Father John, was it not a book that fell from his clothes as we carried him up?" asked the student.

"Yes. It was hereabout. This is it," responded the priest, as he stooped in the white sand and held up the red notebook. "The sea has sadly marred the writing,

and my old eyes cannot trace the words aright, but a story seems written here. Look, my son."

Francis took the book and looked long upon the pages wet with the salt of the deep.

"Aye, poor wretch, it is a man's heart-ache and hope written here, but he will

THE GOD OF FATE.

"Back from the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell."

It was a strange place for those words of the poet. I turned and looked at the man who spoke them. He was young, and his face in the moonlight was



"READ IT TO ME", SAID FATHER JOHN.

never tell it to those he loved," the youth replied; "only the angels and the spirits of the ocean caves can tell it, but the longing hearts at home cannot know."

"Your eyes are younger than mine. Read it to me", said Father John, "while we sit and seek for more information.

And this is the writing in the red notebook:

strangely handsome. He sat far from the noisy glad voices on the flying steamer, "Sanchez", far up toward the bow, where the spray was tossed upward in mist-like rain.

"Will you tell me your story?" I asked, as he turned his dark young face toward me.

A moment he looked far away over the

ship's rail as though he would fathom the unmeasurable distance, so peaceful and still. Then he turned again and smiled as he spoke.

"Yes, I'll tell you my story. It is short enough."

"Three years ago, this very night, I left all that was dear to me and came away for better or worse. Tonight I am starting home—this is the first day out. Steam and sail and tide cannot carry me fast enough. But I am wandering. Four of us went up into Peru. We crossed the white, burning sands, crossed the bleaching bones and the ash heaps of the dead ages, fought up the giant Andes through the wind and the snow, over the summit and down to the land where the white man's foot had never stood before.

"Where are your companions now?" I asked this strange man

His face softened and that far-away look again came into his eyes as the moonlight fell upon his face.

They are sleeping quietly enough now upon the unknown mountain side. The snow is above them with its pure mantle of chastity and the wind of the Andes sings to them in the evening, when the spirits of the Incas ride upon its breath," he said.

"Their end—tell me of that," I asked.

"It was fate, I suppose," was the answer, slowly, softly. "The fever of the hills came and they drooped and died, great able men—greater and stronger than I. But the sands of their time had run, and they could not stay it. That was all."

"And there was no priest to hear the last confession, no minister to utter the farewell prayer?" I exclaimed, almost to myself.

"The unjust have need of prayers and priests," he replied, "but they were good men and not ashamed to meet their God."

"Thank God, my son, that they were," the good priest broke in as these words were read.

"I watched over them as a brother till they crossed the great divide, and God knows I did all that man could do. In their narrow beds in the snow and ice I

covered them gently, and I prayed for them at night. Could I do more? No. Fortune was with me and fate was kind—aye, far kinder than even my wildest flights of fancy could have conjured up. Fear? Of what? I tell you fate and fortune were with me. There were only the graves of the dead, and their spirits, if astir, were those of good men. The beasts and the beast-like race of the hills were my friends. I possess the terrible power of attracting whomever I wish. It is the awful responsibility of one man in a million, but God knows I have never used it for evil. Man never needed that power more than I. The fear and awe of the beast-like natives turned to reverence. I was their master—their God—but that is idle vaunting."

I looked in this strange man's face in wonder, and his eyes seemed to read my very soul. Then I asked:

"Why sit here? Surely there is congenial company on board."

"I have mingled with them all, and they are not interesting. I am happy out here with the spray and the sea-birds."

"But to go back—your story is unfinished."

"Ah, yes, I had forgotten. The people of the hills knew nothing of the value of gold, and the wealth of worlds lies there, tossed about under foot. There," and his voice grew strange and thrilling, "I found the lost mines of the Incas. Tonight I am going home with wealth which will startle the world. My mother is waiting for me; then there is another, next dearest in all this world," he said, softly. "You will understand," he added, as he handed me a flat silver box. It was open and I saw therein a woman's diamond ring and the picture of a sweet girlish face. Then I understood. The diamond sparkled in the moonlight, but the picture I held beneath the light of a lantern near. The face was pretty; it was a trusting face, and the eyes seemed to gaze in sadness into my soul. Surely I had seen that face before. I looked again. A sudden rush of past memories came over me, like a flash. I knew her then. I, too, had been a wanderer, more than my compan-

ion so strangely met, but this girl was all in the world that I had left to care for.

"Do you think she is still true?" I asked. "Three years is a long time for a girl to wait in actual life."

"Ah, you do not know her. She is true as God's stars. I can see her there at the open window, as the moonlight falls like the whispers of angels upon her face, waiting and watching. She—speak, man, what is it?" he exclaimed in a fearful tone, as my face grew strange with excitement and thoughts that would swell within.

"She is my sister," I could barely answer.

It was nearing midnight when I parted from my new friend at his stateroom door.

"There is a storm coming up," he said, "and this is a dangerous coast. But I am happy tonight and I shall sleep soundly. Good night."

* * * * *

Thus the story ended, and once more Father John and Francis arose and with shading hands their eyes swept the deep.

"Another soul is coming in, Father John," spoke the youth.

Another time they bore the dead from its watery bier up to the old chapel.

"Poor boy, so young and handsome," the priest said, in a strangely hushed voice. "So young, so fair, but God knew best. But he was not afraid to meet his Maker. See, he met the end with a smile upon his lips and look of peace upon his face; and his eyes are closed as though in gentle slumber. Aye, the good have small need of prayers."

"Look, Father, his hands are clasped

over his heart and something bright is held there!" Francis exclaimed quickly.

It was only a flat silver box. After many attempts the spring was found and the lid flew open. Within, secure from the wet, they found a woman's diamond ring and a picture of a sweet girlish face, a trusting face, and the eyes seemed sad and gazing far into the distance.

"It is he with the fated gold of the Incas", the student said.

"It is he with the love of a pure woman and God in his stilled heart", said the priest. "He has reached home at last."

In a little country town an aged mother is sobbing, broken-hearted, for the boy who met death with a smile on his peaceful face.

Around a country home the green fields are waving their bended heads gently in the evening breeze. A sigh of unspoken sympathy comes from their silent lips. Softly the silvery moon is glistening above, and her silvery rays shine upon the sweet, sad face of a weeping girl. She is sitting at the open window, and her fair head is buried in her white arms, while the tears are gently falling.

Her young dream of love is o'er. She has loved but once, and with the whole strength of a pure first love and a true heart. No sound comes from those sad, drawn lips, but they move as in an agony of prayer. To her the future is bare and bleak, and the clouds are dark in the sunlight of her life.

The silent moonlight—the purity of unborn souls—kisses her sad face, and the voices of unseen angels whisper to her on the breath of the departed day. By her side, as if in mockery, are the picture and the diamond ring.





Up and Down the World.

Every-Day Wonders.

BY JOSEPH GAGE.

I NOTICE that there are a good many extraordinary things happening in Winsted, Connecticut, and in that vicinity. I can well believe them, for there are full as many, or more, in my own town. All one has to do, most anywhere, is to keep his eyes and ears open, and he can see almost anything. Russell H. Conwell, the great preacher and lecturer, when once reproved by some of his parishioners for exaggeration, replied that he had been trained as a newspaper man, and could see a good many things that they couldn't, and more in them. A man does not have to live in the country, in order to witness natural phenomena: there are plenty of them right here in the city.

A dog which makes his home with one of the engine-companies, knows by the smell if there is a fire within anywhere about six miles. Whenever he is seen by people who recognize him, they know he is stalking a blaze, and look anxiously to see if it is on or near their premises.

A large cat, of the somewhat gentler sex, has reared families on ten different ocean-steamers. She often rests between-voyages, and is as well known in Liverpool and Hamburg, as in New York and Hoboken. She is always welcome when boarding a ship, and suitable quarters are at once assigned her. She comes of a family of traveling cats, and although not a mouser, has several good ones among her descendants.

A gentleman named Davis, a retired merchant, living upon Fifth Avenue, found that his house was overrun with rats. As well known, this is a very intelligent animal, and these were peculiarly so—evading with ease every snare laid for them. Traps seemed merely to amuse

them: they apparently had their own mechanical superintendent, who could release captured comrades and set the trap again.

One of the younger rats he succeeded in poisoning, but he has reason to believe that the animal found an emetic in another part of the house, and thus saved his own life. The manner in which Mr. Davis finally ridded himself of the obnoxious animals was original, though expensive. He had always known that rats desert a sinking ship, and went and had several pictures painted of steamers and sail-boats in various stages of submergence, and hung in different rooms of his house. In a few days, not a single rodent was left—or rather, all had left.

The pink rhinoceros with the double tongue, has again been raising a disturbance in the Zoo. Its name is Julia, given by one of the first keepers here, after his wife. Julia is the only pink rhinoceros in captivity that has a double tongue, and can howl in two different keys. She has at one time and another been quartered in almost every part of the establishment, but had to be removed in each case, on account of giving the other animals insomnia. She is soon to be sent to the aquarium, where the fish, being under water, cannot hear her.

During the Mayor's illness, several cases of cruelty to children have occurred, which had he been in the city, would not have been allowed. Isidor Stelaficantomontani has been using his two sons, Samuel, aged eight, and Stephen, aged ten, as horses, hitched to a rag-wagon, and driving them about, in the pursuit of his large and extensive business. The two boys became frightened last Thursday, and Stephen began kicking violently. Their father was unable to hang on to the reins, and they ran rapidly down the

street, overturning several people on the way, and seriously injuring an automobile that encountered them.

Peter the Wild Boy.

ONE of the most singular of unfortunate creatures was Peter, the Wild Boy, whose origin and history, previous to his discovery, must remain forever a secret. He was found in the year 1725, in a wood near Hameln, about twenty-five miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss; and, in the month of November, was con-



veyed to Hanover by the superintendent of the house of correction at Zell. At this time he was supposed to be about thirteen years old, and could not speak. This singular creature was presented to King George I., then at Hanover, while at dinner. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes at the table; and in order to bring him by degrees to relish human diet, he directed that he should have such provisions as he seemed best to like, and such instruction as might best fit him for human society.

Soon after this, the boy made his escape into the same wood, where he concealed himself among the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England

at the beginning of 1726, and exhibited to the king, and many of the nobility. In that country, he was distinguished by the appellation of Peter, the Wild Boy, which he ever afterwards retained.

He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at being obliged to wear clothes, and could not be induced to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room, whence it was conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. He was committed to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, at whose home he either was, or was to have been baptized; but notwithstanding all the doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild youth to the use of speech or the pronunciation of words. As every effort of this kind was found to be in vain, he was placed with a farmer at a small distance from town, and a pension was allowed him by the king, which he was paid till his death.

Peter, in his youth, was very remarkable for his strength, which always appeared so much superior, that the stoutest young men were afraid to contend with him. His vigor continued unimpaired till the year 1781, when he was suddenly taken ill, fell down before the fire, and for a time lost the use of his right side. An old gentleman, a surgeon of Hampstead, remembered to have seen Peter in England between the years 1724 and 1726. He said that when he first came to England, he was particularly fond of raw flesh and bones, and was always dressed in fine clothes, of which Peter seemed not a little proud. He still retained his passion for finery; and if any person had anything smooth or shining in his dress, it soon attracted the notice of Peter, who showed his attention by stroking it. He was not a great eater, and was fond of water, of which he would drink several draughts immediately after breakfasting on tea or even milk. He was fond of all kinds of spirits, particularly gin, and likewise of onions, which he would eat like apples. He did not often go out without his master; but he would sometimes go to Berkhamstead, and call at the gin-shop, where the people knew his errand, and treated him. Gin was one of

the most powerful means to persuade him to do anything with alacrity; hold up a glass of that liquor, and he would not fail to smile and raise his voice. He could not bear the sight of an apothecary who once attended him, nor the taste of medicine, which he would not take but under some great disguise.

If he heard any music, he would clap his hands, and throw his head about in a wild, frantic manner. He had a very quick sense of tones, and would often repeat a tune after once hearing. When he had heard a tune which was difficult, he continued humming it a long time, and was not easy till he was master of it. His answers to questions never exceeded two words, and he never said anything of his own accord. He had likewise been taught when asked the question—What are you? to reply, Wild Man.—Where were you found? Hanover.—Who found you? King George. If he was desired to tell twenty, he would count the numbers exactly on his fingers, with an indistinct sound at each number; but after another person he would say one, two, three, etc., pretty distinctly.

Till the spring of 1782, which was soon after his illness, he always appeared remarkably animated by the influence of the spring, singing all day; and if it was clear, half the night. He was much pleased at the sight of the moon and stars; he would sometimes stand out in the warmth of the sun, with his face turned up toward it in a strained attitude; and he liked to be out in a starry night, if not cold. These particulars naturally lead to the inquiry, whether he had or seemed to have any idea of the great Author of all these wonders; which question those who knew him well answered in the negative.

He was extremely good-tempered, excepting in cold and gloomy weather, for he was very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He was not easily provoked, but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed in the back of his hand.

He was very much attached to his master, often going out into the field with

him and his men, and seemed pleased to be employed in anything that could assist him. But he must always have some person to direct his actions, as one may judge from the following circumstance. Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a cart. The latter had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished. But as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully employed in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by it which he never afterwards neglected.

This remarkable being died in the month of February, 1785, at the supposed age of seventy-three years.

The Life of A Freight Brakeman.

BY ONE IN ACTIVE SERVICE.

I AM a brakeman, and a freight brakeman, at that; and never as yet have found anything that pleased me better. It is singular, but that seems about what I was born for. People say: "Why don't you 'work up'?" See if you can't become a passenger trainman, and from that a conductor, and so on"; but somehow none of these bees get into my bonnet; I prefer to stay where I am, as long as I can have a good job with fair pay.

As to being a passenger trainman, that seems to me a little too much like a servant. You don't have any real manly, muscle work; the engine does it all, nowadays. You keep still in your corner till the train stops, or just before, and then yell out the name of the town, and then help ladies and old men out of and on the car, and carry their bundles for them, and seldom get so much as a thank for it. You must reply to everybody's questions, however silly they may be. You have to be the conductor's slave, and go and come exactly as he tells you, or else retire to private life. You have, on some trains, even to "pass the water", as if you were a child at school. It seems to me,

on the whole, to be a kind of ignominious work; and the conductor, as well as many another railroad man of higher rank, isn't much higher, in my estimation.

In the freight-train business, on the contrary, I find excitement and adventure. I was born, I believe, for the doing of things that are difficult and a little dangerous. I love to run over the roofs of the cars while they are skipping along at the rate of several miles an hour—even if the weather is icy and my path is slippery. I know there is a chance of getting flung down between the cars if I slip—but then, I don't mean to do that; although others, just as able and careful as I, have done so. I love to stand and couple the cars when they come bouncing and banging together; while I know that a great many of the best kind of fellows have been squeezed and jammed to death by that same kind of coupling. I love to run back up the track a quarter of a mile, when our train stops unexpectedly, with flag or lantern or torpedo to warn any other trains that may be coming after. I love to "bounce" tramps who are trying to steal a ride, off the train in case they do not excite my pity, or to help hide them from the conductor in case they are the right kind of fellows, and give them a good lift on their way. I love to grope along with the train through the storm on a cold winter night, and hear the "engineer" use the latest improper words because the weather saw fit to snow a little. I love to lie in the caboose right in the midst of a racket fit to waken the dead, and sleep till it's time for me to go to work again. I love the good, hearty victuals that we get hold of at half price, at the eating-houses along the road. I love to meet other brakemen and switchmen and freight-handlers all along the line, and pass the time of day with them. I love to sit around and smoke, and trade stories with the other fellows, and criticise the high-ups, and have a good time generally, when we get a short breathing-spell. I love to catch sight of the different pretty girls along the route, who do not disdain to throw a smile to a respectable freight-train brake-

man whom they may know. I love to draw my pay, when the money-car comes along full of crisp bank-notes and a courteous dough-handler, with a shining revolver on the desk by his side, and a door in the rear end of the car, through which we can deal with him.

In fact, the whole business has a fascination and excitement for me, which I would not willingly lose, or go without. I do not know how it will be when I grow older, but I have an idea that it will be a long time before I am ready to give up the business. All the other brakemen that I knew who went on the cars at about the same time as I, have been crippled, or killed, or promoted into higher positions; but I still keep at work, am known as one of the most reliable railroad men on the line, and am contented with my lot, although some people consider it humble. I do not envy any of the folks in fine clothes and higher places whom I am constantly seeing here and there; for I know they have a thousand cares to my one, do not enjoy themselves any better, if as well, as I do, and will not carry with them any more money than I will, when their souls whistle for the great last stop, and run into the solemn station-yard of Death.

ROBERT J. MILLER.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

SEPTEMBER is the natal month of one of the sweetest and sanest poets that ever dealt with the English language.

Mrs. Hemans was the author of large numbers of poems which won the respect and love of our race. She especially endeared herself to Americans, by her noble lyric, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers."

She was born at Liverpool, September 25, 1793, and carried in her veins the blood of three races: the German, the Irish, and the Italian. Her life was almost entirely spent in Wales, among the hills and beside the ocean. While her environment was a peaceful and tranquil one, it lacked the variety and incident that most authors seek and ob-

tain, between their days and nights of contemplation, and the outside material of which her poems are constructed, came more from reading than from observation: but she had within her mind and soul, a world of thought and feeling which constantly sought and obtained expression in her poems.

Some of the most famous of her lyrics will be remembered by our readers, as "Casabianca", "The Graves of a Household", "The Treasures of the Deep", "The Better Land", "The Homes of England", "The Lost Pleiade", and by no means least, the above-mentioned "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers."



Mrs. Hemans's father was a merchant in Liverpool, England, named George Browne: and of Irish descent. He seems to have had more imagination than financial ability, and failed in business in 1800, when his little daughter Felicia was seven years old.

Her mother had the noted German surname of Wagner, and was of mingled German and Italian blood. Her father was for some time the Austrian Consul at Liverpool, and a man of ability.

When the crash came in Mr. Browne's affairs, he moved his family of seven children to a little town a few miles southwest of Liverpool, in the corner of Wales.

The place was named Gwrych, and was near Abergele, not a particularly large town itself. Many "globe-trotters" even now make excursions from Liverpool or Chester to the secluded place into which the little seven-year old poetess was taken.

It may have been providential, and a fortunate thing for the world, that the little girl's father did not become a wealthy man: we might then have had, instead of an author whose rich strains of thought and feeling went vibrating throughout the world, a fashionable lady, "educated" in some exclusive boarding-school, where studied efforts were made to erase every vestige of originality that could be detected upon or within her. She then might have grown up into a literary dilettante, or perhaps abandoned the Art Creative altogether.

The "schooling" of this bright and beautiful little maiden, seems to have been chiefly automatic. The discipline of the process no doubt came largely from the other members of the family: for there were seven children in the little "romantic old house" which the Brownes invaded. She seems somehow to have got hold of all sorts of books—and to have read history, poetry, romance, and everything else that she could find. She was also somewhat of a musician, and could sing Welsh and Spanish songs with delicacy and feeling—accompanying herself on the harp and piano.

Upon the whole, she must have been a very winsome and attractive maiden, when Captain Hemans courted her and asked her to be his wife. She was handsome, accomplished, and intelligent; she had already published two books of poems, which had begun to attract public attention; and we may believe from her writings, and what we can learn of her character and disposition in those days, that she possessed a peculiarly sweet and loving nature.

The Captain had been with the British army in Spain, and in his showy uniform no doubt was able somewhat to dazzle the eyes of the country maiden. He never seems to have accomplished anything worthy of note, except winning a young lady who was one day to be a goddess of

literature. Like Milton's first wife, he married better than he knew.

But the young lady who was the wife of the great never-to-be-forgotten Bard of Sheol, never suspected that she had married an immortal: she died long before it was decided that he should be one.

Captain Hemans, however, if he possessed any sensibility at all, must have known that his wife was destined some day to be world-famous: and he does not seem to have been quite equal to officiate merely as his wife's husband. He soon became ill, made his home with the poetess's widowed mother, and after some years, decided that his health required that he live in Rome. There does not seem to have been health enough in Rome for the rest of the family, and he lived there apart from them the remainder of his life.

Mrs. Hemans' strength also began to decline, and she seems to have been afflicted with what would now be called heart-failure. But she kept bravely on with her literary career, and wrote many poems that will never be forgotten. She seldom went from home: but whenever she did, she was received with the greatest of cordiality and admiration by the best literary people.

One of the most memorable and beautiful of these occasions, was when she, with her little family of boys, paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford. This daily and intimate association with the great and genial "Wizard of the North" must have been to her one of the grandest events of her life. It was also, evidently, a joy to him: for when at last they parted, he paid her this compliment, which she always remembered with a pleasure-sparkling of the eyes:

"There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin: and you are one of those."

That she fully reciprocated this lovely sentiment, is evidenced by her poem on "The Funeral Day of Sir Walter Scott." In it she says:

"Watching in breathless awe,
The bright head bowed we saw
Beneath thy hand!
Filled by one hope, one fear,
Now o'er a brother's bier,
Weeping we stand.

"How hath he passed!—the lord
Of each deep bosom chord
To meet thy sight,
Unmantled and alone,
On thy best mercy thrown,
O Infinite!

"So, from his harvest home,
Must the tired peasant come:
So in one trust,
Leader and king must yield
The naked soul, revealed
To thee, All Just!

"The sword of many a fight—
What *then* shall be its might?
The lofty lay,
That rushed on eagle wing—
What shall its memory bring?
What hope, what stay?

"O Father! in that hour,
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow;
When spear and field and crown
In faintness are cast down—
Sustain us, Thou!

"By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away—
Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father, divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life or death,
'Thine, only thine!"



Editorial Comment.

MORE TRADESMAN-ROBBERS.

THE fellow that held you up in the darkness and took your money and your watch, was not the only one who has taken that which rightly belonged to you. The person who defrauds you in price, quantity, or quality of goods, is also a robber, and one of the meanest kind.

It had already been established that certain of the grocers, milk-dealers, butchers, etc., had been using false scales and measures, in direct violation of the law; and that there were several coal-venders who did not wish to encumber their customers' bins with too many black diamonds per ton. But it was not generally known until a few days ago, that some of the dry goods dealers were also willing and able to cheat their confiding customers.

For example, an importer buys a piece of goods from his foreign correspondent, and exposes it for sale to customers. The true and actual dimensions of the cloth, or whatever it may be, are 20 by 38, making it to contain 760 square inches.

So far, fairly good. But, "listen": this same piece of goods is *marked* 21 by 40, and sold for that size—840 square inches. The confiding customer is thus robbed out of about one twentieth of the quantity of goods for which he pays.

Others, also, from the same actual bill of a large importing house, show difference like this: 840 square inches of goods are marked and sold as at 861; 740 as at 798; and so on all through the whole bill, in about the same proportion.

Mr. Driscoll, the Commissioner of Weights and Measures, although he has

not taken steps toward punishing the guilty people in these transactions past, has informed them that they must cease their plundering by a certain date—thus giving them time to do so without inconveniencing themselves by re-marking the price-lists of such goods as have already been received and put on sale.

Verily, these are interesting times. We may expect yet, that if a man is caught stealing sheep, or grain, or money, he will be told that he must absolutely cease doing so by the first or middle of the following month, or he will be arrested.

No wonder the sellers of dry goods become wealthy, and build palatial shelters for their business, while many of their fellow citizens who pay the bills, find themselves driven into poverty!

For this is probably not the only way that some establishments cheat and rob their customers. It is well known that at certain of these stores, women can get money, pay a good per cent. for the use of it, and have it charged up to their husbands or whoever is footing their bills, in items connected with their ward-robes or house-furnishings. Once getting these weak women financially in their power, they can cheat them almost as they like, with little or no danger of being exposed.

If some evangelist would discover a way of eliminating predatory instincts from certain so-called respectable and honest people, he would be doing the world an everlastingly good turn. And meanwhile, it cannot be denied that thousands of the robbers and sneak thieves are not only not in prison, but are even outside of police surveillance, and in some cases are so hardened and

set in their nefarious industry, that they themselves do not more than half know they are doing wrong, until detected and notified by the law.

SECOND-HAND MOBILES FOR SALE.

SOME of the dealers announce that they have a large number of these motor road-carriages ready, at a reduced price. They take pains to state, by the way, that these machines are about as good as new ones—some of them better, in fact!—for they have been “broken in”, tried, and found not wanting, as well as not wanted by those from whom they have been procured by the dealer.

“You see,” the enterprising salesman explains, “ever so many rich people every year change and get new automobiles, on account of the styles’ changing. They turn in their last-year’s one very cheap to us, and we fix it over, and—here is one of them. We have repaired it, repainted it, and re-styled it, as one might say: for it looks just about like this year’s machine. Get in and try it”—etc., etc.

This statement is no doubt true, in some cases: but in the great majority of them, a speech somewhat more like the following, might be nearer the real facts:

“You see, there are a lot of people who buy machines that they can’t afford to sustain, and run, or even to possess. They pay some cash on them, and run in debt for the remainder. They fail to make the payments as due, and we have to take the machines back, and do the best we can with them. And this is one of them.”

Or the salesman might say,

“This touring-car was owned by a family that needed a good many other things much more badly—but you couldn’t make them believe it—even if you tried:—*we* didn’t try. They postponed paying their rightful debts, and

some of them even mortgaged their homes, to get money for the first payment on the coveted ‘car.’ They could travel so many miles per day and go back again! They thus had a little railroad train of their own—engine, baggage-car, and coach—all on the same four wheels! They could go and come when they liked—not for any particular object, *except* to go and come. They were not particularly any better *after* they had gone and come: in fact, they were sometimes not *nearly* so well.

“They had not only their own little engine and car, but their own little railroad-accidents and wrecks: and this little fact added excitement to the trips. To be hurt in an automobile-spill, was a sort of distinction.

“But these became monotonous, as well as expensive: and many of the owners of these swift-speeding vehicles made up their minds to sell out and try to pay up their debts.”

VICARIOUS LITERATURE.

IT is amusing nowadays to see how soon a man who has distinguished himself or been distinguished in some occupation entirely disconnected with literature, can become an author. Every statesman has to write some such book as “Distinguished Men that I Have Known,” or “The Times that Tried Men’s Souls,” or “Reminiscences of My Public Life,” or something of the kind; and it is a very conservative military general indeed, who does not some time lay aside swordsmanship for penmanship, and tell us how he won the battle, and ought to have won the other one. The book-stores and libraries are crowded with these fragments of book-driftwood—some of which achieve such reputation as the prominence of the author in other directions may give it; but few of which add anything to literature except perhaps furnishing studies and

memoranda for some further author, who may be reviewing the same ground.

There is no doubt, however, that a large part of this work is done by others than those whose names are on the title-pages. A statesman wishes to write a book: he has a reputation, but no faculty for writing; but there are hundreds who have a faculty for writing, and no reputation. What is easier than for him to employ one of these natural idea-recorders, set him to work, tell him about what he wants done, make suggestions here and there, insert a few of his own words now and then, pay his literary assistant a fair wage, give him to understand that if he says nothing about it he can get him another job some day—and appear and pose as an author?

What can be easier than for a magazine-editor, or one of his assistants, to go to a public man, write a few of his opinions, as heard from his lips, dress up the words into an acceptable article, pay the gentleman, either in money or notoriety, and publish the article as written by the Honorable Mr. So-and-So?

Indeed, we are told that there have been cases when the public man was not even consulted; when former utterances or imagined opinions were picked up, made into a sketch, essay, editorial, or what-not, and published as being written by the distinguished party in question. One enterprising but unscrupulous literary huckster came very near being arrested for forgery, for doing this; but generally, if the article is a pleasant and acceptable one, the party whose name is used says nothing.

Prize-fighters, game-players, racers of various sorts, etc., etc., are all utilized in vicarious authorship. A distinguished bruiser, who, if he attempted to write anything himself, would knock out the English language in one round, is induced to put his name to a very interesting sketch—written by some clever

reporter. A professional aeroplanist who cannot spell aeroplane or much of anything else, can become, under the vicarious system, a brilliant contributor to the daily press. Even a murderer has no trouble, however illiterate he may be, in leaving a posthumous book behind him.

All of which keeps the printing-presses whirling, and, perhaps, contributes, in some slight degree, to the world's stock of information; which always needs replenishing.

A BELATED REFORM.

ONE of the railroad-companies has trumpeted an order to its employees, to the effect that passengers in berths must not be awakened in the morning, unless they have left directions so to be. No waiter shall go cavorting through the aisle of a sleeping-car, announcing "Breakfast in the dining-car!"—employing tones that rob passengers of the delicious morning-nap that sometimes seems like the dessert of a feast. If any one has left word with the sable Johnson who illuminates the outside of the boots, that he wants to be awakened at a certain hour, the process is to be effected quietly and decorously—and without disturbing the party in the next berth—who perhaps wants to sleep quite a little while yet, and prefers, just now, to dream of more-or-less good meals at a stiff price, instead of actually eating them.

This is two or three steps toward the correct point of the compass, and would add very much to the pleasure of railroad-traveling, if its spirit as well as its letter could be enforced. But there are a hundred methods of awakening passengers, that no specific order can reach.

The noisy making-up of a berth close by; the sudden opening or shutting of a window; the accidental (?) kick against the slumbering one's traveling bedstead; the more-or-less subdued but ear-pierc-

ing conversation close to the victim's head, just outside a thin separating screen; the permitting and encouraging of boisterous conversation between passengers who have already arisen; and several score more of rousing-methods, might be exemplified.

There is a constant progress in such roads as have competition to meet along their lines of travel toward increasing comforts and banishing impositions: but there remains still a great deal to do. The toil of traveling is considerably less wearing than formerly: but there is much yet to be done, to make things what they should be.

ANOTHER VAGABOND SCORES.

THE shooting of Mayor Gaynor by a cheap creature who had lost his job as a night-watchman on one of the docks, and chose to hold his victim responsible for it, is an object-lesson to New York, and to the whole country besides.

The person who did the shooting, had been a watchman in the city-service, on one of the docks; he had neglected his duty again and again; when called to account, he had used as a defense the statement that others committed the same fault and were not disciplined; and when at last he had been deprived of his job, for good cause, he laid it all to the progressive and reforming Mayor, who perhaps had never seen him or much more than heard of him, and after lying in wait several days for a good chance, carefully sneaked up behind and shot him.

The assassination-industry, as it has existed in all ages, is a mournfully interesting one, and has always been in evidence. It is very noticeable, however, that the prompt and summary execution of one of these sneak killers, whether the various defences were pleaded or not, has always checked its prevalence.

SEEKING AFTER SIGNS.

THE National Barbers' Association has been discussing a number of matters intensely interesting to itself, and mildly so to the general public. Among them is the question of barbers' signs.

Everybody knows how to find a knight-of-the-razor establishment, now: just travel slowly along the street, with occasional glances at both sides of the same, keep observing until there appears a shaft or pole ornamented with red and white stripes, and you have found one or more barbers of more or less ability—to whom you may more or less safely entrust your facial topography.

This species of sign is not the most beautiful in the world, but it is fairly conspicuous, and the general public, so far as we know, has never found any fault with it. But some of the barbers themselves are beginning to do so. They reflect that the present sign originated when tonsorial artists were to some extent also surgeons, and that the poles represented bandages wrapped around blood-stained limbs. This they hold as inappropriate and distasteful at the present day and under the present conditions.

Others in the Association are opposed to any change: but it is believed that if they could find or have found for them some new and peculiarly appropriate sign, they might concur.

A number of things could be suggested. A huge lather-cup, foaming over with the cream of soap, out of which proceeded the handle of a brush, would not be so very bad. Or a razor rampant, large enough to shave a Brobdingnagian; or a megaphone, to indicate that talking inside would be done well and if necessary loudly; or an elephantine pair of scissors, that would make one grasp intuitively for such hair as still remained on the head.



Sermons With Lost Texts.—XI.

(Whoever first finds in the Bible the best text for this sermon, will be mailed a copy of "Fanny Crosby's Life-Story.")

PERHAPS there has never been a time when, so far as physical nearness was concerned, the rich and poor were more often together.

They jostle each other on the sidewalk; you do not know perhaps whether the man with whom you brush elbows is a pauper or a millionaire; for clothes not only do not make the man; they often fail to describe him.

The poor and rich mingle in public conveyances: a street-car is as surely the wealthy man's as the poor man's carriage. A capitalist who recently died was when a youth compelled by his capitalist-father, to enter the street-railway business at its beginning, and officiate for a while as driver.

The railroad-president is not always in his private car: he sometimes sits in a common coach, to see how things are going there; and has been sharply asked for his ticket by the moderately-salaried conductor. He even takes pains occasionally to ride in the locomotive-cab, with the grimy driver.

They meet in homes and on estates. The rich man often hires, instructs, praises, admonishes, scolds, or discharges his own servants; he takes his very food from the hands of slaves or employés. He is intimate enough with many a poverty-plagued fellow-mortal, not to be a hero to him.

They meet in political canvasses and at elections. Many a rich man is ambitious

to hold some high office, and knows that it is necessary to obtain the suffrages of thousands of poor men in order to be elected. In such a case, the poorest man that walks the street knows that he has something the rich man covets,—his vote; and that the rich man, on that account, will not carelessly offend him; will, in fact, if necessary, court his society.

And why should not this be so? "The Lord is the maker of them all!" What is there about a few discs of gold, or a pile of bonds and mortgages or the temporary control of certain acres of land, to make one person so much more important and valuable than another?

Some of the richest men in the world realize the pertinence of this question, and answer it by invariably showing as much politeness to a poor man as to a wealthy one. They not only realize, but live the fact that the Lord made some men with the knack or capacity of becoming rich, and some without it; that He evidently meant that both classes should be always represented in at least this one of His worlds; and that He prefers each to have proper consideration. They despise those of their fellows who flaunt their embroidered rags in poor people's faces, and plume themselves upon being rich financially, while poor in every other sense of the word. They know how to favor the impecunious without patronizing them; which accomplishment is one of the highest arts of the heart.

But it must not be supposed that all the haughtiness belongs to the rich. There are a great many poor people who make it a study to despise everybody who owns a dollar more than themselves.

They can admire talent, intellect, beauty, virtue; but when it comes to the prosperity of others, they hate it as if it were a venomous serpent. When a rich person meets with an accident, or other misfortune, they say, snappishly and unfeelingly, "His money didn't save him!"

They turn up their noses at every equipage; they lay mental incendiary hands on every gilded mansion; they speed a thought-curse after every expensive wedding; they secretly exult whenever a rich man, woman or child dies and mingles once more with the common clay of the earth. The fact of a man's being rich is sufficient to make them hate him.

Many people who would not for the world commit a felony with the hands, are constantly doing so with their minds. They forget that thoughts and feelings have a tendency to crystallize into actions; that their bitter words are sometimes the only things lacking to fire the train, already laid, in the heart of one who is hesitating whether to commit a murder; and that even if their malice does not bear fruit during their own lifetime, it may yet kindle lurid conflagrations in those of their descendants.

Let rich and poor meet together on the grounds of a common humanity; on the fact that both are children of the same old Mother Earth; that within a short year, or even a day or night, their financial positions may be reversed; that there are a thousand kinds of wealth besides the monetary one; and that all people are children of one God, who notes even the fall of a sparrow, which is the essence of poverty; which has for raiment a few faded feathers, which inhabited for its mansion a rude and hastily builded nest, and whose only purse is the crop which it has been toiling to fill.

The Lost-Text Prize

FOR sermon Number 10, in our August issue, has been awarded to Harriet L. Bingham, of Canastota, N. Y. It is from 1 Thessalonians, 5:21, and reads: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

The Locomotive Preaches.

THE engine had reached the train with an ominous bump, the engine coming to a sudden stop. The couplings were made and the air-brakes tried. The conductor brought out the orders, watches were compared and the engineer turned to his task. Just ahead of them the signal-arm fell and the engineer gave the cylinders steam. With a hiss and roar, the scalding vapor tore up the cinders on either side, the great machine moved forward a slow turn and came to a stop with a moan.

With a quick glance at the minister, so quick as almost to be lost, the engineer dragged back his reverse lever and moved the engine a yard or two backwards. Then he returned it to the forward position, and, with valve and throttle wide, he sent the hundred-ton monster to its task like a giant horse under the whip. There was a roar of flying wheels for an instant but they soon gripped the rails, and this time, after a long strain forward, the train gathered momentum.

Again the engineer glanced across, this time with inquiry in his eye. Would the minister see anything in the incident? The pastor was puzzled. Evidently that quick look was a challenge, although, by this time, the engineer was gazing ahead as though there were nothing in the world but the right of way.

The fireman climbed up behind the minister and shouted into his ear, "We're off!"

It was an opportunity, and glancing quickly across the engine, the visitor inquired: "Why did you back up, then start, after it was impossible the first time? Is it easier to start one place than another?"

"Ah, you missed it, sir," said the fireman. That move was to take up the slack in the train. Between cars there is an inch or two of play in the couplings. In our train, after the cars were closed against one another, we saved possibly half a dozen feet. When we started forward, there was an instant in which the engine had no load, another instant in

which it had one car, the next, two, and so on until all the slack was taken up. If you had been on the caboose, the jerk of the momentum ahead would have thrown you out of your seat."

"I see," said the pastor, "it is momentum you wanted, and you got it one car at a time."

"Yes, and we started the train one car at a time," added the fireman, reaching forward for his injector.

The minister felt that it would be poor taste to mention the matter further to the engineer, and not for months did he find the opportunity for a rejoinder. He was on the engine again, and the slacking process was repeated. He waited until the train was fully started and the roar of the steam had been eased, then taking out his pocket Testament, he located a passage, crossed over to the engineer and pointed to the page.

This is what the engineer read: II Peter, first chapter: "Seeing that His divine power hath granted to us all things that pertain to life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that called us by his own glory and virtue . . . that ye may become partakers of the divine nature." Following, the words were underscored to represent a railroad, map fashion, "For this reason, in all diligence, add to your faith virtue; to your virtue knowledge; to your knowledge temperance; to your temperance patience; to your patience godliness; to your godliness brotherly kindness; to your brotherly kindness love."

"By that time," the pastor shouted, while the engineer still looked at the page and wondered, "you will have the whole train going." Reaching for the Testament he turned, again, to II Corinthians 3:18, where these words were underscored: "We all, with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the spirit." Out on the margin was the comment, "From character to character, with momentum!"

The engineer was thoughtful under the gaze of the pastor, then turning his fine,

honest face, wakeful with understanding, he reached out his hand. Once more the word had become flesh. The truth was incarnate in another man's experience.

The Church of the World.

I STOOD one Sunday morning
Before a large church door;
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score.
From one outstepped a lady
I oft had seen before.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide.
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
Her footsteps seemed to glide:
There might be good thoughts in her,
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline,
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray.
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array.
"God's house holds no poor sinners",
She sighed, and walked away.

Old Heathendom's vast temples
Hold men of every state;
The steps of far Benares
Commingle small and great;
The dome of St. Sophia
Confounds all human state;

The aisles of blessed Peter
Are open all the year;
Throughout wide Christian Europe
The Christian's right is clear
To use God's house in freedom—
Each man the other's peer,

Save only in that England
Where this disgrace I saw—
England, where no one crouches
In Tyranny's base awe—
England, where all are equal
Beneath the eye of Law.

Yet there, too, each cathedral
Contrasts its ample room;
No weary beggar, resting
Within the holy gloom;
No earnest student musing
Beside the famous tomb.

—Lord Houghton.



Sleeping on the Housetops.

I WAS much interested by an article in your June number, entitled "Sleeping on the Housetop." Here is some of my experience, on the same line:

It has been a custom of mine for two or three years—and I—a fairly-young girl—like it: am glad I was led into it by a good sweet old grandmother, who, reared amid old-fashioned medical doctrines, had been clever enough to absorb some new ideas, and always reads EVERY WHERE, as soon as it reaches the house.

How singular that people do not utilize more, the flat roofs of their city houses! They open the windows and let air through the rooms; they sit for hours in the evening in their back-yards and upon their doorsteps; they travel "quite some distances" to get into parks where there is a bit of open air. Now many of these same people are so situated, that they could possess and occupy their own little roof-gardens, boudoirs, and bedrooms, right at home.

When the Doctor had handed me (or, rather, mouthed me) soothingly and solemnly, the nice little bit of information that I was on the white border-line of tuberculosis, and ready to slip down in if something wasn't immediately done, I spent some very thoughtful minutes and hours, entirely disconnected with Optimism. This same Doctor had, I was sure, done his very best, such as it was, with me. He had administered to me so many different varieties of remedies, that I felt like a medicine-chest. He had told me what things I ought not to eat, till famine gnawed at my vitals, and then prescribed

so many distasteful condiments, that the whole discourse produced a kind of mental emetic.

When he found out that I had found out that he could not help me, he gravely admitted the fact, as if it were a bit of the most recent news: and, I thought, seemed anxious to get rid of me while I was still living, so as not to have me die on his hands. He said, "My child, you must go to Denver, Colorado, hire a cottage there, and sleep nights in the back yard."

Along with the cats. Detached from friends and neighbors. In an entirely new environment. Away from home. Time indefinite. Results portentously uncertain. Splendid prospect! All these beautiful phrases went lilting through my mind "like mad"—whatever mad as a noun is.

"Sleep in a Denver back-yard!" ejaculated the above mentioned grandmother, when she heard the advice. "Grand! Are there not back-yards enough right here at home? And is not Air Air, anywhere in the world, if you only get enough of it? And is there not oxygen enough for you here, if you draw it in and then breathe out that part of the 'air' that isn't useful and acceptable?"

"But if you do want to sleep out of doors, why not try the house-roof?—There's plenty of room up there, and you needn't be disturbed."

I tried that wide, hospitable expanse, and have been doing so ever since.

At first, it seemed a little venturesome: miscreants sometimes use roofs to aid them in their marauding exploits. But I am rather a resolute young woman—though not a suffragette—and with a hair-spring loaded revolver on one side of me,

and a cannibalistic bulldog on the other, I resigned myself to the attending mercies of my friend, Morpheus.

The first night, our dear sand-bearing god did not call around until late. I studied the stars in the sky, and for the first time realized that Astronomy was probably worth while. The beautiful stars!—I have come to know many of their names, and to love those world-neighbors.

A good many other things besides the stars, were delightfully novel. I heard strange sounds, once or twice, and was tempted to set off the electric alarm-bell that connected with certain good muscular friends downstairs: but these sounds did not prove to be anything of a dangerous character. The latter part of the night, I slept like a baby that had been kept awake fortyeight hours before.

The first few sessions I could not "wrap up" too warmly: after that, thick coverings grew less and less imperative. I slowly learned that the outside of the body needs more air than we usually give it, as well as the inside. I found myself feeling the beneficial effects of this knowledge and practice. I gradually became more and more vigorous—and entered farther and farther into the physical enjoyment of life. There was an entire discontinuance of coughing now; there were no night-sweats, none of the other twenty-and one symptoms that had alarmed my Doctor. He did not know of the open-tented camp on the roof, and declared that his treatment was certainly doing me good, and he thought I had better increase the quantity of each dose of the medicine, by one half!—I did not tell the dear good old man the real cause of my improvement, and that I had abjured drugs forever: but he soon realized that there was no more use of his visits.

Wet weather does not dampen my ardor, and any ordinary wind-storm has no effect upon me, my bed, or my tent. Of course, if a cyclonic disturbance came into evidence, I could get into the dear old bedroom below, in something very much faster than regular schedule-time: the key to the roof-door is always chained to my wrist. But anyhow, there is rail-

ing enough along the edge of the roof, so that if I were unexpectedly started on a nice little voyage toward the street below, I would be safely and appropriately stranded before any danger.

During the cold, freezing, biting blizzard winter weather, my nights are a series of joys. I can "cover up" as warmly as I like: although not necessarily as thickly as one would suppose. Sometimes, during a peculiarly bitter night, I use the tent as a shelter: oftener, not. Sometimes there comes up a snow-storm, and I find in the morning a new white coverlet over me, perhaps several inches thick. Do I contract a "cold"? Certainly not. Who ever heard of an Arctic explorer's having a cold, so long as he continued sleeping out-of-doors? It is when they get back to "civilization" and shelter, that the trouble begins.

By the way, I have sometimes found the explorer's fur bag a convenience, though not a necessary one. He crawls into it, and lies in the coldest arctic weather, breathes the bracing air all night, and comes out as good as new in the morning.

Tent-life in any longitude and latitude, has always been a blessing and a pro-longer of life. Rev. Royal Pullman lived for many summers in one of these canvass-walled dwellings, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and found that it kept his health in splendid condition, as well as that of his wife, who had been inclined to invalidism. He always could have had access to the fine country-mansion of his brother, the sleeping-car magnate, which loomed up on an island near by: but he chose the more primitive abode, and was the healthier of the two men.

Where did the patriarchs dwell—they who scored such long lives, as stated in the Bible? In tents; on hill-tops; and on house-tops. And our lives would be longer, stronger, and happier, if we lived more in the same way.

There are many interesting incidents that I would like to state in addition to those already given: but the above are perhaps sufficient to give an idea of the plan. I know of several besides myself

—both ladies and gentlemen—who have adopted it, with good success: and can heartily recommend it—not only to those who are ill, but to those who are well, and want to keep so.

Blunted Appetites.

WHY don't things taste as well to you as they did when you were younger? Because you have—with all sorts of things that ought not be taken into the mouth—blunted your appetite.

If you want to enjoy the really good things of earth—the ones that tasted so heaven-like in childhood—don't eat a lot of artificial preparations, and acquire a sickly, manufactured taste. Shun the spices and the seasonings and the "appetizers"; and in what you eat, get as near to nature as you can, and still cling to "civilization."

You would even now give a great deal to have bread-and-butter, new milk, strawberries, raw apples, and watermelons, taste as good to you as they did at first. To a perfectly healthy, unvitiated tongue and palate, they will, no matter how old the owner is.

"Proprietary Medicines."

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York "Sun", says, feelingly and cuttingly:

"I am a man of vigorous health, who supposed that I possessed normal sense. Nevertheless when I had a rheumatic attack, or when I thought I had, I was fool enough to take a medicine that some doctor had prescribed for rheumatism. It was a proprietary medicine, put up by a highly reputable firm of chemists: and was purchased at a drug-store.

"I took three of the pills as prescribed, and when, alarmed by the severity of my punishment of the folly, I called in a physician, he told me that I was lucky not to have taken more, as five or six of the pills would almost certainly have killed me. It took me more than a month to recover strength enough to walk a mile, but I consider that I got off cheaply.

"This is not all. I was introduced be-

fore I had recovered to a reputable physician who knew nothing of my condition beyond the fact that I was not well. He inquired, and I told him I had rheumatism. He said: 'I have a medicine for rheumatism here. If you will take it I will be glad to give you some.' He seemed hurt when I declined.

"When a physician is willing to dispense medicine without any diagnosis it is hardly surprising that laymen will take anything that is said to have cured somebody else; but what can be said of the folly?"

Coming Home From Europe.

BRINY Ocean, e'er we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart.
Give me back my walking-gear,
Give me back my breakfast dear!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest.
Overboard my feelings go:
Oh, my stomach, Oh! Oh!! Oh!!

Briny Ocean, heaving high,
Kiss me once, and let me die.
I've an awful goneness now:
There are cold drops on my brow.
Angry Ocean, rolling by,
Wash me in, and let me die.
Overboard my feelings go:
Oh, my stomach, Oh! Oh!! Oh!!

Briny Ocean, let me rest
On the highest billow's crest.
Keep me from this sinking woe!
To thy lowest depths I go.
As thou rollest, dark and blue,
I am sinking way down, through.
Overboard my feelings go.
Oh, my stomach! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!

Briny Ocean, still thy tide.
As thou rock'st from side to side.
How I wish that I were dead!
Then thou stand'st me on my head.
Ocean, rock me not to sleep
In thy cradle of the deep.
Overboard my feelings go:
Oh, my stomach! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!!

—Joseph Bert Smiley.

World-Success.

Failed Most Importantly.

"ONCE on a time" there was a great war. This great war, as all great occasions, developed great men. The one I have in mind acquired military, judicial and civic success of the highest order. Of course, he accumulated wealth. Circumstances placed him in a position which, perhaps partly due to his aggressiveness, made him conspicuous as the most, or best-abused man of his time. If he noted the fact of the generosity of abuse heaped upon him, the fact never found expression in the public press, except on one occasion, when he said in substance, "I have been charged with all the crimes in the calendar, but there is one satisfaction: I have never been accused of being a fool." If my memory serves me, this remark was made on an occasion when some of his admirers desired him as a Presidential candidate.

Many years later I saw him. It was in the lobby of the United States Senate. He was led by a youth. The eye that had shot forth fires of enthusiasm and commanded victorious troops on the field of battle, had grown dim. He had accomplished all that such an ambition could desire, except the Presidency, but he was almost sightless. The brilliant brain back of the eye showed no traces of its former force, and was rapidly going into second childhood. The gouty feet were encased in immense shoes made of the softest material. Beneath the lusterless eye, the skin sagged down in little bags. The flesh hung limp and flabby on his once fat face and his former rotund body. Some way, my mind reverted to a story of sacred writ, where the fool king fell down and died, and the worms did eat him up.

I wondered as I looked at him if he then realized that he had always been a fool. If he did not, I wonder if he has not made the discovery by this time.

This wise-foolish man, was the late General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts.
G. W. S.

Disastrous Vacations.

A NEW JERSEY debating society undertook not long ago to illuminate the question "Do vacations oftenest cure or kill?"

There is no doubt that the pessimistic side of the controversy, although it did not come out ahead, had at least a good deal of material on its memorandum-pads. When we come to reckon up the voluntary and enforced idleness, the mischief, the ennui, the crime, the expense, the neglect of business, the poor and unhealthy accommodations, and many other uncanny considerations, we are compelled to admit that long play-spells are not an unmixed good, and prove sometimes an undiluted evil.

The best kind of vacation is that of an hour or more at a time, taken day after day and week after week even throughout the busy season.

If one has not opportunity or resolve-power to manage this, the next best kind of vacation is continued vocation, with temporary change of residence, and, perhaps, somewhat longer periods of rest and recreation between tasks.

If one cannot manage either of these, it is not a bad plan for you to temporarily make amusement your occupation; and to pursue it with all the systematic energy and enthusiasm (or more) which characterize you in business pursuits. Thus, men and women sometimes pass weeks

and months in fishing, hunting, golfing, croqueting, tennis-playing, mountain-climbing, etc., etc. These are not bad vacation-pursuits, although their votaries usually get heartily tired of them as a regular thing—long before the stated term of recreation is over. Particularly does "roughing it" generally long for something much smoother, for considerable of a time before the day of release arrives.

But to sit and sit, and loaf and loaf, and eat and eat, and gossip and gossip, and mope and mope, and vegetate and vegetate, as many people do—may form a very expensive and disastrous vacation.

An Advertising Boomerang.

NOT a bad way to get free advertising, is to attract some misguided soul's anathemas. Many a business man has been lifted into prosperity by the unkind things his enemies said of him. This was the way with a certain Maine stage-owner, of whom the *Lewiston Journal* gives us the following story:

"George W. Spratt, one of the oldest sinners around here, as he expresses it, celebrated his eightyeighth birthday Monday while the rest of the State was celebrating the Fourth of July. Mr. Spratt's father lived on a farm near the shores of China Pond in Kennebec county, and he was born there in 1822. When young Spratt reached the age of eighteen his father and mother moved to Levant, then virgin wilderness, where they cleared a farm and commenced cultivating it. Mr. Spratt worked on his father's farm there until he was twentyfour years old. In 1858 he moved to Calais, starting the old Air Line stage route from that city to Bangor the same year. The route led out through Eddington, Clifton, Amherst and Aurora, and thick woods bordered both sides of the road for the entire distance.

"There was a rival line of stages on what was known as the shore road and the competition between them and Mr. Spratt's Air Line route was keen. At length the proprietors of the rival line

determined on what they hoped would prove a decisive stroke in the stage war. A thrilling story, together with an equally thrilling wood-cut describing the dangers which Air Line stages encountered on nearly every trip from the packs of savage wolves which infested the country through which the road ran appeared in *Quinn's Pictorial*, an old time publication issued in New York. The woodcut showed a pack of wolves following a stage and was a work of great imaginative power, even though it was a little short on drawing. The publication of the story and the picture, however, had exactly the opposite effect from what the proprietors of the shore route had intended. Instead of causing the passengers to desert Mr. Spratt's line it caused all the more travel on it in the hope that they might be able to get a shot at a wolf. Mr. Spratt bought the woodcut which had appeared in the New York publication, paying twenty dollars for it, and thereafter he used it continuously as an advertisement.

"Mr. Spratt is still hale and vigorous despite his eightyeight years."

Self-Soothing With an Edge.

MRS. BRIGHT was impulsively confessing with tears in her eyes that sometimes, in spite of all resolves and good intentions, home cares became overwhelming and her temper displayed itself in impatient scoldings, irritable replies and angry, hysterical tears.

"I get so nervous, it seems as though I should fly," she concluded; hoping that her friend would understand this vague symptom.

"My dear, I know all about it. People of nervous temperament must have some way to relieve the tension of mind and spirit and dispel these troublesome moods. I will tell you what I do when I feel the need of some soothing influence."

"You are always so calm and self-contained," interrupted Mrs. Bright, admiringly; "I cannot imagine your getting wrought up in the ridiculous way that I do."

"It is not easy for one to always show

only the best, especially at home; and my disagreeable moods are more lasting than yours, I imagine," smiled the older woman, who then confided her plan for soothing too highly strung nerves.

Mrs. Bright went home much impressed with the idea of calming herself at the piano when the next wave of feeling seemed likely to sweep away her self-control. She could imagine her friend playing sweet, restful melodies, and the very thought was comforting.

But she was not exactly a born musician, though she had studied faithfully for some years before her marriage, and being impulsive and talkative in any mood, usually sputtered forth her displeasure, and then remembering her friend's recipe, struggled through a few piano selections by way of penance.

This had the good effect of diverting her mind and making other tasks welcome; and she was just beginning to fancy an improvement in both her disposition and music, when the following note from a nervous, dyspeptic neighbor, filled her soul with dismay and discouragement:

"Dear Madam: I can endure your incessant and horribly discordant piano practice, but feel it my duty to inform you that your neighbor opposite is suffering from nervous prostration, a sick child next door is disturbed, and your aged friends two doors away retire with cotton in their ears every evening."

"Haven't you found the piano a helpful friend to banish worries?" inquired Mrs. Bright's musical friend when she next called upon her.

"Well, no, dear, not exactly; you see I am not quite so fond of music as you, and not so capable, either. I have been experimenting for myself lately, and I find a little run in the open air changes my mood, or a half-hour with my favorite author. If these are both impossible, I sometimes open the window and practice my physical culture lesson. That helps me wonderfully. Don't you enjoy exercise? How strange! Well, I suppose we each need different safety-valves. It's a good plan to try and find one, I think, which will not only keep us from going insane, but also save our neighbors from

the same misfortune." And then the ladies changed the subject.

Every Where's Description of Itself.

IT has, during the past few years that it has been in existence, talked about everything else in the universe: now it wants to say a few words concerning itself. It wants its readers not only to enjoy, but to *notice* what it is doing.

It is the only paper in the world that makes constant and sympathetic effort to develop the whole human nature. There are excellent religious papers—each striving to promote not only religion in general, but its own denominational interests—and EVERY WHERE rejoices in their success. There are several fine health journals, and they do much good, to those who can afford to take them. There are financial, trade, and thrift papers; society papers; political papers; comic papers; and so on. But EVERY WHERE is all these combined. Everybody finds in it something for himself or herself. It is a journal for both sexes and all classes.

It is a clean and at the same time an entertaining journal. It thinks it has solved the problem how to be decent without being dull. It will not admit, even among its advertisements, anything that is not fit for all the family to read.

It is not an over-large magazine—although of a good respectable size. It does not deluge you with a lot of words that you care nothing about, and are fatigued after swimming through them. You feel after reading it that you have had a good, sensible, entertaining time.

EVERY WHERE makes no extravagant promises for the future; but those who have read it from month to month and from year to year say it has improved with every number, and it can see no reason in the world to stop improving. Its course will always be upward, and its march onward; and if anybody at the end of the year says he has not had more than his money's worth we will send the amount back to him, with some approved remedy for dyspepsia.

And now is the time to subscribe.



July 26—Cuban government sent 1,300 Rural Guards from Havana to assist in putting down the rebellion in and near Santiago.

William Jennings Bryan was defeated in the primaries in Nebraska, on the county option issue.

President Davila, of Honduras, announced the defeat of the revolutionists.

27—Words and phrases objectionable to the non-Conformists and Catholics to be stricken out of the King's oath, by act of Parliament.

President Madriz sent plea of intervention to European Powers against United States policy toward Nicaragua.

The Republicans of Ohio nominated Warren G. Harding for governor.

28—Forty-two districts in Russia affected by cholera, with a total of 37,653 cases and 18,651 deaths since May.

Insurgents defeat government force near Acoyapa, in a three hours' battle.

29—Spanish government recalls ambassador from Papal court.

British government orders the assembling of troops along the frontier of Thibet to prevent Chinese invasion.

French government requests further information concerning plans of United States regarding Liberia.

30—Turkish government orders large battle-ship from English contractors.

The Vatican stated that the Papal policy would not be changed to suit the Spanish government.

31—Dr. H. H. Crippen, accused of the murder of his wife, arrested on steamer Monrose, on arrival at Father Point, Quebec.

Twenty killed and hundreds wounded in a battle near Prens, Honduras.

August 1—Sir W. S. Robinson, the British Attorney General, in discussing the Fisheries dispute between England and United States, contends that the open bay status, as stated by United States, would open Delaware and Chesapeake bays to the fishers of foreign governments.

The Spanish government fears insurrection arising from dispute with the Vatican.

A severe epidemic of cholera is raging among the miners of Southern Russia.

2—Two hundred fishermen drowned near Nicolaievsk, Siberia, during typhoon.

King George of Greece, as arbitrator, received the documents in the dispute between Chili and United States regarding the Alsop claim.

3—Chinese self-government society at Canton ordered a boycott of American goods. Japanese Consul at Chicago announces that Japanese are leaving United States gradually.

Turkish government sends troops to subdue insurrection in Syria: hundreds are reported to have been massacred.

4—Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, before the Congressional Committee, stated that he was offered a bribe of \$50,000 to prevent legislation concerning a claim of \$3,000,000 to be paid as commissions on sale of Indian lands, implicating many government officials.

Spanish government sends troops to Basque provinces to prevent rioting.

Postal deficit reduced nearly \$12,000,000 during the past year.

7—San Sebastian Catholics overawed by large force of government troops.

Severe fighting reported in Teheran between rebels and government forces, with the latter victorious.

Cuban authorities prepare for anticipated rioting at November elections.

8—Catholics and Carlists meet in the Basque provinces and decide to continue their agitation against the Spanish government.

President Restrepo, of Columbia, takes office, and appoints many government officers.

Many new charges, in the Indian Land Sale, made by men already implicated.

Mayor Gaynor, of New York, shot by a discharged employé of the city.

9—Report from Russia states that over 57,000 have died of cholera since May. More than a million dollars' loss caused in Boston by fire.

State Department of United States protests against invasion of American property in Nicaragua.

- 10—A deadlock reported in Madrid between the Spanish government and Catholic Church.
Severe floods in Japan destroy vast amounts of property and kill hundreds of people.
Interstate Commerce Commission orders 415 transportation companies to show cause why rates should be increased.
- 11—General strike threatened in German ship yards. Over 6,000 now out.
Spanish revolt of Catholics depends on instructions from the Vatican.
- 14—A collision of railway trains at Royan, France, killed thirtyseven and injured hundreds.
The "White City", at Brussels, was destroyed by fire, with a loss of more than \$20,000,000.
The Vatican states that the Spanish Government will probably depose Premier Canalegas.
More than a thousand persons killed in Tokio flood.
King Victor of Portugal threatened by Anarchists, travels with strong guard.
- 15—German naval estimates include four super-dreadnought battleships.
Governor Harmon of Ohio ordered out 1,000 state militia to preserve peace at Columbus street railway strike.
- 16—Ex-President Roosevelt defeated as candidate for chairman of New York State Republican Committee.
Completed Census returns gives Chicago's population at 2,300,000.
- 16—Spanish steamer Martos sunk after collision with a German steamer at entrance of Straits of Gibraltar. Thirty-nine were drowned.
Millions of dollars damage done to rice crop in Japan by floods.
- 17—John B. Moissant of Chicago crossed the English Channel from France in aeroplane, carrying a passenger.
Spanish Government prohibits all meetings of Carlists in sympathy with the Vatican.
Japan reported to be negotiating for the annexation of Corea.
- 18—Brazil and Argentina settled their disputes and organized an offensive and defensive alliance.
Forest fires in Washington and Oregon spread and destroy much property.
- 19—Venezuela Government banished all the relatives of ex-President Castro, sixty in number.
Cholera epidemic breaks out in Italy of exceptional virulence, and the Government takes prompt measures for its suppression.
- 20—Many reported burned to death in the vast forest fires in Idaho and Montana.
Eight Americans arrested on Isle of Pines on charges of arson and homicide.
- 21—The Clerical party of Portugal accused of plotting to depose the King. Large bodies of troops held in readiness to put down any uprising.
Census reports state the population of United States will exceed 96,000,000, with the center of population remaining in Indiana.

Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

- CARLISLE, JOHN G.**—In New York, July 31, aged seventyfive years. He was born in Kentucky: educated for the law, and gained distinction in the legal and political life of his state. He was elected to the State Legislature, and later as Lieutenant Governor. In 1876 he was elected Congressman, serving five terms. His Internal Revenue Bill brought him prominently before the country, and caused his election as Speaker of the House. In 1890, he was elected to the Senate, and became the Secretary of the Treasury under President Cleveland. He retired from politics in 1898, and began the practice of law in New York. He was most successful, especially in Corporation and International law.
- HAMMOND, EDWARD P.**—At Hartford, Conn., August 15, aged seventyfour years.

He was educated at Williams College, the Union Theological Seminary, and Free Church College at Edinburgh. He made a deep impression as an evangelist both in England and United States. He conducted many revivals, the most successful of which was at Newark, N. J., at which over 1,300 converts were made. He was ordained by the Presbyterian Church in 1858.

HAWKE, JAMES ALBERT—At Bristol, Pa., July 26, aged sixty-nine years. He entered the Navy in 1867 and saw much active service. He was promoted gradually, gaining the rank of rear admiral in 1899. He served as medical director of the navy hospitals for years; and did much to raise them to their present efficiency.

FOSTER, J. ELLEN—In Washington, August 11, aged seventy years. She was born in

Iowa, where she was educated for the law. After marriage, she entered the profession as a partner of her husband, and was one of the few women eligible to practice before the Supreme Court of United States. She was an active worker in the W. C. T. U., and gave much of her time to the work. She was one of the most eloquent members of that body, and addressed thousands of audiences on the subject of temperance. She was a Republican, and did much campaign work for that party.

MONTT, PEDRO—At Bremen, August 16, aged sixty years. He was born in Chili and received a thorough education. His father was President of Chili for ten years, and the family have exercised great influence in the affairs of his country. He served as representative, senator, member of the cabinet, premier, and in 1906 was chosen President for five years. He was one of the foremost men in South American affairs, and did much for the peace of the whole country. His death was caused by heart failure.

MOYNIER, GUSTAVE—At Geneva, Switzerland August 23, aged eightyfour years. He was a native of Switzerland and received a thorough university and legal training. He was elected president of the International Committee of Red Cross in 1863, and served until his death. He received honorary degrees from the best of the European universities, and was president of the Institute of International Law, and associate member of the Institute of France.

NIGHTINGALE, FLORENCE—In London, August 14, aged ninety years. She was born in Derbyshire, and received but a limited school training. At an early age she studied nursing and, with many others, went to Crimea during the Allies' War against Russia in 1854. Here her remarkable executive ability was shown in modernizing the hospital service, which saved thousands of lives. She organized a regular hospital corps, and her methods are now used in every civilized country. She received high honors from her own government, as well as from many others. She was the only woman member of the Order of Merit, which was conferred by King Edward VII. She was popularly called "Angel of the Crimea."

PAINE, ROBERT TREAT—At Waltham, Mass., August 11, aged seventyfour years. He was born in Boston, educated at Harvard, and admitted to the practice of law in his native state. He was a lineal descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and inherited a large fortune. He was noted as a philanthropist and political economist, and was twice nominated by the Democrats for governor, being defeated each time. He

made large donations to the charities of his native state, and gave much time to the management of several.

SANBOURNE, LINLEY—In London, August 3, aged sixtyfive years. He was born and educated in London, and gained fame as an artist in his youth. In 1867 he was appointed to the staff of the London "Punch" as cartoonist, and contributed an original sketch every week for years. Many of his cartoons were of first political importance, and added much to the prestige of the publication.

SCOTT, HARVEY W.—In Portland, Oregon, August 7, aged seventytwo years. He was born in Illinois of Scotch-German parents, and received a very limited education at the public schools. His parents removed to Oregon in 1852, since which time he has been a resident. At the age of twenty he entered the employ of the "Portland Oregonian", and was rapidly promoted. In 1865 he became editor-in-chief, which position he held at his death. His vigorous policy, his powerful writings and unswerving honesty, made the paper one of the most influential in the West.

SIMMONS, J. EDWARD—At Lake Mohonk, N. Y., August 5, aged sixty-nine years. He was born in Troy, N. Y., and educated at Williams College and the Albany Law School. He began the practice of his profession in New York, and became well known as a financial lawyer. He held various public offices, and was three times elected president of the Chamber of Commerce. He was one of the best known bankers of the country, and wrote much of value on financial questions.

SLAYTON, HENRY L.—In Chicago, June 10. He was born in Woodstock, Vermont, May 29, 1841; graduated at the Albany Law School, served in the Civil War as a lieutenant. Afterwards, he came to Chicago, and from law drifted into the Lecture Bureau business, in which he achieved distinguished success—he having managed the routes of some of the best platform attractions in the country. His health having failed, he retired from the business about two years ago.

TICHBOURNE, SIR HENRY—In London, July 27, aged twentyfour years. He succeeded to the estates and title of the Tichbourne family, on the death of his uncle. The "Tichbourne" case was one of the most famous lawsuits of the past century, and aroused the interest of all English speaking people. The unsuccessful claimant was George Orton, an Austrian butcher, who was convicted of perjury and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. He came to New York as a ticket-of-leave man, and gained notoriety as a helper in a Bowery saloon.

Fifty Doings and Undoings.

There are half a million of people in United States, engaged in the production of oil.

A Philadelphia father left a cigarette on the table, and the child swallowed it, and died.

Ploughing sod-land with dynamite (eight charges to the acre) has commenced in South Carolina.

The "pent up" island of Utica has become slightly less so, by means of a shock of earthquake.

Hundreds of nobodies at home, have just got over posing as somebodies at the watering-places.

The elm-tree beetle and the chestnut-tree canker are making it lively for groves in and about New York.

In case of an invasion from foreign countries, we have a standing army of 87,000 men to drive them back.

Wild elephants are plaguing Africa more than ever before. They wipe out flourishing gardens and plantations.

If you capture a sunfish weighing 300 pounds, tell of it. That is what W. M. McMillan of Avalon, Cal., did.

A poor little boy named Martin, four years old, died at Tuxedo Park, heir to four million dollars, and did not know it.

By trespassing on the railroad-tracks, where they have no right to go, 4,000 people per annum lose their lives.

Earthquakes are really caused by volcanoes, at more or less distance away, and by nothing else—say some scientists.

The reform in weights has extended to ice: and truckmen are being arrested in New York for delivering less than they sell.

Laura Jean Libbey, who has written some very sensational novels, has made another sensation, by appearing in Vaudeville.

Niagara Falls water, for power, has been apportioned to United States and Canada by

a recent treaty. The Canadian side is to be permitted the use of 36,000 feet per second, and the New York side 20,000 feet.

The Danish government pays three-fourths of the expenses of all poor persons who desire to be treated for tuberculosis.

A toad estimated to be more than a thousand years old, died recently in the New York Zoo. He had been dug up in a Montana mine.

No less than 25,000 dogs appeared at the late Birmingham, England, show. Man's best brute friend certainly had his innings *that* week.

America does not have to eat all her inanely-tasting canned fruit: she gets over half a million dollars'-worth off upon England and France.

All the Rockefellers that can be swept together are to invade Newburgh, N. Y., in September, and it is expected that John D. will come along.

Oysters are improving in industry: eighty-four pearls having been found in one shell at Atlantic City. The largest heretofore is said to have been eight.

Turkey must be a healthful locality in which to live: for in spite of the executions that take place there, it contains more aged people than most countries.

Robert Burns sometimes had trouble in procuring paper and ink with which to write his letters, but one of them has just been sold in England for \$1,175.

Fishermen catch 20,000,000 lobsters every year around Prince Edward's Island, but that is only a small fraction of the lobsters caught elsewhere when the moon is full.

The old-fashioned freak-museum, instituted by Barnum, is fast fading away. Huber's, the only one in New York, has auctioned off all its curiosities, and gone out of business.

An Iowa man recently shaved off a full beard and mustache, and went home in the dusk, to see if his wife would know him.

THE Famous

Rayo
LampOnce a Rayo user
always one

The RAYO Lamp is a high-grade lamp, sold at a low price.

There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp at any price. It is constructed throughout of the very best materials, and with the best workmanship.

The burner, wick and chimney are the vital things about a lamp. These parts in the RAYO lamp are constructed with the minutest attention to detail. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add value to the RAYO lamp as a light-giving device.

The construction of the burner is such that it is easy to clean and easy to re-wick, and the chimney-holder may be raised for lighting without removing shade or chimney. It is nickel-plated over brass and, being without embossing, is easily kept clean.

The RAYO lamp is an ornament to any room in any house. Millions of users attest the merits of Rayo lamps.

Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest Agency of the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

He disguised himself so well, that she called him by the name of one of his neighbors, who resembled him somewhat—and tenderly kissed him.

The late John G. Carlisle's speeches were noticeable for their lack of adjectives. People in these hurrying days, like to supply the adjectives themselves, and in their own minds.

Forty citizens are indicted for murder at Newark, Ohio, for taking a prisoner of the law from jail, and lynching him. Fifteen of them are accused of murder in the first degree.

Mark Twain will be given a statue at Heidelberg, Germany: that having been the place where, it is said, he first conceived the idea of writing one of his books—"A Tramp Abroad."

A clock that would run on forever without winding, was Alois Wirsching's mechanical dream—and maybe he would have accomplished it, if a man could run on forever without dying.

After falling off a precipice a third of a mile high, near the Catskill Mountain House, a city lady's dog, which she had been trying to pack for transportation, was found well,

and wagging his tail cheerfully—while his mistress was in hysterics, and with difficulty restrained from following her pet through the air.

Moving pictures of the recent prize-fight at Reno, are now exhibited in the parlors of wealthy people in Newport and other cities. Truly, "the world does move"—but which way?

The latest new phrase ex-President Roosevelt has coined, is "Hot Politics." He recently stated that he had been talking it with Garfield and Pinchot, concerning Ohio election matters.

Cotton crops of the South during the past ten years, equalled in value \$2,505,140,300 more than all the gold produced in the world during that time, and \$1,472,980,300 more than all the gold and silver combined.

A "perfumery fad" is the latest thing at Newport. A certain fashionable lady has at present the monopoly of it, and every one knows by the nose when she enters a room. But wait: the others will get it before long.

Northern Ohio has produced a wild mushroom weighing three pounds and the size of a dozen baseballs. There is a legend that one was found some years ago, that weighed

DRINK KNAPP'S ROOT BEER

A Delicious Temperance and Refreshing Drink, contains no drugs or impurities. Nature's own product.

One large bottle of EXTRACT will make 64 pints.

COSTS 25c. PER BOTTLE

Don't pay 5 cents a glass for summer drinks when you can make 8 gallons (128 glasses) of DELICIOUS ROOT BEER for 25 cents.

Root Beer made from KNAPP'S EXTRACT is not only a delightful drink, but contains ROOTS, BARKS and HERBS used for centuries to purify the blood.

KNAPP'S ROOT BEER EXTRACT

Sold since 1839, the kind Grandma made. None so good. None goes so far. Send 25 cents for large bottle by mail.

The Knapp Extract Co., 85 WARREN ST.
New York, N. Y.

PUZZLES FAMOUS TRIPLE HOPE-SHOTS

with secret solution and 36-page
booklet of puzzles, postpaid 10 cts

Western Puzzle Co., Desk 9, St. Paul, Minn.



EXCHANGE POSTCARDS—6 Flower Postcards, with
your name and address neatly printed, for 10 cts.
ECONOMY PRINTERY, 608 E. Main St., Boyne City, Mich.

BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL

Broadway Cor. Third Street

IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK

Only Medium Price Hotel left in New York.

Special Attention Given to Ladies Unescorted

SPECIAL RATES FOR SUMMER

OUR TABLE is the foundation of our enormous business.

American Plan, \$2.50 upwards

European Plan, \$1.00 upwards

Send for Large Map of New York, Free

DAN C. WEBB, Proprietor

The Only New York Hotel Featuring American Plan
Moderate Prices. Excellent Food. Good Service.

forty pounds, and filled a bushel-basket. By which it will be seen that no story is so large but what a larger one can be told.

Live decoy-ducks are among the cruelties of sportsmen. They hitch strings to their legs, make them quack in their distress, and so call other ducks around them to see what is the matter—who are shot for their humane curiosity.

The "Terrible Ten" are applying tar and feathers to people in southern New Jersey, whose conduct does not please them. They tied one man up and left him a prey of mosquitoes, until some one came along and cut him down.

A big ocean-steamer was delayed several minutes at the dock beyond her time of sailing, while a departing schoolma'am kissed her friends good-bye. The Captain gritted his teeth together, and said through them whatever he said.

Possibly the last annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac will be held at Antietam, Maryland, September 16th and 17th. It is hoped that more may be held (this is the thirtyninth), but doubt is expressed on the subject.

An evangelist is considering the project of taking a "Sunday Census." He wants to see how many of the ninety-odd millions of our American people obey regularly and thoroughly the command, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

The state of Washington has adopted as the seal of state, the woodpecker, because he constantly eats worms that devastate orchards and forests. The bald-headed eagle was a candidate, but voters decided that he was too much for show, and not enough for work.

An old Texas ranchman named Thomas Waggoner, divided \$2,000,000 among his three children, saying afterward: "It will give them a start in life, and if they are careful they will become independently rich and need never worry about earning a livelihood."

It is claimed that Japan supports fifty millions of people on a circle of cultivatable land that could be contained in a circle within a radius of seventyfive miles—less than the distance from New York to Philadelphia. They make every inch of soil earn its existence.

If the man who discovered the moving picture miracle through the simple but wonderful quick succession of photographs, would have a royalty on all the products of his ingenuity, he would be rich enough to be running a risk of dissipation. There are in

America alone, 7,000 theatres in which the "silent drama" is being performed every day.

Eagles attack American citizens "out west", thus making themselves unpopular, and diminishing their chances of being retained on state coats of arms. The cow—no matter how many pails of milk she may have kicked over, has always retained her proud position in the Vermont blazonry.

Whales seem to be improving in strength and courage, since being more let-alone. One of them that was harpooned at Cape Carmaney, Alaska, charged straight upon the whaling-vessel, and gave her hull a blow that sunk her—the crew narrowly escaping with their lives.

John Bunyan's memorial window in Westminster Abbey is said to be only a question of time: many are working for it. One would hardly have expected such an honor for him in 1660, when the poor tinker commenced an imprisonment for twelve years in Bedford jail.

"Living in a crowd" is not generally understood up to its full meaning. In the city of Passaic, N. J., one small house shelters 350 persons, and there are two shifts of occupants—a night-shift and a day-shift. There is another house that has 292 occupants, and all are day-workers. The average number of occupants per room, including the kitchen, is 8 1-9. The people sleep on the floor with straw under them.

In early days, the inhabitants of an Iowa town, induced a young English man to "oblige" by delivering a Fourth of July oration. In it occurred this shining bit of anachronism: "The English veterans, fresh from the field of Waterloo, met the ragged Continentals at Lexington, and were vanquished."—Everybody yelled, having forgotten or never having known, that the Battle of Waterloo occurred about forty years and two months after the Battle of Lexington.

44 ART

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EVERY WHERE

SEPTEMBER, 1910.

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Philosophy and Humor.

BASE ENVY.

Mrs. Nagg—Who was it that said, "I thank God I am not as other men"?

Mr. Nagg—Some bachelor.

THE CHANGE HAS COME.

"How do you know they're married?"

"Can't you see? He's making her bait her own fish hooks."

CONTAGION IN BUSINESS.

Benson—This anti-trust movement is spreading rapidly everywhere.

De Broke—Yes; my tailor has caught the fever now.

JOHNNY AS A DICTIONARY.

"Johnny, can you tell us why Washington is called the Father of his Country?"

"'Cause he walked the floor a good many nights when it was still young, I guess."

SENSIBLE ACERBITY.

How did you get the reputation of being taciturn?"

"Possibly because I only discuss matters that I am familiar with."—[Washington Herald.]

THE OBSERVING BOY.

Sunday School Teacher—What is the conscience?

Bright Boy—It's wot makes you sorry, w'en you get found out.

MIKE'S TEMPORARY TENDERNESS.

"Was your husband kind to you during your illness?"

"Koind? Ah, indade, mum! Moike was more loike a neighbor than a husband."

MAMMA ON THE JOB.

Johnny—I was lookin' through the key-hole at Sally and Featherly, and Ma came and stopped me.

Ethel—What did she do then? Spank you?

Johnny—No, she took a peep herself.

GALLERY-LORE.

"Why do you call your new picture 'Dawn'?"

"Because," replied the young impressionist, "few people know what dawn looks like; hence they are likely to take my word for it."

FELINE CURIOSITY.

Little Davey is forever asking questions.

"You'd better keep still or something will happen to you," his tired mother finally told him one night. "Curiosity once killed a cat."

Davey was so impressed with this that he kept silent for three minutes. Then: "Say, Mother, what was it the cat wanted to know?"

BRAVERY FOR OTHERS.

Kind old lady (talking to tramp)—Have you ever made an effort to get work?

Tramp—Yes, ma'am. Last month I got work for two members of my family, but neither of them would take it.

THE SPOTS ON JOHNNIE.

"How's vacation, Johnnie?"

"Bully!! Fell off a shed, most got drowned, tipped over a beehive, was hooked by a cow, Jim Spindles licked me twice, an' I got two stone-bruises an' a stiff neck!"

SMALL GAME.

"I suppose you will soon be giving up your motor and getting an airship."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Chuggins. "There's no fun in going away up there and frightening a few eagles."

HELP ARRIVES.

Bookkeeper—The fact that your grandfather has married again seems to please you, Bobbie.

Office Boy—I guess yes. Ain't I got another grandmother ter die now when I want ter go to the ball game?—[Boston Transcript.]

THE INTELLIGENT NATIVE.

Traveller (to native)—Can you tell me how far I am from Creamtown?

Native—About 25,000 miles.

Traveller—Impossible.

Native—I mean if you keep on the way you are going. If you turn round and go back it's only about a mile.

BEFORE HER TIME.

Stepping into a large bookshop in Stratford-on-Avon one morning, I inquired of the saleswoman, "Have you a copy of Pepys's 'Diary'?"

Instantly came the reply:

"Our supply of diaries has not yet been received."

RASTUS' MOUTH WATERS.

Mr. White—Yes, the whole train was

wrecked and a million watermelons scattered over the country.

Rastus—My, my! How mussiful Providence is ter de cullud race!

BEATEN AT THE PRIMARIES.

A Philadelphia physician told the story of a patient he once met in an asylum for the insane.

He came across this patient while strolling through the grounds, and, stopping, asked him:

"Why are you here?"

"Simply a difference of opinion," replied

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is the most delightful month of the year at beautiful, historical Basking Ridge, N. J. The Washington House is situated here among the mountains, within easy commuting distance to New York. No better place in the world to spend a few restful days. Terms extremely moderate, day or week. Write for full information.

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the patient. "I said all men were mad, and all men said I was mad—and the majority won."

SHOULD HAVE BEEN WHIPPED ALL THE HARDER.

"Now, you young scamp," said Binks, as he led his youngest out into the woodshed and prepared to give him a dressing down, "I'll teach you what is what."

"No pa," replied the incorrigible, "you'll teach me which is switch."

And then the old man's hand fell powerless at his side.

REASON IN HIS FRENZY.

"Fain would I write a poem on the delights of fishing," sighed the poet, "but woe is me. I can't find a word to rhyme with angleworm."

"But why use that word at the end of a line?" queried the friend.

"Because," hissed the poet between his set teeth, "an angleworm is always at the end of a line."

And for an hour the silence was so still that one could have heard a pin drop.

WANTED NO MISTAKE.

Little four-year-old Charlie has new neighbors of whom he has become quite fond—a Dr. Abingdon, wife, and five-year-old daughter: who, like an old-time playmate of Charlie's, is named Dorothy.

The other night Charlie made a revision of his prayers, making the addition, "God bless Dr. Abingdon, Mrs. Abingdon, and Dorothy." After making his plea he hopped into his trundle-bed and prepared for sleep. His mother, watching him, thought the Sandman had surely come until Charlie suddenly leaped out of bed and fell again on his knees.

"Oh God," he exclaimed, "I want you to bless Dorothy Abingdon, not Dorothy Perkins."

And then he went to sleep satisfied.

SETTLING MARIE.

Mayor Charles H. Nevin of Butte was talking about the marathon waltz that he had stopped after it had gone on continuously for fourteen hours.

"We have marathon waltzing, marahton piano-playing, even marathon eating at this time," said Mayor Nevin. The young men and women who enter such contests are ambitious, certainly; but theirs is a misguided ambition, like that of Lizzie Ann.

"Lizzie Ann was a servant girl. She said bitterly to her mistress one morning:

"Here's another letter, ma'am, I've got from Mrs. Jones' cook Marie. Marie says they've guv her a conservatory now. It fairly makes one sick. Fibber!"

"Lizzie Ann hesitated, then said, diffidently:

"I bin thinkin'—if I hired an auto and a photographer—would ye mind, mum, if me and the master was took on the front seat together? It would settle that Marie when I sent her the picture."

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H13

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WILL YOU CO-OPERATE WITH US in placing FIVE copies of this book, written by Fanny Crosby, among your friends and acquaintances? This blind author, with whose songs you are familiar, has passed, by many years, the scriptural three score and ten, and each copy sold is credited to her. If you have been cheered and inspired by her sacred lyrics, it is your privilege to have a part in this work.

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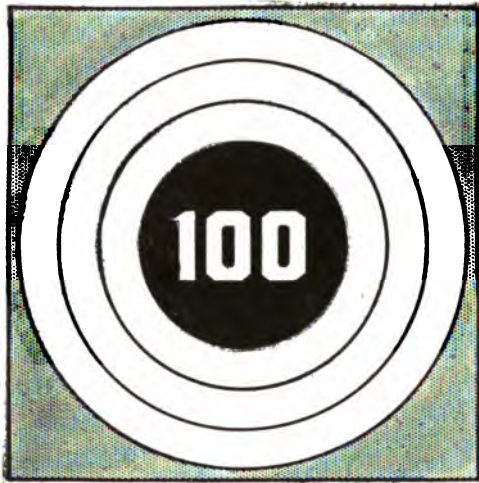
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VOLUME XXVII

OCTOBER, 1910

NUMBER II

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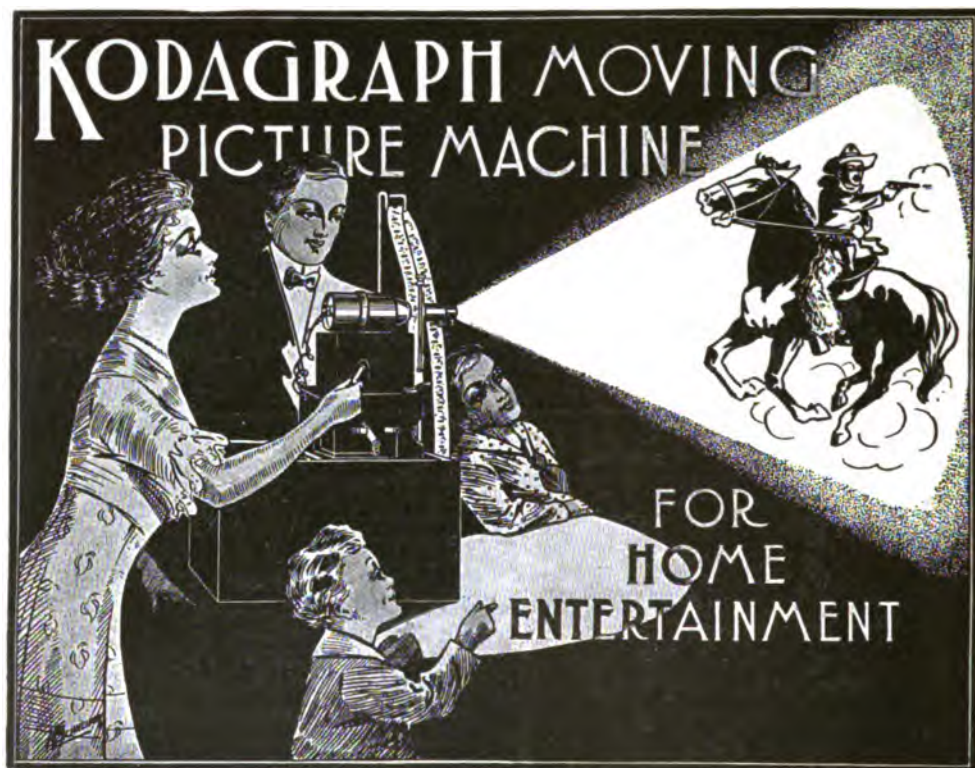
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"ANOTHER SUMMER-TIME HAS GONE."
(SEE POEM NEXT PAGE.)

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Poems by Will Carleton.

Birdie's Autumn Lament.

ANOTHER summer-time has gone, where all the seasons go—
The autumn winds will soon be here, and whistle to and fro;
The drooping leaves, in gaudy sheaves, have closed their fall display,
And shown that everything must have its night, as well as day.
The winter peers, O birdie, from its icy parapet,
And I—a bleak and lonely one—have not been captured yet!

When summer came, with all its charms, I left the town behind,
And fished along the fertile sea, to see what I could find:
I hooked Adolphus Arthur Jenckes, and played on him awhile
My swellest gowns and bathing-suits, and best-assorted smile.
But when I brought him safe to land, 'twas with new-opened eyes:
Young Mr. Jenckes proved and was proved a barber in disguise!

I found a most divine hotel, with all my plans in tune,
Where eligible men at hops were thick as leaves in June;
I dawdled round with three young shrimps, and mildly was enraged,
To find that every one of them was several times engaged!
When earnestness has been cajoled, the one that suffered weeps:
It's hard to do the flirting-game, when one must play at keeps!

I went where people who are sick pursue a jolly round,
And drink such portions of the sea as bubble from the ground;
I stepped into a boarding-house tumultuously serene,
And where I made myself, I thought, quite proper to be seen.
Ralph's diamonds proposed to me—no rivalry I feared—
Until, disgustingly arrayed, his second wife appeared.

And then, that millionaire—oh my! we wandered by the lake,
And I fell in, before his eyes, by prearranged mistake:
Allowed myself to consciousness restored, when best 'twould be,
And thought, "He's saved my life! of course he'll have to marry me!"
How I to my preserver clung, with all the strength I had!
But 'twasn't the millionaire:—'twas poor old unexpected Dad.

I've had to take, you know, since first from maidenhood I grew,
 Three tucks already in my age, and there's another due;
 Unless the angels intervene, I fear 'twill never be,
 That Hymen crosses o'er my path, and swings his torch at me.
 I'll try once more next summer: when, if something doesn't befall,
 I'll think I'll have to go through life an "Auntie," after all.

Farmer Stebbins at the Fair.

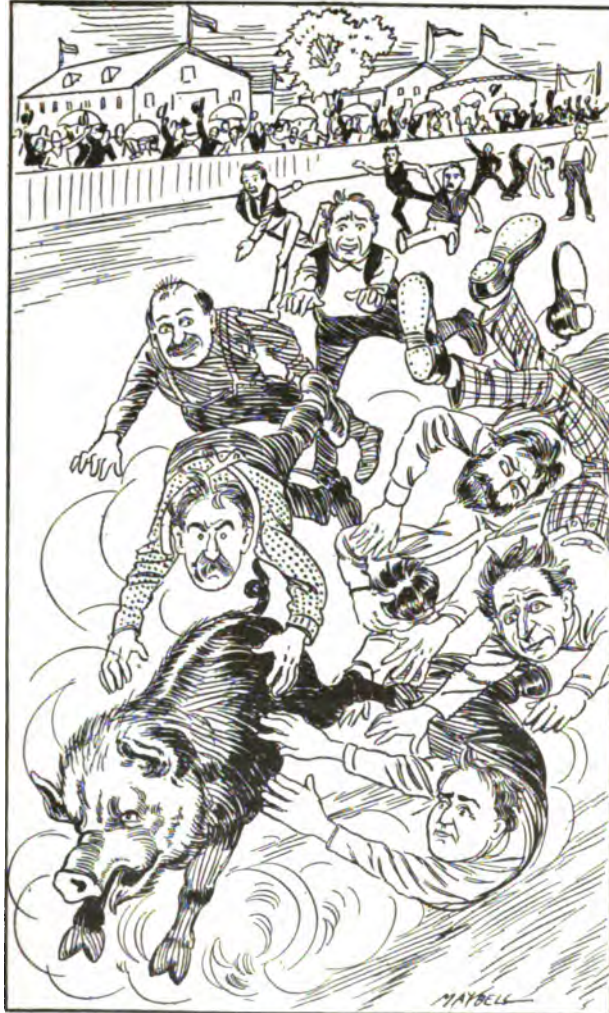
THEY brought the biggest oxen that you ever ever see,
 They fed 'em an' they combed 'em in a manner new to me;
 They stood 'em up together like a row of checker-corns,
 Fur to play a game o' primiums fur some ribbins on their horns.
 Mac was there, an' Jack was there,
 Si was there, an' I was there,
 An' vowed that bulls of Bashan, or of any town or nation,
 Couldn't match us what was doin' in the bellowin' an' the moonin',
 That was floatin' through the air, at the Cobb County Fair.

They brought the biggest roosters that had ever ever crowed,
 An' the hens that cackled loudest when you met 'em in the road,
 An' the butter that is yellereest when you yank it from the churn,
 An' the cheese that when you bite it gives your mouth the most concern.
 Sal was there, her gal was there,
 An' Lu was there, an' Sue was there,
 Fan was there, an' Ann was there,
 An' the Sarys an' the Mary's, with selections from their dairies.
 While of eggs the finest pickin's—Natur's vain attempts at chickens,
 There was plenty an' to spare, at the Cobb County Fair.

They brought the sleekest hosses that we'd ever sighted yet,
 An' they trotted 'em an' run 'em, an' forbid the folks to bet;
 As is oft in human natur', in that case it did befall
 That the one we tuk fur smartest was the slowest o' 'em all.
 'Than, he guessed, an' Dan, he guessed,
 An' Sim computed, an' Jim computed,
 An' Lo, he wagered, an' Jo, he wagered,
 U-ry bet, an' I bet;
 An' 'twan't what you'd be seekin' in a church-trustee or deakin;
 An' we didn't do any winnin' that was big enough fur sinnin';
 But we couldn't take a dare, at the Cobb County Fair.

They got a pig an' greased it, though I think 'twould run without,
 An' whoever grabbed an' held it, 'twould be his, beyond a doubt.
 So we neighbors 'greed to try it, jest to show what we could do,
 An' to salt it in our barrels fur to help the winter through.

Smalley grabbed it, an' Hawley grabbed it,
 An' Whaley missed it, an' Bailey missed it,
 Lafe Calkins clutched it, Sam Hawkins clutched it,



Abe Maxson fell over it, Frank Jackson fell over it,
 Jim Fry rolled under it, an' I rolled under it;
 But it shifted its position sleek as any polertician,
 An' where'er we flung our mettle, there the grease appeared to settle;
 So we suffered wear an' tear, at the Cobb County Fair.

There come the finest maidens you would notice any day,
 An' I didn't take the trouble fur to look the other way:
 E'en a nettle or a thistle, if possessed of human power,
 Wouldn't turn their eyes a minute from a sweet an' bloomin' flower.

Taller gals an' smaller gals,
 Comely gals an' humly gals,
 Giddy gals an' stiddy gals,
 Cold-made gals an' old maid gals,
 Blue-eyed gals an' true-eyed gals,
 Spread-haired gals an' red-haired gals—

All a-losin' of their mothers, an' a-goin' round with others,
 Walkin', runnin', flirtin', dancin', an' invar'ably entrancin':
 'Twas excitement to be there at the Cobb County Fair.

I took some fall pippins big as ever tempted Eve,
 An' they tempted everybody that beheld 'em, I believe:
 No, the jedges didn't jedge 'em, an' they've never jedged 'em yet:
 For before they come acrost 'em, ev'ry single one was e't!

Lon e't 'em, an' John e't 'em,
 An' Grace e't 'em, an' Ace e't em,
 An' Horner e't 'em, an' Warner e't 'em,
 Old Phœbe e't 'em, Bill Beebe e't 'em,
 The Ryans e't 'em, th' O'Briens e't 'em,
 Tom Griggs e't 'em, an' the pigs e't 'em:

There was ev'rybody chankin' without a sign of thankin';
 An' I driv home a-rippin', 'thout a primium or a pippin;
 An' a mighty little share of the Cobb County Fair.





The Big Four of Bridges.

EAST River is a strait and river combined, and cleaves in two the great city of New York—which it must be remembered, is now composed of old New York and Brooklyn joined in one.

This river is a unique one. It is eighteen miles long, and, where it separates New York and Brooklyn, three-fourths of a mile wide. It has a double current, running alternately each way, according to the tide.

It has always been a problem with the people and with the engineers, how best to get past this three-quarters-of-a-mile of water, in going from city to city. Thousands of people must travel to and fro each day:—many of them living on one side of the river, and doing business on the other. Ferry-boats propelled by oars, by sails, by horse-power, by steam—have all been used, and finally found insufficient. The proposition has been made occasionally, to fill up the whole thing, and make one continued city of the two. But this would be an ultra-gigantic undertaking, and cost at least a large percentage of what it was worth, and maybe more than it ever would produce in the extra land that would thus be developed.

It must also be considered, that a fine water-roadway and harbor would thus be sacrificed, which now accommodates the hugest ocean-vessels, and is a monstrous factor in New York's prosperity.

In order to remedy the trouble, it was determined, about half a century ago, to build a bridge across this great stream that divided the two cities—for New York and Brooklyn were then as yet two separate towns. After much discussion, a suspension bridge was decided upon—against certain serious misgivings: for many thought that no strands of wire—how-

ever large and numerous, would stand the strain for a very long time.

But at last it was decided to build the "Brooklyn Bridge"—the first one shown in our illustrated bridge-page this month. It was commenced on Jan. 3, 1870, and it took the unlucky number of thirteen years to complete it, and get it ready for opening.

For nearly a generation—twentyseven years—this great highway of wood, iron, and stone, between the two shores, has been in service, and during all that time it has "made good." There have been reports of its weakening, and "buckling", and intimations that it ought soon to be retired for repairs: but it keeps right on, thus far, doing its work. It commences almost under the lofty windows of the New York EVERY WHERE office, and stretches grandly away into Brooklyn: and many of our employes cross it twice a day, on their way from and to home. It holds up under the burden each twenty-four hours, upon an average, of 4,200 cars, 3,000 teams, and 20,000 pedestrians.

The second bridge in our picture, is the "Williamsburg Bridge"—so named on account of its running from New York into the ancient town of Williamsburg—now a part of Brooklyn, and, so, of New York. This large and commodious highway in the air, contains four elevated tracks for trolley-cars, a roadway for vehicles, and two spacious promenades for foot-passengers.

On account of the number of Hebrews who live on the Brooklyn side of the river, and do business in New York, using this bridge to go to and fro, it was for a time jocularly called the "Jewish Pass-over."

The towers of this structure, unlike the



THE OLD BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE.



THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE.



THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE.

stone ones of the old Brooklyn Bridge, are made of steel, and are 333 feet high—as high as the Washington Monument.

The third one in the series—the Manhattan Bridge—was commenced in 1901, and is still uncompleted—although horses and automobiles can cross upon it. It is a mile and a third long. It reaches from the Bowery and Canal Streets in New York, to Myrtle Avenue in Brooklyn. This bridge is a near neighbor to the first Brooklyn Bridge. Its towers are 345 feet high, the cables are 3,839 feet long, and they contain 9,472 galvanized steel wires.

The whole structure is estimated to have cost \$15,833,600.

The fourth in our series, the Queensboro Bridge, differs from the others, in that it is of the "cantilever" variety, instead of the suspension, and the largest of its kind in the world. Advantage is taken of Blackwell's Island, for a midway support: and this makes of it two bridges in one, so far as its upholding is concerned.

This bridge extends from Second Avenue, New York, to Jackson Avenue, Queens County, Long Island. It is nearly a mile and a half long.

Overlooking the Western Sea.

I SPED over mountain, across the plain
For a sight of the Western Sea,
Where the mighty billows come in with a roar
And the ships leave majestically.

I stood at the top of the jutting head
That looked o'er the piers and the bay,
And I saw the throngs on the sandy beach
Crawl around like ants at play.

There were boats where the fisher-folk drew net,
And the tug with its giant might;
And the yacht with its flitting wing made sail
Like a child in its gay delight.

And the white-capped waves came gliding in
And crept far up on the shore;
And the rolling breakers smote on the rocks,
And the spray dashed high with a roar.

Then I saw a ship, far out at sea,
Draw snail-like slow to the land;
And, then, three masts and a spread of white,
Moved out with a motion grand.

But the breakers, people, and piers and ships
Were all wiped out for me,
By the sight of a little purple finch
Feeding her nestlings three.

ARTHUR BRIDWELL.



A Handsome Tip.

BY EVELYN EARLE.

MISS Mildred Melbourne, an American multimillionairess in London, cared nothing for marrying a title, but she did care for the castles of old England.

One morning the young lady tourist with her cousin, Miss Victoria Lockwood, boarded a train at a London railway station, intending to visit Cintra Castle, the residence of the Duke of Miguel. On the journey they chatted about the castle they were going to see, referring occasionally to their guide-book. A gentleman in the same compartment sitting opposite them, who had been buried in his book, spoke up:

"If you ladies are going to visit Cintra Castle, I fear you will be disappointed. It will not be open today to visitors."

The young ladies looked much crest-fallen. The gentleman continued:

"The castle is only shown during the Duke's absence. He returns today."

Miss Lockwood thanked the gentleman for his information, and asked if there was anyone in service at the castle who for a handsome tip would make an exception in their case. To this he replied:

"I am going to the castle myself, and shall see the Duke. I think it probable that I can secure his permission to show you through his ancestral abode. If you will be there"—he took out his watch—"at, say two o'clock, I will let you know what I can do for you. Ask for Mr. Sheridan."

The ladies thanked the man for his courtesy, and when the train reached the station went to an inn where they partook of a luncheon, then strolled up to the castle. They were stopped at the postern by a lackey, but on mentioning the name of Sheridan they were conducted to a reception room in the living apart-

ments of the castle. After a wait of fifteen minutes, Mr. Sheridan entered and said that he had obtained the necessary permission.

Mr. Sheridan was between thirty and thirtyfive years old. It was seldom that he smiled, but when he did his face changed from the serious to the genial. He was apparently a gentleman, but there are many grades of gentlemen in England, and the girls could not make out to which grade he belonged. They fancied that he might attend to some business for the Duke, or was his solicitor, or was there to sell something. One point troubled them from the first—they feared he might not be so respectable, though he had avoided the subject of tips, as to decline a crown or two if offered to him. They had often received favors from men just as genteel looking whose palms they had crossed. Miss Melbourne determined to watch his English. If he were not a gentleman he would surely make a blunder, perhaps in an unguarded moment drop an 'h'.

All this they talked and thought over while waiting. Mr. Sheridan led them into the courtyard and thence to one of the towers. He began in that clear, well modulated voice with which the two girls had heard the gentlemanly guides in Westminster Abbey show the old pile for the modest sum of sixpence. This confirmed their belief that he would accept a tip. He spoke fluently and as if he had often reeled off the identical words.

"This tower," he said, "was built in the reign of William II. and is, of course, Norman. The upper part was put on later, and is Gothic. A breach was made here where you see the difference in the stonework by the Roundheads during the

close of the war by which Charles I. lost his rascally head."

Surprised at this, Miss Melbourne asked:

"Does the Duke consider King Charles I. rascally?"

"It doesn't matter to me what the Duke thinks. Everybody knows that Charles I. was treacherous, mean, untrue to his friends, and altogether unworthy of sovereignty."

"Does your British nobility usually take that ground", she asked.

"I don't know. The opinions of most of them are worth nothing anyway."

The girls were puzzled. How dare this man within the ancestral home of one of the British aristocrats speak so disrespectfully of them. Presently their guide led them into the gallery of family portraits.

"That old fellow up there was the Earl of Coburg, and became the first duke of Miguel. He got rich by robbery, and was made a duke for stabbing in the back a man the king wished put out of the way.

The girls looked at each other, astonished at this frankness with regard to the present Duke's ancestors.

"That red faced man," continued Mr. Sheridan, "was the first duke's brother. He was a pirate."

"A pirate!" exclaimed both girls at once.

"Certainly. That was once considered a very respectable calling. That one with scars on his face was a robber. He kept up this place by descending into the valley, looting travelers, and returning with his booty."

"Were all the Duke's ancestors bad?" asked Miss Melbourne.

"Most of them. I know all about the family. Scarcely a good one in it."

"But the present Duke is a fine man, I am told."

"I should like to know in what way. He sits in the House of Lords—a useless institution—with his hat over his eyes, most of the time asleep. When he is here he is bored to death. When I told him that two American girls wished to see his castle, he proposed to show you about himself, just to have something to

do. I told him it was my job, and he shouldn't take it away from me."

There was more wonder in the faces of the young women, and the last words decided them that they must offer a tip.

"The castle is a dilapidated old place," continued the guide, "not worth preserving. I think the Duke would like to sell it to some of your American millionaires."

"How could he bear to part with that which has descended to him through centuries?"

"He likes London pretty well. With the money he could get for this rattletrap, he could enjoy himself very well in London."

"How much would he take for it?"

"Oh, a matter of 100,000 pounds."

"Please tell him that I'll give him that for it."

It was now Mr. Sheridan's turn to look surprised. He made no reply at first, then said:

"From whom shall I tell him the offer comes?"

Miss Melbourne took out a card, wrote her London address on it, and handed it to him. They had by this time gone the rounds and were at the postern. And now the terrible question of the tip came up. Miss Melbourne decided that she would give one so large that even should their guide be a gentleman, he might not feel insulted. She put ten sovereigns into his hand. He took them unwillingly, and thrust them into his pocket.

Two days later an invitation came from the dowager Duchess of Miguel to Miss Melbourne and Miss Lockwood, to dine with her at her London residence. The invitation closed with these words: "You can then talk over the sale of Miguel Castle with my son, the Duke."

Miss Melbourne, whose income for one year was more than the price she had offered for the property, was not at all frightened. At first she thought she would adhere to her resolution not to mingle with the English nobility and decline the invitation, but Miss Lockwood persuaded her to accept. They were to sail for America the next week, and Miss Melbourne was not averse to dining with

a duchess so long as it could be done without the preliminary presentation at court.

On the evening appointed, they drove to the Duke's home. They were received by the dowager duchess, a pleasant old lady, and after a time who should enter the room but Mr. Sheridan in evening dress. He advanced, smiling, to welcome the guests.

"My son," said the Duchess.

"A younger son?" asked Miss Melbourne.

"No; I'm Ralph Sheridan and Duke of Miguel," said the gentleman. "As I told you, I'm bored to death at Cintra, and I passed a delightful hour in showing you my pile. But I shall not hold you to the offer, and here," taking ten sovereigns from his vest pocket, "is the fee you gave me. I really don't think I should have accepted it."

There was a twinkle in his eye.

"I am ready to give you a check for the castle," said Miss Melbourne, a trifle ruffled at having been deceived.

"That's just like you Americans," replied the Duke, smiling. "There is noth-

ing so old, so new, so valuable or so worthless, but that you are ready to buy it."

"I might hold you by law to the bargain. I can prove by my cousin, Miss Lockwood, who was present, that you offered the property for a specified sum and I accepted the offer."

"I should rather be bound by it than go to law with such a charming opponent", replied the Duke gallantly.

There was nothing more said about the sale, and after Miss Melbourne had recovered from her chagrin at having tipped a duke, the dinner proved a very enjoyable one.

The next day her cousin was making preparations to sail the following week.

"We must prepare to return to America, since we have but a few days left", said Miss Lockwood.

"Never mind, dear, I have decided not to go next week."

Indeed they remained in London for some time. Miss Melbourne fell into the same matrimonial conditions as most American heiresses abroad. She married the Duke of Miguel.

Help Yourself.—By Margaret E. Sangster.

THERE'S a bit of homely counsel
Well worth while for you and me;
In the ups and downs of living
Just to take and hold in fee.
When the road is rough and stony
Seek not aid from sordid pelf:
Gird your loins, and fare on bravely,
In your troubles, help yourself!

Never blanch in fell disaster,
Lift your head and raise a cheer;
At the worst, a sturdy courage
Surely will bring allies near.

God will help you, if you trust Him,
Do not rust on any shelf:
When the clouds about you thicken,
Forward march, and help yourself!

Only cowards dread the morrow;
Hearts of oak assail today!
Through the obstacles that cumber
Plucky hands cut out a way.
In the hour of pain and danger,
Listen to no craven elf;
Lift a song though lips are pallid.
Look to heaven, and help yourself!





Tours of the Potentates.

IV.

FROM the Emperor Hadrian to ex-President Ulysses S. Grant, is a "far cry"—backward: but the best views one gets of any subject are by contrasts, and here is one. If anybody had told Hadrian beforehand what kind of a tour the American was to take a few centuries farther on, the extent of country he would cover, or the attention he would receive, the informant would probably have been relegated to what is now popularly denominated "the bug-house"—if there were any in those days.

After sixteen years of very arduous labor in behalf of his country, in which he had served as captain, colonel, brigadier general, major general, lieutenant general, secretary of war, and President of United States, General Grant decided to "secure a few months of rest and recreation", by a trip in foreign lands. The "rest and recreation" turned out to contain all the hurry, the unrest, and the constant nerve-strain, of a triumphal progress.

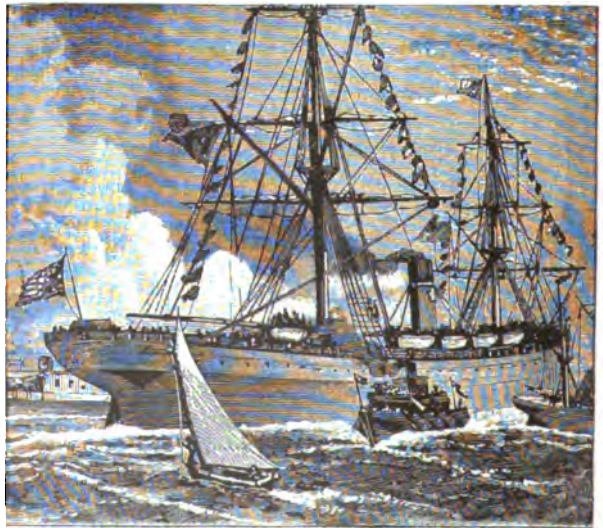
The Secretary of State directed all the American consuls and diplomats in different parts of the world, to take the General under their care as soon as he arrived at the different places where they had charge, and do all they could to make it pleasant for him. No doubt in some cases they succeeded in making it unpleasant, as he would probably have preferred to be left alone: but they all meant well, and most of them did well.

On May 17, 1877, he sailed

from Philadelphia, on the steamer "Indiana"—a vessel of the only American line that was making regular trips across the ocean.

Here was a great contrast to May 17th, 1857—only twenty years before. Then he lived a few miles out of St. Louis, where he was pursuing the quiet and unostentatious vocation of a farmer. This business was not so profitable then as it is now, and it is said that the future President found it hard work to support his family. Hauling cordwood to the city and selling it for fuel, could not have been a very exhilarating task—or a bewilderingly profitable one, in those days when farm-produce was low.

On this 17th day of May, 1877, how different the situation! Now he was in easy, if not opulent circumstances; known all over the world as its greatest living



SHIP ON WHICH GENERAL GRANT SAILED.

general, who had been twice President of United States; attended on board by sev-



MRS. GENERAL GRANT.

eral of the most eminent citizens of the country; and saluted by thousands of people, on the shores of the Delaware, along which at starting he was to sail.

The ship upon which General Grant travelled, would not be called a large one now—it would compare very unfavorably in size with the big ocean-liners of to-day. But it was large enough for such travelers as had the privilege of sailing as fellow-passengers with the ex-President, and large enough for him and his wife and the son Jesse who accompanied him.

It may be well supposed that this voyage afforded General Grant more real "rest" than he had had or was to have, in a long time. He was "far from the madding crowd"; no letters or telegrams could reach him; and he could lounge, and gaze at the sea, and (inevitably) smoke, and enjoy himself as he liked. He soon became friends with his fellow-passengers, and conversed with them on all sorts of questions, excepting politics.

It took them eleven days and nights to reach Liverpool: a very long time now

in such a case, but a reasonably short one then.

As they neared the shore, the General, who was on deck with his wife, noticed that buildings were decorated, and crowds of people lined the wharves. "There must be something going on here today", he remarked to Mrs. Grant: "and we are just in time to see it."

They were "just in time to see it": for it was the arrival of General Grant in England, that was "going on." So modest was he, that he had not suspected for a moment, that this great celebration was all for him.

During this short visit to England, the General was given every honor possible: and met all the most distinguished people there, from the Queen down. He was presented with the "Freedom" of London, and other cities, and was made the guest of honor of any assembly for which he could be procured.

The American General had "taken England" in a little over one month after landing on its shores—not as he did Ft. Donelson, Vicksburg, and Richmond, but with the splendor of his record as an American soldier and President.

After a month doing the regular sight-seeing places on the Continent, General Grant returned to the British Islands, where his reception was more cordial than even before. He was the favored guest of all the principal cities, and the recipient of all the honors that they were able to bestow upon him. He thanked them in various short speeches—not remarkable for oratorical ability—for he was never able to become a public speaker—but full of good, practical, common sense.

Among the notable places he visited in Scotland, was the birthplace of Robert Burns, at Ayr. He made this excursion from Glasgow, under the guidance of Col. Cooper, of Iowa—at that time United States Consul in the famous Scottish manufacturing city; and thoroughly familiar with the locality. It was always a pleasure to hear the Colonel tell about this trip, and it was also educational, as showing the domestic life of the Grants while traveling.

On the way down, as they sat in a compartment in the railroad coach, the General commenced eating some fruit to which he took a fancy, and which he had bought at the Glasgow station before getting aboard. His wife's quick eye saw the intention, and she took them away from him, with the remark, "Lissie, you must not eat those today: they will not be good for you." The warrior remonstrated, and declared that he could not see what hurt it would do him.

The wife insisted, however, and quietly took the coveted viands away from him: and, to use Cooper's words, "he actually went to another corner of the compartment, and sulked for awhile."

But his wife followed, and remonstrated in quiet, soothing tones, calling him "Lissie" again and again: and it was not very long before the brow of the great captain cleared, and he seemed as genial and sunny-tempered as before.

Which shows, that the ablest and strongest of men often need the softening and refining influence of woman, to keep them in balance.

When they had arrived at Ayr, and had driven out to the little cottage where the Scottish poet was born, they examined the premises, it was thought by their consul-guide, in rather a perfunctory way, and did not seem as much impressed as are a great many of the visitors to that interesting place. It must be admitted that poetry was not the "strong suit" of either General or Mrs. Grant.

It was really at a snug little cottage two or three miles away from the birth-place and from the "Brig o' Doon", that General Grant enjoyed himself most. Two elderly maiden ladies, own nieces of Robert Burns, lived in that cozy and tidy little cottage, and they formed a living and breathing interest to which he readily responded. For many a year afterward these ladies told the story of General Grant's unexpected visit at their cottage: and once to the writer of this article, who himself had the pleasure of calling upon them, with this same Colonel Cooper.

"He waur just the same as any of our own folk aroon here," said one of them, "an' he had na' more airs than our parish

clerk, nor ane half as much. He talkit about things in America, and all the Scotch folk he knew there, and there was a deal lot of em"—

"And he said," broke in the other dear old lady, as the first one paused a moment, half out of breath, "he said as that he was really a Scotsman himsel' for he was come doon from Matthew Grant, in the North country"—

"And I asked him was it that, that made him such a good fighter," broke in the first sister, "and he laughed and said he did na' do ony of the fightin', but just told the ithers how to do it"—

"And he sat an' ate our oat cake an' drank our Scotch wine as if he'd been used to it all his life: and then he said 'May I smoke?'"—

"And we said 'Yes of course', and on my word the good mon burned one cigar after anither all the time he was here, an' we told him we waur afraid it would make him sick, and Mrs. Grant, she just laughed, and said she guessed not."—

And so the story went on, they lauding the famous general, until at last we managed to shift the conversation over to the subject of their illustrious uncle, Robert Burns.

On the 27th of October, General Grant arrived in Paris. He had postponed his visit there, on account of French political matters. France was in the business of "reconstruction" after her war with Germany: public sentiment was public sensitiveness. Washburne, the American minister, had favored certain German residents there and protected their rights: and considerable resentment toward America was the result. It was feared that if the General came there while this feeling was rife, his visit would be considered in a manner as an act of friendliness toward Germany, and a "hitch" in the program of international sweetness and good will, might be the result. Then there were a lot of Bonapartists, who hated republics, and were ready to consider the visit as a demonstration in favor of republicanism.

But in October the political air had somewhat cleared, and the postponed visit to Paris took place. Marshal Mac-

Mahon was President of the Republic, and did everything he could to make the visit pleasant to his distinguished guest—taking him among all the different curiosities and splendors of the French capital: some of which Grant appreciated and enjoyed, and more of which he probably did not. His strong matter-of-fact Scotch nature understood most easily the substantialities of the British Isles.

many years in fighting the battles of their respective countries, and might naturally take a keen interest in military displays. But Grant, it would seem, considered war a sad necessity, rather than an attractive profession: and while there is no evidence that he endorsed General Sherman's celebrated definition of it, he did not care to exploit and emphasize it in time of peace.



RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT BY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

At one thing, Marshal MacMahon was very much surprised. Having planned a large and grand military parade and display for the great American warrior, he found that the distinguished guest displayed in it very little interest. The President of the French Republic could not understand this at all. Both of them had commenced life as soldiers, had spent

It is recorded of the ex-President, that what he liked best while in Paris, was to sit quietly in a corner of the branch-office of an American newspaper, and there look over the tidings from his native country.

After a month spent in Paris, General Grant took the United States man-of-war "Vandalia", which had been placed at his disposal, and on the 13th of December

started for Italy, Egypt, and the Holy Land. He stopped at Naples, spent a few days in the vicinity, and took in the regulation sights—ascending Vesuvius, examining Herculaneum and Pompeii and remarking, dryly, that some of the streets in the latter-named city were very much out of repair. A house was “excavated” for the personal gratification of the Grant party, but nothing of interest was found, excepting a loaf of bread which must have been very thoroughly baked, and the cloth in which it was wrapped. “Pompeii” said the General, between puffs of his cigar, “is one of the few things over here that have come up to my expectations: and it is worth a journey across the ocean to see.”

“General Grant travels with a princely retinue; he is enabled to do so because the men who fattened on the corruptions of his administration gave him a share of their plunder. He went to the Hotel Bristol at Paris, and took the Prince of Wales’ apartments. He never asks the cost of his rooms at hotels, but throws money about with a lavish hand.”

This was an item in an American journal which reached him while in Palermo. He simply laughed, and tossed the paper aside.

But some of his friends and near-associates were not so indifferent upon the subject as was the one most interested. One of them retorted in the following statement, which was no doubt much nearer the truth:

“General Grant travels not like a prince, but as a private citizen. He has one servant, and a courier. He never was in the Prince of Wales’ apartments in Paris, in his life. His courier makes as good bargains for his master as possible. The duration of his trip will depend altogether upon his investment of the money presented to him at close of the Civil War. The Presidency yielded him nothing in the way of capital, and he has not now a dollar that came to him as an official. The money paid him as President, was spent by him in supporting the dignity of his office.”

From Egypt the party sailed to Palestine; and upon nearing Jerusalem, Gen-

eral Grant said to his companions, “What a pleasant thing it will be to reach Jerusalem about five, go to our hotel quietly, and stroll about and see the town! No palaces, or soldiers, or ceremonies—such as we have had in Great Britain, France, and Egypt: nothing to prevent our having a good pleasant time to ourselves.”

But cavalry of various nations, and music of assorted quality, came out to meet them. The American Consul at Jerusalem claimed to be the first editor that had ever suggested in his paper that General Grant should be President: and he made as big a show of the arrival as he could—to the intense weariness of the tourists, who had already wearied of the constant attention they had received. Still, there was no help for it: and indeed there was danger that a consul or foreign minister might be deemed derelict in his duties, if he did not do all possible honor to so exalted a personage.

All the places of Biblical interest were visited by the distinguished party—some of them real—some of course manufactured by the enterprising guides and custodians.

Leaving the Holy Land on March 10, they sailed to Athens—the famous capital of ancient heathen Greece. They were cordially received by the King, and given every honor that he could bestow.

From Athens, the party went to Naples; to Turin; and to Paris again—where they visited the Exposition of that year. Then they made flying trips to Holland, to Germany, to Sweden, to Russia, to Austria, to Spain, to Portugal, to Ireland, to London again, and on the evening of January 21, 1878, were off for India, China, and Japan. Two hundred thousand people saw General Grant’s progress through Canton; Tokio honored him as if he were an emperor; and the entire country greeted him with applause amounting almost to adoration.

September 3, 1879, the distinguished voyager sailed from Tokio for San Francisco, where he landed on the 29th. He was received with great enthusiasm in that city, and in every place where he stopped on his way east. His itinerary

was supplemented with a visit to Mexico and Cuba, and he finally arrived at Chicago not very long before the Presidential nomination in the national Republican convention which was held there that year.

His reception there was one of the finest of the whole series: a national meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic lending interest and importance to the occasion. The writer of this was present, and from a convenient window opposite the Palmer House, which was General Grant's headquarters that day, saw the surging crowds that did homage to the famous General who had so lately been honored by all the world.

As the long military and civic procession filed past, the General stood, almost stolidly, gazing at them and the crowd—occasionally bowing recognition to some salutation, but upon the whole, not displaying any particular emotion. There was a good deal happening in the city just then, to make any ordinary man proud. Hints had even been thrown out in the city, and reflected in at least one of the daily papers, that this man who had been honored by so many emperors, would make not a bad emperor himself.

From the windows above-mentioned, an experiment was tried—as a joke, indeed, but with a very well-defined idea of drawing inferences from the result. A large crown was hastily constructed from such materials as could be found in the rooms, attached to a substantial support, and suspended in full view of him—indeed, before his very eyes. He evidently did not, like Caesar, reach for it—even in thought: he glanced at it, smiled, lighted a cigar, and never looked that way again.

How little ambition for self the man really had, can be inferred from the following extracts from conversations which he had with friends from time to time, during this tour around the world:

"I was never more delighted with anything, than the close of the Civil War. I never liked service in the army—not as a young officer."

"I did not want to go to West Point. My appointment was an accident, and my

father had to use his authority to make me go."

"If I could have escaped West Point without bringing myself into disgrace at home, I would have done so."

"About the time I entered the academy, there were debates in Congress over a proposal to abolish West Point. I used to read the Congressional reports with eagerness, hoping to hear that the school had been abolished, and that I could go home to my father without being in disgrace."

"I never went into a battle willingly or with enthusiasm. I was always glad when it was over."

"I never want to command another army. I take no interest in armies. When the Duke of Cambridge asked me to review his troops at Aldershot, I told him that the one thing I never wanted to see again, was a military parade."

"When I resigned from the army and went to the farm, I was happy. *When the rebellion came, I returned to the service because it was a duty; I had no thought of rank: all I did was to try and make myself useful.*"

"When the bill creating the grade of Lieutenant General was proposed, with my name for that office, I wrote to Mr. Washburne that I did not want it. I found that the bill was right and I was wrong when I came to command the Army of the Potomac—that a head was needed to the army."

"*I did not want the Presidency*, and have never quite forgiven myself for resigning the command of the army; but it could not be helped. I owed my honors and opportunities to the Republican party, and if my name could help it, I was bound to accept. My re-election was a great gratification to me, because it showed how the country felt."

These, and many other things of similar import, were among the things said by General Grant, during the leisure of his many steamboat-voyages on his way around the world: and they are very significant indications of the man's character.

But after returning from this tour, he was persuaded to allow his name placed

before the Republican convention to be nominated again. No doubt the strong-willed men who conducted the movement, made him think that it was for the public good that he should do so: and he apparently acquiesced.

But the fixed opposition of the people of America to a third term for any one, and a settled dislike against those whose personal interest it was to have him nominated, carried the day against him:

and after a long contest, occupying several days, General Garfield was nominated instead.

"I am perfectly satisfied with the result", said General Grant, when he heard of it: though, of course, his feelings were of a mingled kind. There is reason, however, to believe that he would never have consented to run this third time, had it not been for the gratification of his family's ambition.

Some Truths About a Diva:

THE ADELINA PATTI THAT I KNEW.

BY ROBERT GRAU.

A FEW days ago, while out for a morning walk with Mrs. Grau in the pretty little town of Mount Vernon, N. Y., where I have the honor to reside, as we were approaching West Mount Vernon, I was accosted by a friend thus:

"Do you know you are treading on the very spot where your \$5,000 a night star of 1904, resided in her earliest youth?"

I looked about me, and there stood the little old brick house where the child-diva then known as Addie Barili, lived in the early fifties, with her parents and her sisters Carlotta and Amalia. The spectacle was indeed refreshing, and it revived in me many memories, some pleasant, and some not so much so. It was to this little town of Mount Vernon that Adelina Patti came direct from Madrid, and it is related how she pleaded for entrance into a private school, but was about to be rejected because her English was imperfect.

"*Me want come school here!*" cried little Addie.

"But this is a pay school" the principal responded, as he observed tears at the thought of being turned away.

Even at the age of seven Patti answered wisely:

"*But me sing for you!*" and thus it was that her voice even at the age of seven, brought her future teacher into submis-

sion, as it has brought every impresario for five decades or longer.

The Pattis had a hard struggle in those days, and it was not until 1859, when the little diva at the age of 16 sang at the Academy of Music that she moved her hearers to such an extent that she was hailed as the coming Prima Donna.

Patti's career abroad however, had progressed for twodecades before American audiences had been called upon to pay homage to her as a matured artist and a world-celebrity, and it was at Steinway Hall in 1881 that she was heard under her own management, because no impresario was willing to accord her the figure which she demanded, viz., \$4,000 a night. Patti on this appearance made the costly error of changing a ten-dollar scale of seat prices, and this was so resented by the New York public that her opening concert presented the spectacle of a half-empty house. And even this state of affairs was only made possible by persistent or rather judicious "papering". The diva was so enraged, that she threatened to disband the company and sail at once for Europe: but wiser counsels prevailed, and it was thus that Henry E. Abbey, then in the height of his spectacular managerial career, had prevailed upon the great cantatrice to remain at the honorarium of \$4,000 a night for a

tour of fifty concerts, which yielded the American impresario a fortune even at the terms. At no time from that year on has Patti ever sung in America for less than this figure, while her last tour, when she was least of all worthy, in 1904, presented the spectacle of the singer, then sixtyone years of age, receiving the unheard-of sum of \$5,000 per concert, and fifty per cent. of the gross receipts over and above \$7,500 per concert, for singing one aria and one encore, in each of the two parts which the programmes constituted. In addition she was accorded the expenses of her large suite, and granted a private car for her sole use on the tour. On November 9, 1904, Madame Patti sang in Philadelphia, at the Academy of Music, to an audience which represented \$13,800 at the Box Office, and out of this total her share was over \$8,000; being the largest amount ever paid, by far, to any artist, for a single appearance in the history of the world.

Although the tour yielded Patti over \$200,000, it is to be doubted whether she would not gladly return the whole of it, if she could forget the experience. And there can be no better point of view for the reader as to why, than to recall that three months after the Philadelphia event. The writer, who had charge of the business side of this "last farewell tour", arranged for a return-concert at the same city, at the same theatre, and the advance sale of seats was so small (less than \$250) that the concert was abandoned.

And after all, it was Patti's own fault. She was in quite as good voice on this tour as she had been at her previous "farewell" a decade before, but it must not be denied that real musical thinkers had already deplored the prolongation of her career, even in 1895: and it was Patti's love of money that endangered the last tour to the extent it did—just a desire to gain a paltry \$2,000 by singing in Liverpool the night before sailing for America. The writer had pleaded by cable that to do so might jeopardize the entire American tour, and that in view of the enormous figure she was receiving, she ought to forego the Liverpool concert: but the diva, as was her wont, would not

be counselled, and she arrived in America less than fortyeight hours before her opening concert at Carnegie Hall, and sang to a \$11,000 audience, *hoarse*.

The result may well be imagined: and although Patti practiced all the ways of which she was capable, her exquisite method, her perfect artistry, and her never failing coquetry, still she disappointed: she was in bad voice. At the second concert she sang almost as well as of yore, but it was too late: the press had condemned her for making another farewell, and what bade fair to be the greatest financial triumph of her remarkable and unexampled career, turned out to be her first comparative fiasco: for while the receipts averaged about \$6,000 per concert for the forty appearances, it was necessary to curtail the season because of an inability to "repeat" anywhere.

And this was the same Patti who a decade before would compel Abbey or Mapleson to dismiss an audience worth \$12,000 because she was the least bit hoarse: but that was the artistic Patti, the real *la diva*, whereas in 1904 it was the Baroness Cederstrom out for revenue only, as she expressed it herself.

The career of this remarkable woman, however, is not even now ended, and London is yet loyal to her; for she is able to pack Albert Hall, in the big English metropolis, which means that 11,000 persons still pay homage to her there, at her semi-annual appearances.

"One hears rumors, too, of another farewell": and the writer is not one of those who doubts that such a tour would prosper. As a matter of fact, the desire to hear her at the age of sixtyseven, would be greater perhaps than at any time in her career, and there is no reason to doubt that her perfect artistry and remarkable preservation would cause the rising generation to respond, if only to say that they had heard the great Patti: while those who have heard her at her best, excepting a few of the over-judicious, would stand in line for hours, in the hope of obtaining seats, that they might once more gaze upon the once-greatest singer of all time, whose successor has never appeared on the horizon to this day.



Mrs. Ballington and the Bandit.

BY L. OSBORN.

RAIN! For six weeks! Nothing but rain!

Mrs. Ballington was pacing impatiently up and down the parlor floor, with a glance now and then out over the flooded landscape and into the blackness above. "But this is getting insufferable," she exclaimed within herself; "at any rate, if I can do nothing else, your accomplice at least I'll finish once and for all!"

And Mrs. Ballington tears down the barometer, hurls it to the floor and stamps it into bits: then opens the door and goes.

When, a few minutes after, the lady returned, she found Gene, the butler, gathering together the mortal remains of the poor weather prophet: and, of course, Lulu reading a newspaper.

"What paper is that, Lu?"

"The 'Sioux City Post,' Mrs. Ballington. and it has good news for you. Roulston has been taken at last."

"You don't say! So I may at least pass care-free nights! Let me see."

The item gave an account of the bandit's arrest, and also a summary of his many exploits, with a character sketch. He was said to be a very original-minded man, extraordinarily handsome, well-built and military-looking. The rumor also had it that he belonged to a distinguished family, and his gallantry to ladies was remarkable:—he never robbed them without first apologizing in a most charming manner.

But Mrs. Ballington soon gave way again to her former melancholic reflections. If only her friend, the Countess of Lebourg, would come today, as she promised in her telegram from New York. They were light-hearted people, those Lebourgs: they might possibly make a comedy even out of this tragedy. By the

way, the Countess had a young nephew, René, whom she was going to introduce, and whom she thought quite suitable as a husband for Mrs. Ballington. And, though the latter believed she had had enough with the first marriage, this would be a welcome diversion at this time, anyway.

The clock struck twelve. That was the hour of arrival of the Chicago Express. The Countess was to come in that, if she held her promise.

Mrs. Ballington opened the door. "Gene!" No response: and she went right to the kitchen where the butler was found, as usual, in company with Lu.

"Is the Express in yet, Gene?"

"No, Mrs. Ballington: there has occurred a landslide at the Junction, and it is uncertain when the road will be clear."

"Get ready the carriage, at once. Hurry!"

"We'd better get a boat instead, Mrs. Ballington. It would be impossible to turn a wheel or move a step in this mud."

"You might be right, Gene", acknowledged Mrs. Ballington, and went back to the parlor.

There was no help for it. She would have to resign herself to fate. She picked up a book: her eyes met the word "Lake", and she threw it down again in disgust. Then she noticed the drawing set. That was a good idea! She could take down the church near by, with its fine Gothic dome.

But no sooner had she got hold of a pencil and sat down again, than another fearful shower broke loose. Everything disappeared behind the tremendous cataract. But in the same instant she espied a traveller who had taken refuge outside under a tree by the roadside. An idea!

Mrs. Ballington called the maid and told her to get Gene. The butler came.

"See that man out there?—Well, bring him in."

"I s'pose you know him, Mrs. Ballington?" suggested the butler, hesitatingly.

"Don't ask so many questions, Gene. Run and bring him in, I say!" And before she had time to conquer her sudden impulse, Gene was returning with the stranger.

Now, what was she going to do? What could she say?—The windows last night!—There was an excuse, even though a poor one.

"I beg your pardon, sir: but a whole lot of window panes were blown out last night, and in view of the bad weather it is absolutely necessary to have them put in again." Why, the pretext sounded quite good!

"So, then, you took me for a glazier?" asked the stranger.

"That's it." What was she saying anyhow?—"At a certain distance—I thought—of course I now see the mistake."

"And you *are* mistaken; for I am more of a soldier than a glazier; regret, however, at this moment, that I am not."

"Truth to tell, I'm so confused and ashamed—"

"Please don't feel embarrassed: I am only too sorry that I could not be of service. Perhaps you would be kind enough to loan me an umbrella to go to the station."

"But, I beg you, wait at least till this shower is over. The road is full of mud."

"With memories of four months in Algiers, a walk across slightly wet ground in the Northwest of America will be little short of a pleasure. If you would be kind enough to loan me an umbrella—"

"So you served in Africa? I could hear on the accent that you were a Frenchman." Are you an infantry officer?"

"I was with the engineers, both in Algiers and Madagascar. If you would—"

"Oh, pardon me: I forgot!—Gene!"

The butler appeared in the doorway.

"Please hunt up an umbrella at once. But," she added, in a whisper, "None in the house! Understand?"

She again turned to the stranger.

"Please take a seat in the meanwhile. So you served with the engineers? Any engagements?"

"Some half a dozen: even if the umbrella be a poor one—"

"I told him to bring the first and best he could find."

"I am to join friends at the station. And, besides, so long as I cannot help you with the windows, I should be indiscreet if I stayed any longer."

But Mrs. Ballington wouldn't listen to that. She wanted more information about the engineers and succeeded in getting the stranger as interested at last as herself. They were in the midst of a lively conversation when the butler returned—with an umbrella. Mrs. Ballington sent him a quick, angry glance, spread it out, and found that it lacked nothing—except the cloth!—"The only one I could find", was the butler's excuse.—"We didn't expect bad weather when we came up here", explained Mrs. Ballington.

But just at this moment it ceased raining. The sky cleared up, and Gene was sent up on the terrace to serve as barometer. The stranger, now eager to explain the construction of trenches and parallels, found that the sentiments of his audience had changed of a sudden.

Then Gene came running in again. "Mrs. Ballington, it is going to pour down worse than before." And to escape the fate of his poor predecessor, he hastily retreated to safety.

Mrs. Ballington turned her attention once more to the stranger, and even condescended to speak French: "Mais monsieur, je vous en prie, continuez votre description interessante de ces travaux-la." And what a handsome chap, she thought in herself.

"— with a shovel, a pick-axe and a rifle", finished the former officer.

"Shovel, pick-axe and ri—", repeated Mrs. Ballington, when Lulu entered with the information that it was clearing up again, and for sure this time.

"Oh joy! Tell Gene to make ready for the reception." And to the stranger: "To detain you any longer would be abusing your kindness. A thousand thanks for this short, interesting talk: my pleasant-

est minutes for many and many a week."

"Et moi, je me vous recommande, madame: and hearty thanks for the hospitality. The time till the train arrives will pass so much the slower."

As he was about to bow himself off, Mrs. Ballington recommended some sight-seeing spots about the vicinity, and happened to mention there was no danger on the roads here now, after the capture of Roulston.

"Roulston?" said the stranger.

"A bandit who has been terrorizing the country for a long time. The very mention of his name makes me shudder."

Mrs. Ballington could see the stranger's demeanor suddenly change. "Yes, I remember," he said. "He was caught yesterday, but nevertheless an hour ago he was coming free enough up the road."

"What?—My!—Then—". And you saw him really? What is he like? They say he is savage and ugly as a gorilla."

"Exaggerated; not quite as bad as that. I ought to know."

"You know him?"

"Well. Just imagine: hair like mine, forehead, nose, mouth and mustache quite the same."

"Can it be! And—his age?" Mrs. Ballington breathed heavy.

"Exactly like mine", says the stranger, and locks the doors.

"Help!" But the cry was faint and interrupted by a firm, though polite command to keep quiet.

"But what do you want? Money? Take everything I have."

"First you took me for a glazier, now for a collector."

"Who would have thought this of you!" broke out Mrs. Ballington, with more courage.

"I am not a criminal by instinct, but driven into it by circumstances.—All for the love of a woman."

"Is that possible! It must be a most romantic story." Her object now was to gain time.

The bandit proceeded to tell his life story. Meanwhile Mrs. Ballington moved closer to the door and managed to pass a slip of paper through a crevice under-

neath, unobserved, pretending to rearrange the carpet. Steps were heard outside.

"I hope you understand, lady, that I have a gun in every pocket", said the outlaw, and went on as before; while Mrs. Ballington listened—with more admiration now than fright. How cool and courageous, and how well-behaved, for a highway robber!

It was a touching love affair. At last he stopped. "Now, lady, with your permission, I will retire; hope you won't detain me any longer? But what noise is that!"

Shuffling of feet filled the hall. In a moment the door was burst open, and half a dozen men with pistols and rifles confronted them.

The stranger paused and stood still for a moment; didn't look frightened in the least. Then he turned to Mrs. Ballington, as cool as ever: "I see the joke is spoiled now. I might as well confess before I get half a dozen holes through me. All of this has been a farce. I am no burglar, but belong to a prominent family in France. Am the nephew of the Countess de Lebourg, and we had just arrived here on our way to an American lady friend of my aunt, a young lady she has the notion of wishing me to marry."

The men were by this time in the room and closing in on the presumed outlaw, carefully. Mrs. Ballington stepped in the butler's way. "Stop! Respect this gentleman as if he were myself."

"But—the slip—!"

She did not answer, but instead turned to the stranger: "I passed a note and called for help. I hope you will forgive me now, when I try to correct my mistake."

"Certainly. I am victor, Count of Lebourg, and I offer you both my name and my heart."

"But—that other lady?"

"Renounce her for good."

"Then I am unable to accept: for I am myself the lady in question."

She said it with a peculiar, charming twinkle in her eyes. He understood and took her in his arms, while Gene with the rest sneaked hastily out.



Cholera—Its Symptoms and Its Cures.

WHAT has been aptly called "the worst disease in the world", has crowded somewhat nearer us again, and is causing considerable fear and apprehension, even in America. It has been in this country three times, and may come again—although not probably.

Whether it is to be fatal, really depends not upon the disease itself, but upon the people among whom it appears. It can be a comparatively harmless visitor, or a scourge with death in every blow. It all depends upon the way it is received.

In every case of Asiatic cholera, there is a small living and conscious germ—so little that it can be seen only with the microscope—but invariably to be found, in multitudes. It is called the "comma-bacillus"—because it is shaped somewhat like the cunning little character that is used so extensively as a pause in writing and printing. It is always found in cases of Asiatic cholera, and never anywhere else. It exists then in the colon (that one great sewer-pipe of the human system) and in the intestines, and nowhere else in the whole body. This fact establishes the theory, that cholera is *a disease of the colon and intestines*: and a proper and persistent care of the inside of those organs, will prevent it—even cure it after it has come.

This microbe with the surname of "Comma", is a hardy, independent little beast, and very difficult to kill: but it can easily be turned out of the human system, and kept out afterward—or, better, before it has a chance to get in.

It lives outside the human body, as well or better than inside. It thrives best in places where it has plenty of air—but if necessary can sustain life without that very convenient aid. Its native home and original birthplace is in India, and most

especially in the delta of the Ganges, and the level lands and marshes around Madras and Bombay. It is said that India is never entirely free from cholera, at any one time: there are always more or less cases there.

But at certain times, when the conditions are favorable for it—perhaps when humanity gets dirty enough—flocks of the little comma microbe take excursions to different parts of the world, multiply as they go, and some of them get into the human body. There is no evidence that they seek to do so, or that Nature intends they should: but they do: and then—the trouble.

It is asserted by the best scientists, that no one takes these microbes into the system, excepting through the food he eats, or the water he drinks: and hence, during a time of epidemic, nothing should be eaten or drank that has not been recently boiled or otherwise thoroughly cooked: and it is better that this be taken while it is *hot*.

After boiling water or milk, cork the bottles while still heated, with cotton wool, or absorbent cotton. Raw fruits, raw vegetables, and cold meats, often carry infection with them. Even ice cream and candy—however pure when first manufactured—are not safe in cholera times.

There are none of the cholera microbes ever found in the matter thrown up by the stomach: while the bowel-evacuations may be full of them. This shows that the poison which the microbe causes when confined in the human system, accumulates entirely in the intestines. If the stomach is normal and healthy, it kills the microbe before passing it on: if it is foul and constipated, it lets the little mischief-maker go on into the intestines and complete its miserable work.

But even after the trouble gets into the intestines, the battle can be successfully fought. Case after case has been reported, in which the prompt and thorough use of the famous Hall Treatment, has cured patients that had been attacked with the disease.

As seen in this country, cholera usually commences with a slight premonitory diarrhoea, which is remarkable for being almost entirely painless: but if this warning discharge is neglected, the patient, after a few hours, possibly a day or two, is commonly attacked quite suddenly with muscular debility, tremors, vertigo, and nausea. Spasmodic griping pains are felt, and depression of the powers of circulation and respiration come on, attended with a sense of faintness and oppression over the heart. Copious purging at first of the contents of the intestines, and afterwards of a thin, watery fluid, resembling water in which rice has been washed, having an alkaline reaction, and sometimes tinged red with blood, soon commences, and is usually accompanied with violent vomiting and a sensation of burning heat in the stomach. In a short time, perhaps within a few hours, there results from this excessive drain upon the circulation, coldness and dampness of the whole surface of the body, lividity of the lips, cold breath, an unquenchable thirst, a feeble, rapid pulse, difficult respiration, with extreme restlessness, and suppression of the secretion of the kidneys. In fatal cases are noticed blueness of the whole body, the sunken and horror-stricken countenance, denominated the Hippocratic face, popularly known as the appearance of being struck with death, and a peculiarly suppressed voice: this condition ending either immediately in fatal collapse or in reaction followed by violent secondary fever.

When the cholera-germs have reached the bowels, as is the case when the disease manifests itself, medicine administered through the stomach will be slow in reaching the seat of the disorder and then can only mingle with the poison with the hope of neutralizing it. The chances are against such neutralization, however. It is next to impossible for a sufficient

quantity of medicine to reach the disease, scattered as it probably is throughout the entire length of the bowels, in time to kill the poisonous germs before they get in their deadly work. For this reason the drug system has entirely failed, thus far, in coping with this disease.

As the disease is in the bowels and feeds and multiplies upon the fetid matter found in them, it stands to reason that the quickest and the only way to reach the disease is through the rectum.

The warm or hot water injections reach the seat of the disease. It has been demonstrated, in thousands of cases, by those who are using the Dr. Hall system, that when a sufficient quantity of water is injected into the colon, it will not only find its way through the entire length of that organ, but will also find a passage through the convolutions of the small intestines as well. The water causes the sensitive muscles of the intestines to contract against its expansive force, with a consequent expulsion of their contents, together with the fetid corruption which is the source of the trouble.

This is no new treatment, but was successfully practiced by Dr. Priessnitz, of Germany, in the epidemic of 1831 and 1832. Also, in the *Hydropathic Encyclopedia*, edited by Dr. R. T. Trall, and published by Fowler & Wells, in 1854, we read as follows, page 58, volume 2:

"On the first attack of acute disease of the bowels, cholera, dysentery, colic, diarrhoea, etc., copious tepid injections should be promptly resorted to." He also, on page 59, recommends the use of a fountain syringe, holding a gallon or more, which indicates what is meant by "copious injections."

The following extract from an editorial in the Chicago "Tribune" of September 3, 1892, shows the success of this treatment as practiced in Hamburg during the epidemic of that year:

"The cable news from Hamburg states that great interest has been aroused by the introduction of a very simple, but apparently effectual, remedy for cholera. It is nothing more than copious enemas of warm salt water (injections into the bowels). It is claimed by some that the

result of this treatment is truly marvelous, the death rate having been reduced fully fifty per cent. in a few days, by this method of fighting the disease. In some cases a cure has been effected by it, although the application was delayed till the patients were in such a state of collapse that it was impossible to discern the beating of the pulse, and this stage is usually regarded as beyond hope of recovery. It is claimed to cure almost every case when tried."

In the same year Dr. Lee, of Chicago, successfully treated a large number of cholera patients in the hospitals of Russia, using the same treatment, only substituting soap for salt. Dr. Hall, in his pamphlet published in 1880, recommends to those who use the treatment, the use of soap in the injections.

The poison in the bowels, produced by the bacilli, no doubt contains active hydrogen. This seems evident by the actions which attend its presence. If this is the case a weak solution of the spirits of ammonia mixed with the water injected into the bowels would neutralize the poison and serve the useful purpose of changing its character.

The old residents about New York tell of the practice of going to the horse-stables, in the old days, when cholera was having a run; it had been noticed that persons who worked around these buildings never had the disease, and the people crowded into barns in New York, every morning, thinking that the air from the stables kept off cholera. The fact is that the ammonia arising from the deposits was what did the work. Ammonia in the ordinary liquid form would have the same good result.

Where ammonia is used in the injections, it converts the waste matter of the intestines into soap.

These agents, salt or ammonia, attack the very structure and destroy it by taking the hydrogen from the combination, and the flushing of the bowels by the warm solution rids the system of the dangerous accumulations.

An organism like the species of snail known as "slug" is very quickly dissolved by putting common salt over it, and it

is very likely that a warm solution of salt and water, injected as suggested, would destroy the common bacillus in the same way, the chlorine in the salt doing the work.

When used as a preventive precaution, pure water only should be used for flushing, but in the case of an attack of the disease, either salt or spirits of ammonia should be added and given in copious quantities at the very least two or three times a day.

The injection must be copious, so as to permeate the whole alimentary canal, as far as possible, and thus thoroughly cleanse it of fetid matter and bacilli.

It is also of utmost importance that perspiration should be produced. Father Kneipp says: "If profuse perspiration is produced, the patient is saved. If not, he is dead."

If taken in time after flushing the colon, put the patient into a hot bath or Turkish bath, with the feet in hot water, or if the disease has set in violently and diarrhoea, vomiting and cramps appear, lay the patient in bed at once; give the injection, using a bed-pan; then take two heavy sheets, dip them in hot water, as hot as can be borne, fold them and lay over the chest and abdomen, and cover up with a blanket and thick comfortables, tucking in close at the sides. Put a jug of hot water to the feet. In about ten minutes re-dip the sheets quickly and re-apply. In fifteen or twenty minutes the perspiration will appear, and the cramps and sensation of sickness will gradually pass away.

Active friction applied to the limbs with a soft flannel or the dry hand is very beneficial to restore the circulation to the extremities when they become cold.

Take nothing into the stomach during the continuance of the disease except moderate sips of cold water or pieces of ice to cool the inward fever and quench the burning thirst.

Great precautions with regard to food and drink should be used until health is restored. Use simple, strengthening diet in moderate quantities, slowly eaten and well masticated. Take no stimulants of any kind; the best beverage is milk.



Up and Down the World.

The Foolishness of Judson's Son.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THE name sounded familiar to me when my clerk announced it, and I nodded assent to his unspoken question. A moment later a tall, clean-looking but homely fellow entered, and seated himself quietly in the easy chair I keep handy for my clients. His grey eyes rested upon me in that straightforward way I see so seldom in men and honor from my heart when I find it.

"Mr. Wilcox," he began, "I want to retain you in a little matter." He looked reflectively a moment at the gloves in his hand. "I might as well go straight to the point. My father was the senior member, as you know, of the firm of Judson & Royce, who owned the Weber factories. He spoke of you many times in my hearing, and I have come to you.

"The sudden death of my father and Mr. Royce happening so near together has uncovered a strange state of affairs, which I imagine father was about to change when death came. In brief it is this: that through some circumstance which no one will ever understand perhaps, and contrary to general opinion, my father owned all the factories and Mr. Royce simply served under him on a salary basis. Now that Mr. Royce is dead, it means that his family will be left absolutely penniless, for all their usual support is cut off. You seem to be startled, but it is a fact. I know Mr. Royce gave the impression that he was part owner of the factories, but such was not the case, and moreover he lived to the limit of his salary."

The young fellow leaned back wearily, and he looked tired and old.

"I have loved Alice Royce for a good

many years—I tell you this because it enters into the arrangements I want to make—and when I say I love her, I mean all that that word ever meant in a man's mouth. But—I am sorry to say—she seems to have no regard for me. She has had all wealth could bring; 'Edgewood' is a beautiful estate, and life has certainly been for her well nigh a 'grand sweet song.' Now, this discovery means that she will lose it all—everything; and you know as well as I what this will mean—just what it will mean to her."

He seemed to drift away into reverie. I thought rapidly in the silence that followed, and I understood—or thought I did. It would be a crushing blow to the gay happy girl when she learned the true facts in the case: it would be the kind of a blow that breaks some hearts.

"Let's see, where was I?" he asked. I enlightened him, and he went on.

He smiled a bit sadly. "I don't know whether you ever loved a girl in that way or not, but I am fortunate or unfortunate enough to; and I have but one purpose in mind—to save her. Father left the factories entirely to me, and here is what I want you to do: fix it up so that all—all—can be turned over to her in such a way she'll never know."

I whirled in my chair and stared into his steady grey eyes. "Well, well," I said, "is that necessary?"

He smiled his slow smile. "Necessary? Of course, or I wouldn't ask it. The income from the factories is lower than people realize, and it has been sagging in these last years. Father and I have lived very quietly and unpretentiously in the old home, as you will recall if you think; our expenses were very low. I honestly believe that Royce drew more from the factories than father, al-

though father owned them—in fact I know it now. There was always one great trouble with dad, he was forever getting his heart where his head ought to be—thinking with his heart instead of his brains.”

“Likewise you”, I said to myself, but aloud—“and you?”

“I? Oh, I shall sell the old home for the pittance it will bring, and steal away somewhere”, he answered quietly.

I looked at him in silence. I realized very well that the old home would bring a small amount: and further I recalled the fact, now, that Judson and his son had lived very quietly at the old place, just contrary to Royce, whose people had entered into all the costly gayeties of the social set: but he had a pretty daughter, and that I suppose was reason enough. I have always prided myself on the ease with which I could swing to another’s viewpoint; but this case was a little beyond me. Here was a young fellow who simply because he loved a girl who didn’t love him evidently, although I knew they had been friends since childhood, intended to give up wealth and comfort perhaps, for one who had absolutely no claim upon him. It was beyond me: but I understood perfectly the business end, and I readily agreed not only to take charge of that, but found myself promising to call on the young lady and state the conditions.

The arrangements were made, and the next afternoon found me awaiting her at her fine home. She came in—a beautiful girl, queenly and stately, with a prettiness that attracted me irresistibly. I did not blame the young fellow for loving her. But I went straight to business, as I believe is the best way to deal with a woman.

“Miss Royce,” I said, “I have called to notify you that the factories are all in your name, which means that the full properties and profits are yours—”

“Why,” she looked puzzled, “I always supposed that Mr. Judson owned some?”

“That was the supposition,” I answered, “but the conditions that exist are different.”

A slow flush of pleasure—at least I

should say it was—crept slowly over her face.

“Well, that is very nice”, she said, and I watched the brightness steal into her beautiful eyes. “But how about Richard Judson?”

The young fellow’s face shot before my mind’s eye. “On the basis of the facts as they are, he has decided to sell the old place, and try and start in business somewhere else”, I answered.

“Why, how very foolish of him,” she said, in a slightly disgusted way, as if she thought such a procedure hardly necessary or wise.

“‘Foolish’?” I repeated. Then remembering who and where I now was, I said: “Yes, it seems foolish, but he has the right to be foolish.”

Which was true, in more ways than one.

As I walked down the avenue, her exclamation—“How very foolish of him” kept sounding softly in my ears; and since then many times I find myself, especially when I invest the profits of the factories, which have steadily grown larger, asking myself the question—Was he a fool or not? I decide he was; then I see him sitting beside me, with his calm grey eyes looking very far from a fool. It’s a puzzling question: and the more I think of it, the more I realize my limitations mentally—for it, without question, is beyond me.—Was it foolishness or not?

The Flat-Dwellers.

A PAIR of brisk red squirrels haunted a suburban garden one fall, and with their appearance a pile of butter-nuts left to dry in a sunny fence-corner began to dwindle. They would alternately run to the heap, select a round nut, and scamper away with it behind the hedges so fast that for a long time it was impossible to discover their store-house. At last one was seen to vanish through a hole in the roof of the tool-house, and further search revealed their winter quarters.

The couple had set up housekeeping in

a three-room flat consisting of a child's doll-closet. The closet, which was three feet long by one and a half wide, had been stripped of its door and left lying flat, so that the back formed a floor, and the three shelves served as partitions. In the first of these snug little chambers they had made a warm nest out of hair left by the plasterers, bits of rope, and dry leaves. The second compartment was filled with the nuts filched from the garden, and the third was used to throw the empty shells in.

The ingenious little animals were left in undisturbed possession of their cozy apartments.

The preceding winter a single squirrel of the same variety took up his abode in the attic of the dwelling-house, using a broken pane as his entrance and exit. Out of all the litter strewn about, he selected the hollow head of a big china doll which had been broken off evenly at the neck. From an old mattress he pulled the hair for a comfortable bed inside the head, which was half-filled with it, but he only lodged there. His store of nuts must have been cracked outside, as no shells were ever found in the attic. Long before daylight he could be heard stirring about, getting ready to go out for breakfast: from which he returned about noon, to go to sleep again until next morning.

Early in March he deserted his strange lodging and returned to the trees.

MINNA IRVING.

Indian Ammunition.

INDIANS took a fresh deer liver, fastened it to a long pole and then went to certain haunts of rattlesnakes.

The bucks would poke the first rattler with the liver. The snake would repeatedly strike at the liver with its fangs.

Then the pole was carried home and fastened upright until the liver became as dry as a bone. The liver was pounded to a fine powder and placed in a buckskin bag. This powder would stick like glue, and was used to poison arrows.—
[*Denver Field and Farm.*]

Florence Nightingale's First Patient.

THERE is a beautiful incident related of Florence Nightingale, when she was a child. It shows that God had already planted within her the germ which was to develop so beautifully in after days.

Her first wounded patient was a Scotch shepherd dog. Some boys had hurt and apparently broken its leg by throwing stones, and it had been decided to hang it to put it out of its misery.

The little girl went fearlessly up to where he lay, saying, in a soft, caressing tone, "Poor Cap, poor Cap." It was enough. He looked up with his speaking brown eyes, now bloodshot and full of pain, into her face, and did not resent it when, kneeling down beside him, she stroked with her little ungloved hand the large, intelligent head.

To the vicar, he was rather less amenable, but by dint of coaxing he at last allowed him to touch and examine the wounded leg, Florence persuasively telling him that it was "all right." Indeed, she was on the floor beside him, with his head on her lap, keeping up a continuous murmur, much as a mother does over a sick child. "Well," said the vicar, rising from his examination, "as far as I can tell, there are no bones broken; the leg is badly bruised. It ought to be fomented to take the inflammation and swelling down." "How do you foment?" asked Florence. "With hot cloths dipped in boiling water," answered the vicar. "Then that's quite easy. I'll stay and do it. Now, Jimmy, get sticks and make the kettle boil."

There was no hesitation in the child's manner. She was told what ought to be done, and she set about doing it as a simple matter of course. "But they will be expecting you at home," said the vicar. "Not if you tell them I'm here," answered Florence, "and my sister and one of the maids can come and take me home in time for tea, and," she hesitated, "they had better bring some old flannels and cloths; there does not seem to be much here. But you will wait and show me

how to foment, won't you?" "Well, yes," said the vicar, carried away by the quick energy of the little girl. And soon the fire was lit and the water boiling. An old smock frock of the shepherd's had been discovered in a corner, which Florence had deliberately torn in pieces, and to the vicar's remark, "What will Roger say?" she answered, "We'll get him another." And so Florence Nightingale made her first compress and spent all that bright spring day in nursing her first patient—the shepherd's dog.

Two Prizes.

THE reward offered in our July number for the best sequel to the poem, "The Lady and the Elephant", fell to Mrs. Arden J. Taylor, of Windsor, Vt., and her effort was as follows:

She stared, too petrified with fear to flee,
Although the pan of peas fell from her knee.
"How dare you—" roared the irate pachyderm,
In accents that would make an iceberg squirm.
"How dare you sing that bit of rag-time cheap?
"Its words—they haunt me even in my sleep!
"That necktie green attains a size so vast
"I would cover Barnum's tent from first to last:

"Or else it shrinks until it throttles me.
"How dare you sing it? Speak! Explain! Or be!"—

The lady, trembling, clasped her hands so white
(Not e'en green peas had spoiled their beauty, quite)

And in a voice as pitiful as sweet,
Made this confession, kneeling at his feet:—

"Oh Mr. Elephant, I did not know
That my poor singing would offend you so!
I do not often do it, but just now
To cheer my loneliness I knew not how,
And so I sang of Kelley, far away,
Because, Sir, Kelley is my fiancé,
And when he's gone I like to think of him."

—At this the beast's expression grew less grim:
He looked at her with an expansive smile,—
(It caused his mouth to open half a mile)

"Lady, fear not, pick up your scattered peas.
From this time on sing anything you please!
Your blushes and your tale have calmed my ire,
For Kelley's sake I'd go thro' flood or fire!
For Kelley's sake? For yours, I meant to say:
—To him congratulations! So, good day!

With these kind parting words, away he went
To look for P. T.'s old familiar tent.
He finds the band still playing Kelley's strains—
But no more anger in his soul remains.

The best one in prose, from James H. Long, Sacramento, Cal., is as follows:

As the elephant "raised his trunk on high", it looked for a moment as if something very undesirable would happen to the young lady.

But the powerful weapon happened to hit a large Saratoga trunk which some city relatives, on their annual visit to their loved kin, had unpacked and perched on the rafters, until such time as they should go home in the Autumn.

This trunk was so much the heavier of the two, that, as it fell with full force and headway upon the eager proboscis of the elephant, it, benumbed that powerful organ and bewildered him like a man struck on the nose.

He turned and fled, and that was the last ever heard of him. It is supposed that he committed suicide, and somehow managed to conceal his own remains.

The Stranger.

SERIOUS-minded little maid,
Wondering and half afraid,
Half inclined to speak with me,
Half disposed to let me be;
Hesitating yet, and shy,
Half a twinkle in your eye,
Half in doubt and half in fear,
Staying neither far nor near.

How I wonder what you see
With those eyes that question me;
What the instinct bids you know
If I may be friend or foe;
Fawnlike, full of grace and sweet,
Ready with fast flying feet
In the orchard's deepest shade
To find cover, little maid.

Grave and curious little lass,
Like a wild bird in the grass,
Still intently watching me,
With your wings half spread, to see
If my smile bodes good or ill,
Willing to make friends and still
Undecided if to stay
Here and near or fly away.

Serious-minded little maid,
When, with smiles and unafraid,
O'er the lawn you come to me,
Stranger to you though I be,
When your curious eyes have tried
Soul with mine and, satisfied,
Looked still into mine and smiled,
Blessed am I, little child.

Blessed am I to be just
Worthy of your childish trust,
More than conqueror of kings
When the wild bird of your wings
Bids you fly not forth but see
Something tender, kind, in me;
Oh, the gladness you have laid
At my heart's gate, little maid!

—J. W. Foley, in *N. Y. Times*.

Editorial Comment.

THE WHOLE WORLD LOONEY?

“EVERYBODY will be crazy in a few centuries”, says a well-known “alienist”—that is, one whose business is to study disordered minds, and put them in ship-shape if within his power. This particular mind-repairer endeavors to prove the statement, by certain statistics that he has compiled.

The figures may be all right, and the statement true, if the rate of mental degeneracy keeps up to the present schedule: but the people of this world have a habit of turning around and changing their moods, and there may at any time happen a human lurch toward sanity.

No one can doubt at present, that there are more sane people growing insane, than there are insane people growing sane.

Children, for instance, are, supposedly, born with well-balanced minds: a baby very seldom does anything abnormal, as babies go. But these little human experiments of Nature are often “spoiled” before well able to talk, and petted into a sort of insane idea that they are of a superior order of beings. Why should they not think so? They are “made of” in every way that the love of their parents can suggest. “If my children should be hung for murder,” said one silly old mother of two precious hopefuls, “I would get right into the grave beside them.”

The youth of the “civilized” world have a certain amount of insanity with which the world is obliged to contend. Most of them do not seem to realize that there is any future impending over them, or that they may some day be obliged to struggle against the effects

of every bit of folly and indiscretion that they now exhibit or conceal. They indulge in vices that undermine their physical and mental natures: they perhaps know nothing and care nothing about their souls, or whether they are possessed of such an article. An increasing number of youths each year are thus touched with juvenile insanity, and they and their descendants will do much to make the words of the prophet of evil above-quoted come true.

A great many middle-aged people are more or less gradually going insane, on one subject and another. Some of this is in the matter of stimulus through eating, drinking, or smoking (and all three of these develop their incipient or full-fledged lunatics). Some are insane in the matter of love or sex-passion. Some are slightly or exceedingly insane in the matter of business and money-thrift. Some go insane on some particular religious doctrine. Some are insanely envious or jealous. Some are crazily angry at an enemy, attack him, and thus get themselves into the prison, the asylum, or the convict’s grave.

A great many of the older people are also more or less insane. Some are mentally warped on the subject of money—piling the stuff up as if they could pack it and carry it along with them into the more-or-less sweet bye and bye; and some take the opposite tack, and admit that, being old, there is nothing left for them to do, be, or think.

Every one of these aberrations of mind, contains seeds which, if fully developed, would produce violent fits of insanity, and have done so, many a time.

On the other hand, there is a sane element in human nature, that *will* force

itself to the front, and, in the end, rule. Insanity is, sooner or later, (and generally sooner,) most pitiable weakness: and ten persons in their right minds, can rule a thousand lunatics.

It is well for every one to consider the matter carefully, and decide which of the two classes he wishes to join, and to remember that every action and habit has a tendency one way or the other.

THE PERILS OF POWER.

THERE may be some differences of opinion as to the taste of an ex-President's going up and down through the country, and delivering hot speeches to all sorts of miscellaneous audiences: a series of "stunts" which he will no doubt continue to perform, as long as he is able. But nobody, upon reflection, can doubt its dangers to the doughty and daring Colonel's life.

There are some men that would be base enough to hire him killed, rather than allow him to interfere too much with their political and financial plans. Such creatures are generally cowards, though there might be some who were not, and who would run the venture, for the sake of getting him out of the way.

But the greatest peril he encounters, is from the genus "crank." One specimen he encountered, not long ago, and received from him an aggravating insult—which he promptly resented and "turned down": but performing that process with a pistol-cartridge would be an entirely different thing.

The Colonel has not now at his command when he travels the cream of the United States secret service—which is vastly different from a private car exploited by a religious weekly, and manned by a negro porter and a few wayside guests and newspaper-men. He has no longer the choicest sleuths to pursue the pursuers of his life.

Our own magazine in two different issues begged President McKinley to be

more careful of his life, and prophesied that if he continued in the careless way he was pursuing, he would be shot down. It even described almost exactly the way the dread event finally took place, and the precise sort of occasion upon which he and those around him should take special care. It was never utilized as a suggestion—for the man who did the cowardly deed was not of the ilk that read *EVERY WHERE*: but it might have been used as a caution, and thus a valuable life been saved to our republic.

Our only ex-President has, we trust, a long and useful life before him: but let him guard carefully and persistently that which befell Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, and Gaynor!

AUTOMOBILE INCONVENIENCES.

THE prophecy made in more or less choice doggerel by old Mother Shipman, that carriages without horses would go, and accidents fill the world with woe, is being fulfilled with a vengeance. The "devil-wagon" was unknown and unknowable in the crude prophetess' crude time, but she described it very tersely and correctly: and so far as the accidents filling the world with woe is concerned, that prediction is certainly being fulfilled to the letter.

Scarcely a paper but contains accounts of more or less automobile-accidents: and most of them carry along one or more deaths, besides that crippling which seems often worse than death. The horseless wagon leaps over embankments, bangs into ditches, shatters its own wheel-tires, collides with other machines and railroad-trains, runs down carriages and pedestrians, keeps sick people awake of nights with its clumsy racket, fills the air full of noisome fumes—in fact, constitutes itself one of the most efficient agents of discomfort, disease, and death.

Of course, this will all to a great ex-

tent, be remedied, in the future. No one will be allowed to handle one of these deadly miniature locomotives of the highway, unless he is duly authorized by the authorities, after thorough and sagacious examination. Accidents will become less and less common, instead of being regular occurrences. There will also be invented some way of running one of the machines through a city-street during the small hours, without awakening the whole neighborhood.

All things find their appropriate level sooner or later, and so will this system of carriages that without horses go: but the consummation seems rather a long time coming.

SCORCHED BY THE SUN.

ONE fact was painfully evident, during part of last summer, and that was, that we live in the neighborhood of an ultra-gigantic bonfire, some 316,000 times as large as the earth, and pirouetting gaily about, all the time, so as to give us its full benefit, from every possible point.

A startling and portentous degree of heat afflicted the whole country, and, in many instances, caused a new and intense sort of alarm. Never did the people at Lucknow watch more closely for "Douglas and his men", than did the people, of New York at least, for a rain-storm. This great stone-brick-and-marble nation-within-a-nation was given one of its most elaborate lessons in calorics thus far. Few of its citizens, even of those who could, had as yet gone to the rural districts. The streets became longitudinal ovens; the houses were melting-pots: ambulances often came in demand, to carry off those who may be were dying, or even dead, from the heat. If the smallpox had raged with violence for a month, or a week's riot had broken out, the deaths could scarcely have been more. When, at

last, the blessed rain-clouds appeared, they brought about as much relief to the temperature, as if they had contained scalding water.

Some of the daily papers aggravated the situation, and did anything but help matters in the right direction. They abounded with headlines such as "No Relief in Sight", "Hottest Day Ever Yet Known", "The Heat-Plague is Upon Us", "A National Peril", "The Universal Calamity", "Where Will it End", "Death-rate Highest Ever Known in This City", and other cheerful little statements, in type so large that they could be read a car's width or length from whoever had the misfortune to be reading the paper. All these statements had a tendency to alarm the public mind, and to throw the community into a state of semi-panic, on the subject of heat, which panic, no doubt, itself caused some deaths.

But it was noticeable that many people who died "of the heat", when their cases came to be investigated, were found to have been already suffering from diseases that would soon have been fatal, in any event; and that the atmospheric conditions, in such cases, simply hurried the accomplishment of the inevitable.

HAVE WE A THOUSAND-YEAR PLANET?

ASTRONOMERS have long hinted that before long a planet will be discovered, that, so far as size is concerned, transcends everything of the kind already known. It is said to have its tramping-ground away off beyond that of Neptune, and to keep, on an average, about nine hundred and fifty million miles from the sun—ten times as far as we are. It is estimated that it takes a thousand years for it to go once around the center of our solar system.

If this new planet proves to be something besides a huge fragment of imagination, it will constitute another case of the power of mind in discovering matter.

Neptune was found in a mathematical problem, before detected in the sky: Leverrier told people who had good telescopes where to look for it—having noted, in the published records, its influence on the motions of another planet—Uranus—and ciphered out its position therefrom; and the processes in this last attempted discovery are somewhat similar.

Only, in this case, the body which is influenced by the great unknown planet, is not another planet: it is an occasional comet. When any of these travelers from one solar system to another approaches a certain point, it is deflected from its course by some unknown influence or other: this is shown in the records, and will probably be demonstrated by future-coming comets. If enough of these records can be gathered to locate this influence, *there* will be the place to look for the new planet—which improved telescopes, or present telescopes, or that stolid and patient detective, photography, may find.

So, by circumstantial evidence, science may come into possession of a new and ultra-immense planet: and what a magnificent property it will be!

A NEW KIND OF TESTIMONIAL.

WE celebrate two distinguished birthdays in the short month of February: but there is another that should be almost as famous as Washington's or Lincoln's: that of Charles Dickens, the novelist premiere of his century.

He was born on the seventh of that fruitful winter month, ninetyeight years ago, became famous in his early twenties, and has remained so ever since.

He is now more widely read than ever, and it is estimated that over twentyfour million copies of his various works are in existence. It is proposed that every body who owns one or more of these copies, shall purchase and paste in each of them, a Dickens stamp—price an English penny or two American cents—the proceeds to go to the descendants of the distinguished novelist.

The *New York World* very properly says:

"From America, where during his lifetime Dickens's novels were eagerly acclaimed, he received no royalties. His works were reprinted in endless editions on this side of the Atlantic without a cent of profit to him. The advantages of copyright which later writers with an international following have enjoyed were denied to him. International copyright was established long after his death and brought no benefit to his heirs.

"As a matter of sentiment, but of sentiment only, the injustice that Dickens suffered at the hands of America can still be partially righted. The debt is not one of law or custom, but of honor and affection. The proceeds from the sale of the Dickens stamp here and abroad will form a fund which will be turned over to the surviving descendants of Charles Dickens, of whom there are three of his children and seventeen grandchildren, some of them in straitened circumstances. It is planned that the stamp be on sale all over the world during the year 1911, so that the total sum received shall be handed to the representatives of the Dickens family on the one hundredth anniversary of Dickens's birthday."





A Dream of Lost Sabbaths.

I DREAMED that Sunday as a day of rest and worship was abolished: all the State Legislatures had passed laws to that effect; Congress, both in the House and Senate, had decreed that the Sabbath as such was useless, and an impediment to business and pleasure. All the governments of the world had endorsed the movement: and the world started out merrily to see how it could get along without a Sabbath.

There was occasionally a person who made some objection. One poor old lady forced herself past the doorkeeper, into the lower house of Congress, and before they could prevent it made an impassioned speech begging for the preservation of the Sabbath of her fathers. It was heard with considerable interest, and, I believe, changed one or two votes, but was upon the whole treated merely with good-natured tolerance; and she was spirited out of the place as soon as possible.

The papers of course were full of it, and the whole country was duly congratulated by them. "Think of it!" they said: "here are fiftytwo days added to the work of the year! There will be a sixth part more time for the world to do its tasks! We will accomplish just so much more!"

I could not understand what strange spirit had come over the people, to induce them to do this: but there we were, and the world was full of it. Factories all kept going at full blast; the stores were open, every one of them, with customers parading up and down in front of the counters, just the same as if it were a week-day; wagons, carts, and trucks filled

the streets with their incessant racket and clamor; and the world went on for the most part without anything to mark its progress, excepting now and then a public holiday, on which some great man's birth, or something of the sort, was commemorated.

The churches still made an effort to hold together, and did very nicely, for a time. Some of them had services one day, and some another, according to the convenience of the majority. They took votes on the matter, every once in a while—and the vexed question was often argued with a great deal of bitterness. Some of them finally began to hold meetings only on the first of each month: and one church finally held them annually. Clergymen were at their wits' end: and many of them resigned and went into other professions.

Considerable difficulty, however, arose with the laboring classes. They claimed that they had always been in the habit of having one day in the week to "rest", and in which to do anything they wished; and demanded that one day a week should be allowed them, at the same pay they were receiving. The trades-unions all declared they would strike, unless every laborer was allowed to "take a day off" at least fiftytwo times a year. Some of them preferred one day and some another; and most of them spent the day either in dissipation or in doing some work for themselves.

Not having any particular day set apart for worshipping God, the world soon forgot to worship Him altogether. The people who hated Him, or who did not believe in His existence, were jubilant, and thought things were in exactly the right

state. Those who loved the great Creator and tried to keep His commandments, worshiped every morning and evening at their homes, as had been their wont: but they sadly missed the sacred day in which they had formerly dedicated themselves anew to their Lord and Master.

There were, however, a few devoted people who dedicated themselves to keeping sacred to God the one day which in the Holy Bible He had commanded them to do. They met regularly every Sunday, often at the expense of being ridiculed and persecuted. They sang the same old hymns, read the same verses of Scripture, joined in the same prayers, as they had been taught by their parents when children. No matter what the stress of business—no matter where they happened to be—no matter what those around them did—they withdrew themselves from the world on that one day of the week, and devoted themselves to communion with God. They did not use a part of the day for visiting, for gossiping, for writing letters, for looking over their accounts, or for anything except striving toward God, and aiding others so to do. From morning to night, they stepped as far as they could out of the turbulent world into the peaceful heaven. They did not object to doing temporal good deeds on the Sabbath, if there was no other time in which it could possibly be done: but they tried to do all the good deeds possible, before the Sabbath arrived. It came at last that they looked forward to every new Sabbath with joyous anticipation, and back to every old one with unmeasurable delight. "At every seventh step, a golden banner waves us on toward the grand hereafter", they said.

They were often invited to use the sacred day "just for once", in other manners than God had taught them; they were informed that "one day is as good as another, if you only keep it"; they were told "the better the day the better the deed", but that made no difference to them: they felt that if the latter statement were true, then they ought certainly to perform the best of deeds on that day, and none of a trivial, every-day nature. They had quoted to them the Saviour's

statement that, "The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath": but they held that if the Sabbath was made for man, he should use it as it was intended he should do—in praise and adoration of the great God and His blessed Son.

The world in general, meanwhile, grew worse and worse—more and more reckless—more and more blasphemous—more and more wicked in general. All restraint seemed to have been cut loose; all decency to have been ignored; all reverence to have been lost. Nothing was held sacred for a moment: all was sacrificed to present impulse and desire. People having gloried and exulted in breaking one of the commandments, had no great solicitude concerning the rest of them. They were all disregarded whenever the fancy or the interests of people so dictated; and violators were seldom rebuked except by some one who was injured by the breaking of them. In such cases, the defense or retaliation was not made according to justice and law, but by means as wicked and unlawful as the injury had been. Anarchy, bloodshed, and wholesale desolation followed, and the world became a wilderness of vice. I had heard it said, "Heaven is one continual Sunday, but there are no Sundays in Hell": and I began to feel as if this earth had been annexed to those infernal regions. Life, honor, fortune—none of these was safe.

Waking, I said, "Is this dream coming true?"

A Child's Powers of Observation.

IN the course of a recent address, the Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost, endeavoring to illustrate what many people of the twentieth century go to church for, told the story of a woman who, after hearing him preach in one of the large New York churches, informed a friend that she did not like the services at all. The seat was hard, she said, the singing was not good, and the preaching was poor. Her little girl, who overheard her remarks and who was present with her at church said: "What can you expect for a penny?"

Proceeding Parliamentarily.

A COLORED preacher down South was arrested one day for chicken stealing. When his case was tried the evidence was so clear against him that the lawyer appointed by the court to defend the prisoner warned him to prepare for the worst. He looked pretty puzzled, but his courage was good till the jury came back after an absence of only five minutes. The foreman was beginning to read the verdict when the old preacher jumped from his seat and bawled out:

"Yo' Honah, I's—"

"Sit down!" thundered the judge, and turning to the lawyer, inquired: "What does the prisoner mean?"

"Yo' Honah," persisted the prisoner, "I heahby move dat dis co't do now adjou'n."

"Well," responded the judge, becoming amused, "why do you expect the court to adjourn?"

"Because," said the prisoner, proudly, "a motion to adjou'n is always in ordah, sah."

Be Polite at Church.

THERE are some very good people who would not on any account "make a break" in etiquette at a party or a reception, or even in the street: but when they come to church, feel privileged, it would appear, to lay aside their manners. For such, the staid old "Presbyterian Journal" lays down a few very proper and pertinent rules:

1. If possible, be on time. You need at least five minutes, after coming, to get warm or cool, to compose your body and mind and whisper a prayer before the service begins.

2. Never pass up the aisle during prayer or Scripture reading. If you do, your presence will distract the minds of many in the audience.

3. Be devout in every attitude. All whispering should be studiously avoided. Find the hymn and sing it if you can. Share the book with your neighbor. If in

a strange church, conform to its customs of worship.

4. If the sermon has begun, take a seat near the door, no matter if you are "at home."

5. Be thoughtful for the comfort of others. Take the inside of the pew if you are the first to enter, and leave all vacant space at the end next to the aisle. End-seat pachyderms are by no means confined to summer-street cars: we find them occasionally at church.

6. Speak a bright, cheery word to as many as possible at the close of the service. If you are a stranger, ask one of the ushers to introduce you to the pastor or some of the church officers. This will always insure you a hearty welcome—that is, if it is a rightly-conducted church.

7. Never put on your overcoat, over-shoes or wraps during the closing hymn, and do not make a rush for the door immediately after the benediction is pronounced. There should be no loud talking and jesting after the service is concluded. These are as much out of place at the house of God as at the house of mourning.

Frank Thanking.

"WE often let our little girl ask the blessing for us at table", said the smiling hostess. "Would you like to hear her now?"

"Certainly", replied the guests.

"O Lord," said the dear little one, "we thank you for this beautiful ice cream that we are to eat, and also for the dear friends we are to have: for if it were not for them, we would not have had the ice cream."

The Lost-Text Prize

FOR Sermon Number XI, in our September issue, has been awarded to Carrie Slater, of Painted Post, New York. It is from Romans 19:10, as follows: "But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ."



Health Questions and Answers.

QUESTION. Is it in the power of man to ensure his own continued health?

A. Answer. It is, indeed, to a very great degree.

Q. What causes most of the disease, and interruptions to health?

A. Man's ignorance, folly, vice, or imprudence.

Q. Has he it in his power to avoid this?

A. Yes; and to thus live almost uninterruptedly in a state of health.

Q. Is attention to health a moral obligation?

A. It is most decidedly so.

Q. Why?

A. We were called into the world for certain purposes which God had in regard to us, and to do certain work which He intended for us; and if we destroy those purposes, and slight that work, from disease that we could have prevented, He will hold us responsible.

Q. What does man do to shorten his life and impair his health, that he might easily avoid doing?

A. He eats and drinks too much.

Q. What else?

A. He uses unwholesome food, and spirituous liquors.

Q. What else?

A. He breathes confined, impure, and otherwise unhealthy air.

Q. What else?

A. He becomes lazy, and neglects daily exercise.

Q. What else?

A. He submits to over-fatigue, or too long-continued bodily exertion.

Q. What else?

A. He exposes himself unduly to intense cold and heat, and to unhealthy dampnesses.

Q. What else?

A. He sometimes takes up occupations that in themselves are destructive to life.

Q. What else?

A. He indulges in mental effort far beyond what Nature intended he should, without the requisite rest and relaxation.

Q. What else?

A. He broods over his afflictions, sorrows, griefs, and miseries, until they affect his health, and often that of those around him.

Q. What are the causes of sickness that he can not prevent?

A. Having been born of unhealthy or intemperate parents.

Q. More causes?

A. Neglect or improper management during his infancy or childhood.

Q. Are there any means by which these disadvantages can be counteracted?

A. Thousands.

Q. Will you be kind enough to name a few of them?

A. Rising early every morning.

Retiring early every evening.

Taking daily active exercise in the open air.

Preserving the body and clothing in a state of perfect cleanliness.

Total abstinence from distilled liquors of every kind.

Eating food of the simplest kind.

Eating food that is plainly cooked.

Eating food only in such quantities as the appetite demands.

Keeping in subjection every passion and desire.

Q. Will wealth necessarily make a man sick?

A. Not unless he allows it to do so.

Q. Will poverty make a man sick?

A. In one sense it may; but it need not interfere with his soundness of body.

Q. Are a great many wealthy people ill?

A. Thousands of them.

Q. And a great many poor people, also?

A. Thousands of them.

Q. Should wealth or poverty enter into the question of health?

A. Of course not.

Q. Are there any treasures to which the poor have access, as well as the rich?

A. Treasure after treasure.

Q. Name one of them, please?

A. The Atmosphere.

Q. Is this atmosphere to which you refer, an unmixed good?

A. No; it consists mainly of two parts, one of which sustains life, and the other of which will murder us, if it can get a chance.

Q. When the two are properly mixed, what is the result?

A. They form one of the most beneficial gifts of God to man, and are called PURE AIR.

Q. What effect does pure air have upon the human body?

A. It refreshes it constantly.

It renders it strong and healthy.

It gives a degree of serenity and composure to the mind.

It excites the appetite, and renders the digestion of food more perfect.

It induces sound and delicious slumber.

Q. Is every created thing liable to have parasites?

A. That is the way it seems to me.

Q. Have trees, flowers, and animals, their parasites?

A. Frequently, and more than frequently.

Q. Has air its parasites?

A. Yes.

Q. What are they?

A. All sorts of impurities; coming from the breath of the body, from stagnant waters, from decaying substances, both animal and mineral, from chemical

and other vapors; and from many other sources, only too familiar to the human race.

Q. Does Pure Air like to have these parasites connected with it?

A. Indeed it does not. It shakes itself free of them as soon as ever it can.

Q. What is the best way to help it do this?

A. Give it a fair chance; give it room; in other words, let it have free circulation.

Q. In that case, will it take care of itself?

A. It has a way of so doing.

Q. What is the best method of preventing Air from purifying itself, and shaking off these parasitic substances?

A. Shut it up in a close room, where it can have no means of coming in and out.

Q. What will it then become?

A. Instead of a means of life, it will become an encourager of death.

Sleeping in the House.

I WAS very much interested by the article in the Health Department of your September number—but not approvingly so. I am a maiden lady of so many years that I do not even try to conceal them—and that's seventyone. I have seen a good deal of life, a good deal of sickness, and a vast lot of health: and I know something about all of them.

And I would like to ask this question: What in the world is the use of going up into the air *after* air, when it is all around you, and you can get all you need of the very freshest kind, through the open door or window? Is a man any healthier in a balloon, than he is on the earth? And need a woman be any more so because she takes it into her head to sleep out of doors, than if she stays in the house of nights, like human beings?

To my mind, there is air enough in almost any building, for any one, if they will only take it into the body where it belongs. I have heard of folks being too lazy to breathe, and used to laugh at the saying, as an exaggeration: but I

have for many years been realizing it.

For instance, most people take their breaths in little short hitches, and only a small part of the air gets into their lungs. The poorer the air, the less they breathe of it, and the result is, that they do not take in half as much of the real life of the atmosphere—oxygen—as they need to keep them decently alive. With such habits, in order to breathe properly, they *have* to get where the air is so penetrating that they take it in.

As to exposing myself to rains, snow-storms, cyclones, etc.—kindly excuse *me*. I had rather hear the drops dashing against my window, or tumbling on a good solid roof—than to be up there among the elements at their worst.

I have no doubt, as she says, that some of the patriarchs lived in tents—but I think it was probably while they were waiting to get rich enough to live in regular houses. As for their living all those years as mentioned in the Bible, a good many of us do not believe that the years mentioned as occurring then, were nearly as long as ours are now. And even if they were, it might have been God's will and God's help that enabled them to live as they did.

If my friend of the house-tops wants to sleep in a fur bag, I suppose she has a right to do so: but when you catch me crawling into one of those things, please inform me of the fact, and also suggest that I make preparations to go to a lunatic-asylum. If I were trying to discover the North Pole, and were nearly there, I might take my lodging upon the cold, cold ice, with nothing to protect me from it but the skins of animals: but as long as I am a quiet woman in a quiet part of the world, not caring very much about the utmost extremities of the earth, I'll sleep in the regular way—without “a revolver on one side of me, and a bulldog on the other” as one man does, it seems.

Suppose a burglar, well aware of this man's habits, wished to gain admission to the house, through the roof-door: how easy it would be for him to placate the cur with poisoned meat, steal softly upon the victim, bind and gag him, take the

key from him, and then loot the house!

I have no doubt this young lady is brave enough, but the Bible says “What is a woman without discretion?” And I am afraid her method shows a woeful lack of that.

ELIZA WEATHERBY.

A Poetical Izaak Walton.

THIS is the way John Chalkhill, an old English poet, used to enjoy the health-giving sport of fishing:

O the gallant fisher's life—
 'Tis the best of any!
 Full of pleasure, void of strife,
 And beloved by many.
 Other joys are but toys;
 Only this lawful is;
 For our skill breeds no ill,
 But content and pleasure;
 In a morning, up we rise,
 Ere Aurora's peeping;
 With the coffee ope our eyes,
 Leave the sluggard sleeping;
 Then we go to and fro,
 With our hooks, to the nooks
 Where the stream's water gleams,
 If we have the leisure.

When we please to go abroad
 For our recreation,
 In the fields is our abode,
 Full of delectation,
 Where in a brook with a hook,
 Or in a lake, fish we take;
 There we sit, for a bit,
 Till we fish entangle.
 We have minnows fit to bite,
 We have flies and worms, too;
 We can watch both morn and night—
 Suffer rain and storms too;
 None do here use to swear:
 Oaths do fray fish away.
 'Tis no ill to sit still;
 Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
 Makes our bodies swelter,
 To a shady hedge we get,
 For a friendly shelter;
 Where in a dike, perch, or pike,
 Roach, or dace, we do chase,
 Bleak or gudgeon, without dudgeon;
 We are still contented!
 Or we sometimes pass an hour
 Under a green willow,
 That defends us from a shower,
 Making earth our pillow;
 Where we may think and pray,
 Before death stops our breath;
 Other joys are but toys,
 And to be lamented!



World-Success.

The Development of Stenography.

THE nineteenth century, now ten years gone, was an era of almost miraculous advancement in all departments of human activity. Remarkable improvements and inventions followed one another with such rapidity that it is almost an impossibility to say what the twentieth century—or even the next decade—may *not* produce. So that now, when any new and seemingly chimerical idea is advanced, a person only lays himself open to ridicule by saying that it is beyond the range of possibility. Let such a man as Thomas A. Edison become imbued with the idea that a certain thing can be achieved, and its accomplishment is generally only a matter of time. If the man who is devoting his time and energy to the solution of the problem lives his labor is morally sure of being crowned with success.

Among the many remarkable achievements of that century, and one of the most useful to mankind, was the art of stenography, or shorthand, as it is commonly called. While systems of abbreviated writing were in use as far back as the time of the ancient Greeks and Romans, shorthand, of sufficient brevity to be of real practical use, has only been in existence for about seventy-five years.

The word stenography comes from two Greek words meaning narrow or close, and to write. From earliest times the need has been felt of some manner of taking down spoken words as fast as uttered; and traces of shorthand writing are found among the Greeks but a few centuries after the art of writing was introduced among them. It was used by Xenophon, who is supposed to have invented the system then in vogue.

The first effort among the Romans was representing frequently-recurring words by contractions in the spelling, as by initials; after this came the representation of frequent terminations by arbitrary contractions or signs; and finally words and phrases were represented by arbitrary characters. The first attempt at any regular system is credited to Cicero by some, and by others to his freedman, Tiro. It is certain that by the use of this system of abbreviated longhand, Tiro secured the preservation of many of the great orations of Cato and Cicero. Horace, Ovid, and other writers show that Julius Caesar, Augustus, and Titus Vespasian, were proficient stenographers so far as the art was then understood.

England was the birthplace of the modern system of shorthand, and up to the year 1837 there had been some 200 methods, the first of which was published in 1538 by Dr. Timothy Bright. But it is to Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England, that we are to look for the fundamental principles underlying the system as practiced at the present day. This was given to the public in 1837 in a book entitled "Stenographic Soundhand." This system has been changed and improved until now it is almost faultless. There are many different systems at the present day, but all take their fundamental principles from the Pitman.

The rate of speed that has been attained by shorthand-workers is something marvelous, as high as 407 words having been written in single-minute tests with faultlessness; but, for writing from new dictation work, 252 words per minute, for five consecutive minutes, is the highest authentic record. This feat was accomplished in 1888, at Lake George, by Isaac S. Dement, of Chicago,

who thereby gained the title of "Champion Shorthand Writer of the World." As the average public speaker utters only from 150 to 175 words per minute, it will be seen that this speed is not required for general reporting, and, of course, much less would suffice for work in almost any office.

Closely connected with the art of stenography, we have that of typewriting. Over 200 years ago, an Englishman named Henry Mill obtained a patent for an invention which was called "an artificial machine or method for impressing or transcribing of letters, singly or progressively, one after another, as in writing, whereby all writings whatsoever may be engrossed on the paper or parchment so neat and exact as not to be distinguished from print." This machine, although of very little practical use, furnished the idea from which sprang the efficient machines in use at present.

This idea was acted upon still farther in 1829 by William A. Burt, of Michigan, inventor of the solar compass, and in 1833 by a Frenchman, M. Prossin, of Marseilles. During the next twenty years several other machines of no practical value were brought forth. In 1856, A. E. Beach, of the "Scientific American", introduced a machine far in advance of any then known, and which had several of the features in use today.

The first typewriter to bear any great resemblance to those of the present was patented in 1867 by John Pratt, of Alabama, and led to the production of the well-known Remington. Many makers have appeared since then, including the Smith Premier, Caligraph, Yost, Williams, Fox, Oliver, and a host of others. The speed attainable upon the different machines is a matter of much controversy, and it is hard to ascertain just how great speed may be secured in actual practical work.

There is an enormous and steadily increasing demand for competent stenographers and typewriters all over the country: a fact which is attested by the great number of young men and women who are graduating in these courses from our many business colleges each year.

Present-Mindedness.

THOSE provoking, practically useless dreamers, whom some one long ago tersely termed "absent-minded," are laughed at, or blamed, or pitied; made slightly uncomfortable or most decidedly wretched, according to the sensitiveness of their dispositions, but seldom helped to become efficient workers.

Minds possessing the power of concentration, and naturally obedient, have no patience with the wandering truants, who find no task the will may impose too important to leave at any moment; journeying measureless distances from the work at hand, and returning when chance happens to bring them.

But the unfortunate owner of such wayward wits need not sigh so hopelessly over the trouble they cause him. A firm and energetic will makes the best kind of a schoolmaster.

With proper discipline the restless mind, inclined to shirk the uncongenial tasks, may rival nature's most satisfactory brain-machines. Untimely excursions may be gradually lessened if the will is strong and vigilant, and a thousand things accomplished that were once considered impossibilities.

A very simple little mental exercise consists of announcing every action. Think, or say aloud, "Now, I put this book on the table; this one in the book-case; this letter in my desk; now I fold these papers," etc. In five or ten minutes a room is in order. Ordinarily an absent-minded individual would wander aimlessly about it for half an hour, and put every article where he would be least likely to find it again.

The habit of performing many acts unconsciously is a disastrous one—working dreamily means at least partial failure. Put thought with every effort, and few things remain too difficult to be accomplished. No matter how distasteful the work, put the mind resolutely upon it, and results will soon surprise you.

The mind must be taught to concentrate itself upon the task assigned to each period, and in much the same way that we would manage a restless.

inattentive child—sternly commanded, charged over and over again with any idea we would have it keep, and the fickle thoughts made to rehearse the details of each task until they show no disposition to leave it.

Promises might be remembered and many misunderstandings averted if minds were more often disciplined in this way.

The man whose mind is a persistent rover becomes more and more a trouble to himself and to his friends with advancing years; then why not begin a course of discipline and put the mind completely under the control of a determined will?

Every-Day Perils.

WE are not altogether unconscious of the perils of every day: we pause amid its hurry and noise, sometimes, long enough to wonder that we live, when there are so many ways to die.

A workman who safely threads his way through a maze of whirling machinery a thousand times, is caught at last, in a moment of carelessness; the mill-girl's hair or dress touches a buzzing wheel, and we shudder at thought of the result; the business man who has stepped from the moving trolley-car more times than he could count, is hurled into the gutter unconscious and dying, or may step too late, trip, and fall before it some day, to be crushed in an instant.

Even though a reasonable amount of caution be always observed, the conditions of industry would still expose the worker to constant risk. The sailor slips from the rigging, the carpenter and painter slip from their insecure positions, the train-man jumps too late, a falling mass of coal buries the miner, and a quarry-man is smashed under descending rock.

Such cases might be recounted by thousands. Few people can look back without recalling some narrow escape from death; danger lurks in whatever path we may choose; yet the fact cannot shape our feeling of security.

If every person by thoughtfully considering his own peculiar dangers, would

more fully realize the perils that come each day, many might be avoided.

Any doctor could give a score of instances: a face disfigured by painful burns, a hand badly cut, a helpless cripple, moaning over the careless step on the stairs, and a sprained back and useless body, because the heavy weight was lifted once too often.

Careless mothers are many times responsible for accidents that befall helpless children. Most amusements have their accompanying perils, and we can afford to do nothing heedlessly.

The wide-awake, alert individual whose mind instead of wandering into the past or exploring the future, is fixed upon the work he attempts to perform, is far safer than the careless one who invites accident by inattention and thoughtlessness.

Success in Others' Success.

HERE are four stanzas which some one has written (we would like to know who it was), and in doing so, has framed a good motto for those who are benevolently inclined—as, alas! all are not.

It is to be regretted that the author cannot "pass this way" several times.

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give;

The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts
and fears;

Beauty for ashes may I give away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.



- August 23—Many villages and thousands of acres of forest destroyed in the states of Oregon, Idaho and Montana. Several hundred fire-fighters reported dead from smoke and fire.
- Estrada's insurgent forces enter Managua, the capital of Nicaragua. Hundreds of prisoners were liberated.
- Ex-President Roosevelt started on an extended western tour to advocate his "policies."
- Riots between the clerical and Liberal factions at Barcelona resulted in a few killed and many injured.
- 24—Japanese officials announced to other governments the conditions of annexation of Korea.
- Moro chiefs, representing 40,000 inhabitants of Mindanao, Philippine Islands, tendered their allegiance to United States.
- 25—Fortyone aviators entered contest for \$53,000 prizes at Havre.
- The Vatican denied that a rupture of diplomatic relations with Portugal was imminent.
- Epidemic of Asiatic cholera in Italy spreads rapidly: many deaths reported.
- 26—Emperor William of Germany, in a speech at Königsberg, stated that he was ruler by divine mandate.
- Workmen's Federation in Spain declared a general strike to commerce August 29.
- Cholera in Russia, Italy and Austria, reported decreasing.
- 27—Japan made public the terms of the treaty annexing Korea.
- Elections in Portugal held without any disturbance.
- 28—Cardinal Merry del Val announced that the Papal policy would not be changed to suit the Spanish Government.
- Workmen's Federation rescinded its recent order for a general strike throughout Spain.
- 29—General Juan Estrada assumed the presidency of Nicaragua and appointed cabinet officials.
- Interstate Commerce Commission announced that it will hold investigation of Express Company charges.
- 30—An earthquake reported in Calabria, Italy, with no serious results.
- Chilian Government in ordering battle-ships specified that they must be made of English material.
- American Tourists reported to have spent \$250,000,000 this season in Europe.
- Pennsylvania R. R. opened tunnel from Jersey City to Long Island City for traffic.
- Many cases of Asiatic cholera reported in Berlin.
- Joseph Smith, the successor of Brigham Young, stated that polygamy was no longer a cardinal principle of Mormonism.
- 31—Turkish Government granted exemption from law to American religious, benevolent and educational institutions.
- Leon Morane ascended 7,054 feet at Havre, breaking the world's aeroplane-record for height.
- Sept. 1—Census reports give New York's population as 4,766,833, thus terming it the second largest city in the world.
- Russians continue to expel the Jews, though with less severity.
- 2—British ship owners announce a lock-out of 50,000 workmen.
- 3—Striking coal-miners in Spain return to work, accepting the terms of settlement offered.
- President Taft opened the National Conservation Congress at St. Paul.
- 5—International Court of Arbitration decided the Fisheries Question between United States and England. This gives England the right to make reasonable regulation for the industry, and defines the three-mile limit as beyond a line drawn from headland to headland.
- 7—Persian Government appointed seven Americans, instead of French, for financial advisers.
- 8—Three men killed and nine injured by explosion on battle-ship North Dakota. Many new cases of cholera reported in Italian provinces.
- 9—Twelve thousand miners struck in collieries of South Wales, on account of reduction of wages.
- Many lockouts reported among British industries, and great unrest prevails in labor-centers.

- Passenger-boat sunk in Lake Michigan. Thirty persons drowned.
- 10—Time in which United States could appeal from the Hague award expired. Germany objected to importation of frozen meat from America, on sanitary grounds. United States recognized the Estrada Provisional government in Nicaragua.
- 11—Eleven workmen killed by a cave-in on Erie railroad near Jersey City. Big storm swept over Texas, destroying a quarter of a million acres of cotton.
- 12—Federal Grand Jury finds indictments against the highest officials of the "Meat Trust."
- Democrats win election in Maine for the first time in thirty years.
- 13—Immigration Bureau reported that 9,772,572 aliens have come to United States since 1900. Cholera in Prussia reported slowly dying out.
- 14—The National Assembly at Panama elected Pablo Arosemena president. The airship Zeppelin VI. destroyed by fire at Baden Baden. George W. Fitzgerald arrested in Chicago on charge of stealing \$175,000 from United States Treasury in 1907.
- 15—The Finnish Diet reelected President Svinhufvud. Lieut. Helm arrested in London charged with being a German spy.
- 16—Infernal machine discovered lying on railroad track near Mohacs, over which the special train of Emperor William was to pass.
- President Diaz of Mexico dedicated a monument to the Independence of that country.
- Volcanic eruption added a new island to the Aleutian group.
- 17—Twelve thousand miners decided to strike on the 19th. A locking out of 200,000 men is feared as a consequence. President Taft stated he would recommend an appropriation of \$2,000,000 to fortify Panama Canal.
- 18—Japanese statesmen advocated measures to help China in its development. King Manuel of Spain granted amnesty for minor political offenses and created sixteen new peers.
- 19—International Conference of Unemployment began its sessions in Paris. Cotton Spinners Confederation decided to lock out 150,000 operators at Oldham, England.
- 20—One hundred and fifty persons injured and eleven killed in railway collision in Portugal. Vineyards and olive orchards destroyed by floods in Southern Spain. Judge Gary, chairman of steel trust, denies that price cutting is contemplated.
- 21—Dr. Crippen and Miss Leneve held for trial for the murder of Mrs. Crippen. Many arrests made in Tokio of persons suspected implicated in the plot to kill the Emperor. Canadian manufacturers opposed reciprocity with United States. A collision of trolley cars at Bluffton, Ind., killed fortyone and injured many.

Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

CALL, WILKINSON—In Washington, August 24, aged seventysix years. He was born in Kentucky, but early in life became a resident of Florida. He received an academic and legal education, and quickly rose in his profession. He enlisted in the Confederate army and served in many capacities, closing his military career as Adjutant General. In 1866 he was elected United States Senator, but was not allowed to take his seat, not being of constitutional age. He was elected again in 1870, and served continuously till 1897. He was a Democrat, and was one of the influential members of his party.

DICKINS, FRANCIS W.—In Washington, September 15, aged sixtysix years. He was a native of New York, and entered the

Navy in 1861 as midshipman. He took part in the Civil War, and held important posts after its close. In the Spanish American War he was assistant chief of the Bureau of Navigation. He commanded the North Atlantic Coast Squadron in 1900, and was retired in 1906.

FABRE, HECTOR—At Versailles, in France, September 2, aged seventysix years. He was born in Montreal, and was one of the most influential men of the Dominion. For many years he was editor of the "L'Ordre" and held many political offices. At the time of his death he was Canadian Commissioner General in France.

HUNT, WILLIAM H.—In London, September 9, aged eightyfour years. He began an artistic career under great difficulties, and with Millais founded the Pre-Raphael-

ite movement. He was one of the most distinguished of English artists, and gained large financial returns for his work. His most famous paintings were "Christ Discovered in the Temple", which sold for \$25,000, and "The Shadow of Death", which brought \$50,000.

JAMES, WILLIAM—At Chocorua, in N. H., August 26, aged sixtyeight years. He was born in New York City, and as a youth manifested great ability in psychical science. He received a thorough training in American and European universities, and in 1873 was appointed instructor at Harvard. In 1890, he was made professor of philosophy. He was deeply interested in the psychical and mental sciences, and wrote and lectured much in regard to them. At the time of his death he was a professor emeritus of philosophy. He was a brother of Henry James, the novelist.

KAINZ, JOSEF—In Vienna, September 20, aged fiftytwo years. He began his stage career at the age of sixteen, and gained much prominence as an actor in Europe. He visited America in 1898, and was well received in the larger cities.

MACLAGAN, WM. D.—In London, September 19, aged seventyfour years. He was born in Edinburgh and was a member of one of the best known families of that city. After a brief time at school, he entered the army, serving five years. On his return he entered Cambridge University. On graduation he entered the ministry and served in various capacities, and in 1874 was made Bishop, serving in that capacity until 1908. He wrote much on religious affairs, both books and pamphlets.

MANTEGAZZA, PAUL—At Spezzia, in Italy, August 28, aged seventynine years. He was one of the best known anthropologists of the world and was the author of many standard books on that subject. Most of the scientific associations of the world honored him as a member.

MCGRAW, JAMES C.—At Kingwood, W. Va., aged ninetyeight years. He served in the Fortyfirst and Fortysecond Congress, and was one of the famous fiftyfive Unionists in the convention at Richmond who opposed secession from Virginia. He was the oldest ex-representative of Congress living.

NILES, PROFESSOR WILLIAM H.—In Boston, September 13, aged seventytwo years. He was born at Northampton, Mass., educated at Harvard, and spent his life as an instructor and professor. He early won recognition in the sciences, and wrote much

of value on these subjects. He was given to original work, and made many discoveries in his chosen field.

OLLIVIER, FATHER—In Paris, September 20, aged sixtyfive years. He was educated for the ministry, and was one of the strongest advocates of Christian Socialism in Europe. His sermon at the funeral of the victims of the Charity Bazaar held in 1897 created a sensation and caused his dismissal from the pulpit of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

PORTER, CHARLES T.—At Montclair, N. J., aged eightyfour years. He was born in Auburn, N. Y., and educated at Hamilton College. He was admitted to the practice of law, but soon became engaged in mechanical pursuits. He was an inventor, of rare genius, and was one of five Americans to receive the John Franz medal, which is conferred by engineering societies. He wrote many books of a mechanical nature, and was regarded as one of the leading authorities on such subjects.

SONE, ARASUKE—At Tokio, September 13, aged sixtyone years. He was a native of Japan and as a member of the high caste Samuval family was prominent in Japanese political affairs. In 1892 he became a member of the Japanese House of Representatives and was elected vice-president of the committee to codify the laws. He served for years as a member of the Cabinet in various capacities, and at the time of his death was Privy Councillor.

VANDAL, LOUIS J. A.—In Paris, on August 30, aged fiftyseven years. He was a native of Paris, and early in life won a reputation as an historical author. His writings treated of French history, and showed careful and thorough research. In 1893 he won the Gobert Grand Prize and was elected a member of the French Academy.

VANDELSEN, CONGRAD—At Joliet, in Ill., September 11, aged 101 years. For more than sixty years he was an owner and sailer of lake vessels, and previously was a tugboat captain on the Hudson River. He was generally conceded to be the oldest member of the Order of I. O. O. F.

VIRGIN, EDWARD W.—At Dedham, Mass., September 18, aged seventyfour years. He was a native of Massachusetts and was educated at Wesleyan University. He began his career as a clergyman in 1851, and was prominent in educational and church work in many States. He was a member of the first World's School Convention and a member of the United States Christian Commission during the Civil War.



Fifty Doings and Undoings.

Jersey City, within sight of New York, has a population of its own, of 267,779.

A heart-shaped spot on the sun has been discovered by one of the astronomers.

A head-on railroad-collision in Connecticut was heard a half mile away, and no one was hurt.

Among the specialties in journalism is the "Baseball Magazine"—which sounds odd, but breezy.

The widest scope as yet of the wireless telegraph on any ship, is 1,200 miles in every direction.

The fastest trotter in the world is now Uhlan, who at Cleveland, Ohio, did a mile in 1.58¾.

"Aeroplane chickens" are now so termed, because they are all wings and machinery, and no meat.

Emperor Wilhelm's barber goes with him wherever he goes, and stays near by wherever he stays.

Some college societies now brand their initiates with a hot iron, as if they were cattle on the prairie.

The average German schoolboy gets twelve weeks of vacation: the American from fifteen to twenty.

Lobbyists in the Georgia Legislature are to be "tabbed", so that they may be known and guarded against.

Great Britain owns nearly four billions of dollars—over ninety dollars for each man, woman and child.

Once a well-known weather-prophet, Prof. L. Stone Wiggins is now testing the temperature of other worlds.

There is water-power enough in this country, if it could be utilized, to save every year 225,000,000 tons of coal.

A man, his wife, and his horse, came from San Francisco to New York for their health. All three of them walked.

John D. Rockefeller says "I love the earth." A New York editor responds: "Pretty near got it, haven't you?"

Mrs. Frank Leslie, widow of the once-famous publisher, still lives, and lately returned from a trip to Europe.

Enthusiasts in the telephonic art, believe that we will soon be hearing voices in Europe, and Europeans hearing ours.

The unlucky number of thirteen persons are overtaken and killed each day, on account of using the railroad as a sidewalk.

Many ladies engage their servants, not so much for the work they can do, as for the gossip they bring from other families.

A blacksnake has the instincts of an anaconda as concerning twining about you, and would crush you if it were large enough.

Telephone-girls in France, when called, say "I listen."—In America, some of them say, in a rasping, impatient voice, "Well?"

The first bulldog that ever went up in a balloon, started from Philadelphia, and landed safely at Williamstown, N. J., twentyfive miles away.

The millionairess Hettie Green still lives and lends and scrimps with a fortune of \$80,000,000, and "makes it a rule to assist nobody."

A game rooster in Chicago mistook a small boy aged five for another rooster, and nearly did him up before the affair was called off by rescuers.

It takes seven and a half million dollars' worth of foreign-made toys to amuse American children—to say nothing of those made in this country.

Forty thousand people at a time can enjoy the sea-baths of Naples, when they are ready—either summer or winter: for hot water will be available at any time.

A Chicago railroad-magnate walked the streets through August with nothing upon his feet but sandals, and he was sensible, and his example should be followed.

California has again been indulging in earthquakes; and Texas has also partaken of the gruesome luxury. One was at San Diego, and the other at Galveston.

Queen Liliuokalani of the Sandwich Islands once claimed to Queen Victoria that she had English blood in her veins, upon the grounds that her ancestors ate Captain Cook.

Grover Cleveland used to walk in the park "alone", as he supposed, at night: but there

were guards thrown around him that he knew nothing about, to guard him from assassination.

A Southern politician says, rather profanely, that ex-President Roosevelt can "carry the South from hell to breakfast." Another one is afraid he might carry it back, and leave it there.

"Has anybody anywhere seen Dr. Cook, Discoverer of the North Pole on the Map?" seems now to be a freezing question. He appears to be a kind of invisible moving picture.

Forest fires are necessary, some scientists claim, in order to clear out the impurities that have from time to time gathered among the trees—a large percentage of which are rotten within.

A cat and a copperhead snake fell to fighting under a house at Carmi, Ill., and an exciting race-war was witnessed by the lady of the house—the feline coming out victorious at last.

"Habit-forming drugs" are suggested in some states as articles the sale of which should be prohibited by law. All drugs taken into the stomach, are habit-forming, if continued any length of time.

Perhaps the farthest fall to the earth on record was made by a performing aeronaut at Asbury Park, N. J. His parachute failed him, and he came down to his death 6,000 feet (a mile and forty rods).

Special elevators are provided at an extra charge, in some buildings, elegantly fitted up and, naturally, limited as to number of occupants—which tenants can use by paying a slight increase on their rent.

Not only the victors but the conquered, have their monuments, if they fight well and bravely: General Montcalm, defeated by

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WANTED—Manuscripts suitable for trade-journals, also short stories and essays. Miller's Literary Agency, Freeclandville, Ind.

Wolfe on the plains of Abraham near Quebec, has now a fine statue at Paris.

If your gown catches afire, do not run to your husband in the field, for him to "put it out." A woman at Highland, Ind., did that, and fed the flames with new oxygen at every step—burning herself to death.

Russell Sage, in gathering his many millions, was unconsciously laying up treasures in heaven for his wife. To her many munificent gifts in good directions, is that of \$5,000 to the American Bible Society.

The stain from Luther's inkstand, made when he flung it at his Satanic Majesty, has vanished from the walls of his room at Wartburg: vandal relic-hunters having carried off the material upon which it "splashed."

"I went to sleep Wednesday evening, and did not awake until Friday morning", writes a voyager into the Far East. "You see, Thursday was dropped out of our calendar

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I have used Winchester's Hypophosphites in several very severe cases of consumption, with the best possible results.—F. C. WANG, M. D., Centerville, N. Y.
Winchester's Hypophosphites not only acts as absorbents but repair and retard the waste of tissue.—H. F. DEWEES, M. D., New York.
I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRE, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

Send for free treatise securely sealed

Winchester & Co., 620 Beekman Bldg., N. Y.

Est. 52 years.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

RHEUMATISM

Let Me Send You My \$1 External Cure
to TRY FREE. Just

SEND YOUR NAME ON A POSTAL



FREDERICK DYER, Cor. Sec.

I want you to try my Drafts. Send no money—just your name and address—a postal card will do. By return mail you will get a regular Dollar Pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan remedy which is curing many thousands of the toughest old chronic cases, as well as all the milder stages. They cure by a very simple but wonderful principle which is fully explained in our Free Book. Write us. When your drafts come, try them—then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, keep your money. You decide and we take your word. Address Magic Foot Draft Co., 1032 W. Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. **WRITE TO-DAY.**



entirely, that week, on account of the longitude."

Comets are all sorts of things, according to the scientists—none seeming to know exactly what they are: and now another one approaches—which, let us hope, will be more of a spectacular success than Halley's.

A Mr. Gilbreth, engineer and contractor, thinks brickmakers make too many motions in handling their brick, to do profitable work. If he should antagonize them during a strike he would probably be confirmed in his opinion.

That town of strange happenings (?) Winsted, Conn., now sends a story of hay in a field mowed in the night, stolen, and carried away. It forgets to add that one of the thieves was arrested when he came back after the stubble.

President Cleveland's proposed monument at Princeton, N. J., is among the things that will, it is thought, soon be accomplished. From sheriff at Buffalo to President at Washington was a fine bit of progress: and should be fitly commemorated.

"The Dutch have taken Holland", seems likely to be matched by "The Jews have taken Judea." Turkey is now willing to sell land to them, and a Hebrew syndicate is about to buy the whole length of the Jordan Valley, from Tiberias to the Red Sea.

It's between the sheep and the dogs in Massachusetts, and the dogs are having the longest day. "In a few years, the whole lot of the wool-bearers will die", says the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. It seems that the people cannot find it in their hearts to kill the dogs.

"I think you are a very wonderful man", said a beautiful little girl, to King George, of England. "And what makes you say that?" inquired his Majesty. "Because", added the truthful young maiden, "my mamma told me to."—Whereat, the King indulged in a smile.

It is to the interest of our readers to send their name and address to Winchester & Co., Chemists, of 978 Beekman Bldg., New York, and obtain a free sample of their Family Pills for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Nervous Headache, Pimples, etc., and their valuable booklet.

We have requested Messrs. Winchester & Co. to make this free offer to our readers, knowing as we do that the preparations they manufacture are standard remedies and high-class goods. We feel that a sample of these pills should go to each and every family of our subscribers, as they certainly are a meritorious article.

FOR FAT PEOPLE

Benefaction "A"

Too much fat is due to disease. If your flesh is flabby; if it is piled up in layers and folds about your hips, breast, waist or arms, it is due to unnatural fat. By using "BENEFACATION "A" you can get rid of it safely and permanently.

Fat has a distinct tendency to accumulate around the liver, the kidneys and other vital organs, and these deposits are apt to result in liver complaint, Bright's Disease and other serious afflictions. When the deposit is in or around the lung cavity the first distressing effect is shortness of breath, which, in many cases, develops into asthma.

Apoplexy is likely to result from congestion of the blood vessels at the base of the brain if they are clogged by fat accumulations. It is well known that corpulent people with short, fat necks, and heavy deposits at the back of the neck, are especially susceptible to this fatal disease.

Other dangerous developments of over-fatness are dropsy, diabetes, and a long list of kindred and resultant ills.

"BENEFACATION "A" is a certain and permanent remedy for obesity or over-fatness. If your bust is too large "BENEFACATION "A" will reduce it to normal size; if your hips are too large "BENEFACATION "A" will reduce them to normal size; if your limbs are too large "BENEFACATION "A" will reduce them to normal size. If, as happens in many cases, you are too fat all over, "BENEFACATION "A" will reduce you to normal size.

"BENEFACATION "A" will absolutely take away from your system all the superfluous fat which it now contains. It has been tested in hundreds of cases and has never failed when taken according to directions.

"BENEFACATION "A" contains in concentrated form one ingredient that is a specific for nervous diseases; another ingredient that is a specific for imperfect digestion; and another ingredient that is the most potent eliminator of waste products from the system known to the pharmacopoeia.

"BENEFACATION "A" will reduce your weight from ten to twenty-five pounds per month until every ounce of superfluous fat in your system is eliminated. This we know—AND WE ARE PREPARED TO PROVE IT.

We will trust to your honesty to pay us after you have derived the benefit. Send at once for one month's treatment to be paid for after you are satisfied that the preparation really is a BENEFACATION. IS NOT THIS A FAIR OFFER? Fill out and mail the attached coupon today. This offer will not appear again.

THE BENEFACATOR CO., Dept. B Chicago., Ill.

The Benefactor Co.,
Dept. B., Chicago, Ill.

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Send me, prepaid, one month's treatment of "BENEFACATION "A". It is understood and agreed that I am to send you Five Dollars (\$5.00) thirty days from date providing "BENEFACATION "A" really does benefit me. If I am not entirely satisfied with the results I am to pay you nothing.

Name

P. O. State

The above offer is for readers of Will Carleton's Every Where Magazine.

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We offer to start one man in each community in the tailoring business. No experience or capital required. Just honesty and industry. Work part time or whole time. Come and go as you please. Be your own boss. We have started thousands in this big money-making business. Here is an opportunity to make

\$25 to \$40 a Week at Home or Traveling

We are the largest mail-order tailoring establishment in the United States. Our made-to-measure suits are finer, more stylish, wear longer and cost less than those of any other concern.

Suits \$7.50 and Up

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We fit men out in handsome sample suits at cost—as an advertisement. We take pride in having the best dressed tailoring representatives in America. We turn over to our agents all inquiries and orders received from their territory. A postal or letter brings our wonderful proposition. Why not have a business of your own that will bring you a handsome income? Don't ever say you "never had a chance!" Here it is—the chance of a lifetime! Write instantly.

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STUART'S PLAS-TR-PASS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address

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The Engine Runs on COAL OIL at a Fraction of Cost of Gasoline.

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Demand is overwhelming. Kerosene (common coal oil) runs it with wonderful economy. Kerosene generally costs 6 to 10c less per gallon than gasoline—and gasoline is still going up. Runs on any engine fuel. Only three moving parts. Light and portable. Does work of engines weighing four times as much. Runs everything.



The Amazing "DETROIT"

The Kerosene Wonder—on 15 Days' Trial—Direct From Factory

Any engine you want, from 2 to 20 H.P., sent on 15 days' free trial—tested immediately before shipping and ready to run. If dissatisfied—every dollar you have paid us for the engine cheerfully refunded. Prices lowest ever known for high-grade, guaranteed engines.

The New Book is Ready—WRITE! Tells all about these new wonders that mark a new era in engine. Special introductory price on first "Detroit" engine sold in each community. Quick action gets it. Address Detroit Engine Works, 469 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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EVERY WHERE

OCTOBER, 1910.

This Magazine was entered at the Post Office in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 13, 1904, as second-class mail matter under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by Every Where Pub. Co.

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In asking for change of address, state your present one, so that we can find it readily among our many thousands of names. In case you are contemplating removal, send notice as soon as possible, so that you may find the next EVERY WHERE awaiting you in your new home.

DEALINGS WITH MANUSCRIPT.

We receive thousands of literary contributions in the course of a year, but can accept only those peculiarly well adapted to the general trend of our Magazine. They are all carefully examined and returned if not used, when accompanied by a postpaid envelope bearing the author's address.



The Country Home in Early Fall

The quickly obtainable heat that the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater gives is nowhere more gratifying than in the home in the country after an overnight drop in the mercury. There is no need to

start a furnace or stove, as very likely the next day will be warm. Thousands of housekeepers know what to do. They just get out their Perfection Oil

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Absolutely smokeless and odorless

This heater has an **automatic-locking flame spreader**, which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, because of a new device in construction, and can always be easily unscrewed for rewicking.

An indicator shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not need to be screwed down, but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached to the font by a chain. Finished in japan or nickel, strong and durable; well made; built for service, and yet light and ornamental. It has a cool handle and a damper top.

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Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

25 Thanksgiving Cards 10c



Bright, new Thanksgiving Post Cards, every one printed in colors, some with gold and some with silver on them and deeply embossed. Every card has the Glorious American Turkey pictured on it in gorgeous colors. Remember your friends with a beautiful Thanksgiving Post Card printed in striking colors. ELLIS ART CO., Dept. 338, 558 Lawndale Ave., CHICAGO

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YOUR STOPPING PLACE

Very central to DE-
POTS, SHOPS,
CENTRAL PARK,
and all Points of
interest

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PROOF BUILDING
with modern
conveniences

RATES REASONABLE SEND FOR CIRCULAR

CHAPERONAGE for Women Visiting New York will
be provided if desired.

W C. GAVITTE, Manager

Philosophy and Humor.

POP'S DEFINITION.

"Pop, what do men mean by circumstances
over which they have no control?"

"Wives, my son."

MISFORTUNES IN TANDEM.

"Yes, my old friend, I have been the vic-
tim of misfortune in all my love affairs. My
first sweetheart died, the second jilted me,
and the third became my wife!"

A DEADLOCK.

Teacher—I want to impress upon your
young minds never to strike the first blow.

Jimmie—In dat case I don't see how we
are ever goin' to have any scraps.

HABIT STRONG UNDER EXCITEMENT.

Bronson—What did that pretty salesgirl
say when you stole a kiss?

Johnson—She said: "Will that be all to-
day?"

THE WHITE MAN'S WATERLOO.

Moving pictures showing a negro punish-
ing a white man, will attract thousands of
nickles that ought to be spent on wives that
are taking in washing.

ANN MATILDA'S OPPORTUNITIES.

Si—How is Ann Matilda getting along as
postmistress at Elm Crossroads?

Hy—Fine. Today she read twenty pos-
tals, held nine letters to the light, and opened
four newspapers.

AN HISTORICAL EXCEPTION.

Mrs. Grouty—Whenever a man gets him-
self into trouble he invariably drags a woman
in after him.

Mr. Grouty—Oh, I don't know. How about
Jonah and the whale?

JACK TRIES TO BE FUNNY.

Jack—You never saw the face of the girl
I love above all others.

Cora (agitated)—D-didn't I?

Jack (composed)—No; you only saw the
reflection in the glass.

FERTILITY OF RESOURCES.

"You musn't go swimming today," a boy's
father said. "You've got stomach ache, you
know."

"Oh, that'll be all right, father," said the
boy. "I'll swim on my back."

CRUELTY TO WOMEN.

"That fellow is a greater strategist than
Napoleon ever was."

"As to how?"

"He got a two-dollar raise of salary a
year ago and hasn't told his wife about it
yet."

200 Popular Songs and Music Sent Free

Not Because Your Hair Is Curly
Everybody Works but Father
Waltz Me Around Again, Willie
My Irish Molly O He's Me Pal
Mothin' from Nothin' Leaves You
Hy Name Is Morgan but it Ain't J. P.
Mary's a Grand Old Name
Bright Eyes Good Bye
Can't You See I'm Lonely
Dreaming Love of You
In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree
I'm Trying So Hard to Forget You
Won't You Fondle Me?
Give My Regards to Broadway
Come Take a Trip in My Airship
Ev'ry Little Bit Helps
He's Me Pal Easy Street
Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by
Bedelia Laughing Water
In the Good Old Summertime
In the Valley of Kentucky
I've Been Faithful to You
On a Moonlight Winter's Night
Under the Bamboo Tree
Dat's de Way to Spell Chicken
I Can't Tell Why I Love you but I Do
Back, Back, Back to Baltimore
When the Coons Have a Dreamland
For Sale a Baby Any Rags?
Away Down East Among the Shady
Maple Trees Anona
Go 'Way Back and Sit Down
The Holy City Navalo

What you Goin' to Do When de Rent
Comes 'Round Nobody
Keep a Little Cozy Corner in your
Heart for Me Cheyenne
I'm Lonesome for You
Would You Care?
When the Mocking Birds are Singing
In the Wildwood
Where the Whip-Poor-Will Sings Mar-
guerite So Long, Mary

Have you Seen My Henry Brown?
Farewell Sweetheart May
I May be Crazy but I Ain't No Fool
The Sweetest Girl in the World
Come Along, Little Girl, Come Along
Won't you Be My Girl?
I'll be Waiting in the Gloom
Genevieve
Like a Rose You're the Fairest Flow-
er The Poor Old Man
The Man with the Dough
The Man Behind the Blue Bell
Hello Central, Give Me Heaven
I've Got a Feelin' for You
Down on the Farm Coax Me
My Own United States
Bill Bailey Please Come Home
When Kate and I Were Comin' Thro'
the Rye Teasing
I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You
Good-by Dolly Gray
Coon, Coon, Coon Hwathwa
Your Dad Gave His Life for His
Country Seminole
I'll be There, Mary Dear
Up in the Coconut Tree
Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis
The Gondolier The Game of Eyes
My Lonely Little Lonesome Maid
Where the Southern Roses Grow
I'm Longing for My Old Kentucky
Home Always in the Way



SPECIAL ADDITION OF LATEST SONGS, INCLUDING

Next to Your Mother Who Do You Love, Sweet Girl of My Dreams, By the Light of the Silvery Moon, Glow Worm, If All the
Moons Were Honey Moons, Has Any One Here Seen Kelly, The Longest Way Round is the Sweetest Way Home, Top of the
Morning to You, In Dear Old Tennessee, Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet, The Message of the Red, Red Rose, Kiss Me, Drifting,
I Used to Believe in Fairies, I've Been Kissed in San Francisco, I Wonder if You're Lonely, Just We Two, Song of the Butcherfly,
I'm awfully Glad I Met You, What's the Matter With Father and 180 others, all hits of the season in New York and Chicago.
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Waltz**. Send at once, only two names and 10 cents to **THE BADGER, 882
BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.**

FREE

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

Nellie: "How conceited you are, Effie! You're always looking at yourself in the glass." Effie: "I'm sure I'm not. I don't think I'm half as pretty as I really am."

GETTING OVER IT.

Lady (who has been shown over one of the ships to sailor who has been her guide)—What a pity gratuities are forbidden on your ship!

Sailor—So was apples, mum, in the Garden of Eden.

A SURE RECIPE.

"How to keep boys on the farm. That's the question."

"It's simple enough," declared Uncle Hemlock. "Put an auto track in the medder, a ball park in the cornfield, and continuous vaudeville in the barn."

A BELIEF WITH UNDERSTANDING.

Maude—She is a woman who has suffered a great deal for her beliefs.

Ethel—Dear me! What are her beliefs?

Maude—She believes that she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 6 foot and a 23-inch corset on a 30-inch waist.

NO NEED OF IMPROVEMENT.

Professor of History—Reginald, I shall expect you to write an essay on the French Revolution.

Indolent Student—Why do you ask me to

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do that, professor? Isn't Carlyle's "French Revolution" good enough?

PAPA'S ESTIMATE.

Father—Yes, I admit that your lover has a good income; but he has very expensive tastes, very.

Daughter—You amaze me. What does he ever want that is so expensive?

Father—Well, you, for one thing.

AUNT LIBBY SPEAKS.

Uncle Hiram—I see by the papers that old man Weston the walker, is three miles ahead of schedule.

Aunt Libby—Well, I jes' hope he'll keep ahead of him. I ain't got a bit o' use for

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DAN C. WEBB, Proprietor

The Only New York Hotel Featuring American Plan
Moderate Prices. Excellent Food. Good Service.

these Eyetalian racers.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

PA'S DICTIONARY.

Willie—Say, pa, what is a hypocrite?

Pa—A hypocrite, my son, is a man who publicly thanks Providence for his success, then gets mad every time anybody insinuates that he isn't mainly responsible for it himself.

BESS' ACCOUNT OF THE CASE.

Five-year-old Bess (telling of the medicine she had taken)—And I took some compulsion of cod liver oil, and—

Mrs. Fangle—You mean "emulsion," don't you, not compulsion?

Bess—Well, I think there was some compulsion about it.

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

"Did you ask your husband where he was last night?" asked the much interested neighbor.

"Yes; and I have reason to believe he told me the truth."

"Indeed."

"Yes. He said he didn't know."

AN IMPROMPTU DEFINITION.

"Why do they say 'As smart as a steel trap'?" asked the talkative boarder. "I never could see anything particularly intellectual about a steel trap."

"A steel trap is called smart," explained the elderly person, in his sweetest voice, "because it knows exactly the right time to shut up."

MARK TWAIN'S UNDERTAKING ADVICE.

"Dear Editor: What is the matter with my hens? Every morning I find two or three of them laid out cold and stiff on the hencoop floor. What treatment do you advise?—Poultry.—Your hens, Poultry, it is plain from your letter, are suffering from death. This is a very common complaint. For it we would prescribe burial."

PRACTICAL PUNCTUATION.

A teacher in a lower grade was instructing her pupils in the use of the hyphen. Among the examples given by the children was the word "bird-cage."

"That's right," encouragingly remarked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in 'bird-cage'?"

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the startling rejoinder of the youngster.

A HEN STORY.

"If you get strictly fresh eggs," the city man was saying, "you've got to pay for them."

"That's so," remarked the suburbanite. "Mine have cost me \$2.87½ a dozen this winter."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all impossible. I keep half a dozen hens."—[Chicago Tribune.]

NONSENSE—AND NONSENSE.

A little nonsense now and then
Is much to be desired,
And by the very wisest men
Is frequently admired.
But this esteem, alas, doth move
Some folks, in prose and rhyme,
To seek superior wit to prove
With nonsense all the time.

HOLDING HIS TEMPER.

"Johnnie!"
"Yes'm?"
"Why are you sitting on that boy's face?"
"Why, I"—
"Did I not tell you to always count a hundred before you gave way to passion and struck another boy?"
"Yes'm, and I'm doin' it; I'm just sittin' on his face so he'll be here when I'm done countin' the hundred."

UTILIZING SATAN.

The prodigal son, repentant, or at any rate weary of the diet of husks forced upon his kind by a vigilant police system, had experienced a change of heart and joined the church. The good sisters were discussing his desirability.

"But," expostulated Mrs. Straightlace, with a fine and virtuous display of righteousness, "he was a common gambler."

"Isn't it lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Uptodate. "What a help he can be in getting up our church bazaars!"

PERSISTENCY WON.

There is a certain old gentleman who par-takes of the qualities of the diamond as it is mined, but whose lack of "polish" is a sad trial to his eldest daughter. Not long ago the family was gathered in the library, one of the windows of which was open.

"That air——" the father began, but was quickly interrupted.

"Father, dear, don't say 'that air.' Say, 'that there'," the daughter admonished.

"Well, this ear——" he again attempted, but was quickly brought to a halt.

"Not 'this 'ere'; 'this here,' is correct", he was told.

The old gentleman rose with an angry

snort. "Look here, Mary," he said with asperity, "of course I know you have been to school and all that, but I reckon I know what I want to say, an' I'm goin' to say it! I believe I feel a cold in this ear from that air an' I'm goin' to shut the window!"

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MAIL, \$5.00

Fanny Crosby's Life-Story.

The Autobiography of This World-Famous Poet, Who Has
Written More Than Five Thousand Hymns.

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ENTIRELY NEW AND BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

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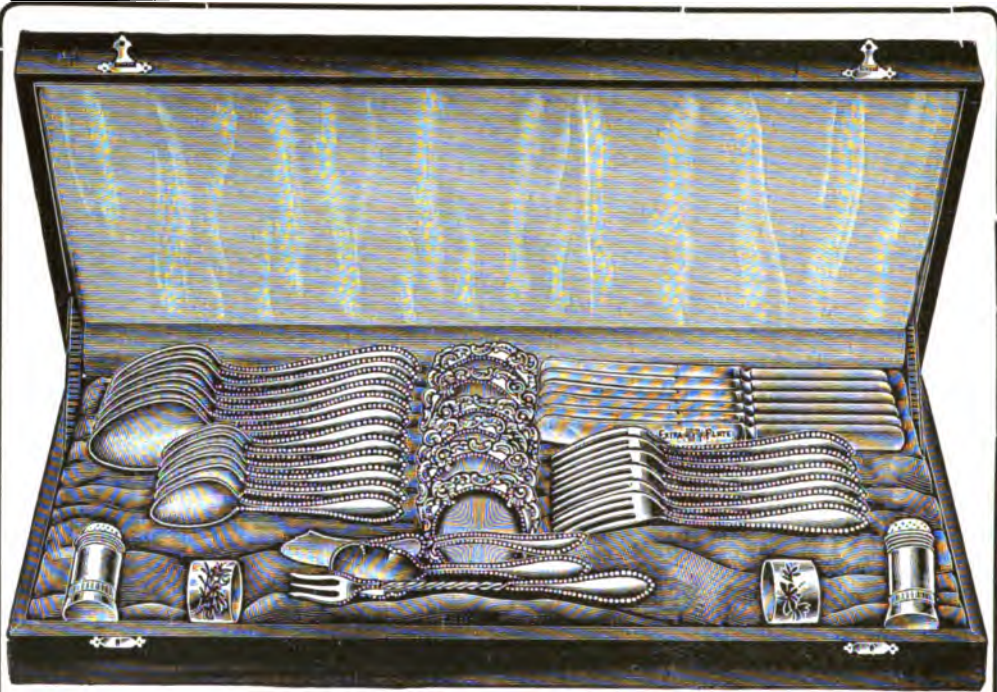
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VOLUME XXVII

NOVEMBER, 1910

NUMBER III

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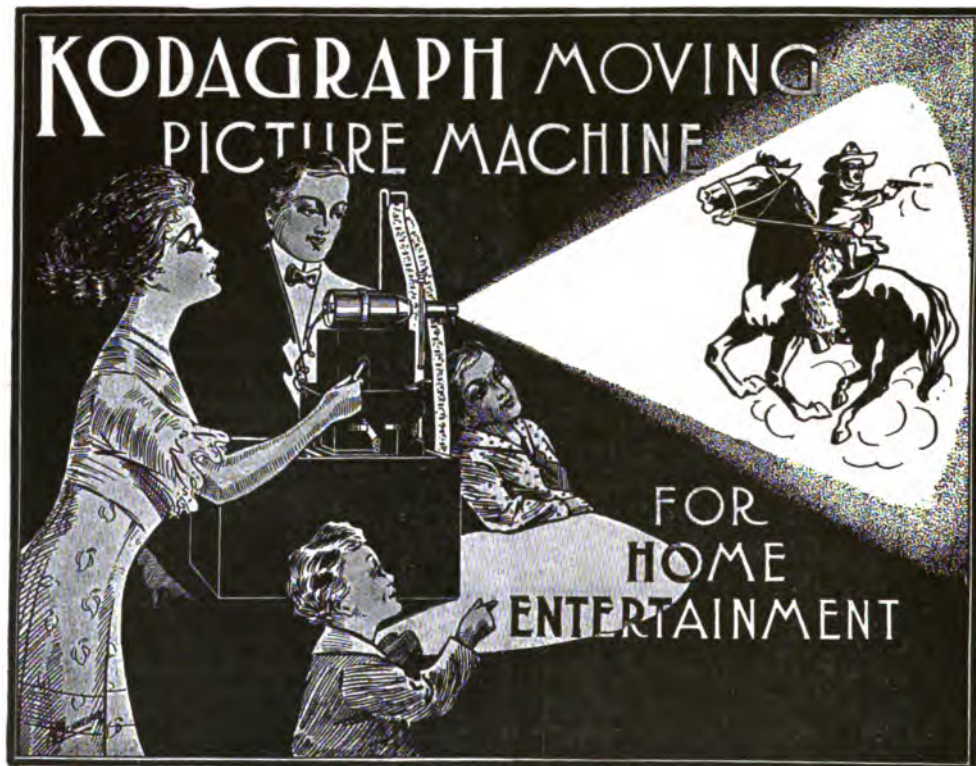
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Poems by Will Carleton.

Automobilia.

TEN men walking along the street,
Hailing the joys that mortals meet:
Comes an auto of swift design—
Now, alas! there are only nine.

Nine men crossing the public way,
Full of the joy of the golden day;
Sounds the whistle a bit too late—
Now, dear me! there are only eight.

Eight young children upon the road,
Playing in front of their abode:
Comes a smart recruiter of heaven—
Now, you note, there are only seven.

Seven men crossing the busy street,
Little knowing what they will meet:
Comes a craft of the River Styx—
Now, if you count, there are only six.

Six men running a touring-car,
Pondering not how safe, but far;
One of them reaches home alive—
Hospitals shelter the other five.

Five joy-riders unsafe to meet,
Riding amuck in the midnight street,
Fifty miles per the hour or more:
Now there are merely parts of four.

One poor fellow who stays at home,
Never abroad in the streets to roam:
He is in the invalid ranks—
But he as yet is living, thanks.

Advice to Others.

SMILE—smile—smile all the while,
And soon you will daily wear it:
Grin—grin—whate'er you are in—
And then you'll the better bear it.

Hope, hope, to the end of your rope,
Then struggle that rope to sever:
Mope, mope, and you'll find good scope
To follow the trade forever.

Toil—toil—your share of the spoil
Will come, some way or other;
Maybe in wealth, and maybe in health,
And maybe the love of your brother.

Give—give—'tis the way to live,
If good sound sense can guide it:
Save—save—and not for the grave:
But what you may need this side it.

Fight—fight—with all of your might,
Whenever the facts demand it:
Cease—cease—bring cargoes of peace
From victory, when you land it.

Think—think—like one on the brink
Of something too grave for laughter,
Well—well—of the heaven or hell
That follows us here and hereafter.

Trust—trust—as indeed you must,
God in his varied dealing:
Wounds He will give that your soul may
live,
And then—attend to the healing.

The Thanksgiving Dance.

(REPUBLICATED BY REQUEST.)

WALL, November's on us now—such as up to date is livin'—

An' it won't be many sunsets 'fore we've got a new Thanksgivin'.
 Mebby with ungrateful heart an' a prayin' mouth to screen it;
 Sometimes form is better'n nothin'—even when they do not mean it.
 [Thus said Ahab Adams, Banker, quiet 'mid the city's Babel,
 Lounging in his inner office, while his feet adorned a table.]

Well, we boys looked forward fur it—used to long to give it greetin'—
 Half the day inside a pew—half a-guzzlin' an' a' eatin';
 We was then ungrateful scamps—all religious joys a-shirkin';
 But we yelled fur any minute that would let us loose from workin'.
 Most of us is lab'rors now—with our feelin's much amended!
 Fur we're maybe at the work that the Lord fur us intended!
 [Then he hugged his elder brother, with a motion kind but bearish:
 He was the devoted pastor of a first-class city parish.]

Yes, we mostly liked Thanksgivin' or the day we used to call so,
 When we used to eat an' eat till the stomach-ache came also!
 But the best one I remember was, most ev'ry hour an' minute,
 One Thanksgivin' scurup with no Thanksgivin' dinner in it!

Recollect in '53? how the crops come in, that season!
 Everything bobbed up as ef it possessed some special reason;
 Corn-ears looked like clubs of gold—wheat made faces at the measure;
 Oats an' rye an' pumpkin-vines seemed as if they grewed for pleasure.
 Round-eyed grape-stems 'twas a joy even just to hev a sight of;
 Apples mebby like the one Eve went wrong to get a bite of.
 An' I recollect you said, as you dug a two-pound tater,
 "Ef there's anything that's failed, surely 'tisin't old Mammy Natur!"

Then, to make the whole concern more entrancin' an' delightin',
 Nations far across the sea fell to bickerin' an' to fightin';
 Killed each other for the sake of their boundaries enlargin';
 An' we Yankees hed to feed 'em—an' we didn't forgit the chargin'.
 After all the lean lank years, now hed come a fine an' fat one;
 An' we capered round as ef all the rest would be like that one.
 So we said "There's fun ahead": our hard days' works we would sof'n
 With a dinner in our minds such as didn't come very of'n.

But oft, e'en before they come, earthly joys is few an' fleetin':
 Dad an' Mam went off that week to a 'Sociation'l meetin'!

Well, seven brothers in one house, with no women-folks to aid 'em
 Couldn't make vict'als utter thanks—though we worked hard to persuade 'em.
 Flour an' dough for us wouldn't go; fire had ruther roast our fingers;
 Gracious! how that cookin'-bee in the mem'ry lurks an' lingers!
 So we dumped into a ditch all our culinary labors;
 An' you says "Le's hev a shin-dig an' invite the nearest neighbors!"
 Gracious! how we took the word 'mong the misters, maids, an' madames,
 "There will be a dance tonight at the house of Deacon Adams!"

What surprise was in all eyes; How with questions they would work us!
 'Twouldn't hev rattled folks much more ef we'd hed a three-ring circus.



But they come at candle-lightin'; scores of 'em with curious greetin';
 First time Deacon Adams' house ever hed that sort of meetin'!

Cross-eyed Baker worked the fiddle: though no sweet professional beauty.
 Couldn't he make a dancin'-tune skip aroun' an' do its duty?
 Wasn't his head choke full o' notes! yellin', moanin', cooin', glancin'—
 Ef he'd tried, I almost think he could set a grave-yard dancin'!
 Broke one string, the first dumbest thing; but he rose to that superior
 In a way that made our cat tremble fur its own interior!
 What a voice he hed, besides!—half a roar an' half a ripple:
 He could "call off" in a way that would give legs to a cripple.

Not a dance he undertook, but he made us all go through it;
 Folks went trippin' 'mongst the figgers that I never thought could do it.
 People that was sick abed when they got the invertation
 Now was with us in the shin-dig, dancin', too, like all creation;
 Skippin' o'er the hard wood floor—all its cracks an' j'int's an' hummocks:
 Givin' thanks there with their heels, ef they couldn't with their stomachs.

Recollect old Nathan Davis?—how he made the windows rattle!
 Couldn't hev caused a bigger racket ef he'd brought a drove of cattle!
 Recollect Maria Close, of the spinsterette pursuasion?
 Little thing hadn't danced before, may be, sence the Dutch invasion.
 Recollect Lycurgus Straw?—local preacher, full o' feelin':
 Looked on: said he didn't think it was half as bad as stealin';
 Recollect old Gran'pa Purdy?—worked up by that fiddle's mockin's,
 He jest jerked off both his boots, prancin' roun' in white-toed stockin's!
 Oh, I tell ye it was fine! full o' full o' music, joy an' clatter!
 Not a morsel fur to eat, but a pile to make us fatter!

An' when everything was gorgeous, an' our blood was still a-heatin',
 Dad an' Mam come happenin' in—onexpected home from meetin'.

Dexter Smith's Thanksgiving Sonnet.

TO God give thanks! From every hill
 and plain
 The fruits of Autumn crown the dying
 year—
 The ghost of flowery summer hovers
 near
 As if regretful for her shortened reign.
 The harvest of the year revolves again—
 The wine of life is in the atmosphere
 For those to whom Health holds her
 chalice clear,
 And healing comes from breath of rip-
 ened grain.
 Now, o'er the gayly decorated land
 The granaries are filled from base to
 brim;
 The frost-sword strews the leaves on
 every hand
 In combat with the sunbeams' rapiers
 dim:
 And heard throughout earth's scenes of
 beauty grand
 The grateful toilers chant their har-
 vest-hymn.



Ghosts, or Dreams?

BY ERNEST H. HAWTHORNE.

“**A**ND so you think the old house is haunted?” asked Real-estate-agent Warburton, looking over a pair of new spectacles at a more-than middle-aged lady.

The more-than middle-aged lady stood at the other side of his desk-counter, glaring at him as steadily as if her eyes were a pair of opera-glasses, rampant.—“Now do you really think so?” repeated Real-estate-agent Warburton.

“Think so?” echoed the lady. “You might just as well ask me if I ‘think’ I see this here desk, and these here signs an’ other fixin’s that you keep for to rent your houses at twice what they’re worth. Does any one have to *think*, in order to know that they see anything, when they know they see it? If I view a person, live or dead, with my own eyes, I ruther think it’s around somewhere in the vicinity.”

“Yes, but it’s such a singular idea, Mrs. Paxton”—

“Yes, but what kind of a sing’lar ide’ is it, Mr. Warburton, for you to charge big rent there for me an’ my family, when the house was already took up by three large ghosts an’ one small one? I tell you, sir, *they* lived there, as much as *we* did! More, I b’lieve: because I don’t think they ever took any nights or Sundays out. I was li’ble to look up an’ see ‘em, almost any time. Also, there’s no knowin’ how many of the aggravatin’ critters may have been around, all the while, that I *didn’t* see. I’ve no doubt the things had callers an’ visitors, that sneaked in when I didn’t see ‘em, an’ out ag’in.”

I heard this dialogue—indeed could not help doing so: for I was sitting in a cor-

ner, and the whole coast to doorward was thoroughly blockaded by the irate woman. Mrs. Paxton did not look at all like a person susceptible to acute psychical influences: and was anything but a ghost herself—or, at least, the popular idea and conception of such creatures. She seemed large enough “to make a ghost of” almost any one who might get in the way of her having her way: and when she was in a full state of mental eruption, and bore down on your vicinity, there was nothing of any account you could do, just then, but shrink.

Mr. Warburton shrank, but not without a series of brave miniature efforts to make good as attorney for the poor old structure which he represented. He was as mild-mannered a little man as ever cut a tenant’s financial throat: but he had an insect-like way of sticking to his job till he had extracted every bit of monetary blood possible. With an entrenchment of daybooks and ledgers hastily thrown up between him and the attacking force, he opened an argumentative fire.

“These things that you think you saw, Mrs. Paxton,” he ventured, “were nothing but apparitions.”

“There ain’t any appartitions mentioned in the lease,” maintained the visitor, “an’ we didn’t find any when we went there. There was rooms enough, an’ pertitions enough, and bedrooms enough, an’ bath-rooms enough, for all our family: but there wasn’t a single appartition on the premises. An’ who ever would take an appartition for a ghost, anyhow?”

“I do not mean that there were any on the premises, Mrs. Paxton, excepting what you took there.”

"I take any appartitions along with me?" remonstrated Mrs. Paxton—trying hard to grasp at the word's meaning, and to conceal the fact that she needed to grasp. "We took nothin' but our own regular furniture, such as a respectable family ought to have. An' if anybody accuses us for one minute, of takin' appertitions there"—Mrs. Paxton evidently just now had a suspicion that the word was somehow connected with entomology—they'll prove it or take it back."

"Apparitions, my dear Mrs. Paxton," replied Real-estate-agent Warburton, instinctively placing another small book of records atop the barricade, "apparitions are spectral illusions."

"We never had an expectoral illusion in the house!" vociferated the lady, with another ineffectual grasp at meanings. "We never needed none. An', anyway, who ever would take one of *them* for a ghost?"

"A spectral illusion," replied the house-broker, who had evidently read up a little, in connection with other incidents like the one this morning, "presents imaginary objects to the senses with such vividness that they are believed to be real. They come from an abnormal state of the brain, and this often causes people to think they see ghosts, when there are really none there. This"—

"When it comes to brains, Mr. Warburton, I've got enough for my own use, either in the normal state, or any other state in this Union. We have lived in four different states, an' nobody before ever hinted *that*. An' I've al'ays, wherever I've re-sided, gone in jest as good comp'ny as there was on our block. We know two policemen, an' the Congregational minister, an' the principal of school number twentysix, and several others, now: an' none of *them* has got little enough brains to say that mine is affected. Good mornin', sir. If you don't want to shove me back the rent-money I paid you in advance, keep it, an' I'll put in my rogue-tax account. I hope it'll do ye good, an' be a blessin' forever, to you and yours. Good mornin', sir."—Then Mrs. Paxton went out of the office like a

catapult—rousing in the average observer's mind a certain amount of apprehension for the street into which she precipitately plunged.

"It's always just this way," said Mr. Warburton: "some fault or other. It's the range, or the chimney, or the neighbors, or the water-pipes, or the wall-paper, or the front doorsteps, or the back yard, or something or other:—tenants are constantly finding fault to get out of paying their rent."

"I should think it would bother you to death."

"Oh no: why should it? Hearing objections and answering them, is a part of the business."

"But to be accused of letting a house with ghosts in it, when of course there *isn't* any such thing"—

Mr. Warburton looked grave for a second, then smiled again. "Of course there isn't," he replied, "but plenty of people *think* there are ghosts, and that often serves the turn. To tell you the truth, Mr. Van Cortlandt, this is the tenth complaint I've had about this house being haunted. It is known, among people in the immediate vicinity, as 'The Spook-house' and it will carry that name to its grave. Somebody thought he saw a ghost in there, one night, and told of it; the people he told, told others; and an opinion was established that the place was 'haunted.' Opinions grew, the same as everything else does: and this one has grown like a mushroom, and with a very noticeable and peculiarly objectionable quality of vigor.

"I get a new tenant in there, who never heard of the thing: and before he's been comfortably established a week, some of the new neighbors ask him, 'Seen the ghost?' and give him the whole catalogue. Of course if there's anybody in the family with a set of hair-strung nerves, a lot of spooks soon appear, and out the family goes. I have told the owner that we'll have to take the house down, and build some kind of a shop in its place, where people come only in the daytime. And even then, the night-watchman will probably have a disembodied spirit or two to

report regularly every blessed morning."

"Especially if he carries them there in bottles", I suggested.

Real-estate-agent Warburton smiled on my poor attempt at witticism, but still kept the conversation in a business channel. "Without any joking, I think we'll have to put the place in the hands of a house-wrecker, within a few weeks", he said. "The owner's getting tired of the present state of things."

"See here!" I suddenly exclaimed. "Don't pull the house down yet. I have an idea."

"Something that will help us out?"

"Yes. I'll lease it for a year—ghosts or no ghosts. What will be the price?"

He lingeringly named a very moderate sum, and in a minute's time I became the prospective tenant of the ghost-mansion—in spite of his friendly advice that I should not. I thought I saw my way clear to do what I had not been able to compass thus far—win a reputation as an author. But this I will explain a little later.

The house was a semi-substantial modern structure, maybe fifty years old. It was of two stories, and stood in a great rugged sort of yard, in which weeds were the only inhabitants. Some of these looked more like the ghosts of weeds, than the real and healthy ones that I had noticed in other places. An American weed is a flower, in some countries, and it might look like one to us, if we were traveling there. But among these weeds, there was really once in a while one that would naturally remind you of a ghost. The boards of the house, which had long since faded into the dull color of rusted wood, had through the fancy of the first owner, been made of white stone: and these all somehow reminded you of ghosts trying vainly to get away.

The windows of the houses adjoining this yard, were full of real human faces staring at me, on the day when I moved in. These faces, somehow, all seemed like those of frightened ghosts who were trying to get through the glass, and join their spirit-comrades supposed to be dwelling within.

The sky of dark blue was half-full that

day of drifting clouds, and I remember making a memorandum in my note-book, to the effect that they might easily be compared to ghosts of the sea, that had been changed from waves, into sky-spectres. It was always considered advisable by me to record impressions for future use—as, otherwise, I was not certain whether I would get hold of them again.

I was soon comfortably established in the ghost-mansion—where I had determined to live entirely alone—and to record all my experiences fully and faithfully. I surrounded myself with all the substantial necessities that money would procure, though with none of the luxuries. I kept most of the bare old rooms about as I found them, with one species of exception: I searched the print-shops and picture-stores of New York for everything pictorial of a ghostly sort that I could find, and hung these images on the walls. I gathered from book-stores, old and new, all the volumes on ghostly subjects, or in any way referring to them, that I could procure. It was wonderful, how many of these volumes came to light, as soon as the dealers found out that I wanted that sort of literature!

The next day I inserted in the principal New York papers, the following advertisement:

"NOTICE.—SOMETHING ALL CAN READ.

"A young and, so far as he can arrange it, rising author, has located in the haunted house at 180 Clayborne Street. He is living there alone, without even a dog to keep him company. He intends to study up what ghosts he may meet there, talk with them if possible, learn all he can from them, and communicate the information to such readers as may wish to learn about them.

'He does not know that there *are* any such things as ghosts—that is, outside a living human being. Of course we have souls, and *they* are now and then called ghosts, by the best of people. When one dies, he is sometimes mentioned as 'giving up the ghost.'

"The young man in question belongs to a strictly Orthodox church, as did his

parents and grandparents before him, and is not expected to believe in ghosts: so he will not be prejudiced in their favor. If he is inclined toward not believing in them, the disembodied spirits, if there are any, must correct him.

"Artificial ghosts, in this home for one mortal-in-the-flesh, will be persistently and peremptorily discouraged. Burglar-alarms are placed at all the doors and windows. Electric wires are connected with the police-station. A small armory of revolvers is concealed in various parts of the house, all loaded—not with silver bullets, with which to shoot at ghosts, but with lead ones, adapted to professional or amateur burglars. I will also say, in passing, that this deponent is a fairly good shot—both in the light and the dark—both by sight and by sound.

"He will tell all his experiences faithfully to some enterprising journal that may take enough interest in them to purchase them, and pay him a reasonable price. Although he is financially well-to-do in the world, he will not publish a line or a sentence, without being paid for it: he considers that position in the matter, necessary to his dignity as an author.

"He will receive 'callers' in the flesh, either invited or uninvited, every Friday afternoon, from two to five, and give them any information possible."

Having published this advertisement in the principal papers, I settled down in the old house, and waited for developments.

Now whether what immediately followed was a dream or a reality, is left for the reader to decide: all I have to do, or *can* do, is to tell how things happened as they appeared to *me*. It has been said a few hundred times or more, that appearances are often deceiving, and maybe dreams are. Real-estate-agent Warburton said that this first happening was only a regular dream: but Warburton, remember, was prejudiced: he wanted to make out that the house was ghostless.

On the first night I was there, it may readily be believed, I was a good while in

falling into the regulation unconsciousness. Perhaps I was too sleepy to sleep; perhaps my imagination was too vivid. Of course every little noise, inside or outside the house, startled me; and when I heard a mouse or two gnawing and scampering about, I caught myself half-wondering whether those were rodents, or ghosts of some.

Toward morning, I became drowsy: Nature is an ingenious as well as a persistent creature, and will always have her way. But almost before my eyelashes drooped any distance, a man I had never seen before, was sitting upon a chair near my bed, as if he had been there all the evening.

Somehow, I did not feel alarmed over the fact that he was bestowing his company upon me there, and had a mind to converse with him, as if he were a caller upon every-day business matters. Besides, this was a pleasant-looking little man, with a snub nose, small, amiable eyes, and a general appearance that it seemed to me, would naturally make one feel like purchasing from him something or other in the grocery-line.

"You came in on me rather quietly", said I. "It is considerable of a new experience to me, though not exactly an unexpected one, that is, if you are what I think you are. May I ask, without undue impertinence, sir, if you happen to be a ghost?"

The little man replied, "I really don't know whether I am or not: but I know that I 'died' several years ago, and since then, have been tramping around, trying to make people see me, hear me, and talk to me. There is only once in a while a house where it can be done, and this, for some reason or other, is one of the houses. I am more than glad to see you, and maybe you can help me—and so much!"

"And in what way, may I ask? You certainly do not need money, and could not carry it, if you had it: and indeed you are not obliged to pay any traveling-expenses, are you?"

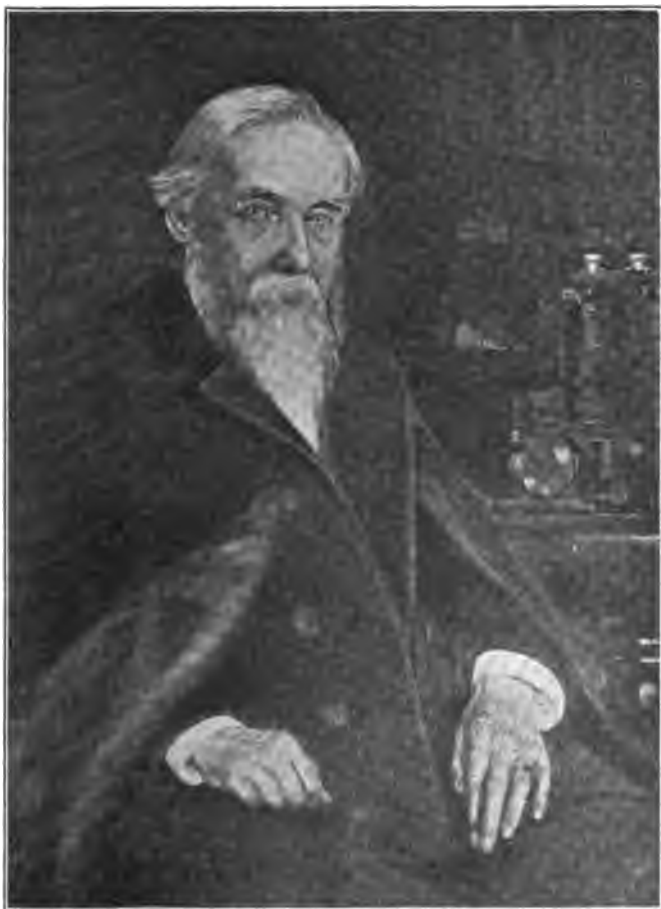
(Continued in next issue.)



The First Electric Car.

AS we journey up and down the streets in those latter-day vehicles, the trolley cars, it is no more than natural, that we wonder, sometimes, when and how

It was sixtyfour years ago, that passengers were first carried in an electric car. The distances were not great,—indeed, they were circumscribed by the limits of



MOSES GERRISH FARMER.

was initiated this great method of propelling the wheel: and it is no more than justice that we give the credit to Moses Gerrish Farmer.

a public hall: but the initiative act was performed, whose echoes and imitations should one day cover all the civilized earth. It was really the opening note of

the great chorus of trolleys and electric automobiles that now compasses our planet.

Prof. Farmer was a young Dartmouth student, who had come to Maine as a teacher, found among his pupils a beautiful and congenial girl whom he married ere they were far out of their teens, and commenced home life in Dover, New Hampshire. He was more than ingenious—he was a genius: and his mind soon

to thriftier though lesser men, and, as one might say, wedded his working life to electricity.

In the year 1846, he built a small car and railway in the City Hall at Dover, and placed the first electric vehicle on exhibition. From there he took his new, wonderful chariot to Saco, Portland, and other cities, and at each place made glad the hearts of children by giving them free passes up and down the toy-railroad, and



HANNAH TOBY FARMER.

turned to electricity as a worthy vehicle for his ability and energy.

He soon conceived the idea that this bright-eyed passenger, Electricity, that Franklin had taken ashore from the cloud-ship with the life-line of a kite-string, could be set at work: and that the electric fluid might, as it went touring about the earth, carry along with it, when desirable, people and things.

So utterly absorbed did this young Edison of the earlier generations become in the new problem, that he dropped other ingenious and profitable enterprises that he had originated, left the gains of them

interested the people, most of whom said it was a nice little plaything, but never would be of any practical use.

This railroad-corporation failed to grow rich: it received a good deal more admiration than money. It was a great many years before the world ascertained that the invention could be used for great and practical projects: and this fact all the more enhances the prophetic wisdom of the inventor.

The electric railroad was not the only one conducted by the Farmers. The sentiment against African slavery, although not strong, was rapidly growing in New

England, among thoughtful and honest people, and the electrician and his wife could not escape it. Many a fugitive was encouraged, concealed for a time, and given "God-speed", as he passed through New England, with the North Star as his guide—toward Canada, "where colored folks were free." They both lived to see the whole African race in America liberated by the magic pen of President Lincoln, and were proud that they had taken part in the conducting of the underground railroad.

The electric car was not the only one of Mr. Farmer's inventive achievements. The slender bond of telegraphic wire then existing between Boston and Worcester, needed a constant guardian and frequent examiner: and the young man was offered the position. He accepted it at once, although the pay was only twenty-five dollars per month.

A beautiful picture is drawn, in an account of the help his wife gave him in some of his investigations and experiments. With the old-fashioned oil-lamp in one hand, and her babe clasped to her breast with the other, she would stand till long after midnight, "throwing light" upon his work, as well as she could. It has been suggested that this scene should be painted, as a companion to Elmore's study of William Lee and his faithful wife and tiny babe, while he was inventing and perfecting the stocking-loom.

It was here that Prof. Farmer originated the electric fire-alarm: which, of itself, would be enough to make his name historic. The lives and property that have been saved by this device are incalculable in number.

How deeply his good wife appreciated

the importance of this invention, may be realized when we hear her say:

"If there ever was a work on earth that was of God, the fire-alarm telegraph is of His creating power. * * * From the first hour that I held the lamp for him to work by, I knew the thing was of God, and would not come to naught. * * * I was then sick and suffering, confined almost to my room a greater part of the time: and yet there was never a night after Mr. Farmer began his work on the fire-alarm telegraph, that he did not get up to make drawings or notes of something that came to him that might be of use in his work, and if I was able to leave my bed, it was my invariable custom to get up and sit with him.

"If I was too sick to do that, he always sat down by the side of my bed; and I have seen him sit there and work until the veins in his forehead stood out like cords. The angels of God held their nightly vigils with us." * * *

Prof. Farmer afterwards removed to the old historic town of Salem, where he became a telegraph-operator, at an increased salary. It was here that he accomplished another "first achievement"—the continual lighting of a house by electricity. This was the first ray of the nightly sunburst that now illuminates the mansions and palaces of home-shelter and trade, makes its way often even into the houses of the poor, and fills the streets with the more-than lime-light of protection.

All through their lives, amid varying scenes of trials and triumphs, sickness and health—the Farmers were noted for their goodness, their amiability, their munificence.





How Kindergartens Educate Parents.

BY BERTHA JOHNSTON.

THE bringing up of a child, after he has been brought into the world, is a reciprocal process: and woe to the parents who do not recognize this two-fold relationship! who are blind to the wonderful education which they may receive while consciously educating their children! Friedrich Froebel, deviser of the Kindergarten, recognized this interdependent relationship more clearly than any other educator: and would arouse all parents to a sense of its importance in his urgent cry, "Come: let us live with our children."

But this great sentence has been wrongly translated, "Come, let us live for our children": and it is the different meaning conveyed by the different prepositions employed in interpreting it, which marks the distinction between that education which is one-sided and that which is reciprocal.

How often we hear a parent say: "I did everything for my child; sent him to the best schools, and into the best society; never refused him anything; and now he is utterly selfish and cares nothing for me!" This mother lived *for* and not *with* her child. She was not open-minded to the many lessons in hygiene, mind and heart culture which he could have taught her had she become "as a little child."

All children educate their parents more or less, for good or bad. And alas, how disagreeable the mother, how insufferable the father, who has been brought up by a spoiled child! for whoever they may meet must bow to that child's whims. Anything which affects a child has its reaction upon the parent and the home. If the mother indulge in a diet that is too acid, the baby has the colic and wreaks

its vengeance upon the selfish cause of its woes by keeping her awake o' nights. Just as inevitably, if the prevailing atmosphere of the home is acid or bitter, or too indulgently sweet, the child-spirit is contaminated, and reacts upon the father and mother. On the other hand, if the spirit of the home is kindly, just, sympathetic, ruled by intelligent love, the child responds, and mutual happiness prevails.

Now the chief idea of the kindergarten idea is, that it aims to help the parent to live intelligently with his children. Some do this instinctively, we might say, but even instinct and good common-sense are helped by a knowledge of scientific facts. Hudson Maxim has just published a book in which he claims that the writing of poetry can be reduced to a science. If this be true of anything so subtle as the spirit of poesy, how much more true is it of the education of either parents or of children!

In his plan for the Kindergarten, Froebel describes its purpose, among other things, as follows: to provide plays and means of employment (consequently of culture) which satisfy the needs alike of parents and child, of age and youth, of educator and pupil; which therefore nourish and strengthen, develop and form the life of the children, as well as promote the life of the parents and adults. "Thinking and discriminating parents will therefore find these plays and this playing of use and benefit in their business or calling, whether it be an inner one devoted to knowledge or an outer one devoted to work."

The Kindergarten, as devised by Friedrich Froebel, was the fruit of many years of educational experience with children

of all ages, under many varying conditions. As the idea began to formulate itself, he observed, thoughtfully, the play-relations of mother and child, wherever possible, and visited crèches and other infant institutions.

The Kindergarten is thus the child of his nature thought; of a mind that was a rare combination of the ideal and the practical. Through the instrumentality of a related series of playthings and of occupations, songs and games, he aims to put the little child in possession of himself and to interpret to him the strange world in which he finds himself. In this garden of childhood the individual child is studied, its wholesome nature nurtured and the evil eliminated, much as Luther Burbank develops the good and eliminates the bad in his plants. And what an education has Burbank himself received in thus studying how to make the cactus bear fruit serviceable to mankind. Even so the parent, who consciously strives to train his child so that it may bear fruit in a character in harmony with its nature and of service to mankind, will win an education himself of surpassing value and joy.

Thus far, however, too few of our fathers and mothers have studied the kindergarten-idea with any view to benefiting themselves. The good they may have gained has been *through its indirect influence*.

There are many parents who, upon a visit to the Kindergarten, learn for the first time how far more efficacious is moral suasion, than force. They observe with surprise, how the kindergartner rules her little kingdom of forty or more children without scolding, nagging, or striking. Frequently will they sit for awhile, enjoying the quiet, happy, serene atmosphere. Even fathers like to stop in for a while, when they bring their children, on their way to their own day's work. (And perhaps this is a good place in which to remind our readers that the first kindergartners were men.)

Here is the mother of a petted darling for whom everything is done at home. Is that her little Fred, carrying so manfully his own little chair to the circle

without help from a nurse or director, and seeming to enjoy so doing? Is that her selfish, careless little boy, generously yielding his place to another on the circle or passing around the paste-dishes with such care? Perhaps she begins to speak with enthusiastic praise of a little girl's curls, in the presence of the other children, who also enjoy commendation but have no lovely hair wherewith to win it. "Yes," says the director, "her curls are pretty, but better still is the hard work she put into making this little mat for mamma's Christmas." Sometimes fever takes our curls away, but good work lasts. And the visitor has received a lesson in relative values.

Another day, when getting ready to go to kindergarten, her heretofore helpless boy announces "Huh, I can put on my own rubbers and leggings now. I did it in kindergarten yesterday." And he proceeds to do it: although the process is a long one. He is beginning to feel the joy that comes with self-reliance.

Can we doubt that the father, who is a carpenter, a blacksmith, a postman, or in any other trade, feels an added pride in doing a good job when he hears his small boy or girl tell of the story told in kindergarten that day, of the workman who was faithful in all that he did, or who hears his child sing the song of the wheelwright or the knights?

One day a wheelwright came into the kindergarten and showed the children how he bored the hole with his big auger, "making the hole so round and true", to the mutual pleasure and profit of both himself and them. In one kindergarten the postman of that section had a growing family, several representatives being in the kindergarten. One day his wife came in with a wee infant in her arms, a prospective patron of the child-garden. Soon came the postman's knock; and there he found his family assembled. Being something of a natural musician, he sat down to the piano and to the children's delight played a number of skipping tunes and marches in which all could participate, forming what to Froebel would have been the ideal family circle.

In the course of the year the kinder-

garten devotes itself to topics associated with the Home, the Trades, Nature, and the various important annual festivals. The child is helped to feel the relatedness of all life, the interdependence of all. This is the day of specialized labor. Our laundry-tubs are made in one city and their wooden covers in another. In going through some famous reaping-machine works we asked if the man, making, day after day, one tiny piece of machinery, had ever seen the entire machine in operation, or knew what it was for. We were told "No." All that he knew was his one little piece of work. There was no conception of the wonderful machine that he was helping to make that would contribute to the feeding of many hungry mouths. The child who sings the kindergarten farmer-songs or traces the bread back from the grocer's to the mill and the farmer, and tells at home the song and story he has heard in kindergarten, educates the father not only in a natural, happy fashion, but adds to his joy in life, bringing to him an enlarged vision.

In his great book, "The Education of Man", Froebel, who lets no detail escape him, says, "In these early years of childhood, the child's food is a matter of very great importance, not only at the time—for the child may by its food be made indolent or active, sluggish or mobile, dull or bright, inert or vigorous—but, indeed, for its entire future life." Teachers are able frequently to verify this statement. In a certain kindergarten many of the children went there but poorly nourished by their ordinary breakfast of coffee and doughnuts. The subject for the month was water, and its service to man in washing, cooking, transportation, and its refreshing showers in summer, its protecting snows in winter, together with all the joys of boating, bathing, skating, etc. One morning the kindergartner had the children observe the process of boiling some oatmeal: and after the changes made by the boiling had been talked over, a tiny portion was given each child, together with a little milk and sugar. It was the first time that many had ever tasted this delectable and whole-

some dish. Result—a mother came to the director, at the urgent demand of her child, to learn how to cook oatmeal for breakfast, and the kindergartner's attention was drawn to the importance of discussing the matter of children's diet at a Mother's Meeting.

A bright little child was accustomed to sing at home, to the admiring home circle (her father was a foreign-born tailor from Russia) the songs learned in kindergarten. But one day she exclaimed in all seriousness, "You musn't laugh when I sing this song. It is our country's song—'America'." The father told the story with deep feeling. How can the parents of rich or poor, cultured or ignorant, fail to have their true patriotism newly awakened as they hear the little ones singing:

"Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going,

Bearing so proudly the red, white and blue?"

"I go where my country, my duty is calling,

If you'd be a soldier-boy, you may go too."

One of the educational results of the kindergarten is the development of the play-spirit in many a parent. Is this a strange statement? Unhappily, there are too many mothers who when children themselves never had the opportunity to play, to truly live the child-life. Both mind and body are correspondingly ossified, if one may use this anatomical term. Think of a childhood illuminated by no play-hours, no songs, no stories, no food for the imagination! To such, the kindergarten brings a blessed second childhood. It is difficult to get these stolid, self-conscious women to relax, but if you propose to teach them the finger-plays or songs so that they may tell the children, they are ready to forget themselves, and in time a two-hundred-weight will join with the others in the fun of spinning the platter or other lively games, not to mention skipping or flying. Akin to the joy of the oculist whose skill gives sight to the blind, is that of the kindergartner who stirs to freedom, to rhythm, to har-

monious action, those in whose chrysalis-bodies the spirit of joy has long lain dead.

From the kindergarten-child, many a mother learns little lessons of common courtesy and politeness. How punctilious little Mary is to say "excuse me" as she passes before the visitor or another child! How quick to call the attention of mother to any such lapse, albeit without any intentional disrespect! "You didn't say thank you", gravely remarks the small critic, after doing some small favor. For in kindergarten we learn to say "thank you" with heart and lip to all that serve us, whether that service be given consciously or unconsciously. We sometimes wonder if a certain policeman felt that the "thank you" to him was a little overdone. We were taking a group of some thirty little folk to the shore on Staten Island. Having arrived at the Battery we had just crossed a perilous street, and to the officer standing by one little fellow confidently stretched out his hand; the big policeman took it, in the spirit in which it was given, but when one after another, the line of children extended their hands, he began to look somewhat sheepish and as if he would like to retire from his impromptu reception; but he held out manfully to the end, and we are certain that his attitude toward any offenders that came under his eye was essentially modified by the happy beginning of that day.

Perhaps the baby-fingers have painted a picture or woven a mat that to the young artist is a thing of beauty, albeit all but meaningless to the unsympathetic adult eye. The kindergarten influence helps the mother to see the artist's eye and to respect the honest effort, however crude the result. The mother is helped to recognize a soul in the making, and learns to help that process.

Fröebel's watchwords were self-activity, interdependence, inner connectedness. He would develop the child as one who held intimate relationship to Nature, to Man, and to God, and whose individual development was best realized in a life able and willing to serve. As the parent watches the child in kindergarten, and supplements what she learns by attendance at Mothers' Meetings, she is

taught the important place held by Imitation in the little child's education. She sees that the child first becomes acquainted with this little world through play, and learns to consciously help the child by directing his play, and guiding his intelligence in the selection of those things worthy of imitation. She learns to foster a love of Nature as something offering one of the purest sources of unfailing joy, and as something that helps him better to understand the unity of all life and that will bring him thus nearer to God, the Eternal One.

As she becomes acquainted with the pedagogical and philosophical thought underlying the series of Gifts and Occupations, she will learn to value her child not as a mere ephemeral butterfly of fashion, or a merely material being to be fitted to earn his living and nothing more, but she will see that in fully developing all his powers as a child of God, of Man, and of Nature, she is best preparing him for real service in the world and genuine happiness that is not dependent upon external conditions. She learns that the child is not a miniature man, but that each stage of growth must have full opportunity for developmental expression.

It is a great revelation to a mother who thinks that her child's happiness depends upon what he *receives*, to see the joy of the children at Christmas time. After the happy Thanksgiving thought, the tiny folk are led little by little to the joy of the Christmas giving. They make decorations for the tree, and little gifts for Father and Mother. A little festival is held, the simpler the better, and oh, the happiness of the wee ones as the presents made by their own little hands are given out to the appreciative recipients! And not a thought has the child of himself! All his pleasure is concentrated in the delight of giving to others, in singing the sweet or merry Christmas songs, in listening to the story of Christmas, or, in Jewish neighborhoods, the story of the Feast of Lights. The mother thus learns the blessedness of training her little one to give as well as take, all through his life.

The aviator floats as easily as a bird in

the "New World of the air." He seems to be superior to all law—to be an entirely free agent. But this is only because he has first mastered those mechanical laws which are the basis of his freedom. Step by step he has learned the mechanical and chemical principles of the gas, the engine, the propeller, the planes, the air-currents.

That mother alone who understands the laws physical and spiritual that govern the development of her child, can secure to

him the full freedom under law that comes with self-knowledge, self-mastery and loving service of humanity. She can best become acquainted with these principles by an open-minded study of the kindergarten; supplemented by a loving, sympathetic observation of her own and other children. In becoming the loving nurturer of her child's best self, she will discover that she has found the fountain of perennial youth, and that her own spirit will never grow old.

The Magic Word.—By Margaret E. Sangster.

THERE was once a great Convention

Where the waves of argument
Rose and rolled in wrathful clamor,

Broke on reefs of fierce dissent:

Till at last with sullen faces

Men upon each other turned,

And the fires of scorn and hatred

Lit by passion, blazed and burned.

Then stood up a white-haired German,

Short of stature, rosy-red,

Only frost of kindly winters

On his venerable head.

Looking o'er the vast assembly

With a gaze of mild reproof,

For an instant evil impulse

Swayed, abashed and held aloof.

"What this meeting needs, my brothers,"

Said the sage, with eye benign,

And his steady aspect quelled men,

As by potency divine,

"Is a little word of magic

Spelled, I think, with letters three.

Nothing can be done without it:

Listen, friends! 'Tis L-U-V."

Rippled laughter o'er the benches,

Men shook hands, the old men beamed:

Surely Love was what was wanted,

Love from heaven that flowed and
streamed.

Little matter how one spells it,

With three letters or with four:

'Tis the mighty power that binds us

Close and firm, from shore to shore.

Settling down to business, swiftly

The Convention did its work:

Smoothly passed from talk to action—

Moved without a jar or jerk.

Thus in many a household, friction

Smoothly would we move along,

If but Love could keep the tally,

And our heart-beats time a song.





At the Circus.

“THEY was sayin yisterday over to the Talkitup Club, that you went to the circus when you was over to Springfield to git the church insured”, says Mercy Jane the other evenin.

Now I always make it a custom in our family, to tell my wife everything I do, as fast as she finds it out some other way; an so I replied, with much animation, “Yes, Mercy Jane, I did, an the preacher went with me.”

“Why, I thought it was wicked to go to a circus, Timotheus”, replied Mercy Jane, lookin at me in lamb-like astonishment—at such a rate that it fairly made me feel sheepish. “I have never went since my father took me to see the wild animals, an wasn’t able to get out of the crowd, an so we had to set down an wait till the circus part of it was over. I hev heard him tell of it many an many a time, in meetin.”

“So hev I, Mercy Jane”, I replied. “He told it better an better on every occasion.”

“An I thought it was wicked to go to a circus without any animals in it”, continued Mercy Jane.

“Oh well, there was animals enough in the circus that I went to,” I replied, “an to spare. It was hard work tellin which was animals an which was circus. One runs into the other s, nowadays, that you can’t hardly make out which is which.

“For instance, all the monkeys are natural circus-men, to start with, an can do everything that they do, from turnin a front summerset to actin like a clown; an some of the circus-men is monkeys. Most of the animals has a college education before they let em into the show, an they

are given a chance to make the fact evident, right in the midst of the general exercises. The sea-lions can do about everything except read the President’s message backwards; the dogs go to school an get a whippin every day; an the elephants can waltz an two-step an stand on their heads an accomplish everything except play the fiddle, an I believe they’d larn em to do that ef they only had two trunks apiece. Oh, I tell you a circus is a boardin-school nowadays, with all the athletics thrown in!”

“What did you see there, Timotheus?” inquired Mercy Jane. “It may be wicked to go, but I don’t spose it will be so very dangerous to my soul to hear tell about it.”

“Well,” I replied, “the first part of the circus I see, was the side-show. After a feller on the tail-board of a covered wagon hed sold you your tickets an kept back part of the change till you threatened to thrash him, then you hed to go along past a whole lot of big canvass pictures in a row, an a couple of red-nosed bandits, yellin into your ears the interestin fact that there was plenty of time to see the side-show before the big one commenced, an that a dime would fix it with the door-keeper; an that ef we missed takin of it in, regret would always henceforth be our most inconvenient personal friend. The crowned heads, he intimated, had seen it all, an it would be a distinction for us to behold the same things that they hed. Now as I hev a great veneration for King Edward since he reformed and quit bein the Prince of Wales, I wanted to see somethin that he hed probly seen, an thus git as near royalty as I could; an so I says to the Preacher lets try the goods, an he replies, as you like brother, an in we went to the side-show.

"There was somethin less than a mile of pictures outside, an any one would think before they went in, that they would need a trolley car to make the journey round inside of the tent; but when we got there, it was a little bit of a fool place, containin an old man an woman that hed been too busy thus far to grow, an a particularly dilapidated Punch and Judy establishment, an a feller that could throw his voice two or three feet, an a woman that wasn't afraid of snakes; an she was the only real curiosity in there."

"I ain't afraid of snakes", says Mercy Jane, "as long as they'll keep their distance."

"Nor I neither", says I, "provided they're first made some nambulists of by givin em drugs. Well, it took us about four minutes to see that part of the circus, which cost us just two cents and a half per minute apiece; an soon dear wife, we was walkin into the big show."

"After we got there, we found that we must pay another quarter, so as to get a seat, because all the good places hed been took up by folks that hed time to come an wait an be sold things to, an hour before the services begun. So after we got jammed down behind a fat married lady an a lean old gentleman an in front of a woman with three beautiful children that spent most of their time on my back neck, the show begun."

"I spose they hed a little place like the horses used to tread round in when they went around the horsepower to run a threshing-machine", says Mercy Jane, inquiringly.

"Yes, an more to", I replied. "They hed as many rings as a pork-packer's daughter before she's married, an somethin crazy goin on in every one of em all the time. It didn't seem to make any particular difference to any of those people whether they stood on their feet or their heads, or whether they was on terry firmy or in the air, or whether on their journeys to and fro, they walked or turned summersets. As near as I can make out, they keep right on showin how many impossible things they kin safely do till they git one of their legs pounded off or their backbones out of plumb, an then

they go around the rest of their lives on crutches an tell over what they used to do when they was 'in it.'

"There was a good many fellows there that seemed to worry for fear the people wouldn't have enough to eat an drink, and fed us with peanuts as if we had all been elephants; only the elephant never has to give a nickel for it like we did. Then they brought around a lot of diluted water with pink trimmins they called lemonade, an I entertained a glass of it, for a few minutes; but if that stuff ever saw a lemon, it was in its dreams."

"Then they hitched horses to a two-wheeled cart in three different cases, an set some young women runnin of em around the ring; an that they called an ancient Roman chariot-race, and I believe give a prize to the young woman who was allowed to come in ahead that time. An there was a couple of fellows got up an put on some boxin-gloves an afforded the good people thet was there a chance to see a mild prize-fight without goin to one; an there was a feller that done tricks enough on a bicycle to set every body to breakin his neck that has a wheel, as soon as he got home; an a woman with metal jaws that enabled her to move the furniture around with em."

"Then there was a large fierce-lookin man spent a good deal of the time explainin that there was to be another show right on top of this one, an people could stay over to see it an buy some peanuts an things, if they would pay ten cents more; an I see a kind of wistful look in the preacher's eye an felt one in mine, an we sort of stayed, an heard four or five songs sung in four or five voices that sounded as ef they hed got in among some hickory-nuts while they was bein cracked. And then—but I will tell you the rest of it another day."

For Mercy Jane hed gone to sleep as soon as I commenced talkin about the chariots; an I decided to go over an see ef the department store hed been shut up to its fullest extent for the night.

As I went down the steps I slipped up on the ghost of a banana-peel or something, an before I could put myself once more into a dignified position, I went tum-

blin head over heels (when it wasn't Mercy Jane, rousing an rushin to the under em) down the steps, makin a loud door.
 imitation of a snare drum jest before the "It's a little circus of my own", I replied, as I collected my various limbs
 band begins to play. together an limped away.
 "What's that, Timotheus?" shouted

Margaret.— By Abby Stewart Cooley.

I WAS lost far up on the mountain;
 And I wandered, in dreamy mood,
 Till I came at length to a lonely grave,
 With a stone carved strangely and rude.

I knelt in the tall, rank grasses,
 And tried to read on the stone
 The name of the quiet sleeper,
 Who had rested so long alone.

I brushed the moss from the letters
 That were cut by an unskilled hand;
 Then read the name of the sleeper,
 Who had passed to another land.

On the black old stone of that lonely
 grave,
 Where winds of the winter blew,
 Was only the name of a sleeping girl:
 "Margaret, aged twentytwo."

And I wondered who was Margaret?
 And why had they buried her there?
 Was she a wife and a mother?
 Or a maiden sweet and fair?

I wondered if she had been happy,
 Far up in that dreary place:
 And was she laughing and rosy,
 Or had she a sorrowful face?

So I tried to picture a Margaret:
 Some queenly and stately maid,
 With eyes of the darkest lustre,
 And hair of a midnight shade.

Oh no, that was not the Margaret
 That I saw in my fancy there;
 She was some delicate blossom,
 With showers of golden hair!

And her eyes were startled and timid,
 Like eyes of some wild wood bird,
 At the rustling of leaves, or a broken twig.
 When the sound of a foot is heard.

Had her face the paleness of moonlight?
 Or the delicate flush of the dawn,
 When the sun first wakes from his slum-
 bers,
 And another night is gone?

And where were all her people?
 I know they had loved her well;
 And the hand that had fashioned the little
 stone,
 With her name and age to tell?

I found a little blue pitcher,
 That was filled with flowers one day,
 When some one had come to weep by the
 grave
 Where their darling, named Margaret,
 lay.

So I took the little pitcher,
 And filled it from the brook,
 And gathered the sweet wood violet;
 While the daisies leaned forward to look.

I lingered long by that unknown grave,
 And thought in that lonely spot,
 Of the time when I should have passed
 away,
 And, like Margaret, been forgot.

And so it is ever with us:
 We live, and we love, and we die;
 For a little while they mourn us,
 Then, all forgotten, we lie.



Our New Republic—Portugal.

ONE more has been added to the sisterhood of nations that have presidents instead of kings: and that is gallant little Portugal—the extreme western veranda of Europe.

This country is about three-fourths as large as the state of New York, four-fifths as large as Pennsylvania, one-eighth as large as Texas, five times as large as Hawaii, and twice and a half as large as Switzerland—its Alp-strown neighbor.

So far as what may be called its phy-

ities, the cordial feeling now between them would never have existed. It is the same way as with individuals: two who have loved and then separate, are generally the bitterest of enemies.

In the time of Augustus Caesar, Emperor of Rome, no such name as "Portugal" was known. He made the peninsula of which it is a part, into a province, and it was then called Lusitania. When, in the fifth century, Rome crushed along down toward her final fall, the barbarians rushed in, and enjoyed a rough suprem-



CASTLE OF ST. GEORGE, LISBON.

sique is concerned, Portugal is merely an annex of its next-door neighbor, Spain. Its mountains and rivers mostly start in that kingdom: "they take them after we are through with them", say some of the more satirical Spaniards—the two nations never having agreed very well.

This is all the more interesting, from the fact that the two countries were formerly one. If our North and South had finally severed into two separate national-

acy, until the eighth century, when the Arabs took possession. This they held until the coming of Don Alonzo Henriquez, a Spanish prince of Leon and Castile, which occurred in the twelfth century. He made such quick and summary work of the Moors, that the native Portuguese crowned him as a king, and gave him every opportunity to conduct things in his own way.

The Emperor Alonzo was as prompt



SQUARE AND COLUMN, DOM PEDRO IV.

and positive in his civil administration, as he had been in his military transactions. The very minute the crown was placed firmly upon his head, he began the establishing of law and order, and attended to the administration of justice; and he immediately renounced fealty to Spain, with which his little kingdom was at that time united, and declared and established the independence of the country.

In 1385, the country, under the reign of Don John, a descendant of King Alonzo, the small kingdom of Portugal commenced the career which put it at the head of all European nations. It made conquests in Asia, Africa, and America, and obtained great wealth and power thereby. In our Western region, Brazil was numbered among its provinces.

For nearly half a century, this line of kings ruled the country, upon the whole to its great happiness and prosperity: but Spain again conquered her little Western neighbor, and ruled her for sixty years, with the utmost cruelty and tyranny. A Portuguese nobleman, John, Duke of Braganza, excited the people into a revolu-

tion, which met with a glorious success; and the Duke was made king, and crowned as John IV. With him commenced the line of sovereigns which have swayed the destinies of Portugal, up till the other day, when Manuel, the latest of his race, abdicated, and fled from the fury of his subjects.

In 1807, Napoleon, who was not able to keep his hands off anything within their reach, declared that the family of Braganza should cease to reign: and they became fugitives from injustice. They fled to Brazil, but were soon called back by the downfall of their arch-enemy, the French warrior and Emperor, and the same dynasty was soon ruling again.

The history of Portugal since the return of the Braganzas, is one of misrule and extortion; interspersed with a few periods of good and indifferent rule.

Carlos I., the father of the hapless Manuel II., just deposed, succeeded Luiz Phillipe in 1899. He started at once on a reign of indolence and extravagance. He became notorious because of his habits of laziness and gluttony. He was so corpulent that he became known as "The Fat King." He expended enormous sums on his table, and gave presents of great value to his court-favorites; the expense of which was wrung from an already over-taxed and impoverished people.

The sole act of importance of his nine years of misrule was the making of a treaty with England defining the spheres of both nations in Africa. The climax of his reign came in 1907, when the Portuguese Parliament was abolished and a rule of absolutism started. The people stood this for a year with discontent and grumbling. The revolutionary party took his every act as a new cue, and fomented the discontent until the bonds were broken on February 1, 1908.

On this memorable day the king, his two sons, and queen, were made a target by the emissaries of the revolutionary party, as they were driving, in Lisbon. The king and crown prince were mortally hurt; Manuel, the second son, was wounded, but not fatally; the queen mother escaped without injury.

The following day, February 2, 1908, Manuel was proclaimed king, with the title of Manuel II. He being a minor has ruled under a regent during the two years of his lazy and sinful career. More and higher taxes were levied on the already over-burdened populace to maintain lives of ease and profligacy for him and his courtiers and favorites. He and his mother evidently did not heed the warnings of his few level-headed friends, but followed the counsels of his Bourbon favorites: he openly spending vast sums on his flatterers and parasites—to the great disgust of his subjects.

Meanwhile the extremists or republicans were busy laying the foundations for an overthrow of the monarchy and establishment of a republic. These extremists have grown in power since their start nearly a century ago until now, when they are composed of the brains and industry of the country.

On October 4, 1910, being helped by the army and navy, who were both mutinous, a revolt was started in Lisbon; the royal palace was stormed; Manuel and his mother fled on the royal yacht to Gibraltar, seeking safety under the British flag. A temporary republic was instituted the following day. The new government has every promise of being on a solid foundation; one of its first acts being to expel all religious orders from the country, thus throwing off the ecclesiastical yoke as well as the monarchial.

Portugal is now our nearest republican neighbor in Europe, and it is "up to" us to encourage her in that capacity. A few years ago, there was quite an agitation in Switzerland, for the annexation of that country to United States: and the same thing may happen in this new little nation. Of course the prospects of such an event are very slight: but the subject is a very interesting one.

Hymn of Thanksgiving.

WE thank thee, O Father, for all that
is bright—

The gleam of the day, and the stars of
the night;

The flowers of our youth, and the fruits
of our prime,

And blessings e'er marching the pathway
of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is
dear—

The sob of the tempest, the flow of the
tear;

For never in blindness, and never in
vain,

Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father, for song and
for feast—

The harvest that glowed, and the wealth
that increased;

For never a blessing encompassed thy
child,

But thou in thy mercy looked downward
and smiled.

We thank thee, O Father of all, for the
power

Of aiding each other in life's darkest
hour;

The generous heart and the bountiful
hand,

And all the soul-help that sad souls
understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet
to be—

For hopes that our future will call us to
thee;

That all our Eternity form, through thy
love,

One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions
above.



Up and Down the World.

Roller-Top Desk and Dressing-Case.

THERE was an auction. It was not so very unusual a thing, though, happening just once a week in Delehanty's great second-hand furniture store, and frequently attended by some of the most well-to-do people. "It is astonishing how many swell-folks get a part of their swell furniture here", the venerable Milesian proprietor used to say, when he was in confidential mood with some customer or other at private sale.

There were quite a good many people in the shop, that morning. I happened in mainly out of curiosity, and partly to bid on a certain roller-top desk that was to be sacrificed during the exercises. I thought that if no one else wanted it too badly, I might cease the sin of coveting, and acquire the happiness of possessing it.

I soon learned that desks were to be put up among the last things at the sale, and that there would be a lot of things vended that I didn't want, before I could bid on this; but decided to stay, although I could ill spare the time, (as my weekly bread depended upon certain stories being finished acceptably one by one), and indulge in a study of human nature.

Several articles were put up and disposed of at rather high prices: so lofty, indeed, as made me feel that the desk, when we came to it, would be beyond any financial step-ladder that I could raise. It was astonishing, how many things there were to be sold before they would come to any thing that I wanted. "Contentment ought to be reckoned among my virtues", I reflected.

All at once, a handsome old dressing-

case was offered for sale, and the bidding upon it became quite spirited. Two or three different people evidently wanted it very badly. One was a prosperous-looking lady, who evidently destined it to "match" with certain other articles that she had at home; one was a speculator, and one was a shabby little old lady who did not look as if she had a cent of money to her poor little name. She made two or three bids, and then stopped, with a look of eager despair.

The auctioneer was a regular fledged orator that day, and lingered along over the old dressing-case in a manner that made everybody very much interested in it. Dressing-cases seemed to be his specialty; and he had all sorts of things to say concerning their usefulness and desirability. He had so many arguments to advance, that the bidding had to go a little slowly.

While I was taking a few mental notes for use in some story or other, I felt a sly pull at my coat. Supposing that a pick-pocket had selected me as his next victim, I was just going to whirl and clutch him by the throat, when I found the little old lady's withered but clean little throat there instead. "Pardon me, sir", she said, in a very soft and winning voice, "but would you mind stepping to the door with me?"

I complied, with a good grace; for I like old ladies, especially when I reflect that they were once those entrancing creatures that we call girls. We were soon standing on the walk in front of Delehanty's great second-hand furniture store.

"Would you mind buying that dressing-case for me, sir?" she asked, directly. "The bidding has gone above the small

amount I have with me. It is—that is, it is like—one we used to have in our house in happier days. I want it—so much!” And her eyes moistened. A woman, young or old, can do almost any thing with me, if she can make her eyes moisten.

“I will give you a chattel mortgage on it, sir, with whatever interest you desire, until the amount is paid”, she continued, with a hurrying eagerness that was pitiful. “I *do* want it so much! A minute more, and it will be gone!” And tears rolled down her thin cheeks.

Of course the tears settled it, and I told her, in my fool way, that I would have it for her if my slender purse would permit it. I re-entered the shop, and got in a bid just in time to arrest the hammer on its way down—to the great satisfaction of the auctioneer, who had some more things he wished to say upon the subject.

The other bidders stayed with me a little while, and I had to pledge every cent I possessed, and most of what the old lady had besides, in order to secure the piece of furniture. Every time I would hesitate a little, the poor old lady would whisper in my ear: “Don’t give up, sir! Help me through! You shall be well paid for your trouble!” etc., etc., etc.

Of course I understood that the being well paid would probably occur in a future state of existence, but an occasional glance at the innocent and eager old face kept me to the mark; and I soon had the sentimental pleasure of informing the old lady that the dressing-case was hers, and of seeing the roller-top desk knocked down to an idiotic-looking coal-dealer, at an idiotically low price, which I had not the money to increase. But it was worth a good big part of the cost, to see the bright smile on those old features, and hear her thanks.

She was for stepping into the office of the coal-dealer (who was a notary-public and one absurd thing and another), and drawing up the chattel mortgage at once; but I took one more look at her, handed her my card, told her if I could be of any further use to let me know, squeezed her poor withered little old hand, touched my

hat, and went home to my own rickety old desk. “Always my luck to get caught by my confounded sensibilities”, I reflected, when the reaction had come. “I wonder what it’s all about?”

I found out what it was all about, one week from that time. I was trying to twist up the plot of a story so that the ordinary reader wouldn’t see the ending as soon as he read the first paragraph, when two cards were handed me, and I was soon in conversation with my old lady of a week before, and a much younger one, who had accompanied her, and whom she introduced as her daughter.

But what a transformation had occurred! She was a poor old lady no longer. She was dressed in the height of aged-fashion; she was about as well as any I had seen during the whole week.

As for the younger woman, she was a dream.

I gave my new-old stylish lady-friend a cordial squeeze of the hand, but let go rather suddenly when I found that she had a wild disposition to throw one arm around my neck, and administer a thousand dollar bill to me with the other. She was weeping, too.

“You will never know how much we owe you, sir!” she sobbed. “It was *our*—*our* old dressing-case! My husband was eccentric, and put a hundred thousand dollars’ worth of bonds between the mirror and the lining. The dressing-case was sold before I found a mention of the fact in a secret drawer of his desk. There was a—a—very bad man who cheated us out of all the rest of our property. I have hunted and advertised for this dressing-case all over the country. I had just found it, and identified it by a certain mark on one of the drawers, when I saw you. You were the only one in the crowd whose face made me have confidence. Here is a part of the interest on the amount you advanced, and I will give you as much more as you will take. We were very—very poor—and now we are—at least comfortable. And take the thanks—the never-failing thanks—of a poor old woman, besides!”

Of course I accepted merely the sum I

had paid for the desk, and refused the thousand dollars; and, of course, I immediately began courting the Dream, with whom I had had time to fall in a real fit of love while the dear good mother's monologue was going on; and of course I found the sweet young lady already engaged—to a poor but honest young coal-dealer—not the one, however, who captured my desk. If it had been he, I'm afraid I should have shot him.

The Old Family Doctor.

BY HENRY C. BRAINARD.

THE old Doctor had broken down—fallen with the harness on.

It had been an exceedingly severe winter, followed by a late, trying spring.

There had been an unusual amount of sickness, both in the village and in the outlying country. Diphtheria had raged for weeks in Johnny-Cake Hollow, and the three miles of swamp road necessary to traverse to reach the Hollow had, as old Norris said, "Bin just perfectly audacious."

Like another One, the Doctor had spared not himself. Rheumatism had reached his heart. He had finished his course. "Time and toil his iron strength had spent," and he went up to his chamber to die.

The community was startled, quite shocked.—"The Doctor sick?" It was almost inconsistent. "Liable never to be out again"? Why, they could not spare him: he was a fixture in their lives.

"This undecorated soldier of a hard, unequal strife,
Had fought such stubborn battles with
the foes that sought their life;
And when many pined in sickness, he had
stood so strongly by,
That the people felt a notion that the
Doctor couldn't die."

For weeks the Doctor kept what his wife in the privacy of the family councils called "open house." His daughter pronounced it "a continuous reception." His little grandson said, "Grandpa is holding an open clinic; it comes natural to him."

But the old Doctor smiled and said, "My patients are simply bringing back my calls."

His mind was as clear as a bell; his intellect was as keen as a razor; his wit flashed and scintillated like steel burning in oxygen, and his heart was as juicy as a ripe winter apple.

Many of his visitors did not know one another, would not have spoken to one another on the streets. But the rich and the poor, the saint and the sinner, each for reasons of his own, came, and he knew them all alike.

To many he gave some little word, or nod, or token, which they alone understood, and would be the better for remembering. All wanted to do something. Some did things the reasons for which only they and the Doctor understood.

One morning an elaborately contrived and magnificently upholstered invalid-chair appeared in his room. An attached card bore this inscription: "Presented by members of the common council in token of the years of service given to the public welfare."

Late one dangerously stormy evening there appeared at the Doctor's kitchen-door a strange, mysterious character: a silent, morose, some said villainous man, who lived alone in a little hut behind the swamps, and sustained a precarious existence, ostensibly by his dogs, his traps, and his gun. He laid a large fat squirrel, with a bullet-hole through its head, upon the kitchen-table. "For him", he laconically said, jerking his thumb toward the chamber.

The man was soaked in mud and water to his hips. Some one remarked that it was an awful night to be out. The man gruffly replied, "No worse than the night when"—then he suddenly checked himself, glanced apprehensively around, and immediately disappeared in the storm.

One bright morning, just as spring was blushing into summer, a cheaply-clad child bashfully stood in the doorway bearing in her hand a bunch of fresh wild violets. She was one of the children of Johnny-Cake Hollow, who had come through the diphtheria in the winter.

The old man brightened, smiling at the

child, while he held out his hand with an eager gesture for the violets. He buried his face in their dewy blooms, and inhaled a deep inspiration of their woody aroma.

All that day a little bunch of wood-violets, tied with a bit of wool twine, had a place upon his table, by the side of the vase of exotics from Mrs. Judge Elliott's conservatory.

One day Solomon chanced to be tied within range of the Doctor's window. Horse and master had broken down together. The Doctor espied him, the sash was raised, and the Doctor called. Instantly Solomon's head went up. A flash of the old fire came into his eyes, his ears twitched, he whinnied, and expectantly raised one forward foot.

The next day Elder Eddy came in. The old circuit-rider had been through the schools of life. He had studied throbbing hearts. He was well read in living men. He knew something about practical religion. He and the Doctor had had many a battle in words, but their hands always met in warm grasp. They had "farben" together.

"Sit down," said the Doctor, indicating a chair by the bedside, "I wish to talk with you." Then without a word of sentiment, but straight as an arrow to its mark, the Doctor talked.

"Elder, I have only a few days to live. I want you to conduct my funeral services. I want you to preach to the living and let the dead alone: because (a faint smile shining in his face) I shall not be able to answer back. I do not wish—"

The Elder broke in—his voice was a little husky—"See here! you stop! I admit you have downed me in many an argument, but I know you: and as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, in this matter I shall not be bound."

The Elder knelt by the bedside. With one hand he grasped the hand of his friend; with the other he seemed to be feeling after God. He found Him. Took hold on Him. Talked with Him as if he knew Him, believed in Him, and trusted Him. And the place was Bethel.

Toward evening, as the sunset-hour was coming on, the Doctor insisted on being helped into his arm-chair before

the open westward window. He looked lingeringly over across the valley. He looked along the radiant pathway of light through the golden gate of the setting sun. He gazed steadfastly as if, like Stephen, he saw heaven opening and the glory of God.

His attendant, helping him to lie down, observed that he leaned heavily. He carefully stretched himself upon his bed, deliberately folded his arms, closed his eyes, and said, "Shade the light and leave me alone: I shall sleep now."

The old Doctor slept: and when the attendant came in later, there was upon his face the look of one who has found God.

When Type are on a Rampage.

LAWRENCE HUTTON, in writing an article for "Harper's Weekly" on the recent library consolidation in this city, found in his final proof a very glowing sentence descriptive of "Mr. Lenox's vest-button." Mr. Hutton had no recollection of having eulogized any portion of Mr. Lenox's garments, and on sending for his copy found that the original read "Mr. Lenox's vast bequest."

In a recent number of "The Bookman" Ibsen's portrait bore the legend, "The Master," but the intelligent compositor, apparently with an eye to the hand-mirror into which Ibsen is gazing, very nearly sent the picture to press described as "The Masher."

The usually ever-so-sure New York Tribune felt called upon one morning to make the following announcement:

A well-known Australian writer, a very bad penman, in mentioning the name of a certain gentleman in an article, said he was "renowned for his graciousness and charity." For "charity" the compositor read "honesty." The author, on seeing a proof, recognized at once that there was an error; but, unable to remember the word he had used in place of "honesty," marked the proof with what is called "query" (?), to refer the printer to his manuscript. When the article appeared, the writer, who had intended to pay a pretty compliment to the gentleman, was

surprised to read that he was "renowned for his graciousness and honesty (?)."

A Queensland paper was made to say: "There need be demand no longer for Jules Verne's and other blackguards' works of imagination." In its next issue it said: "For 'other blackguards' please read 'Rider Haggard's.'"

Rather an uncommon obituary notice lately appeared in the Paris "Gazette des Tribunaux." It announced that M. Candelle Bayle, President of the Appeal Court at Bastia, in Corsica, had died quite suddenly of apoplexy, and the following words were added: "This decision is final and cannot be altered." Evidently the last sentence was intended for another part of the paper, where the legal news is given.

A youth recently asked his father the meaning of a sentence which he discovered in the columns of a daily. It was to the effect "that Moses Blumenspiel, the wealthy Jewish merchant, had etaino shlrdu cmtwpy." "Why, my son," explained the astute father, "that is Hebrew, and only intended to be read by Mr. Blumenspiel's friends."

In one office recently the innocent statement that "it was learned that he was dead" was made to appear on the proof, "it was learned that he was pdq." Without looking at the copy the proof-reader, in a fit of absent-mindedness, corrected it to read "it was learned that he was very rapid," and so it cruelly appeared in the paper.

A Michigan printer, in "making up" his paper, recently got a wedding notice and a delicatessen advertisement mixed; and the following rather startling announcement was the result: "John Wilbur and Hannah S. Mapes were united in the holy bond of sauerkraut, which will be sold by the quart or barrel, Mr. Wilbur is the esteemed codfish at ten cents; while the bride has nice pigs' feet for display."

The old rhyme is familiar to many of our readers, in which the poet complained that "We'll seek some shade" was misprinted "shad," "rippling rill" was called "tipling pill," and the "i" was changed to an "a" in the last word of "those gentle eyes bedimmed."

The Agent, the Picture and Uncle Jim.

UNCLE JIM was a farmer who had moved into town to have an easy time and save money. He found, to his great surprise, that going without work gave him the very hardest time that he ever had; and that spending a little money every day and earning nothing, was one of the poorest methods in the world of saving anything.

But he possessed one advantage that he had lacked while busy on the farm: he had time to look into the schemes of various peripatetic business smarts who called upon him to get him to buy various mechanical freaks, and to induce him to sign innocent-looking little orders, requests, and one thing and another, that afterwards turned up smilingly in the bank as regular notes on hand.

He had been cheated out of so much money, at different times, that even when good honest men, who made it a habit to do as they agreed, called upon him, he regarded them with a feeling of suspicion.

One day a fine looking fellow, with a clear thoughtful eye and the air of an artist, called upon Uncle Jim. "I have come, sir, to ask for your influence in my favor as an artist in this community," said the man, in a low, sad tone.

"Oh, yes!" replied Uncle Jim, with a sharp-eyed glance of suspicion. "Of course. You can't afford to undertake to do anything without *my* influence. Folks al'ays say, before they give their opinion on a pictur, 'What does Uncle Jim think about it?' They send pictur's all the way from Rome and France to git *my* opinion on 'em. I can't go there to see 'em, you see——"

The artist smiled sadly. "Of course you will have your joke, sir," he replied, in his mournful voice, "and I enjoy it with you. But now let me ask: Could you not tell whether a crayon picture of your wife, for instance, was natural?"

This was Uncle Jim's weak point, for he loved "Lady Jim", as he always termed his dignified, sweet-faced wife; and he

answered immediately, "I could tell you *that* to a dot, sir."

"Very well," replied the stranger. "Lend me her photograph, and I will make a crayon portrait of her—for nothing, if it looks like her; if not, I will try again. When you are suited you get the portrait without the expenditure of a cent; all you have to do is to tell your neighbors who it was that made it, and that it is natural."

Uncle Jim agreed to this, and in a few days the sad-eyed artist returned. He bore with him a very well though somewhat hastily done portrait of "Lady Jim." Around it was a fine-looking though trashy gilded frame.

"I'll take it, I'll take it!" shouted Uncle Jim. "An' I'll recommend it, frame an' all."

"For the frame," said the artist, "we are obliged to charge six dollars and a half; and that is very, very cheap."

Uncle Jim had been lying awake two hours every night, trying to fathom the sad-eyed artist's game, but he had not hit upon this. "I must see how mother likes it," he said. "Excuse me a minute?"

He bore the work of art into another room, and in about five minutes returned, with the gaudy frame, empty. He had taken the portrait out!

"Mother likes the pictur' fust rate!" he exclaimed, "an' won't consent to let it out o' her sight. But she can't *bear* the frame. She'd rather have it without any. The Duselers, across the road one street up, near the corner, in a yeller house—they like frames."

"But, sir", exclaimed the artist.

"Ain't got any time to talk," chirped Uncle Jim. "Must go out among the neighbors an' recommend Mother's pictur'. You'll see how I'll recommend it. An' I'll tell 'em about the frame, too: how they kin have one, ef they want it, fur six dollars an' a half. Good bye!"—and he showed the sad-eyed artist out.

"Tally one more confidence feller put under their proper shed," chuckled the old man, as he returned home that night. "He left on the six o'clock train. An' the pictur's jest like mother,"

A Vision of the Cholera Microbe.

A VERY vivid glow of imagination is contained in the following extract from "The Dream of Love", a poem-book recently written by Henry Abbey, who from his home among the Hudson River hills, has sent many beautiful verses out into the world.

His dream-picture of the cholera-microbe is particularly interesting, at this time. The microscopic monster is of course magnified a few thousand times by the author's imagination.

An Oriental new-comer, versed in the arts of bacteriology, is seen, in the vision, to give an orange to the lady whom he had wooed, but not won. Suspicion of foul play is rife, and the successful suitor dissects the fruit, and examines it with a microscope that it would be difficult to match in any emporium of optical instruments. Here is his lurid description of what he found:

Again I slowly turn the orange round,
And look more closely through a handy lens.
Ah, see! the slightest puncture in the rind!
A sure incision made by some sharp steel!
Save at this place, I now take off the rind,
And spilling not one drop of yellow juice,
Or breaking a compartment of the fruit,
Remove that one to which the steel went home.

This I dissect; but test it as I may,
Fail to discover anything malign.

Not satisfied, I get my microscope,
Which my professor said was made by gnomes,

And not of diamond, but something more,
And that enchanted by a wizard's spell.
Over each separated piece of pulp,
I place the sharp and subtle magnifier,
And there, on one to which the steel has passed,

I see a Shape clinging with vicious fear.

Its flabby wings are webbed and reek with slime.

Its fierce eyes glare with green malevolence.
Its face has something of the human shape,
The under jaw too large and bearded long.
The cheeks and forehead carry putrid sores,
As do its taloned heavy arms and legs,
The prickly body and the snake-like tail.
It looks to me like Pain personified.

It may be that this hideous grim face

Is like the idol Krishna's, for they say
That, smitten with the cholera, depart
From its low feasts, the Hindoo devotees.
So foul an atom of bacteria,
Those harpy-vampires infinitesimal,
Once in the human blood, for which it seeks,
Would so immeasurably propagate,
And with its morbid increase, so obstruct
The vital current's red activity,
As to compel the dissolution feared.

* * * * *

I watch this one cell of bacteria:
The body oozes with a loathsome dew;
The head is red, as if sucked full of blood;
But all the rest, the tail and squatty legs,
The serrate back and lank, satanic wings,
Are green, like those base eyes of jealousy
That look to see a covert murder done.
I find the finest needle in the house,
And press the point down on the slimy hide.
The blunt edge crushes, does not pierce the
Shape,
And brings the struggle that I gloat to see.
The talons grip and work to get away.
A barbed tongue and twin fangs drool from
the mouth.
The eyes stick out, and glare with wretched
hate
Until they fix at last in stony calm.

Recollections.

A LIVING monument of one of the most dashing and picturesque editors and authors of the last decade, exists in Boston, and is called the John Boyle O'Reilly Cadet Band.

Frederick the Great, with all his cruelties and inconsistencies, could do kind things, if he took a notion. When he became king, he ordered that his mother should take the title of "Queen Mother", and that she should address him not as "Your Majesty", but as "My Son."

Senator Foote of Mississippi once tried to shoot Colonel Thomas H. Benton with an empty pistol, during a forensic quarrel. The weapon was solemnly taken from him and locked in a desk by Daniel S. Dickinson, and the proceedings of the United States Senate went solemnly and decorously on.

Emory A. Storrs was at one time the

crack-orator of Chicago. Like many word-painters, he was careless in the payment of bills; and was very angry one Christmas week, when a book-store man refused to send a valuable volume to his home, unless he would pay for it on the spot. He went out in a huff, and slammed the door so hard, as to break a plate-glass worth twice as much as the book.

Science in Literature.

AN interesting book entitled "The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language" has just been published by the Funk and Wagnalls Company. Its author, Mr. Hudson Maxim, announces that its object "is to provide a practical method for literary criticism and analysis, and a standard of uniform judgment for determining the relative merits of literary productions, and, further, to supply a more practical and efficient means than we have had heretofore, for the standardization of poetry, whereby any poem may be assayed and the amount of its poetic gold determined and separated from the slag and dross."

Mr. Maxim's definition of Poetry, as expressed by him, is as follows: "The expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by artistic trope."

Various subjects are treated at length: as, "Potentry", "Troperty", etc., etc. If Mr. Maxim's book "makes good" in what it attempts, it will prove that the many-sided men are not yet all dead, and be a great gratification to all of his many personal friends.

My Baby Bright.

MY baby bright, who shouts at me!
When, every night, big eyes I see
Ere I alight, they welcome me.

I'm late tonight, and the dear face
Is up-stairs in a sheltered place:
Two tears the baby's lashes grace.

LESLIE FESSENDEN NICHOLS.

Editorial Comment.

A STRUGGLE TOWARD THE FUTURE.

WE know something about the perils and disasters of long-ago sailors who "went down to the sea in ships." Columbus is entitled to ever so much more honor for discovering America, than if he had had a properly equipped ocean-vessel with which to do it. Even after steam came to the help of sails, a hundred nautical calamities per year took place where one does now. Navigating the water—especially for any very long distance—was almost as serious a matter as rushing through the air is, at present.

But discovery after discovery and invention after invention has brought ocean-sailing down to a commonplace, every-day affair, and the craft that takes you across the sea, is denominated "the ocean ferry."

Mr. Wellman will always be noted as the first man who ever made a real attempt to cross the ocean in a balloon. He may be called the Successful Failer: for while he never succeeds in doing what he attempts, he always shows what might be done if conditions were better, and what probably will some day be done—when progress in the arts and sciences make those conditions as they ought and will yet be.

The distinguished adventurer of this latest trip, failed to even get started very far toward the North Pole: but he demonstrated that Andre was not the only man to have sufficient courage for such an attempt, and that his failure and probable death did not frighten all the rest of the human race, and deter them from following the hardy example.

It was at first stated that Mr. Wellman had to give up his trip and seek the shelter of an ocean-steamer, because the balloon leaked gas so badly: but he now says that such was not the case. He lays the trouble to a new sort of drag-rope, made of small tanks of gasoline arranged as in links, and dragging the air-craft down toward the ocean. Formerly he thought a balloon could not go to Europe without one of these complicated machines: now he thinks it could not go with one. And so we learn.

Thus it seems that the tail to the kite was what did the damage.

But there are plenty of people now living, who will go to Europe and back, in air-ships.

"LOTS OF THE FELLOWS COULDN'T SWIM."

THE war-steamer "New Hampshire" is one of the best in America's fleet. One of the pleasant recollections of our EVERY WHERE office is of an evening when its attachés invaded the Brooklyn Navy Yard, thronged the decks of the ocean fighter, and gave an evening of song and recitation to the appreciative sailor-soldiers.

Whenever, from the lofty windows of the EVERY WHERE office, the "New Hampshire" is seen coming up the great East River on her way to the navy-yard, or to some mooring near by, work stops for a time, while memory goes back and eyes strain forward to the gallant boys who applauded so generously on that red-letter evening.

Only a few days ago, they came back again from an extended cruise, and be-

gan once more to enjoy the pleasures of a stay in New York: but alas! the galadays were soon shrouded in gloom: the banners of pleasure were trimmed with crape.

The lighter upon which they were returning one evening from shore to ship, was overturned by an unexpected wave, and scores of them were thrown into the water. Of these, many were drowned. More of them would have been saved, but for one fact, which was tersely recounted by one of the officers as follows:

"Lots of the fellows couldn't swim."

It seems strange that the authorities would allow the sailors who man our ships, and have so much to do with the waves, to remain in the service a single day, without their possessing that important accomplishment, or lessons with a view to acquiring it.

In fact, there are two classes of persons who should know how to swim: those who are sailors, and those who are not. Three-fourths of the world is covered with water, and mankind should be, to a certain extent, amphibious.

Boys and girls should be taught swimming, in the public schools: facilities having been provided for that purpose.

SHOULD FLOGGING FOR CRIME, BE RESUMED?

A GREAT many people say so: and a great many other people say not. EVERY WHERE takes another side of the question, but will mention some of the arguments for and against.

Several (among them certain police-justices) declare that there is a class of criminals who care nothing about the usual methods of legal punishment. There is no use of fining them, for they have no money with which to pay: you might as well fine a tramp cat. It is nothing to them to be put in jail, for they get quite at home there, know how

to make the best of it, and manage to have a fairly good time with expenses paid. The disgrace of being imprisoned for a while, is of no account to them: they are as impervious to contumely, as a duck's back to a summer shower. When they get drunk and pound their wives and children, they blandly "take their medicine", which, if not really sugar-coated, is at least not pepper to the mouth. Perhaps the judge who sentences them gives them a scolding, but they meet that ordeal with either a hypocritical grimace or a sardonic grin. They often find old friends after they get into durance, and after they get out. They laugh with each other, and call terms of imprisonment their "vacations."

But none of them would particularly enjoy a good sound painful thrashing—one that would sting and smart, and be remembered with a series of wincings ever after. The jailman's lash is an entirely different thing, and there is a certain disgrace that follows it—even among one's own vile comrades—that is not so easy to be borne as is a mere prison sentence. The process may be to a certain extent barbarous—but even barbarism has certain good points.

The above are some of the arguments used by advocates of the system of flagellation. Against it, are urged, among others, the following:

Whipping has a brutalizing tendency, and no one after having been scourged ever can feel that he is as much of a man, as before. The welts upon his back, they say, even after healing, are bars that keep his soul down. They make a brute of him. They degrade a possible angel into an inevitable animal. They furnish a red grating that keeps him down.

Public whipping, its opponents say, has a tendency toward the degradation of the one who inflicts it. They do not believe that it improves a hangman to

ply his trade upon the condemned: they even made it a point against Grover Cleveland's election to the Presidency, that while sheriff at Buffalo, he performed his (legal) duty and hanged a woman. The jailman who plies the lash, they contend, becomes more and more heart-hardened.

Public whipping, its opponents say, has a tendency toward degrading the public generally. It brings them back nearer to the ancient "eye-for-an-eye and tooth-for-a-tooth" doctrine, which has been superseded by the more humane Christian precepts.

Let the people of this country think the matter over—remembering that both sides of the question have good and valid arguments.

POLITICAL ORATORY.

ONE of the most interesting political fights ever held in America, has been that recent one between Republicans and Democrats in the State of New York. There is a belief, or at any rate a feeling, that as goes New York this Autumn, so will go the Presidential election in 1912.

Although, this is by no means an assured fact: thousands of changes can take place during two years, in these aeroplanic days. All the state-elections in the country could be neutralized by one blunder, as in the case of the Blaine-Burchard one—even when times were slower.

One of the most interesting of the political talk-fests ever held in New York, was at the "Terrace Garden", a hall possibly so-called because it contains no terraces or gardening. The name may, however, be in a manner justified from the fact that there are at times a good many grades of public talk and opinion brought in there, and at other times sundry flowers of eloquence.

A NOTABLE GATHERING.

WITHOUT any party prejudices (EVERY WHERE being an independent journal on every subject, politics included), this Republican meeting in the heart of old New York City, was probably one of the most interesting and historical ever held. It was in the district where Roosevelt commenced practicing politics fifty years ago, and where he came back the other night after all sorts of honors and triumphs, to talk politics again, like any hired spellbinder.

The audience of 2,500 or 3,000 had not been assembled very long, when cheers in the street were heard, the band in the hall that had been toying with various arrangements of patriotic airs up to that time, launched into the good old tune, "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances", and a world-famous if not historical character was escorted down the center aisle. This man had, within the past few months, mixed and fraternized with the most distinguished people in a large part of the civilized world—from South Africa down, up, and around. He was the principal speaker tonight, and was doing the best he could for the Republican ticket.

HOW ROOSEVELT LOOKS NOW.

HE has the conventional Dutch build and some of the other characteristics. On the ocean, if bred to the profession, he could maybe have been another Admiral Ruyter; if he had lived in the time of Washington Irving's heroes in the famous "History of New York", he might have been a William the Testy or a Peter Stuyvesant. He is a little too stout for his height, and has naturally a rather apoplectic build. He is liable to fall down and never get up again in some one of his strenuous minutes—even if he is not sooner killed by implacable enemies or their insane or

half-insane satellites. He has almost every appearance of strength just now—but no man is strong enough to safely do all he has done and is trying to do, for a very long time.

The accessible point of Achilles' anatomy, is stated to have been his heel; that of Roosevelt would seem to be his throat. This weakness affects the voice, and a good strong healthy voice is a fine thing to have, when one is campaigning the commonwealth. Roosevelt's tones are most of them sharp enough, and rather penetrating: but they have no reserve force, and when he gets into the higher register, they degenerate into a sort of little scream, or, as it might be termed, squeal. A squeal is a very poor thing in which to frame an oratorical climax.

ROOSEVELT RAMPANT.

THE deponent has seen "Teddy" in a number of different roles, but here was a novelty. He had heard him addressing fellow-editors, fellow-dinner-devourers, fellow-missionaries (one would certainly have thought he was one then), and fellows and fellows' wives and sisters under various other circumstances:—but had never seen him angry before.

In the midst of his speech, a man with a considerably strong voice rose and accused him of inconsistency: of having said one thing in a message to Congress, and another to an audience in Pittsburg. The crowd yelled "Put him out!" (meaning, of course, the accuser): but the Colonel, as he is oftener called in New York than "the ex-President", insisted shrilly that his interrupter be heard.

Having listened to his question, Roosevelt commanded him to sit down, and he finally obeyed: although, evidently, wanting to say more. "Teddy" then answered his interlocutor's ques-

tion, cleverly, but angrily—shaking his fists at the interrupter a good deal of the time.

The only ex-President left the hall after finishing his speech, amid great applause: but the applause was apparently more for the speaker than for the cause he represented.

A POLITICAL SURPRISE.

JUST before leaving for two additional halls in which he was to speak that evening, Mr. Roosevelt introduced Hon. Bourke Cockran as a recent convert to the Republican cause.

Cockran is one of the most picturesque Irishmen now in America. He reached this country when seventeen years old, taught school for awhile, worked (according to accounts) as coachman for awhile, read law for a longer while, and has since been attorney and orator, as the occasion demanded or served. He is now fiftysix years of age, and has been a member of Congress, six times, besides filling other important positions. He has in general been known as a Tammany orator, but now comes out as an advocate of the Republican ticket. As a speaker, he reminds one somewhat of the late Daniel Dougherty, although not so scholarly or polished. He is forcible, however, and, if he knows how to take care of himself, has still a large future before him. He seems from his appearance, however, to be ageing too rapidly: and the question with most public men nowadays, is that of physical survival. Dolliver is dead at fiftytwo; David Hill at sixtyseven; Laffan, of the New York "Sun", at fiftytwo; La Follette is temporarily (perhaps permanently) disabled at fiftyfive; and so on, through a long and mournful list. There ought to be a post-graduate school to instruct public men how to take care of their health—valuable to them and the public.



The Rebellious Chorister.

BY A SUPERANNUATED PREACHER.

THOSE dear old fifty-years-ago days, when I was a young pastor in active work! They are gone, but, in memory, still stay with me. Ah! what wouldn't I give to live that life over again!

"Only one year in a place, or two if we behave ourselves", used to be the motto of us young fellows, as we told it over to each other. We knew that two years was the utmost limit—that being the rule of our church in those days.

So we could preach away as we thought was our duty, with no fear in case we offended anybody, little matter how influential he might be: for it was not worth while, even if it had been right, to trim our oratorical and social sails as if we were planning for a long pastorate.

This fact, perhaps, led me to be a little more independent with my chorister at L—, a small town in the interior of a Western State.

His throne was in the midway seat of the gallery, directly across the room from my pulpit. To his left, he had a long line of young, middle-aged, and old men, reaching to the wall: to his right, about the same number of girls and women.

He was a large man, with a full brown beard, streaked with gray.

There was no instrument of music in the church: it was several years afterward that a modest little organ was introduced. After I had given out a hymn, he would wait a moment for the choir to come to attention, strike upon his boot-heel a little tuning-fork of steel, reckon the scale a moment in his head, and give

the tone proper to the note "do", of the tune that was to be sung. The choir followed, with the same note, varied by the sounding of others, upon which the different singers might have to begin in performing their parts. After this ceremonious preparation, the hymn started off, sung entirely by our choir: for the congregation were supposed to have nothing to do, excepting to turn squarely around with their backs to the minister, stare at the choir, listen, and worship silently.

It occurred to me, one day, that it might not be a bad plan to have the people all take hold, and join in with the choir. So I said, after reading an old familiar hymn:

"Now let everybody sing—choir, congregation, and all. There is no justice in making the choir do the whole of the work."

The chorister did not immediately strike the little steel tuning-fork upon his boot-heel, and pitch the key-note. Instead, he rose, much to my surprise, and made a remonstrance.

"It ain't necessary for the whole church to sing", he said, in a tone that was heard all over the room. "The choir can do all the singin'. They train for it, an' practice for it, an' it's their business to do it."

I was more amused than offended, and said nothing, while the chorister proceeded to exploit his tuning-fork, and the choir to sing. Some of the younger members of the congregation tittered: whether they thought the joke on me or on my friend the chorister, I could not divine.

But the funniest part of this lamentable affair was still to come. In the very first row of my audience sat an old lady

and gentleman, one at the extreme right, the other at the extreme left. Both were quite deaf, and although they could hear me when I made the announcement that all were to sing, they did not catch the words of remonstrance.

They were delighted at the idea of singing that good old hymn, in concert with the brethren and sisters around them: and both, as soon as the choir struck up, with a volume of sound loud enough to reach them, went in to do their part. The old lady sang soprano, in a shrill, cracked voice that set everybody's teeth on edge; and the old gentleman undertook to exhibit in public the remains of a tenor, of which he had once been exceedingly proud.

The dear old lady and gentleman indeed started somewhere near together: but they soon wandered away from each other, and from the choir. There was no one to beat time in those days, and they finished each stanza from half a bar to a bar and a half apart.

The choir did the best they could, but that was not much: since most of them could hardly sing, for laughing. The chorister looked pitchforks instead of tuning-forks, and as if he would like to cut up about everybody in the building. The faces of the congregation I could not see, as their backs were turned toward me: but now and then a head would "duck" forward a little as if there was laughing on the face pertaining to it. As for myself, I braved it out as demurely as I could: but my observing wife peeped around over her shoulder and saw on my face, she said, signs of amusement which she had never known to fail except in the very dryest of times.

After the service was over, a great big let-loose laugh resounded throughout the church: there was no way of restraining it, and no sense in trying to ignore it. And I must confess that I joined in it.

In the midst of the ill-restrained merriment, the chorister came to me, in a rage.

"Do you want me to lead the choir?" he asked, in rather too pronounced a tone to be agreeable.

As said before, I was independent enough: I was in the last year which I could possibly stay as pastor of that church, and had no particular need to temporize with any one, more than was absolutely necessary and right.

"I have no objection, brother", I replied, smilingly. "Of course, there are others who would take the position: but you hold, I suppose, the first right, having been in it so long"—

He stood and looked at me in perfect and almost breathless surprise. He had no idea that anybody else *could* lead the choir, or anything else, musical, in town. But he soon regained his self-confidence, and went on as follows:

"The folks are all blamin' me, for the way that old lady and gentleman spoiled the singin' today. They say that if I had kept still, everybody would have sung, an' the voices of those old folks wouldn't have been heard. I say, that *you* caused all the trouble"—

"Brother, said I, "as the pastor of this church, I shall control the singing, and everybody that wishes to praise the Lord with his mouth, shall do so, from now on. There is no objection to the choir's practicing and singing by themselves a 'set piece' now and then: but in general, we will all sing—or at least as many as can and wish to do so.

"And one thing more: never interrupt the service again with a speech of your own, unless you wish to be prosecuted for disturbing a religious meeting."

A new light seemed to break on the old chorister, and I think it did him good: for he asked my pardon, and thenceforth did his best to help me in the way I marked out.

And always since that time, I have had "congregational" as well as choir singing, in whatever churches I might happen to be.

There are often some objections raised, at first, but the majority of the church always approved the custom: and many sweet-hearted though harsh-voiced Christians have thanked me for giving them a chance to "praise God in His sanctuary, with their mouths."

The Perfect Work.

WHILE walking in the woods at morn,
Where weight of fallen trees had
worn

Upon the tender, smothered bough,
I felt its mute appeal: and now
A sense of pity woke within,
To see how dwarfed the growths had been.
I cried:

"There's not a branch or limb or trunk
of tree,

There's not a twig or shoot I see,
Nor even leaf, that's come to be
What it would:

They have not had the room to grow!"—
The forest's fate seemed hindered so.

But walking in the woods at eve,
Such softened view the twilights leave,
That broken branches, I would vow
Were broken solely to endow
The scene with beauty, and to win
Those flaws an artist revels in.

I cried:

"There's not a branch or limb or trunk
of tree,

Nor bended bough, but seems to me
To grace the picture, and to be,
What it should.—

So the perfect work has grown,
Where the Master Hand has sown."

K. N. NIMS.

Church Laughs.

A SCOTCH divine took one of his parishioners to task for his non-attendance at kirk; the man said: "I dinna like lang sermons." The parson, with some wrath, replied: "John, ye'll dee, and go to a place where ye'll not have the privilege of hearing long or short sermons." "That may be," said John, "but it winna be for lack of parsons."

Wife (after returning from church)—
You certainly should have been in church
this morning. We had a fine sermon.

Husband—I expect you can repeat the
text?

Wife—Yes: Ezekiel sixteen ten: "I
girded thee about with fine linen; and
I covered thee with silk."

Husband—Huh! It is no wonder you
remember it!

A little girl, who is humanely inclined,
told her father, the other day, that her
brothers set traps to catch birds. He
asked her what she did. She replied, "I
prayed that the trap might not catch the
birds." "Anything else?" "Yes", she
said; "I then prayed that God would pre-
vent the birds getting into the traps";
and, as if to illustrate the doctrine of
faith and works, she continued, "Then I
went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

"Well, that's enough to try the patience
of Job", violently exclaimed the village
minister, as he threw aside the local
paper.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?"

"Last Sunday I preached from the text,
'Be ye therefore steadfast,'" answered
the good man, "but the printer makes it
read, 'Be ye there for breakfast.'"

A good Methodist and a good Baptist
clergyman got to telling dreams at each
other one night at a church social.

"I 'thought' I was in Heaven and saw
no Baptists there" remarked the Metho-
dist. "I inquired where they all were,
and was answered, 'They haven't arrived
yet: they are coming by water.'"

"I dreamed," retorted the Baptist, "that
I was in Heaven, and saw no Methodists
there. Upon inquiry I was told, 'They are
all outside the walls, on six months' pro-
bation.'"

The Great Preacher's Real Rostrum.

JOHAN Bunyan's pulpit has been put on
exhibition at sixtyfive, Old Bailey,
London. And yet his best pulpit—"Pil-
grim's Progress"—is and always will be
on exhibition all over the world.

A Step Toward the Millennium.

IN Brattleboro, Vermont, a Methodist
church, a Baptist one, a Universalist
one, and a Unitarian one, all had com-
munion together, and had a first-class time.



Proper Exercise.

EXERCISE is life. On it depends the health of both body and mind. Without sufficient exercise the muscles and tendons of the body become weak and flabby, and the thousands of miles of tiny tubing which penetrate every part of the body become sluggish and inactive. The waste of the body goes on, but there is not sufficient activity to carry it off and replace it with the new nutrition and evacuate it from the system.

There is an old proverb which contains a truism learned by experience: "It is better to wear out than to rust out." Every machinist knows that it is better for a piece of machinery to keep it in motion than to let it lie idle and neglected. It will rust out much quicker than it will wear out.

So with our human machines. They will rust out in idleness much quicker than they will wear out under physical and mental activity, provided, of course, that activity is not carried beyond physical or mental capacity or adaptation, so that the muscles or brain are strained or overworked.

Exercise, and its companion, massotherapy, or massage, therefore becomes very important factors both in the prevention and treatment of disease.

If we would strike the responsive chords of perfect health, we must tune every string of nature and draw our bow over all of them.

Flushing the colon is a good thing and will greatly tend to promote health. So is a proper diet essential. But though the diet may be perfect and the colon kept

clean, we cannot be healthy without exercise.

Nor can we have perfect health without correct diet, sufficient exercise and prompt evacuations, without fresh air. All nature's strings must be tuned to chord; then only can perfect health be restored and maintained.

We shall give in this "New Hygiene" a few simple and general rules, which shall serve as a guide. Our limited space will not admit of a general treatise on this subject, nor is such a treatise necessary.

HOW TO EXERCISE.

When we contract a muscle, the blood it contains is expelled, carrying with it the waste, worn-out material. When the contraction is relaxed the fresh blood from the arteries rushes in, bringing with it new material to rebuild that waste, so that the continued activity of a muscle, while it wears out more material and thus increases the waste, at the same time calls to its tissues a greater supply of fresh material in the form of nutrition supplied by the foods than the waste amounts to, and thus the active parts are built up and strengthened. Notable examples of this law may be seen in the blacksmith's arm and the thighs and legs of the bicycle rider.

If this activity is continually directed to one set of muscles, as in the case of many of the trades, and the other muscles are not sufficiently exercised, an abnormal development, manifested in certain deformities, such as stoop shoulders, awkward motions and gait, etc., so noticeable among men habituated to physical toil, is the result. The muscles not exercised become weakened and stiff, the nu-

trition which should go to them being drawn off to supply the active muscles.

A good theory or principle of physical culture, therefore, is to follow a system of movements which shall exercise and develop equally every muscle of the body.

To carry this out to perfection of course is impracticable for a workingman, like the blacksmith and others, the nature of whose business compels them to exercise certain muscles continually, but the stoop shoulders and awkward stiffness so noticeable can be avoided by devoting a short time each day to cultivating the other muscles of his body not brought into play by his business.

It will be readily seen what effect muscular activity has on the appetite, digestion, assimilation and nutrition.

Every time we move a muscle or think a thought, we use some muscular or brain tissue.

This must be resupplied through the mouth, from food. The activity stimulates all the functions of the body. The internal chemical fires burn brighter to prepare the food for assimilation, the blood is more active to carry the prepared nutrition to where it is needed to resupply the waste, and more oxygen is needed to supply the fuel for the brighter fires, and respiration is increased.

As we before stated, nature is generous and supplies more nutrition than is needed to resupply the waste, and when physical exercise is carefully distributed, the whole body is built up and strengthened.

The body becomes lithe, supple, erect, alert and active. The eye is bright, the head clear, the circulation active and regular. It is a joy to live. Our limbs are free and active and we take as much pleasure in using them as a colt in a pasture.

LUNG DEVELOPMENT.

This is the most important end to be attained by physical culture. Consumption is our most formidable foe. Its aggressions can be completely checked and this fell destroyer completely routed out of the earth, by systematic lung development. Consumption bacilli never yet got

a foothold in well developed lungs. It is the weak-lunged, narrow-chested people only who die of consumption.

If you belong to the latter, the sooner you begin to change your condition the better.

It is another noticeable fact that weak lungs and poor digestion and assimilation are twin brothers, while strong lungs and good digestion go hand in hand. The reason of this is obvious. Every particle of food we eat has to pass through a state of chemical combustion before it can be assimilated. To use a physiological term, the food has to be oxygenized, or oxidized.

The oxygen inhaled with the lungs uniting with the carbon of the food produces this combustion. It is therefore important that an ample supply of oxygen be supplied for this purpose.

Lungs of limited capacity do not furnish enough, while well developed lungs furnish abundance of this vital fluid. Unlike food, we cannot take too much. Therefore the greater the lung capacity the better the digestion and health.

Test your lungs by inhaling a full breath, filling them to their utmost capacity, and then try to hold it a few seconds. Does it make you dizzy? If so, you are in danger; don't waste any time, but begin systematic development at once.

How to Walk Healthily.

THERE is no use of trying to do this, until you have learned to *stand* healthily. Indeed, walking itself is really the operation of more or less expeditiously deserting one standing position for another.

EVERY WHERE has a notion of some time kodaking the actual position of ten or fifteen people as they look upon their feet, just as they happen to be standing here and there, and then exhibiting them to its readers. In nine cases out of ten, there would be a more-or-less flattened chest and distended abdomen. The body would be relying for its support, in most cases, upon the bones and not the muscles.

Not only the men, but the women, have

bad habits in supporting the body. "There is a reason" for this, and they are entitled to more of an excuse than the men. There are so many appurtenances to their dress, that they have to allow for them, and they come to imitate each other, and often assume the very postures that it should be their great effort to avoid.

No doubt the dressmaker and the tailor are responsible for a good many of the awkward and unhealthy attitudes that people take. They think they must conform themselves to the cut of their garments, and yield to an idea that the man is made for the clothes instead of the clothes being made for the man. Men with sloping shoulders are prone to shove themselves into uncanny positions in order to keep their "suspenders" from slipping off. They also sit in constrained positions so as to keep their trousers from wrinkling or bagging at the knees. Women, in the days of the "bustle", took all sorts of positions, in order to accommodate the mysterious and ugly appendage. In many other ways, people of both sexes, and scarcely oftener in one sex than another, are allowing their physical structure and habits to be strongly influenced by clothes.

Act in every particular, man or woman, with reference to the health and beauty of your body: without thinking of its covering. If that covering interferes, either ignore the interference, or select something else. Let the clothes fit and protect the body, and not allow the body to seek the favor of the clothes. Small and ill-fitting shoes have done as much hurt in the world, as corsets. They have made cheerful people peevish, and strong people indolent, if not weak.

Feet as Murderers.

THE feet are intended as faithful servants to the person who owns them; but very often are allowed to combine with this office that of a murderer. It is disagreeable for one to reflect that his two pedal extremities are conspiring together to kill him, but such is quite apt to be the case, if he does not look sharply after them, or, rather, down to them.

Cold, damp, and wet feet often give the body colds, which settle on the lungs, and throw their victim into a consumption. The problem of clothing the feet properly, has been a much-considered one, for many generations.

With all the boasted ingenuity of the Nineteenth Century, it has not yet invented perfect clothing for the foot, or evolved such pliancy as to allow the toes, nails and joints to maintain their perfectly natural condition, so as to promote to the greatest extent natural and easy walking; it has not succeeded in defending the foot invariably against dampness from without and within. It does not furnish perfect ventilation, so that the gases and perspiration constantly escaping from the feet, as from every other part of the body, will not condense, and themselves cause an unhealthy dampness.

There are a great many things for shoemakers yet to learn; and they do not always practice what they know. The artist in leather who can produce a safe, easy, comfortable, and withal comely shoe, has not yet made his bow to the world.

The feet should be placed in a basin of cold water, every morning, and kept there for a few seconds; the water just deep enough to cover the toes. Then they should be wiped dry, dressed, and used.

Once or twice in a week, they should be held in water, comfortably warm, for some ten minutes, and hot water added, from time to time; then if they are placed for a few seconds in a basin of shallow water, moderately cold, and then wiped dry, vigor will be added to the circulation and softness to the skin.

Do you sometimes notice the fact that your feet are cold, without apparent cause, and that a disagreeable sensation pervades the whole body? This is often the case, even in warm weather; and it is a sign that you are taking cold, and your feet are conspiring together to bring it about. In this case, give them the hot bath just mentioned; or at least hold them up for a few minutes to a blazing fire.

World-Success.

[Man, and Horse.]

AN odd race, that may give a line on the relative staying powers of a man and a horse, was contested in a small town in a neighboring state, last July. The man, an amateur runner of note,—holding the records for speed of one mile to fifty in his state,—declared his ability to outrun any horse for fifteen miles, and offered to race any equine in the county that distance. The owner of a finely bred mare, which he used in his business, hauling loads over the rough country highways, besides taking his family for a drive frequently, accepted the challenge. She was a fine specimen of the "Asiatic slave": high-spirited, fast, docile, and a family pet.

She was worked in the usual manner, until the day of the race, having no rest or "handlin'" in preparation. The man was in his usual pink of condition, as he always was, due to right living and careful exercise.

Much interest was taken in the matter, by the staid inhabitants of the old village and surrounding community: the event forming one of the numbers of a festival of games held in the village, for the benefit of one of the churches. While opinions differed, the man was a straight "favorite." Bets were made on the quiet by a few sports, some of the wise ones giving small odds on the man. Still, the gallant little horse had her many friends.

The course selected by the owner of the horse and the runner, was around a "country block", over rough roads interspersed by stretches of macadam, four laps making the distance. Both were to start from a standstill and go as they

pleased; the one completing the distance first to be declared the winner.

The weather was ideal, and there was no danger that either contestant would be overcome with heat, or stiffened by cold. At a quarter before five o'clock, the contestants were called up and "introduced"—having never met before—and given instructions by the starter. Nearly every one of the spectators, of course, had something to offer in the way of advice, not to say anything of the gibes and jokes poked at runner and driver.

Soon they were started—the man taking the lead at a fast pace, down the hill toward the village cemetery, then up hill over as rutty, stone-strewn, uneven mile of road as one can find in a day's journey.

The horse followed slowly, in a "jog"; the driver guiding her as best he could. Sometimes one wheel of the sulky would be in the ditch, and again he would bounce from his seat; but meanwhile keeping the horse on the best footing to be found.

After a mile of this going, they came to a stretch of macadamized road, that extends over two long and fairly steep hills. The runner was fully an eighth of a mile ahead; and keeping this pace, they passed through a neighboring town, where a large number were waiting to see the fun and encourage them both. The course from here lay over a straight road for half a mile, the man leading, and the driver holding his horse back for the finish, just trailing his competitor.

On the home stretch the horse seemed to realize she was racing with the party in "running-togs", and made a dash: but was promptly pulled up to her easy jog. This home-stretch was a fine, hard, road uphill most of the way. The man arrived

first under the wire, with the horse three minutes behind at completion of the first lap.

Many and amusing were the comments made by the spectators. The man kept on, but the horse was pulled up, and her mouth and nostrils sponged with water. When she started again, the runner was out of sight, over the hill, fully a quarter of a mile in the lead. She was driven easily, and walked part of the time, in order to avoid possible injury to her. When she turned on the "hard road" again, she was let go at a faster clip, and was soon in sight of her competitor. Here she showed more evidence of a knowledge that she was racing with the man in the white trunks and "fought the bit" to get her head. The contestants kept the same gait and positions during the rest of the second lap, the man again coming in ahead. He started once more over the route at his fastest gait. The horse was sponged again, and was started leisurely on her way; she was walked for nearly a mile, and then let out a little, and soon overhauled the runner, who was weakening perceptibly. He was still running "strong", but his knees were losing their spring; he appeared to be getting leg-weary.

The horse was held back for a short distance, and then let have her head. She pulled away from the man, and came in first at the end of the third lap, the runner being so far behind that he was not in sight.

The fourth and last lap was made by man and horse alone—neither being in sight of the other. The mare finished first, and won the prize. She had not "turned a hair"—being just a little warm under the harness-straps, but fresh as one could wish—to all appearance able to go fifteen more miles at a faster gait than she had travelled these.

The runner arrived twelve minutes after the horse, and was pretty nearly "all in", dripping with perspiration and trembling like a leaf. He had covered the distance within a short time of his record. This proved that for fifteen miles this particular man was not a match for

this daughter of the roads. They raced again six weeks later, the man having a fifteen-minute start, but the horse trotted him off his pins in three laps.

The writer of this, who had the pleasure of driving the plucky little mare, is of the opinion that man is not superior to the horse in contests of short distance, but in races of more than fifty miles the man will win. However, very much depends, he must be allowed to say, upon the skill and good judgment of the driver.

Give the Left Hand a Chance.

BECAUSE your left hand is weaker and less skillful than your right, do not snub and neglect it. There is a temptation, especially among sedentary people, to keep it in the background, and do all the skilful work with the one hand.

Remember that both were made for the purpose of aiding the body; and while no doubt the nicer touches of skilled work must be done with the trained right, there are still many things that the left can do just as well, or better.

Occasionally people pursue that plan so perseveringly as to become ambidextrous: the late President Garfield is said to have been one of these. While few workaday people have time to follow the plan to that extent, it is very convenient, in case one hand is temporarily or permanently disabled, to possess another all ready prepared to go on with your work.

One bookkeeper, who recently sprained his wrist by a fall from the inevitable bicycle, would have had to "lie off" a couple of weeks at least, had he not as a sort of amusement trained his left hand to do fairly good writing. As it was, he went on with his work, and gave the disabled member a good long time in which to get well.

It is needless to say, to most people, that this advice ought not to be carried so far as to extend the left hand in salutation. To have anyone carelessly stick out the left in "shaking hands" is to many refined people next door to an insult.

How to Carry Umbrellas.

FEW people carry an umbrella correctly, unless it rains; and not all of them even then.

A closed-up umbrella ought never to be tucked under the arm and protruded far to the rear, like a long, aggressive, inflexible tail—as most of them are carried.

Any one who sports an umbrella in that manner, takes up fully three times as much room as he ought, and makes of himself a disagreeable and dangerous member of society.

Whoever is directly behind him, has to regulate every motion with reference to those of his neighbor with the umbrella; he has not only to do that, but to make calculations as to what will probably be his future movements.

If the weapon-carrier turns suddenly to the right or left, you are liable to get a scrape from his ferrule across the face or body. If he step back of a sudden, maybe you will get it in the eye direct.

A little umbrella, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing, unless prudence goes with it; and he who would not be called into the courts to pay for damages done some fellow pedestrian, should carry both umbrella and cane in a line with the body.

When it rains, and the umbrella is spread, there is still more care required. Few people know how to shelter themselves to the best advantage, and still fewer how to protect anybody else at the same time. To keep the umbrella from draining its many little eaves-troughs on other people, or pecking and pecking at their hats, is also an accomplishment.

How About Us?

ONE cannot help wondering whether he himself makes as queer mistakes as the following, when he first steps out of the President's English, and undertakes to write letters and things in a foreign language.

"English as she is printed" is shown by the announcement of a down-town

barber in New York City, which reads as follows: "New Italian barber shop. Salvatore Sebastino has the honor and pleasure to advertiser the respectfully public that he open a First-Class Barber Shop, he hope a very numerous public. The first shop in the tenth quarter 74 Spring St. Branch of 140 Mott St. Price: Shave 10 cents, shampoo 15 cents. Mustacche 15 cents."

Sailing Trains by Compass.

NOT only in the forest and on the sea is a compass interesting and useful. It is a good thing to have along with one in a large city, or on a broad prairie, or even on a railroad train.

Not that we can really sail a railroad train with a compass. The tackings, luffings, etc., have all been provided for; it can be foretold just what points of direction will be taken by this great ship of the valleys or plains.

But with a small pocket-compass you can, while sitting quietly in a railroad coach, tell exactly which way you are running: east, west, southwest, south by southeast, or what not. You will be surprised and interested to notice how suddenly the direction will change, in order to follow the windings of some valley, to escape some prominent hill, or enter a city from the best available point.

Do not be discouraged and inclined to jump off the train if it sometimes goes almost or quite directly opposite its main scheduled direction. Trains often have to do that in order to keep the rails—which, you may be assured, have been laid with a view of getting you to the destination for which you have ticketed yourself.

This interesting study can be pursued with any good pocket-compass—a "charm-compass", if you have one that is a compass as well as a charm. A large proportion of those hung upon watch-chains are good for nothing except as ornaments; and when you find a fairly accurate one, it is well to hang on to it—or to see that it hangs securely upon you.



September 22—German metal manufacturers decided to lock out their 250,000 employees on October 1.

Egyptian National Congress denounced ex-President Roosevelt, as dishonoring Egypt by his statements.

Many new cholera cases reported in St. Petersburg, with several deaths.

23—George Chavez, a Peruvian, crossed the Alps in a flying machine, but was fatally injured upon landing.

Thirty deaths and fifty new cases of cholera reported in Naples.

Illinois State Republican Convention endorsed President Taft's administration.

24—Authorities of Naples admit the presence in their city of cholera.

Paris papers defend the right of United States to fortify the Panama Canal.

25—The highest judicial authority of Great Britain denied the right of trade unionists to use their funds for political purposes.

The Imperialists win election in Canada.

26—Cholera reported to be spreading in Rome, Naples and Hungary.

A coroner's jury found the notorious Dr. Crippen, of London, guilty of the murder of his wife. Death reported caused by hyoscine poisoning.

Western roads accused of rebating, and charging the rebates to damage-accounts.

27—Berlin police kill and injure many in quelling strike rioters.

President Taft decided to put all assistant postmasters under Civil Service rules.

28—The Federation of Master Cotton Spinners decided to make no further concessions to their employes. A lockout of more than 150,000 operators imminent.

Dr. Manuel Condra elected President of Paraguay.

Ex-President Roosevelt defeated the "Old Guard" in the Republican convention of New York, being elected temporary chairman against Vice-President Sherman.

29—Canadian Minister of Finance stated he would confer with Secretary Knox regarding reciprocity treaty.

An uprising of the "Boxers" is reported as

probable in China, and foreigners are advised to prepare for it.

Walter Brookins broke the continuous-flight record with flying machine, going from Chicago to Springfield, a distance of 192½ miles.

October 3—Mayor Gaynor of New York returns to City Hall, attends meeting of Board of Estimate and finds difficulty in making himself heard.

King Frederick of Denmark received Booker T. Washington and conversed at length with him on subject of the colored race today.

Dr. Cook of Arctic exploring notoriety, was found in London and declared his intention to return and face his enemies.

6—Republic set up in Portugal. Theophile Braga proclaimed President. New flag displayed from public buildings.

Dr. A. H. Doty, Health Officer of New York, orders a five-day quarantine on all vessels coming from cholera-infected ports; said ports to be policed by competent surgeons to prevent suspects sailing.

Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York State retired to take office of Supreme Court Justice; and turned his office over to Lieutenant-Governor Horace White.

Royal family of Portugal seek safety at Gibraltar.

9—Forest fires caused destruction of six towns and loss of 300 lives in Northern Minnesota.

A case of cholera developed on board a German liner, which has been held at Quarantine in New York since October fourth.

10—Hon. Charles E. Hughes, of New York, was sworn in as an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The government of state of Manaos, Brazil, overthrown; federal troops aiding in bombarding of the city of Manaos.

United States cruiser "Des Moines" arrived at Lisbon.

11—A virulent case of cholera discovered in a London hotel. The patient died in a hospital.

King George ordered the royal yacht to

- carry former King Manuel and Queen Amelie to England.
- Ex-President Roosevelt made an aeroplane trip with an aviator in St. Louis, remaining in air over three minutes.
- A general strike on railroads in France was declared: Paris isolated from outer world.
- Brazil recognized the new Republic of Portugal, being first Power to do so.
- 12—Switzerland recognized the Republic of Portugal.
- Roque Saenz Pena was inaugurated President of Argentina, and a new Cabinet was sworn in.
- A hospital to facilitate the study of certain special diseases was opened by the Rockefeller Institute in New York City.
- 13—The French Government made several arrests in connection with the general railroad strike.
- American potatoes are admitted to and allowed sold in France; the first time since 1875.
- Eleven deaths from cholera in Naples in twentyfour hours.
- President Taft approved of plans to raise the wreck of the Maine in Havana Harbor.
- 14—Sufficient provisions reached Paris; the general strike on French railways reported weakening.
- General opposition manifested in the South to forming of foreign company to guarantee cotton bills of lading.
- 16—Walter Wellman, with five companions, started from Atlantic City on a trip to London in a dirigible balloon.
- French dirigible balloon made a trip from Compiegne, near Paris, to London, in six hours.
- Rioting reported from Managua, the capital of Nicaragua; situation said to be critical.
- French Premier refused to permit mass-meetings of railway employes.
- 17—Strike on French railroads declared off.
- Destructive cyclone and floods in Cuba; great loss of life and property.
- Four members of Turkish Cabinet resigned.
- 18—The trial of Dr. Crippen, for murder of Belle Elmore, opened in London.
- Walter Wellman abandoned his dirigible balloon at sea and was picked up by steamer Trent.
- The Republic of Portugal issued a decree exiling the house of Braganza.
- 19—Thirtyseven new cases of cholera and seventeen deaths occurred in Italy.
- King Manuel and Queen Mother arrived in England, where they will make their future home.
- Cholera is discovered on two ships at Rio de Janeiro quarantine.

Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

- BOSS, MRS. MARY**—In Schenectady, N. Y., October 3, aged one hundred and four years. Her age is authentic, as county officials obtained the date of her birth from a parish register in Germany, more than twenty years ago.
- BLODGETT, RUFUS**—In Long Branch, N. J., October 3, aged seventysix years. He was born in New Hampshire. After a common school education, he became a machinist. After becoming a master mechanic he took up railroad work. In 1866 he became superintendent of New Jersey Southern Railroad. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1887 and represented the Democratic party there until 1893. Following his retirement from federal politics he was elected Mayor of Long Branch for five consecutive terms.
- CHAVEZ, GEORGE**—At Domo d'Ossola, in Italy, September 27, aged twentythree years. He was a native of Paris, and was unknown until he began to break the records in aeroplanes, which attracted world-wide attention. On September 19 he attempted to cross the Alps, but was forced to abandon the flight. On Friday, September 23, he made a successful crossing, but was so seriously injured in landing that he could not recover.
- COOK, BRIG. GEN. JOHN P.**—At Hillsdale, Mich., aged eightyfive years. He was the commander of the Union Army that received the surrender of Fort Donelson in the Civil War, and was formerly Mayor of Springfield, Ill.
- CROWNINSHIELD, CASPAR B.**—In Naples, September 26, aged 39 years. He was the son of Rear-Admiral Crowninshield and held many political offices. He was a graduate of Harvard and born at Nice, France. He was appointed Consul for United States at Naples and was prominent in the relief work at Messina.
- DANA, WILLIAM B.**—At Majestic, L. I., October 10, aged eightytwo years. He was born at Utica, N. Y., educated at Yale. He

- was admitted to the practice of law, but soon took up journalism. He founded the New York "Commercial and Financial Chronicle", of which he was senior editor at the time of his death.
- DAVIS, REBECCA HARDING**—At Mount Kisco, N. Y., September 29, aged eighty years. She was at one time a prominent woman-author of United States. Her first book to gain a wide circulation was "Life in the Iron Mills." She was born at Washington, Pa, received a thorough education, and while a young woman was married to L. Clark Davis, who died in 1904. She was the mother of the well-known author Richard Harding Davis.
- DOLLIVER, JONATHAN P.**—At Fort Dodge, Iowa, October 15, aged fiftytwo years. He was born at Kingswood, W. Va., educated at West Virginia University, taught school for a time, and then took up the practice of law. He represented Iowa in United States Congress for more than twenty years, both as Senator and Representative. He was among the most prominent of the Republican "insurgents", and noted as a very forceful and entertaining orator.
- GILBERT, CHARLES**—In New York, October 11, aged fortyfour years. He was born in Paris, educated at the Conservatoire, began his career as a singer early in life, and was considered one of the best interpreters of French songs of all periods and types.
- HARPER, J. ABNER**—At Newburgh, N. Y., October 2, aged eightyseven years. He was a native of New York City, and for more than fifty years was a member of the firm of Harper & Bros. He retired from business several years ago, and became one of the most genial and hospitable of country gentlemen, at his beautiful residence near the Hudson River.
- HOWE, MRS. JULIA WARD**—At Middletown, R. I., October 17, aged ninetyone years. She was born in New York, and educated there. She began writing poetry when a school girl. She was noted as an author, lecturer and philanthropist. In 1843, she was married to the eminent humanitarian, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who died in 1876. Her life was full of work for the benefit of the world, including anti-slavery, woman-suffrage, and prison reforms. She was author of several books, both poetry and prose. Her most famous poem is the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"—known all over the civilized world.
- HOYT, REV. WAYLAND**—At Salem, Mass., aged seventytwo years. For over forty years he was one of the most prominent of the Baptist clergy, filling many well-known pulpits, in various cities. He devoted much of his time to lecturing and writing and was extensively known in both fields.
- LAMBERT, LOUIS A.**—At Newfoundland, N. J. September 24, aged seventy-six years. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and was educated for the ministry. He was chaplain of an Illinois regiment and was present at the battle of Shiloh, and others, in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi. He became prominent as an opponent of Robert G. Ingersoll, and wrote many pamphlets in defense of the Christian religion. He was at one time editor of "The Catholic Times", and later of "The New York Freeman's Journal."
- MACABEE, WILLIAM**—In Philadelphia, October 5, aged 107 years. He was the oldest Civil War veteran and an inmate of the Soldiers' Home for thirty years.
- ROELKER, CHARLES R.**—In Washington, September 24, aged sixty-nine years. He was a native of Germany, coming to United States when young. He served in the Civil War as an engineer, and in the Spanish-American War with the navy. He was retired as rear-admiral in 1907.
- SANKEY, MRS. FRANCES V.**—In Brooklyn, N. Y., September 25, aged seventyone years. She was the widow of Ira D. Sankey, and had assisted him in his evangelical work. She was a native of Pennsylvania and a member of the Methodist Church from early childhood.
- SHOEMAKER, DR. JOHN V.**—In Philadelphia, October 11, aged fiftyeight years. He was born at Chambersburg, Pa., educated at Dickinson College and Jefferson Medical College. He spent his early life as lecturer on anatomy and dermatology. For many years he was surgeon general of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, and a leading authority on therapeutics and dermatology.
- TREE, JUDGE LAMBERT**—In New York, October 9, aged seventyeight years. He was born in Washington, educated at University of Virginia, and admitted to the bar in 1855. He was president of Chicago Law Institute, and United States Circuit Judge. President Cleveland made him Minister to Belgium and, later, to Russia. President Harrison appointed him a member of the Monetary Commission in 1891.
- VON LEYDEN, ERNST**—In Berlin, October 5, aged seventyeight years. He was born in Dantzic and made a special study of nervous diseases and cancer; represented Germany at the International Tuberculosis Congress in Washington in 1908.
- WHITMORE, WILLARD S.**—In Washington, October 18, aged sixtyeight years of age. He was born in Laporte, Ind. He founded the first newspaper in Minneapolis and invented the paper-maché matrix process of stereotyping..

Fifty Doings and Undoings.

An egg within an egg has been produced at Westerly, R. I.

Horace Greeley would be a hundred years old, if alive February 3, 1911.

Bones are still found of victims drowned by the celebrated Johnstown flood years ago.

America is the smoothest shaven of all countries, and consequently the paradise of barbers.

Two much pepper in his soup made a New York man sneeze himself to death, with hemorrhages.

President Taft was sick while in the Philippines—Mrs. O. C. Stauffer nursed him: and she is just dead.

The world weighs 7,000,000,000,000 tons. The finding this out was a weighty problem, but was accomplished.

A plumbing firm in Chicago has failed, and the householders there are wondering what became of all the money.

Several armless people exist, who can write as well and rapidly with the mouth, as others with the hands.

Do not swallow a handful of pins at once, unless you want to die in great agony, as did Mrs. Walkin, of South Norwalk, Conn.

Little Rhode Island keeps increasing in population—notwithstanding it is so small, and the rest of the country is so large.

London is not the only city that has an occasional black fog: Paris and Chicago both get one now and then, good and hard.

The pugilist Jack Johnson says he will not fight again for a year. Meanwhile, it is said, he is paid \$5,000 per week for exhibiting himself.

"Boston girls consider themselves as superior to Boston boys", says the Mayor of the Self-complacent City, "and so the marriage-rate lags."

The science of flying costs lives, as well as money: and it is a decidedly off-week when some one is not killed by the attraction of gravitation.

A leather-back turtle weighing 400 pounds will soon arrive at the New York aquarium—having been caught near Long Branch, after a plucky fight.

Some say that within a hundred years there will be no Indians at all, and some say there are more Indians in this country than ever before.

An Italian landslide is taking its time—moving only a short distance each day: but is inexorably carrying with it a village of a thousand population.

Railroad accidents occur all the time "more or less" in Europe, as well as in this country: and 150 people were injured in one of them, near Oporto, Portugal.

Chicago school-girls are to take a course in plumbing—those who may wish. Thus are our women gradually steering toward financial independence.

While cleaning up the home of Michael Kochendorfer, a farmer who lived near Rochester, Ind., the nice little sum of \$1,600 was found lying around tight.

Bad book-keeping hides a good deal of 'graft' in municipal governments", says a former officer of the New York city government: and he ought to know.

During sudden accidents in crowds, it is not uncommon for woman physicians to step up and offer efficient help. There is room for hope that there may be more of them.

A ball-and-chain was attached to a boy by his father, in Quincy, Mass., to keep him from running on the streets. The old gentleman paid \$25.00 fine for his ingenuity.

The prize-fighter Corbett has developed into a negro minstrel man, and blacks up like the rest of them. He likes best this latest way of getting his eyes blacked.

Free instruction as to running automobiles will be given in the Gloucester, Mass., public schools. More instruction should be given men in the courts—at their own expense.

On the head of an ordinary pin Paul P. Wantz of Sharon, Pa., has engraved the alphabet four times and then added his name and the date, making 119 characters in all.

Nature is made to "hurry up" in the moving picture shows: a flower (or the photograph of one) appears to grow, bud, blossom, and put forth seed—all in five minutes.

A Missouri matron has solved the problem of how to make boys run errands with prompt-

ness and agility. She changes boys with neighbor-women, without the boys' knowing it.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, is suffering from paralysis of the right side. It is to be hoped that he will soon recover his health, and give us more of his inimitable ballads.

Not only banks but railroads have high-up thieves. It is said that a cool million of dollars has been stolen from the Illinois Central Railroad, in construction work on the southern lines.

A gun that throws bombs scattering poisonous gases, is now manufactured by the Krupps. Some invention to poison the wells out of which soldiers drink, may soon be forthcoming.

Believing corn meal to be the cause of pellagra, the Hungarian government has adopted very strict regulations against the use of that substance under any other than its own name.

The consumption of coal in the United States is more than twice as great as any other country, and nearly equals that of the United Kingdom, Germany, France and Belgium combined.

Street-lamps can be made to burn twelve minutes after ten p. m., in some German villages, by putting a penny in the slot. People who are out late nights, can thus illuminate their way home.

A great many papers and people are worrying as to whether Roosevelt's popularity is going to wane. Theodore himself never has seemed to worry about it, and he ought to be too old to begin.

One hundred and fifty languages have been invented since the middle of the seventeenth century—each one of which, it was fondly hoped by its inventor, would become "univer-

sal." Esperanto is the leading one now, and bids fair to have a long life: but wait.

United States with 690,438 persons employs in mining coal produced 538 tons per person employed, as against 271 tons per person in the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

"Labor is pain," Dean Swift used to say, "and our family never liked pain—from my great-grandmother down."—He might have added that it was in the long run a greater pain not to labor.

An oldtime New London whaler named Charles Gilson Avery, took a good solid rest when on shore occasionally, by building his own tomb at Yantic. He waited thirteen years to be buried in it.

A young woman posing as a man, has been detected in New York. She had escaped discovery-of-sex five years, and flirted considerably with other women—meanwhile earning a good subsistence.

Milk-snakes are infesting farming regions near Newark, N. J. They have been found in every herd of cows in the neighborhood, and the problem of what became of the lacteal fluid, is solved.

"Which died first, and who inherits the property?" is occasionally a very important legal question, when a husband and wife both perish in the same accident. Hence, the importance of wills.

A "School for Matrimony" has been established at Boston, to teach girls how to be good wives.—It should be coeducational—and give young men a few lessons as to how to keep their wives good.

A baby girl, weighing one and a half pounds and less than twelve inches in length, was born recently in Illinois on a farm east of Duquoin. The infant is so tiny that a

LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

The prompt specific and extraordinary action of WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF MANGANESE in the above class of diseases indicates it as the most appropriate treatment. It is unequalled by any other remedy. It is safe, never constipates, and is superior to iron in any form. It reaches the root of the ailment. Especially recommended for Diabetes, Albuminuria (Bright's Disease), etc.

Dr. T. J. WEST says: Dear Sirs: I have used a bottle of your Hypophosphites of Manganese for liver and kidney complaints in my own person and received much benefit, so I will enclose five dollars and will ask you to send me as much as you can by express, prepaid, for that amount, until we can get it through the regular channels. I am confident it is just what I have been in search of for many years. I am prescribing your Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and am pleased with the preparation.

Yours sincerely, Dr. T. J. WEST.

Price \$1.00 per bottle. Through your druggist or direct from

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 904 Beekman Building, NEW YORK
Send for free pamphlet, securely sealed. (We prepay charges in the U. S.) Established 1858.

FOR WEAK LUNGS USE WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERYWHERE.

ORATIONS Lectures, Debates, Essays, etc., written to order. Manuscripts revised and reconstructed. Outlines furnished. Particulars for stamp. F. A. Miller, Dept. B. Freelandville, Ind.

WANTED—Manuscripts suitable for trade-journals, also short stories and essays. Miller's Literary Agency, Freelandville, Ind.

The Knead-Klean Bread Roll

Patented Dec. 24, 1909



Do you know that your pie or biscuit can be moulded ready for the oven in the time you now take to prepare your kneading board, and without the cleaning up afterwards? Send postal for my circular describing the **Knead-Klean Bread Roll** and learn how. A perfect kneading surface and rolling pin always ready for immediate use. Rolls up to put away like music roll, dust and dirt

proof. Price, complete \$2.00, post-paid. Money returned after a week's trial if dissatisfied. Peter S. Wood, Burton, Wash., Sole Maker.



Artistic Homes

A 1910 - Page Plan - Book of Moderate - Cost Homes Price \$1.00 Largest Published - Entirely New Plans Other Similar Books are

\$ 500 to \$1000 Homes	25c
\$1000 to \$1500 Homes	25c
\$1500 to \$2000 Homes	25c
California Bungalows	25c
Artistic Churches	25c

Herbert C. Olivers Co.
16 Call Bldg. - San Francisco

How a Fortune Is Acquired

YOUR own common sense will tell you that no man ever made a fortune except by wise investments, in safe and sound companies.

We have investments that are paying as high as 25 per cent. A small investment now would yield a handsome yearly income.

Write or phone us and our representative will call or make an appointment. You are under no obligation to buy unless satisfied.

WHITE & CO.,

Investment Brokers.

Suite 1710-1711,

150 Nassau St.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to **EVERY WHERE**.

match will hide one of her fingers, while her head is about the size of a hen's egg. The doctors say she will live.

Boston is probably the only city in the country, if not in the world, that boasts of two statues of Columbus. One stands on Beacon Hill, and the other on the Cathedral grounds in the South End.

Switzerland has a prohibitory-law against absinthe. The act, carried in a referendum a year and a half ago, has gone into effect and from now on the manufacture and sale of this dangerous drink are forbidden.

Dante is said to have been of moderate stature, stooping when he walked, slow and dignified both in gait and speech, reserved and taciturn in habit, but, when he spoke, keen, sarcastic, and often contemptuous.

The only Eskimo author is "Shoo Fly", or Nua-Shi-Nok, as her real name designates her, who has written several cold-weather stories and songs, and who by means of her talent is a leader of the "social set" of the natives of the Hudson Bay region. It is to be hoped she will give us something interesting—and "new."

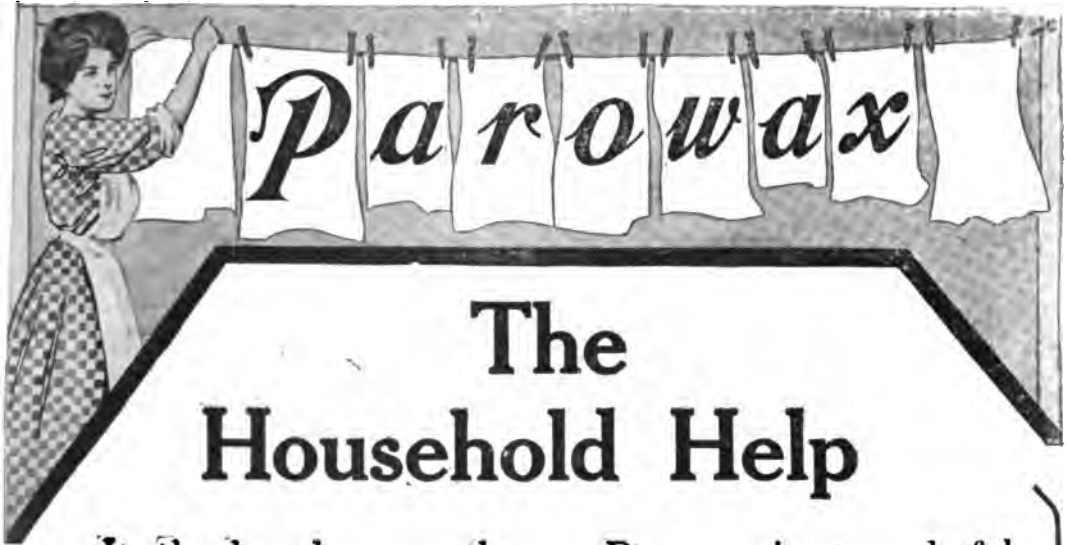
A quatrain of verse by Charles Dickens, containing more physiognomy than melody, has recently been published for the first time. It is as follows:

"Man's face—the index to his soul—
Shows what may be found within;
The broad brow has a heavenly goal—
The narrow, a haven of sin."

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Under the publisher's notes in "Pediatrics" (Jan.) it is stated that emaciation, debility, loss of vigor and strength, and wasting, are the ordinary symptoms of a depraved and impoverished condition of the blood, which can be acted upon directly by Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda and be enriched, purified, replenished and made a life-restoring fluid capable of repairing the waste and renewing the parts of the body as fast as they are exhausted.

It is also stated that these hypophosphites can be relied upon to effect a cure in marasmus, tabes mesenterica, occurring particularly in scrofulous children, and characterized by emaciation, diarrhoea, immoderate appetite, hardness and swelling of the abdomen, as well as rickets or rachitis, accompanied by lameness, general debility, indigestion and frequently by atrophy (wasting) in weakly children born of scrofulous parents. Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda supplies to the growing infant those very chemical elements so essential for its growth and development, furnishing material for the structure of the teeth, formation of bone, tissue, and muscle.



In the laundry or washroom Parowax is a wonderful help. It is of value to the housewife or laundress in two distinct ways—it saves time and labor in washing and lengthens the life of the clothes. Did you ever stop to think why you have to rub clothes as well as soap them? This is the reason: You have to rub the clothes in order to loosen the dirt.

If you could loosen the dirt without rubbing the clothes it would save the labor of hard rubbing, and the clothes would last much longer, because, of course, hard rubbing injures the fabric. You can loosen the dirt and preserve the fabric. Parowax does it.

You simply put one-half teacup of shaved Parowax and the usual quantity of shaved soap in the hot water in the boiler, which is sufficient for one boiler of wash. After taking the clothes from the boiler, rinse thoroughly in warm water. The Parowax and the soap dissolve quickly, and so loosen the dirt that the old amount of rubbing is unnecessary. Every atom of dirt slips away from the fabric. Parowax is odorless and tasteless and leaves no odor in the clothes.

Consequently, clothes washed with Parowax last longer and come out of the wash whiter—white as when new. This labor-saving and wear-reducing value of Parowax is seen in every kind of washing, especially on women's finer goods, lacy waists, dainty underwear, and lingerie of every kind.

To protect the user, the trade-mark "Parowax" has been given to the grade of Pure Refined Paraffine sold by this Company for years. This absolutely pure paraffine has been used all these years for sealing jellies, etc., and for washing and ironing.

Dealers everywhere sell the Parowax brand of Pure Refined Paraffine. Beware of articles offered as substitutes. Look for the name of the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to **EVERETT WATSON**

Its Economy and Power Startle the World!

The Engine Runs on COAL OIL at a Fraction of Cost of Gasoline.

Thousands of these marvelous engines—in actual use today—prove beyond question that kerosene is the engine fuel of the future. The success of the "Detroit" Engine is absolutely unparalleled.

Demand is overwhelming.

Kerosene (common coal oil)

runs it with wonderful economy.

Kerosene generally costs 6

to 15c less per gallon than gasoline

—and gasoline is still going up.

Runs on any engine fuel. Only

three moving parts. Light

and portable. Does work of

engines weighing four

times as much. Runs every-

thing.

The Amazing "DETROIT"

The Kerosene Wonder—on 15 Days' Trial—Direct From Factory

Any engine you want, from 2 to 20 H. P., sent on 15 days' free trial—tested immediately before shipping and ready to run. If dissatisfied—every dollar you have paid us for the engine cheerfully refunded. Prices lowest ever known for high-grade, guaranteed engines.

The New Book is Ready—WRITE! Tell us all about these new wonders that mark a new era in engine. Special introductory price on first "Detroit" engine sold in each community. Quick action gets it. Address Detroit Engine Works, 469 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.



DENATURED ALCOHOL IN SOLID FORM

Cleveland Special Dispatch.—A well known Wheeling, W. Va., chemist has succeeded in producing chunks of denatured alcohol in crystal form by means of a small infusion of certain acids, whereby crystals of an alkaloidal nature very closely resembling physiologically the effects of ethyl alcohol distilled from sawdust are produced. The method employed and the results obtained are somewhat similar to the crystallizing of rock candy or that of Saccharine; containing as it does 350 times the sweetening strength over that of cane sugar, so this alkaloidal crystallized alcohol contains many times the strength over the ordinary denatured fluid alcohol. They will yield 194 proof denatured alcohol, with a greater heating and cooking power for stoves than gasoline, and it is absolutely non-explosive. A sample can, containing 50 solid cubes, 1 Stove and the secret formula how to make it at home, will be mailed to you postpaid on receipt of \$5.00 Address "CHEMIST",

Care The Wood Waste Distilleries Co., Inc.

Dept. S., Wheeling, W. Va., U. S. A.

Camera Owners

If you would like to see a copy of a beautiful, practical, interesting, modern photographic magazine, written and edited with the purpose of teaching all photographers how to use their materials and skill to the best advantage, either for profit or amusement, send us your name on a postcard. Don't forget or delay, but write at once. The three latest numbers will be sent for 25 cents. \$1.50 a year.

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY

192 Pope Building, Boston Mass.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

EVERY WHERE

NOVEMBER, 1910.

This Magazine was entered at the Post Office in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 13, 1904, as second-class mail matter under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by Every Where Pub. Co.

MAIN OFFICE, 444 GREENE AVENUE, BROOKLYN

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Six months, fifty cents. One year, one dollar. Three years, or three subscriptions for one year, two dollars. Five years, or five subscriptions for one year, three dollars. Subscriptions for the life-time of one subscriber, ten dollars.

METHODS OF REMITTING.

The best way to send remittances for subscriptions is by Post-office or Express Money Order.

A perfectly safe way is to send money by registered letter which costs 8 cents extra.

Postage-stamps of any denomination, to amount of subscription, are accepted in lieu of money

All money-orders and remittances should be addressed to

EVERY WHERE PUB. CO.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

In ordering subscriptions, care should be taken to give subscriber's name and address in full, writing street and number (if any), town or city and state, plainly.

RENEWALS AND CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

In renewing, do not be impatient or "nervous" if there is any delay in changing date on the wrapper; be careful to give exactly the same name and initials as are on the address-slip; otherwise we cannot identify you.

In asking for change of address, state your present one, so that we can find it readily among our many thousands of names. In case you are contemplating removal, send notice as soon as possible, so that you may find the next EVERY WHERE awaiting you in your new home.

DEALINGS WITH MANUSCRIPT.

We receive thousands of literary contributions in the course of a year, but can accept only those peculiarly well adapted to the general trend of our Magazine. They are all carefully examined and returned if not used, when accompanied by a postpaid envelope bearing the author's address.

The Fresh Eye in Advertising

A GERMAN manufacturer of Prussian Blue was once showing the great scientist, Liebig, over his plant. The raw material for the color was ground in iron mortars in which worked huge iron pestles. Liebig was an old man and complained of the deafening noise made by these machines. The manufacturer admitted the noise and spoke of the short life of the machines, but said he had noticed that the more noise a machine made, the better blue it turned out, and he saw no way to remedy it.

Liebig surmised that the better quality of blue from the noisy machines came from the iron rubbed off the machine itself in the process of mixing, and that if the manufacturer would introduce some iron into his raw material he could lessen the friction, save his machines and produce just as good a blue. The manufacturer was a sensible man, not too set in his ways. He saw the point and took advantage of it.

It often happens that some rank outsider can come into our chosen vocation and see things of immense value to us, to which our very familiarity has made us blind.

This is the "fresh eye" so much talked of among painters, and this "fresh eye" is generally the eye of another man. A doctor seldom prescribes for himself. He sends for another doctor, feeling that this other man, even though he may be less skillful, can diagnose his ailment more successfully than he can himself.

The same thing is true in business. The outside man who can get this fresh view; who can see things from the viewpoint of the public, is the right kind of a man in the advertising agency business. It is this man who, realizing how essential to success is merchandising, makes this the foundation on which he builds his copy.

Those "advertising campaign failures" of

which you hear from time to time are caused not so much by poor copy or wrong mediums, as by a lack of merchandising ideas to give to the copy and the mediums the appeal necessary for an adequate market.

There are some things that cannot be sold by advertising without radical changes in merchandising methods. A name may often be a millstone about the neck of a good product. A trade mark may mean nothing or worse than nothing. The article to be sold may be packed with so little regard for public taste and opinion that its appearance condemns it. It is often the case that there lies hidden in some corner of a man's business some humble by-product that has in it greater possibilities than the big thing the man is straining all his resources to market.

Elisha Gray, the man who disputed with Alexander Graham Bell the invention of the telephone once told the writer that he had lost several fortunes in working out and defending great inventions, while the thing that afforded him the principal part of his income in his old age was an insignificant patented device attached to an electrical call box, which paid him a two-cent royalty on each one manufactured.

The commercial possibilities of such things are what the "fresh eye" is quick to see.

This agency can do well the ordinary things an advertising agency ought to do, but its greater strength lies in its ability to bring the "fresh eye" to a man's merchandising problems. On this it banks heavily.

Last week a business man, who had been in an advertising agency himself at one time, said to me: "You can never build up a big agency business if you spend as much time and thought over the business problems of all your clients as you do over mine."

Perhaps not, but if others follow him, then perhaps I can.

HENRY KING HANNAH Advertising

277 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

RHEUMATISM

**Tell Me That You Suffer, and I'll
Send You My Drafts**

TO TRY FREE.

Just Write Me a Postal

I have found a wonderful external remedy for rheumatism—so safe and simple, yet so quick and positive in its results that I invite every sufferer to try it **AT MY EXPENSE.**



FREDERICK DYER, Cor. Sec.

Just send me your name and address—return mail will bring you a pair of my famous **DRAFTS**. Wear them six days. **THEN**, if you are satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us one dollar. If not, keep your money. You decide, and we take your word.



Magic Foot Drafts are curing thousands every month, doubtless many with cases just like yours. They are curing rheumatism in every part of the body, curing after doctors and baths and everything else had failed. I believe they will just as surely cure you, and you need not risk a penny to try them; simply drop a letter or postal to **MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., 1132 W Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.** The trial drafts will come by return post. Send No Money. **WRITE TODAY.**

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to **EVERY WHERE.**

Philosophy and Humor.

OLD ROX WAS A FOX.

"How did Old Rox get his money?"
"Speculating—he's been married four times."

AUNTIE'S UPRIGHTNESS.

"Do you assimilate your food, aunty?"
"No, I doesn't, sah. I buys it open an' honest, sah."

ANNEXES TO THE DECALOGUE.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "has a way of tellin' you to be good dat soun's like dey thought dey was improvin' on de Ten Commandments."

COURTING BY ARITHMETIC.

"How did Cougher win Miss Price so quickly?"
"Sent her eighteen roses on her twenty-fifth birthday."

HOOKS AS AGAINST EYES.

Mrs. Newlywed—You are not a bit interested in my new dress.
Mr. Newlywed—Indeed I am! How many hooks has it?

PREMISES DEFINED.

"On what grounds does your father object to me?" he asked.
"On any grounds within a mile of our house", she answered

MRS. MUTT RESUMES.

"What expressive blue eyes Mrs. Mutt has!"
"Yes, since her husband was locked up. They used to be black."

ORNITHOLOGICAL ITEM.

"Papa, did you ever see a little bird with a big bill?"
"Yes, son, I once ordered a quail on toast at a fashionable restaurant."

SYMMETRICAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The following entry appears in the "Visitors' Book" of a hotel in Germany:
"The living here is good, plain, and substantial. So is the waitress."

WHOSE WHO'S IN UMBRELLAS.

The Court—You will swear that the prisoner stole your umbrella?
The Plaintiff—Your honor, I will swear that he stole the umbrella I was carrying.

WHEELS OUTSIDE OF WHEELS.

"The position is yours, sir, if you will deposit a thousand dollars as a security."
"I accept your offer, sir, if you will deposit

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a thousand dollars as a security for my security."

SUCCESSFUL WEDLOCK.

Mrs. Quackeness—Am yo' daughter happily mar'd, Sister Sagg?

Mrs. Sagg—She sho' is! Bless goodness, she'd done got a husband dat's skeered to death of her!

NOTE ON DIET.

Meat-Eater—I've tried nuts as food, but they don't seem to agree with me.

Vegetarian—What kind of nuts did you use?

Meat-Eater—Doughnuts.

LUSHINGTON'S FEAT.

Mr. Lushington—This 'ere paper calls Mugtown a strong'old o' temperance. W'y, comin' 'ome from work ter-day I passed fourteen public 'ouses. Wot d'yer call that, eh?

Mrs. Lushington—A miracle.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

Lorena (in the gallery)—That is Mr. Gildab, the artist. He is wedded to his profession.

Aunt Sophrony—Jedgin' from his looks I should say he didn't marry for money.

A CLOSE OBSERVER.

Bricklayer (to mate, who had just had a hodful of bricks fall on his feet)—Drop'd

'em on yer toe! That's nothin'. Why, I seen a bloke get killed stone dead, an' 'e never made such a bloomin' fuss as you're doin'.

AS TO PEPSY.

Father—You shouldn't be angry at Pepsy for proposing to you. His love is a compliment to your beauty.

Daughter—Yes, I know; but his asking me to be his wife is an insult to my intelligence.

FOREWARNED AND FOREARMED.

"Can't we assume", asked the judge of counsel who was insistent, "that the court knows a little about law?"

"Your honor, I made that mistake in the other court. I don't want to let it beat me twice."

A MOTHER'S HEARTLESSNESS.

"What's the matter, little boy?"

"M-maw's gone an' drowned all the kittens."

"Dear! dear! Now that's too bad."

"Yep, she p-promised—boo hoo!—'at I c'u'd do it."

SOME BRIDEGROOM.

Violet—I never had such a streak of luck. He fell in love in Paris, proposed in Rome, and bought the ring in Naples.

Pierrot—Did your luck end there?

Violet—Oh, no. While we were at Monte



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Carlo he won enough from papa for us to get married on.

UNFORTUNATE STATE OF THINGS.

Passenger (on liner)—Steward, it seems to me you don't serve as good fare on this steamer as you used.

Steward—No, sir. You see everybody's eating. Nobody's seasick. Have to cut down expenses, sir.

NECESSITIES OF FASHION.

"I never was so frightened in my life. When the man stepped out of the dark just behind me I thought I should die."

"Did you run?"

"That was the trouble. I couldn't. I had on a hobble skirt."

QUASI PARTNERSHIP.

"Did you get the raise in salary you demanded?"

"Not exactly. But in recognition of my valued services the boss agreed to supply me with a roll top desk and have my name printed on the door."

LESTER INSTRUCTED.

"Pa," asked the Squam Corners grocer's little boy, "what are trade winds?"

"Just wait, Lester," replied the merchant. "There'll be a drummer in here pretty soon trying to sell me something I ain't got any use for—and then you'll find out."

A WORD FROM THE NEW DICTIONARY.

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"It fell!" cried the pupil.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured."

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

Cupid had just been arrested.

"Nonsense!" said his father. "What could a boy like that have been doing?"

The herald smiled in the grim fashion of his kind.

"It seems that he has been running a lottery", he said.

HELPING THE ORATOR.

"The land," screamed the socialist orator—"the land, from which is produced the food of the people, should belong to the people. There is no food used by the people that does not depend upon the land, and therefore"—

"Fish!" called out the Voice. And there was silence for a space.

FILIAL ACCURACY.

"My dear Ethel," said her mother, in concern, "were you out in all that dreadful rain?"

"No, mamma, dear," replied the miss, just

home from boarding school, "I was caught merely in that portion of the shower which descended in my immediate vicinity."

SAMPLED EVERYTHING.

A boy was one day telling his companions about a great dinner at which he was present. He told them about the lovely things he had to eat.

"And I suppose ye had napkins," said a bystander.

"We had, of course," he answered; "the finest you ever tasted."

A DIVISION OF LABOR.

"My health and digestion are perfect, doctor," began the caller in the office of the medical man. "I haven't an ache or a pain. The trouble with me is that I cannot sleep at night."

"Well, if that is the case, sir," said the learned physician, "I suggest that you consult your spiritual adviser rather than me."

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That man never even had a symptom after that.

HAD TO.

A little girl was pushing her dolly's coach in Rittenhouse Square. A gentleman came out of a great, pale house fronting the square,

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and stopping the little girl, whom he knew, he began to tease her.

He teased her till he was tired, then, taking leave, he said:

"Good-bye. I don't love you."

"Oh, but you've got to!" the little girl cried.

"Got to? How?" he asked.

"Doesn't the Bible say," she demanded, "that you must love them that hate you?"

EVERY WHERE acknowledges obligations for the above jokes to the following contemporaries: *Harper's Weekly*, *Life*, *Judge*, *Puck*, *N. Y. Tribune*, *N. Y. World*, *N. Y. Globe*, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, *Boston Transcript*, *Detroit Free Press* and *Newark Star*.

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"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?" (SEE POEM, NEXT PAGE.)

What are You Going to Be?

BY WILL CARLETON.

WHAT are you going to be, baby—
What are you going to be?—
Tell me today—this Christmas day—
When all of the world is merry and gay—
All in a tempest of glee—
All except you and me—
And we are cuddled so close to each other,
And you seem not my son, or playmate, or brother—
But only like me—like me—like me—
Just a big bit of me!
A part I can feel and worship and see,
And draw from without to my inner heart—
But still like a part—a great big part—
Of me—of me—of me!

Oh, I am selfish—I know I am selfish—
Who—that had you—would not be?
Love, it is tricky and sly and elfish
All inconsistency that e'er was known,
Framed in the sureness of God and His throne!
Everything strange, it would seem to me:—
Closest in prison, and freest of free—
All that it should and should not be—
Selfish as Satan—as sly sin enticing—
Yet as Heaven's angels still self-sacrificing.

But that is nothing to you and to me.
Here on this Christmas Day—all to each other—
You under kisses that nearly might smother,
I with the dangerous love of a mother—
You, with your heart clinging closely to me:

Yet—in that dreaded that terrible day
When from my arms the world draws you away—
What will you be then—what will you be?

Tell me, my messenger out of the sky—
What did they say to you when you were going?
What was the embassy—humble or high—
They in the germs of your nature were stowing?
What will your tasks be, as earth-bound you stay?
Who your companions by night and by day?
What will my rivals ask you to enjoy—
Never their surest-own—ever my boy?
What will I see while about you I stay—
What will I hear when, past death, far away?

What are you going to be, little-man—
What are you going to be?
If from the babe-language words can get free,
Give them a moment to me if you can!
Will you in ranks of the toil-men be found,
Digging and decking and girding the ground?
Must you be driven through sweltering heats,
O'er the broad acres, or through the long streets?—
Or 'mid the mountain-top's fast-flitting pines,
Or in the sweltering depths of the mines?—
If 'mid the brawn-men Heaven means you to dwell?—
God grant you do it discretely and well!

Or are the dreams I have had, baby,
Coming in earnest to me,
All in due certainty clad, baby,
Not to be dreamed, but to BE?
Will you grow up, as I pray every hour,
Better, and greater, and richer of power?
Will your ambition have gold in its wings?
Will you seek goodness, as well as good name?
When in your triumphs you stand before kings,
Will they be sure they are doing the same?
It will be Heaven to me, baby—
Better than Heaven—to me,
If you will only be, baby,
What God would have you to be!





Ghosts, or Dreams?

BY ERNEST H. HAWTHORNE.

(Continued from preceding issue.)

"OH no," replied the little man, "but I pay much more. All through my business life, which was that of a grocer, I was constantly giving short weight and short change. I sold twelve or fourteen ounces of butter, or sugar, or tea, or coffee, for a pound, and if a man's due was twentyfive cents, he had to look out well, if he got more than ten or fifteen."

"Well," said I, "that's all over-with, now: so what are you bothering about?"

"Alas, it is *not* all over-with! *Nothing* is all over-with, till it is made right. I can never have any rest, until this has all been made up, and the people I cheated—or their heirs—repaid."

"Why, that seems to me absurd", I remonstrated. "You can't find them: what's the use of looking?"

"Alas, I *must* look! There is no other way! The work of my present life it is, to correct the mistakes of the other!"

"But what a tedious, impossible task it is! Why not 'let bygones be bygones'?"

"Alas! there *are* no bygones! Everything is one vast, eternal NOW!"

"But what can I do for you?"

"You can do *this* for me. You can find the people whose addresses I give you, and put opposite their names the amounts I owe them. Then"—

"But how can you remember all these amounts?"

He gave a bitter laugh.

"Remember?—How would I *help* remembering? What way is there out of it? Everything comes back, and if it is wrong, it smarts like a cinder in the eye. Oh, help me if you can!"

"Well, suppose I do put down all these names, and the amounts due the people they represent: what then?"

"Go to those who inherited my property, give them the list, and ask them in my name to make these accounts right!"

"But if they will not?"

"I must haunt them till they do!"

"It seems to me you have a tremendously big contract to fill."

"Yes, and I must work day and night till I do it. For God's sake, help me! Hurry!—My power to stay is failing, even now. Get pen and ink, and put down the names, quick! O God, I am going! I am dying again—fading away from you! Hurry and take the names!"

I sprang from the bed, and rushed to my desk, across the room. As I did so, I pulled a cord, that threw an electric light all about the room. No one there.

I turned off the flame, flung myself on the bed, and slept heavily till morning. Immediately upon waking, I telephoned to a near-by restaurant for coffee, porterhouse steak, French-fried potatoes, and the morning newspapers. These all came as soon as possible: for I was known as a good payer, and a liberal tipper.

Philippe, a fine waiter, the nonpareil of propriety, but with an interrogation-point in each one of his French eyes, when duly admitted, made a gallant effort to be and remain the well-known typical "garçon", and omit every stanza of the ghost-song that was really in his mind. He would sooner have crumbled down into the primary dust of which he was originally composed, than to have been the first to mention ghosts.

"Is it that all is as Monsieur would like it that it was to be?" he inquired, with usual French conciseness, and glancing at the table.

"Everything is all right, Philippe. Not the ghost of a thing lacking."

This gave him a nice little conversational wedge, as I meant it should do. "A ghost lacking, Monsieur?" he inquired, purposely misunderstanding me. "Is it that your expected ghost did not—what is it that you do call it—'walk' the last night?"

"I don't know whether what I saw or thought I saw was a ghost, or the dream of one, Philippe."

"It need not be a dream, Monsieur, if it is that you wish a ghost. I can be so for you, any time you may that desire. I was the ghost for an hotel in the Jura Mountains in France many summers. It was a great—what you call success—and brought Americans to the hotel many. I walked on moon-nights up and down one thousand metres away from the hotel, and people did go on the hill near by in parties, and see me. The landlord, he have the way to put 'Seeing the Ghost' in the bill of each guest when he would depart. The same thing I did afterward try in your mountains that you do call the White, in the New Hampshire, but people there in ghosts do not believe, and the Yankee boys they did stone me and throw mud-balls. But I can give you a ghost in here, Monsieur, and there will be no dangers. Others can see me at your pleasure through the windows, and I can with success vanish at any time. The terms will be very reasonable, sir, as the service can at night be, after I have my work done in the café."

Philippe made this interesting business proposition, with no more movement or expression, than an evergreen tree on a windless day. I thanked him, but told him that I could not at present accept his courteous offer, as I was expecting a supply of ghosts sent on gratuitously. The Frenchman bowed, with face and manner as polite as if I had engaged him to walk in snow-white robes at ten dollars a night, and stood silently at the average waiter-

distance, while I finished my breakfast.

The morning's mail rushed in on me with all sorts of letters: it is singular what interest people take in celestial visitors, whether they believe in them or not. Following are extracts from some of them:

"Dear Sir: Your psychological experiences are, I may say, quite interesting to me. I should be willing to correspond with you on the subject, and will read any account you can send me of your experiences. Please do not roll, but fold the paper."

"What a silly, infamous, fool idea that is of yours! Don't you know that there never *was* such a thing as a ghost, and never *will* be? You ought to blush with shame, as a Christian, to put such an advertisement as that in the paper. If I were a member of your church, I would head a movement to have you expelled."

"How I do wish that I could see one of *your* ghosts! I *think* I saw one, one night, near the cemetery, but am not sure. I am a member of good standing in the Methodist Church, but I believe that people who are gone can still come back to us, so we can see them. The Bible is full of those who returned, and why such things cannot happen now as well as they could then, I don't see. Let us all know your experiences in that strange place."

"Go on an doant be tryin to play smart by puttin such things in the paper to scare folks you orghter be Prossacuted for makin up stories like that. If you see anything worse than you are, let me know."

"How *splendid* and *lovely* it must be, to live in a real *sure-enough* haunted house! Maude and I would *so love* to come and see you, and such ghosts as you can get to come to you. But—oh dear!—*you* live in New York, and Maud and I live in Missouri. If our fathers ever let us come to New York, we will call and see you, and be shown the ghosts, *sure*. Give our love to the best-looking man-ones."

"The house you have rented, is no

doubt specially adapted for spiritual circles, and materializations. I am a medium of twenty years' standing, and should like to sub-rent the place of you, or a portion of it, at reasonable rates. Perhaps you would like to go into partnership with me in the matter, and share profits. If so, let me know. I shall be happy to hear from you, by mail, telegraph, or telephone."

"I have the tuberculosis, and am told by physicians that I cannot live more than five or six weeks, at most. After I die (which I hope to do as soon and easily as possible), I want to come back again and arrange such things as I have neglected. Can you help me in the matter?"

These are mere extracts from part of the letters and telegrams that I received during the day. They showed me that, notwithstanding the influences of civilization and Christianity, there is still in the country a great difference of opinion in regard to the future life.

When I told my experiences, or imaginings, or visions, or dreams, whatever they should be called, to different friends, there was just as great a variety of opinions, as has been noted above. Several said it was, of course, merely a dream: Real Estate Agent Warburton was sure of it. Mrs. Paxton, the latest tenant before me, who called to reclaim a washboard that she had inadvertently left there, said that she had not seen that particular ghost at any time: but there might be a new lot o' em a-comin'. A neighboring grocer thought it was probably a dream, caused by my reading some absurd reports in the newspapers, about underweights in selling provisions. A spiritualist said it was a regular case of materialization, and wanted to hold a series of "seances" there. Newspaper-reporters from all over the city flocked to see me, but not one of them was allowed to come in. They all, however, had scare-headed reports next day, and the different sorts and descriptions of ghosts that they represented me as seeing and describing, were a wonder. They were all obliged to print the following item next

day, as an advertisement, to avoid a libel-suit, threatened them by my attorney:

"NOTICE: SOMETHING ALL CAN READ.

"No printed announcement or description of my having seen a ghost or ghosts in my residence at 180 Clayborne street, is correct. They are all manufactured 'write-ups' by reporters who apparently must have something to show for their trips, or be discharged. When I do publish any such description, I, an author, will sell it *as literature*, and not present it to an interviewer, as free material for some newspaper."

That night, I slept as never before. It did not seem like a night's-slumber: but like a mere going-to-sleep and waking-up. And yet, as the result of Nature's wonderful ingenuity, there was the consciousness, when I aroused, of having enjoyed a long delicious rest.

But as to what took place the night following this, I am very much in doubt "Ghosts or Dreams?" is the title of this series of reminiscences, and my reader must be the judge where I myself, who had the experiences, am not able to be.

I stowed myself into the bed, in exactly the same manner that I had done before, hoping to get another night's perfect sleep. "It is worth having," I mused—"this way-down, untroubled sort of slumber: it rests me as nothing else has done, since I was in my mother's arms. If I can secure a series of these, it will be better and do me more good than any number of ghosts."

I had just thought these same words over again for the fourth or fifth time, and was so drowsy as not to be sure whether I had them all quite properly placed the last minute or two, when all idea of sleep seemed to vanish from my mind. A beautiful girl stood by my bedside, looking steadfastly down upon me.

Alas! I knew her—only too well! It was evidently the ghost of Genevieve—Genevieve Gardner. She was connected with one of the most pathetic phases of my past life.

I had fallen in love with her, an em-

ployé at a mountain-resort hotel, and she had deceived me, during the part of a summer. She was the waitress at my table, and I was charmed with her pretty face and graceful manners. The more I saw of her, the more I fell in love with her; and it was not long, before I was stealing out nights with her, and indulging in what she thought was a flirtation on my part—but which was with me really a very earnest matter.

The last night I was to be at the hotel, I proposed marriage to her.

"But what do you—a wealthy man—want of a poor girl like me?" she said, demurely.

"I have money enough for us both", I replied. "I never would marry for lucre."

"Neither would I, I always thought", she rejoined. "But how do you know that I wouldn't do that now?"

"You do not seem it."

"No: but appearances are the greatest liars, you know. Why, there are several of the girls waiting on tables here at the hotel, now, not really for their wages, but in the hope of catching rich husbands. They talk about it, and scheme for it. They bribe the head-waiter to put them at the tables where the rich unmarried men sit."

"And did you do that?" I asked, with a slight feeling of resentment, which her sensitiveness immediately perceived.

"No, indeed," she said, drawing herself up rather proudly. And then, in a slightly softer tone, and bending just a bit—an unappreciable bit, toward me, she said, "I think—you and I—kind of drifted together."

That was enough, of course, and I had her in my arms in a moment. But she drew away.

"Before we go any farther with our love-making, if it is that on your part, I must tell you a secret."

Ah—these secrets—these confounded and confounding secrets! If a woman has them, why in the blessed world doesn't she keep them? What good are secrets—what are they for, excepting to be kept?—But she, poor girl, evidently

knew that this one could not be hidden long.

"Have you ever been married?" I asked, fierce to have the worst of it over.

"No!"

"Have you or have you had a lover?"

"None that I cared for."

"Have disagreeable parents?"

"No, alas! I am an orphan."

"Well, dear girl, tell me what it is?"

"I—am—rich too," she faltered, with a half-sob. I—am—perhaps—worth two or three dollars to your one. I certainly, dear, have deceived you. *Will* you forgive me?"

I nodded assent, but not very emphatically, and with some hesitation: and she noticed the fact. Tears came into her eyes, and I, man-like, tried to soothe her out of her apparent sorrow. "How does it happen that you are here, then?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied, wearily, "it's the old story: wanting to find some one that loved me for myself and not for my money: it's Tennyson's landscape-painter reversed. I came here to find a —a — poor man, that I could love and respect: and here the first one I meet, is rich, like myself!"

This was certainly very romantic, but, somehow or other, I felt my love cooling. She had deceived me—and how was I to know but she would deceive me again? How did I know but she was even now deceiving me? How did I know but this last story was made up? How did I know but she was deceiving herself?

After a tender parting with her, I went to my room in the hotel: and found there a message that my mother lay dying at home. There was just time to catch a train, and I hurriedly packed my belongings and rushed to her. She lingered several days, during which time I thought of nothing but her, and we talked whenever she was able to bear her part in the conversation, as two would who were parting forever: for my mother was that strange anomaly for a woman—an atheist.

"We did not know each other before you were born, my boy," she murmured, kissing me with the sweetest of looks upon her beautiful old face, "and we

shall not see each other after I am gone: but we have had a good long time together. It has been a sweet, lovely and loving time: but it is now all over."—Her final "farewell" was in the saddest tone I ever heard.

When she was finally bestowed in her last solemn bed, I was too much dazed to think at all of other matters, for a sad, bewildering month: and then I wrote to (or toward) my wealthy waiter-girl at the summer hotel. But the house had been

closed for the season: and my letter came back to me. I made many other efforts to find this strange girl who had so suddenly and mysteriously entered my life: but with no success.

And here she was, on this dark night, standing before me—or at least some being that bore her well-remembered face and form!

"GENEVIEVE!" I shouted: "how are you here, and how did you get here? Tell me, dear, all about it!"

(Continued in next issue.)

Christmas Snow.

BY MINNA IRVING.

BEHOLD the yearly miracle!

When everything in sight,
However lowly, poor, or mean,
Is robed in purest white!
The flakes on each unsightly spot
Like furry blossoms fall:
The stains of earth are blotted out,
The snow is over all.

Like music on the frosty air
The chimes of Christmas play,
They ring in every Christian land,
And this is what they say:
"Rejoice! the Prince of Peace is born!
No more are sin and woe,
For He has cleaned the world anew
And made it white as snow!"





Grandest of Madonna-Painters.

IF a carrier pigeon should fly one hundred and thirty miles straight north of Rome, she would come in sight of the little town of Urbino: which contains perhaps 6,000 inhabitants. It is on a spur of the Appennines, and has bleak and barren mountains looking upon it from different directions. It has no railroad except that which winds along the coast of the Adriatic Sea, twenty miles away. A "diligence" (stage-coach with compartments, and generally noted for the diligence with which it observes all possible stopping-places along the road) drives daily between our little mountain town and Pesaro, the nearest railroad station; and after five hours' ride, mostly "up hill," you arrive in Urbino, and are turned out into a crooked old street, full of arcades, quaint houses, and a passably good inn, as inns go in the eastern parts of Italy.

This place is not a product of classical days, like Athens, Syracuse, and Rome: it is one of the castle-villages of the Middle Ages. The "Montefello Family" built a stronghold on this bleak hill in the fourteenth century, and the town grew near and about it.

But nine years before the discovery of America by an Italian, was born a child who discovered in art, as Columbus did in geography, much that already existed, but was emphasized and glorified in its discovery; one who in the short space of thirty-seven years, was able to gather the best that had been or was being done by other artists, and symmetrize it into work of his own. There have been more original artists than Raphael; but he was a harvester of other men's originalities; taking one good quality from one, another

from another, and utilizing them all in his universal work.

As a boy, his name, as he ran up and down the hilly streets of his native town, was Raphael Santi; but the world long since dropped all excepting his Christian appellation, and when the word "Raphael" is pronounced, everybody knows that it is not the one of the seven archangels that is meant, but the boy that was born in Urbino, in the year of our Lord 1483.

When only eight years old he lost his mother, and when eleven his father; but the latter had already given valuable instruction, and laid for him the foundation of his future success. They had also wandered often together through the palace of the resident duke, and studied its wondrous collections of art. It was a case of natural genius fostered and encouraged by all the kindred genius that had previously existed.

When sixteen years old Raphael was apprenticed to the celebrated artist Perugino; helped him in some paintings, and soon excelled his master. When nineteen he had already commenced demonstrating the power that was within him, and was painting pictures of his own. When twentyone he visited Florence, and surprised even that artist-thronged city (which then stood from an art-standpoint head and shoulders above the rest of the world) with his genius. When twentyfive he was invited to Rome, and soon commenced decorating the walls of the Vatican with pictures which are still among his most splendid monuments.

The remainder of his short life was spent mostly in Rome; and a history of the different works he accomplished would fill volumes. He was certainly the



RAPHAEL'S MONUMENT AT URBINO.

grandest of all those who strive to represent the Madonna. He died of a fever, in 1520, at the early age of 37; and was buried in the Pantheon.

Like Dante, he sleeps far from his birth-place; but the present inhabitants of Urbino are tardily awake (as is often the case) to the honor which he did their little town by being born there. It is now three hundred and sixty years since his death, and his first Italian monument of any account has just been erected at Urbino. It is of Carrara marble, alternated with colors and gilt, and containing the coats of arms of the different cities in which he lived and worked—Urbino, Rome, Florence, Siena and Perugia. The monument is rich in Raphaellesque designs, and contains many portraits of the young painter's fellow-workers at different parts of his life. It is to be regretted that its background, instead of a commonplace building, is not one of the bold mountains that surround the little town.

Don't Overdo Christmas.

EVERY WHERE believes the 25th of December to be the sweetest and brightest of all the holidays. It glories in the thought that so many people are to be made happy on that day. It sees into the stockings of millions of merry children, who will waken with a glad cry of joy that will be heard through the whole house. It sees older persons who in various capacities have won the respect, esteem, or love of their friends, receiving tokens of remembrance.

But it does not believe in making all the presents or distributing all the cheer at Christmas time.

It does not believe in giving so much of either on that particular day, that there will be none left for the rest of the year. It does not believe in any one's feeling, when Christmas has gone, that he has paid his present-debts for a year,

God made the world a great gift on Christmas day, but He did not stop with that. Next day, and next, and next, and all through that year, and all the succeeding years, He continued to shower blessings upon his creatures. We should imitate him in this—however humbly.

So we say again—Do not overdo Christmas. Celebrate it as it ought to be celebrated—let it make your home happy and bright—but do not make it so bright that the reaction will cast a shadow next day.

There have been cases where fathers and mothers have become as hilarious on the Day of Days, as to disgrace themselves before their children. Thus has this blessing to mankind been turned into a curse.

There have been cases where a family has made so many holiday presents, that it was unable to live comfortably and respectably for a long time to come, and even for past favors allowed its creditors to go without the money due them.

There have been cases where wife made presents to husband or husband to wife, and then allowed the recipient to be worried by tradesmen who have not been paid for the same.

There have been cases where the Christmas present was made so grudgingly, and with such ill grace, as to prevent all the pleasure that it would otherwise have produced.

There have been cases where the parties receiving presents were dissatisfied, thought they ought to have more or better gifts, and have shown their discontent so plainly, as to hurt and humiliate the giver.

There have been cases where those who received rich Christmas gifts exhibited them so boastingly to poorer or less fortunate friends, that the latter, after expressing a true pleasure in their friends' good luck, felt blue and sad in spite of themselves because they were not similarly favored.

It is better to overdo Christmas a little, than to neglect and ignore it; but neither is necessary.





Sundry and Various Cats.

ONE does not realize what a great difference there is in animals, even of the same species, until he notices them closely, and compares them with each other. Even then, to reach the utmost peculiarities of the subject, it requires a close power of observation and a sympathetic heart.

Mrs. Eunice Gibbs Allyn possesses these qualities, and displays them to the fullest extent in her book entitled "The Cats' Convention", issued by the Cochran Publishing Company, of New York.

The descriptions purport to be from a cat's standpoint, and the animal may be supposed to have keen powers of feline analysis. This cat's name is "Gyp", and the following are some of her observations. Perhaps certain of our readers can notice similarities to their own house-pets:

"Muggins lives with a highly intellectual family, and has acquired, as you will observe, a very fine vocabulary. He has learned also to speak, in quiet, pleasant tones, and we often have delightful visits together, for, although my family is an ordinary one, and I am kept just to catch mice, and receive only an occasional petting, I enjoy the gentle refinements of life, and like a conversation composed of something more than commonplace remarks."

"One cat I meet, Ho-ang-Ho, always spends the time talking about what he has, and what he has not, to eat, and the size, condition, and taste of the last mouse he caught. Really, such talk is tedious and not at all elevating."

"Turvey was a very large animal in clear black and white, and used to having his own way. Turvey lost his name-

mate, Topsey, when both were young, and he never seemed as cheerful afterward, although he had intelligent ways that endeared him to his owners and caused him to receive better treatment than otherwise would have been given him. Turvey's people had a gong to their front door, and it rang by pulling down a crank; this suited Turvey, and he would reach up his long length and pretty white paw, and, giving the crank a good hard pull, would sound the gong, and was always admitted and encouraged by his owners to continue in his method of demanding entrance. My people have electric bells."

"Taciturn had worked his way to prominence by catching the water, as it dripped from the tap into the sink to wash his face. His was also a literary home, his mistress conducting a private school. Doubtless others of us could have done the trick had we been allowed the opportunity, but my people, who are not literary, and have not read much, act as if I were going to poison the whole household if I get up any higher than the floor, and I often wonder how they would like to go around looking up at something as high as a steeple, all of the time. You may be sure there is no fun in always being down on the floor with the ever-present chance of being trodden upon. We would have to be supplied with numerous eyes, to see just when we are in somebody's path. When we are walked upon and made to suffer tortures, it is not pleasant to hear: 'That cat is forever in the way.'"

"Columbus was a great, soft, yellow cat, with white throat and paws and golden eyes. He kept himself spotlessly clean, was the chum and idol of his owners, a great favorite with visitors, and



ready to shed tears over his misfortunes, his voice would quaver off into two discordant tones, he would give a fishy wriggle, thrust his head forward, and suddenly stop—it might be in the middle of a sentence or the middle of a word. Then he would sit in an upright position, his eyelids would droop, and he would remain perfectly quiet in the repose of despair, until, without premonitory movement, he would open his mouth and commence again in the most monotonous, joy-banishing tone I ever heard. What most amused us was that Polly Wog never was any more disconcerted by these enforced pauses than he would have been if simply making a comma for breath."

noted for his conversational powers and restlessness. Columbus was also a parlor cat, and not allowed to make himself common by going upon the street."

"Banjo and Bones were brothers, but had been separated so long, that they would not have known each other had they not been introduced by their mother, who also happened to be present. They were black, of fair size and intelligence, very talkative, and always answered with a pretty purr when spoken to."

"Polly Wog had been hunted and kicked all his life; he never knew what comfort was. His voice was made up of squeaks and moans. It really would have been funny, had it not been so mournful. Just as we were

"Dolly Varden was a beauty and had received much admiration since coming to the convention. She was a brilliant 'tortoise shell' cat. Her orange color, her black and white spots were clear, bright, and shining like satin. She was immaculately clean, and if any one touched her fur in the least degree, she turned instantly to dress it over. Her





some of the fringes pointed one way, some another. His fur never was smooth, but stood in little tags all over, just in the way some artists paint cat's fur, because they can't paint it in the right way. His eyes were big and bright, encircled by a black rim which gave them an especially wide-awake look, and his mouth was open most of the time with his tongue hanging out, like that of a good-natured dog. The last named peculiarity gave him the name of 'Smiley.'"

dishes had to be positively clean, and if a piece of her food touched the floor she would not eat it."

"F. O. Fowl is a very wise cat, but possessed of a temper that rather, as Muggins says, 'deteriorates from the calmness

"Bonnie was a pure white, fine-looking cat, but excessively retiring. He was, however, very observing, and knew whom to trust. The greatest trial of his later life was when his people took him camping. He never felt safe then except when his people were holding him, and at night his mistress slept with his leading-string tied to her wrist, in order to be sure of knowing his whereabouts at any minute. He was quiet, but it was known that he thought deeply and seriously."

"Smiley was gray, striped with black, and was very short and fat. His tail was only a third of its natural length, with the hair always standing out as if he were ready for combat. Both ears had been torn until they were fringed, and





of his vicinity.' His advice is good when not governed by his hot temper, and even then it is most always right on his side."

"He is so peculiar his people call him 'Fine Old Fowl,' which we abbreviated to 'F. O. Fowl.'"

"Like most of us, he does not like cold weather, but every night he is banished to the barn. He never suggests bedtime, for the warm house is more to his liking and to his judgment as the proper thing for cats. He knows there would be trouble for him, if he resisted and scratched, so he says nothing until he is rolled out from the apron upon the barn floor, when he stands up and 'spits' with all the vigor he can command, as, for communication with human beings, he knows that is the most expressive language he can use."

"Starlight was born in a small but charming city upon the banks of the Thames River, in Connecticut. His beautiful Angora mother came over the

sea, and when Starlight was about two months old, he was given to his present owners, because of their well-known tender care of animals; for the kitten was noted for his beauty and sought for by many. His people took him home in their carriage, and he acted as if he had ridden in carriages all his life, showing no nervousness, but playing with his new mistress' gloves and going to sleep while riding, as if he had come to his very own. And he had, for no cat ever fitted into a household so well or had better care. He acquired the name of 'Starlight' from his love of romping on the lawn just as the stars were coming out, his snowy coat gleaming white against the grass and shrubbery. He early developed great persistency in hunting and catching mice, and once, to the terror and dismay of his mistress, even brought into the dining-room, a snake about two feet and a half long."

Here is a theological dialogue between two of the cats who were attending the "Convention", concerning the possible immortality of the feline race:

"'I don't believe,' said Marcus, "that the feelings, the sentiments, that actuate us, the affection we bear our good mas-





ters and mistresses, our own inherent ideas of right and wrong, are all going to perish, when science says that not one atom of even the commonest material becomes extinct. Human beings see and understand things that we do not, and it is reasonable to suppose that even human beings have not reached the highest stage of development. They look backward to a lower stage of existence, and how can they be conceited enough to think that all

progress has stopped with them? It is said that God made man in his image, but we have not learned that man, as we behold him, was thus made. How does a man know when he mistreats one of us, but that he mistreats the soul that will animate a remote descendant of himself? There are more things in heaven and earth than man's small philosophy has dreamed of. Mark my words, human beings will be called to account some time for all of their ill-treatment of us. However, any time I would rather suffer than be the cause of suffering. I would rather, too, take my punishment here than in eternity.'"

"'You like to get through with a bad job,'" said Columbus, flippantly.

"'Yes,' said Marcus. 'If any punishment is to fall upon me, the sooner it is over the better.'"

This dainty work is illustrated with drawings of many cats of various styles of attractive beauty and picturesque ugliness—all from the pen of the talented and versatile author. We predict that the book will always be a favorite, in many cozy cat-loving homes.



Mary and Her Child.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LET us turn to old Judea,
Let us tramp the mountain road,
Over which the folk were faring
Seeking each the old abode;
Whence the scattered clan had started,
Coming now their tax to pay:
For the hated Roman eagles
O'er them held imperial sway.

Pale and weary with the journey,
Worn and spent with gathering pain,
As the eventide is falling,
All too gentle to complain
Mary sees the golden glimmer
Of the welcome Bethlehem inn:
Sure for her are rest and shelter,
To its door if she may win.

We, who with those worn wayfarers,
Tramped the steep and stony way,
Know the inn was closed against her
In the anguish of her day.
Only in a lonely stable
Might the Virgin Mother lie,
There her first-born son she cradled,
Monarch of the earth and sky.

Flamed a star above that stable,
In the brightness of the dawn;
Shepherds hurried from the hillside,
Kings from distant lands were drawn;
There they knelt and offered homage,
Little did they comprehend
All the wonder of the ages,
All the glory without end.

Still the wonder in our bosoms
Thrills us in the Christmas morn,
"Unto us a son is given,
Unto us a Child is born."
Kneeling by the lowly manger
Worship we the undefiled,
Leave our gifts and sing our praises
Where the mother holds the Child.

And in whatsoever station
In this modern day of ours,
Wakes a little life to bless us,
Bend again the heavenly powers:
Bidding us rejoice as Mary
Did, when in her loving arms,
Close she held the Child of heaven,
Shielding Him from grief and harms.

If the path was rough before her,
If the shadow of the Cross
Fell above her Infant's cradle,
Little then she dreamed of loss,
Pain or ill that yet should furrow
Sharply all her field of life:
She was radiant queen and mother,
Victor in her hour of strife.

Still I think the Christmas angels
Sing above us in the night;
Yet I deem the star is shining
High in heaven, serenely bright.
Are we back in old Judea,
Are we nigh the stable dim?
Let our loving thoughts climb thither:
Christ is born, we worship Him.





In the Land of Delusion.

BY MYRTLE J. COREY.

I.

THE great ocean resort was thronged, as usual, on a hot summer day, and the bathing-pavilion was giving coolness and amusement to hundreds if not thousands of men, women, and children. These laughing, plunging, shrieking people, in their aqueous abandon, were most interesting objects to the student of human nature.

But behind a tight board fence skirting a deserted-looking part of the beach, was a unique and much more instructive study. Opening a door in the center, one would have seen a rectangle of space enclosed by the fence and a number of curious looking buildings; and here were assembled the oddest assortment of people and objects that one could imagine.

At one end of this out-of-door room, several naked "savages" were squatted in the sand around a huge kettle, into which each dipped his hands, eating greedily of the contents. The peacefulness of the occupation and manner was in strong contrast to their wild appearance: but this might be due to the proximity of half a dozen cowboys, armed with gleaming bowie-knives, and ugly six-shooters.

The latter, in company with two or three weather-beaten sailors, lolled in the shade of a projecting roof—their attention seeming to be held by several girls in ballet costume who were perched on the sills of a couple of near-by windows.

A rough porch had been added to one of the end-buildings, and there a strangely-mixed group had gathered. An Egyptian conversed easily with a romantic-looking Arab, and a slant-eyed Chinaman; while a huge negro lounged half asleep on the steps.

Opposite this group, and near the fence, were piled all sorts of queer things. Among the latter were several wooden horses in a sadly decrepit condition, and a miniature locomotive destitute of smoke-stack and suggestive of a lilliputian wreck. There were also some airships, that appeared to have come to grief in an encounter with terra firma, and a number of wax figures, including that of a large woman, seven or eight feet in height, leaning rakishly against a plaster elephant; while on her shoulder a very live monkey had seated himself comfortably.

Suddenly there emerged from the dark arched opening of the center building, a tall figure, clad in glaring scarlet; the horn, cloven hoof and evil twist of eyebrow unmistakably proclaiming his satanic identity. Several diabolical-looking imps followed closely; then two big black cats with gleaming yellow eyes as bright as if they were of polished brass, came to the opening, and halted, looking, in the half-light, almost like young Satans in hairy robes.

But this, dear reader, is not a glance at the "nether" (sometimes called the infernal) regions: it is merely a peep behind the scenes into the great Fake-Land of Delusion—an American Amusement Park.

The heat, today, is intense; and when, at rare intervals a slight breeze disturbs the air, it is apparently the breath from some flaming furnace, and brings no relief. A shrill whistle finally proclaims the hour of one; and relaxed bodies straighten very slowly, as their owners reluctantly consider leaving the on'y place that offers a semblance of comfort.

The Egyptian is the first to make an active move.

"Well, boys," he says, rising, "that excursion must be in, by this time, and we'll soon get the crowd. Run along, Ah Fun, and get your drum out, fix that bottom in the disappearing box: and, confound you, do it right this time." Then turning to the negro, "go tell the Lotus Flower to be ready for the first ballyhoo in five minutes."

A "ballyhoo" is a performance given outside the show, to lure audiences in.

"I'll see to the stage, but you can turn on the power."

As the three men pass into the little theatre, a merry-go-round not far distant sends forth loud, discordant sounds, which presently resolve themselves into a tune. "The carrousal's started," some one exclaims: "Now we'll have to open!" And presently the enclosure is deserted by every one save the "savages."

In a moment the Egyptian reappears, and striding hastily across the porch to the "Arabian's Temple of Fate", he calls softly, "Marcia! Marcia!"

"Yes, Burt." The doorway frames a slender girlish figure, clad in Oriental robes.

The far-from-home-and-friends Egyptian, who in a few moments will be making susceptible girls, and shrimpish young men, to say nothing of older people, wonder if he was born in, or just outside of the pyramids, speaks with a very pronounced Yankee accent. He was really born under the Stars and Stripes, and never saw a square rod of Egypt, except in pictures and his own vivid and luxurious imagination. His appearance and language are so incongruous, that it is really wonderful that even his acquaintances take it so soberly.

"You know that Marine show's a lemon?" the girl nodded. "Well, they're going to close it tonight, and Wakeman called me into the office this morning to ask me if I couldn't run something right into its place. It's the very chance for that 'Convict' idea I told you about, and I could put it on quick."

"Oh Burt, would you dare? That's such a *terrible* fake!"

He laughs and catches hold of the pro-

testing hand upon his sleeve. "Why, Marcia, you know the bigger the fake the bigger the hit. People come here to be humbugged, and they want a good one. Don't you realize what it would mean if I could put that on?" His voice grows lower as he clasps her hand more closely. "It wouldn't mean the mere getting of the money—I should have the right to ask a girl to marry me!"

The tense silence of the next few seconds is broken by the loud harsh beating of a drum. The girl hastily frees her hand, exclaiming breathlessly, "You'll be late for your ballyhoo!"

She retreats to the drapery-hung interior of the temple, before the man can obtain more than a fleeting glimpse of her blushing face half-concealed by the floating veil. He hesitates an instant, then turns and proceeds through the miniature theatre to the raised platform in front where, once more the Egyptian, he must practice mysterious arts to pique the curiosity of the crowd.

The torrid-zone heat seems to increase, until mid-afternoon: when a sudden sharp clap of thunder gives warning of a rain-storm. Almost immediately the first drops fall—increasing rapidly into a heavy and continuous down-pour. The third performance has just reached its conclusion. The futility of any attempt to assemble another crowd till the violence of the rain shall abate, is evident. Accompanied by his assistants, the artificial Egyptian starts for the porch: which furnishes both shelter and a good position to note the progress of the storm.

At the door, he pauses: for a newcomer has followed, also taking shelter from the rain. He exclaims, eagerly,

"Wait a minute, Burt! Beg pardon—you *are* Burt Dudley, aren't you?"

"Yes. Why! Joe, old man, where did you drop from?" and the stranger's hand is caught in a close friendly grasp.

"Come up on the excursion; and been on your trail all day. Nearly missed you, though, for I was looking for my old pal, and not a Caliph of Bagdad. Didn't expect to find you hypnotizing beautiful maidens till they'd fly around in the air!"

"Come out in the light, where I can have a good look at you. "Say, boys," Dudley added, as they reached the porch, "let me introduce my old side-partner, Joe Driscoll. And, Joe, this is Ah Fun, who makes crazy music and does a disappearing act for me, and Abe, my right-hand man: also Ali Pasha, who tells fortunes next door. And here comes Miss Jones, the Lotus Flower. You needn't be afraid to speak to her—she won't fly, now! Here, have a seat and give an account of yourself."

"No hoo-doo about this chair, is there?" and the big Westerner smiled, as he seated himself comfortably. "Glad I'm here: for I don't know where I'd have dared to try to get out of the rain. Every place I've been today I've got fooled."

"First off, I trotted around on those board walks till my feet got blistered; then I looked for a shady place to rest."

"When I found an empty bench, I made a bee-line for it, and flopped down quick. Say, the blamed thing sunk about ten inches in front and pitched me right off. I didn't stay around there long."

"The next bench I saw I come up to it kind of cautious-like. I sampled it all over to see if it would do its share in keepin' me off the ground. When I concluded that it probably would, I took the liberty of settin' down on it."

"Well, how long did the harmony last, Joe?"

"About a minute an' ten seconds, I should say. An' then the deceitful thing began to go off loud like it had a jewelry-joint full of alarm-clocks inside. I kept quiet for a bit, as if I was in bed hearin' the things, but the racket kept goin' right on, as if it was hired by the day at good wages. Every rubber-neck within about a mile begun to take an interest in me, an' I got up, intendin' to form a procession of one, an' march away with due dignity."

"Well, what happened then?"

"I got onto a sidewalk that happened to be dancin' a two-step at the time, an' joined in the amusement till I found myself lookin' up at the sky to see what time it was."

"Well, your excursion didn't stop when the ticket did, sure", said Dudley, in his dryest manner. "Did you resume immediately?"

"Oh, yes! When I found the walkin' wasn't good, I took a ride on one o' them little fool kid railroad-trains. They promised to take me all over the park for ten cents, but they must have meant all *under* the park: for the whole trip was in a subway through the dark.—After I got rested ag'in, I went into two or more shows: but everything there was a fake, excep' the ocean: an' I begun to expect that *that* would dry up—right before my eyes."

"Why!" said Dudley, amid the grins of everybody around, "I thought everything at this resort was exactly as misrepresented."

"You supposed nothin', Burt," said the excursionist, a little roiled. "You know mighty well that you're a fake, yourself: for you can't make that girl dance in the air by just staring at her and waving your arms! Nobody could."

"Right you are, Joe," came the smiling reply: "but *please* don't tell any one how I do manage it!"

"How *can* I?" said the other. "I don't know myself."

"Neither does any one else. See those 'cannibals' down there under the shed?"

"Yes."

"No you don't. There isn't a cannibal among them. Serve a piece of a man with the finest sauce in the world, and they wouldn't eat it. They've 'just arrived' in this country regularly every year, for a long time. Some of them arrived at an exceedingly early age.—See that fellow with the *walking-machine*?—He'll 'guess' your heft for a nickel—no pay unless he gets it right. Oh, he'll get it right all right! He and the scales are good friends—fellow-fakirs. See"—

"Never mind any more of 'em", interrupted Burt, but who's the Oriental beauty?"

"What? Oh,—Marcia, come here!" and as the girl ran hastily across the intervening space to the porch, Dudley advanced to meet her. "Joe, this is Miss

Marcia Dean." There was an unmistakable thrill in the tones that pronounced her name. "And this is Joe Driscoll: the best friend I ever had."

"So you're a make-believe, too, Miss Dean? I thought you were the real thing when I saw you over there. That veil across your face is very deceiving: but your *name* is American enough!"

"Yes, I think Marcia's one of the cleverest fakes we have. There's no limit to the illusions she's responsible for." Dudley laughed.

"Why, what do you do? Isn't it enough to look exactly like some captured Oriental princess?"

"Oh, I do a number of things," the girl replied in a soft, musical, innocent-sounding voice. "I receive all of Ali Pasha's visitors, and get valuable hints and facts for the fortunes. Then—I sell the charms or "luck stones" supposed to be imported straight from the Magic Well in Arabia. They are very rare, and possess wonderful power of bringing prosperity and good fortune to the wearer.

"If I suspect that they are agate pebbles, from the shores of one of our inland lakes, polished and decorated with Arabic symbols, by Ali Pasha's 'spieler', I don't suggest such an idea to the confident and happily deceived buyers. Then—perhaps you noticed Ames' Wild Animal Show on the other side of the Park? And you listened to Prof. Wells giving the outside lecture? Then you saw that his right shirt-sleeve was rolled nearly to his shoulder and the forearm bandaged? When he gestured, and the bandage slipped, you saw several ugly blood-stained gashes which he said the Royal Tiger tore with his claws last night?"

"Well, I paint that wound on his arm every morning; and it's worth at least fifty dollars a day to the show!"

"Don't tell me any more!" Joe exclaimed. "My belief in the tiger and that bloody scratch was all I had left. Now, I'm completely disillusioned."

"You shall remain in ignorance of my greatest fake stunt," the girl declared. "It's almost stopped raining now, and I must run away, so bye-bye!" and with a

graceful wave of the hand, she was gone.

Ali Pasha followed, and soon Dudley and his friend were left alone.

"I'm sorry I have to give another performance now, but I'll take an hour and a half 'supper-relief', and you must go with me. That, at all events, won't be any delusion: for I know where to find a good square meal. Meantime suppose you go down to the 'Horse Show.' They've got a few dandy ponies and a couple of really good riders. You'll have about time to see their performance, and as soon as I'm through I'll get out of these togs and come after you."

Driscoll assented, and the two men parted: and now was to come an unexpected experience which convinced the young man that the world is *not* "all a fleeting show"; and that even in the midst of "fakedom", there can be real feeling, and genuine heroism.

He proceeded directly down the board-walk to the large building where flaming posters announced "Waterman's Horse Show, and Unequalled Exhibition of Daredevil Riding."

A large crowd had gathered round the sawdust ring in front, which constituted the free "ballyhoo" to the paid show behind it. There, a man held an alert pony by the bridle, and was making a speech, which caused quite a flutter of excitement. As near as Driscoll could make out, a twenty-dollar gold-piece was being promised as a prize to any person who could ride the pony four times around the ring without dismounting.

Almost immediately a slender young woman, attired in black which resembled half-mourning, detached herself from the crowd, and expressed her desire to try. She looked so girlish and so pitiful, as she stood there, that Joe was touched and angered at the same time. There was no danger: for a belt swinging from a revolving pole above, was evidently intended to strap around any one who volunteered to ride, and would prevent any serious fall. But it didn't seem right that a girl of such delicate refinement should afford amusement for an idle crowd!

Scarcely realizing what he did, Joe

elbowed his way through the throng, calling as he did so, "Say, Mister, I want to ride that horse."

The girl drew closer to the ring-master, and said, insistently, "Please, sir, I volunteered first!" Then, as he seemed to hesitate—"And I *do* need the money!"

"See here! you let *me* ride, and I'll give the lady the gold-piece."

The girl drew herself up haughtily, and turned her face, with a resolute air, from the Westerner. The excitement had increased, and one onlooker called, "Aw, let the girl ride!"

As if that decided him, the ring-master assisted her into the saddle, with no further words. To every one's admiration, she refused to have the protecting belt strapped upon her, as she waited calmly for the signal to start.

The first time around, the pony trotted easily: but on the second lap, he backed unexpectedly, then seemed trying if he could walk best on his fore or hind legs. Jim watched with breathless interest: but the girl kept her seat marvellously well.

Suddenly, as she was half way around for the third time, he caught sight of a small boy, perched on a post at the other side of the ring. The child was so excited, that he leaned far forward in imminent risk of losing his balance. No one near took any notice, until the little figure tottered and fell directly in front of the pony, which had suddenly decided to resume running, at a rapid pace.

There was no chance for rescue from the onlookers, and Joe felt as if his heart

stopped beating in the awful instant when the tender little body lay seemingly in the path of the sharp iron hoofs. A woman screamed, then all was chaos: for the girl swung far over in the saddle, and grasping the child's belt lifted him in front of her; while the galloping horse kept on making the fourth lap with a series of bounds which put a climax on the excitement of the observers.

As the girl slipped from the saddle at the finish, the ring-master lifted the child from her arms, saying something which was inaudible to any one else, and leading her into the building. The curiosity of the crowd was so great that they could not gain admittance fast enough—each one paying the legendary dime.

Joe alone remained outside. He hadn't recovered from the awful terror of a few moments before, and the mere idea of watching the show was distasteful. He stood oblivious to his surroundings till disturbed by a voice that seemed oddly familiar.

"You never did it so well, Reggie. It was fine."

Turning, the Westerner confronted the slender girl in black, and she was leading the rescued boy by the hand! He gazed at her for a moment, then comprehension dawned in his eyes, as he met hers, twinkling with mischief.

"You—Miss Dean!" he gasped.

"Yes—didn't you recognize me?"

"No, I didn't!" he replied; then laughed ruefully, "And so that was a fake, too!"

"Yes," she repeated, "that was."





A Classical Introduction.

BY MARGERY A. BARKLEY.

I WAS twenty on my last birthday, and "Dubb" will be thirtyseven in August. We are to be married this coming Wednesday—at high noon. Last night I got to thinking over the years of my acquaintance with Dubb, and I decided that because it was so odd it would be very readable to my descendants, fifty, or maybe a hundred, years from now. Of course I intend to put it away, and on my deathbed give it to my weeping daughter. Perhaps it will inspire her to write a book, and she will weave this little incident in.

Before I really begin my tale I ought to tell you that father and mother are very young to have a daughter of my age; for father is not yet forty, and mother is only a year older than Dubb. My reason for volunteering such startling information is to show how it happened that father and Dubb went to school together.

When I was seventeen I was attending a private school, and was reading "Caesar." As I had never read in Latin before, I found it very hard; and many were the tears I shed on the bescribbled pages of Allen and Greenough's edition of Caesar.

On the day of which I am about to write, our teacher had given us for the next lesson the XXIV. and XXV. chapters of the Second Book, and as everybody who has studied Latin will know, that was a pretty long lesson for beginners. For more than an hour I fought the Belgians and the Romans, and the gerunds and gerundines (I never could get them straight), until I threw my book at the tea-table and fell on the divan in a passion of crying that I didn't care

whether I ever learned another word of the horrid old Latin or not: I hated school, anyhow, and I'd be glad when I graduated.

Mother found me that way. She said that father would help me in the evening, and that I had better spend the rest of the afternoon in her boudoir with her. She was as sweet and lovely as she always was, is, and will be. I obeyed, nothing loath, I assure you, and we had the coziest kind of an afternoon. I made popcorn in the open grate, and mother made tea at her pretty little table. We talked and read undisturbed all afternoon.

Of course I intended to study in the evening; but father got to telling us stories, and so at half-past nine I had done nothing on that Latin lesson. It was too late to commence study then, and so I went to bed. I set my little alarm clock for four in the morning, intending to rise with "ye tuneful lark" and get ye neglected lesson. I had done this several times before, and save for a most uncomfortable vacancy in the regions of my belt, it had worked very well.

Everybody knows how soon after one gets to sleep an alarm clock goes off. It seemed to me that I had only just got comfortably settled when that bell, like a miniature clap of thunder, broke in upon my maiden dreams and started me to feeling, in a dazed, sleepy way, for that abominable clock. I couldn't find it, and by the time it had rung itself out, I was wide awake and sitting on the floor by my bed. I turned on my lights and began to dress as fast as I could, for there was that blood-congealing cold of

dawn in the atmosphere. I could hear the clock ticking cheerfully away somewhere under my bed, but as I was in a hurry, and knew that it was about four o'clock, I did not use the trouble to find it.

It didn't take me many minutes to dress, that morning. I put on a long, loose gown, and with my slippers in my hand, crept softly down stairs. It was fearfully dark, but I knew a light in the hall would be sure to wake mother; so I went directly to the library, where I found a glowing grate fire that father had thoughtfully left burning.

In a few minutes I was deep in the cushions on a big leather lounge with three lights over my head and the grate at my feet. Somehow, I was unusually sleepy and hungry, but I knew that I must stick to it, and had made a soul-relieving, comfortable little "face" at my book, when that strange feeling of an unseen presence came over me with a sickening sensation, and I felt, suddenly, as limp as the proverbial rag.

Without changing my reclining position or even so much as moving my book, I raised my eyes slowly. If I had been stung I couldn't have sat up more quickly than I did when my gaze met those of the man standing by the table. He was smiling, probably, at the "face" I made. I caught my breath to scream, but he put out his hand with such an authoritative gesture that I remained perfectly dumb. He did not wait a moment, but came up to me quickly. He was as calm as Lake St. Clair on a summer afternoon, and he moved as easily as an actor might in a reproduction of the same scene on the stage.

"Don't scream," he said: "there's really nothing to be afraid of, because I wouldn't hurt you for anything." (He didn't "make eyes.") "I entered your house in the night by the door on the driveway. I have taken nothing yet. How fortunate I am to have found somebody to show me just where to look." He drew his coat about him and sat down in father's big chair.

All the time he had been talking I had sat like something inanimate. Somehow I didn't feel in the least afraid—his eyes

looked so honest and full of fun, and his manner was so easy. I knew I ought to be frightened to death, and I tried to make myself shiver, but there was no shiver there. I turned and looked at the man; he had a splendid face, it was intellectual and, yes—refined. Then he raised his eyes to mine again.

We looked at each other for at least twenty seconds, and then, I blush to tell it, I *laughed*. Yes, I did—when I knew I ought to scream or faint, or at least do something feminine. He laughed, too, and we looked at each other again. Suddenly he said, "What are you doing, up at this time of night?"

"Studying," I said. "It's almost five o'clock."

He drew from his pocket a beautiful watch. "No," he said, smiling, and turning the face toward me, "it is only twenty-seven minutes of three."

"It can't be. I set my alarm for four!"

"But my watch is right. What were you studying?"

"Latin."

"And was it the poor despised at which you made that 'face' a moment ago?"

"Yes. How did you come in so quietly?"

"Doing things quietly is the biggest part of my—a—profession."

"I don't believe it; you're—you're joking."

"Yes?" He looked interested. "What are you reading in Latin?"

"Caesar."

"Let me help you." He picked up the book and began turning the pages.

"It's the XXIV. Chapter of the Second Book, beginning at 'Simul oerum.' I've done the first part."

He turned to the place, and I watched him. What did he mean? And who was he?

"Here it is," he said, drawing his chair nearer the lounge and holding the book where I could see the page.

"Don't you think that you had better take off your coat? He had already removed his hat.

"Well, of course," he hesitated and laughed, "if I should get my hat and coat

off and you should suddenly turn traitor and scream—"

"But I won't," I exclaimed indignantly. He took the coat off with an air of "we're both honorable fellows, and I believe you."

"Now," he said, seating himself again, "let's begin. 'Simul eorum, qui eum impeditis reniebant.' How this all comes back to me. Here it is—'At the same time——'"

"But I can't see the book at all!" I exclaimed. Then suddenly remembering an old text of father's, I ran to one of the bookcases. "Here it is," I said. "Now we can each have one. But I can't read from this very well—the i's are j's."

"Let me see that," he said, curiously, "I read from one just like it. Well, bless my boots, if it isn't exactly——" he stopped short as he observed the name in the front. "Are you Miss Fletcher?"

"Yes."

"Is this your father's book, did you say?"

"Yes."

"You don't tell me that Bob Fletcher is your father?"

"Yes! Do you know him?"

"Well! Well! Well!" He leaned back in his chair and gazed at the book in his hand. "Why, Miss Fletcher, your father and I read 'Caesar' together in High School. I remember this book as well as I remember his face."

"And your name? What is your name?" I was getting excited.

"Webster—Dubb Webster!"

"Why, are you Dubb Webster?" Indeed, my surprise was not without ground, for I had heard of "Dubb" ever since I could remember. "And how do you happen to be a burglar—if your——"

He jumped from his chair and grabbed his coat. "I forgot. I must go, Miss Fletcher." He looked very serious. "You must promise not to tell your father that I came. He must never know."

"But——"

"No. You must give me your word." He looked fairly savage, and took a step forward.

"I promise! I promise!" I almost

screamed it. That was the first time I had felt the least uneasiness about the situation. I was surprised when I saw him pass his hand over his mouth and cough, to conceal a smile. I must say that I felt a little indignant. I believe that I had just commenced to realize how strange a thing had happened. I drew myself up. "I think, sir, that you——"

There was father in the door! I winced, expecting to hear the report of a pistol. Mr. Webster, seeing my look, turned. As he did so, I shrank back, my hand over my eyes. Of course there would be a scene. It all came over me with such overwhelming force. I had been talking to a thief in my fathers' house. What a blind idiot I had been! As there was no sound as of anything like bloodshed, I took my hand from my eyes, and, if you will believe it, when those two men saw each other—father just smiled, a vague, sleepy, little smile, and Dubb said, "Oh, confound you, Bob, why did you have to spoil the fun?" They both laughed and looked at me. Father yawning at the same time.

"Well, how did I know that you were so anxious to meet Crete that you'd get up before three o'clock, after arriving here at midnight?"

Then Dubb commenced to laugh. He dropped his coat and fell back into a chair. He laughed until he could hardly get his breath, and father joined him out of pure sympathy. I didn't feel any sympathy, I can tell you. I just stared from one to the other for about a minute. Then, with tears of indignation in my eyes, I said, "Dubb Webster, you're a horrid, mean old—old bachelor!" and I stalked from the room.

Well, that was three years ago, and Dubb won't be a bachelor after Wednesday. Although I've done my best to break him of that habit of joking, it does no good, for he says that if by joking he met the sweetest thing in all the world, why of course he won't stop. I can't help forgiving him because he was the nicest "burglar" in the world, and he translated all my Latin for months, to make up for the scare he gave me."



Up and Down the World.

Christmas in Camp.

BY MAJOR JOHN A. HADDOCK.

WHEN memory takes me back to the soldier-days of 1861-65, I recall many pleasant episodes in the service; for, contrary to a somewhat Quixotic belief, soldiers are not continually fighting. The enlisted man is soon taught that "they also serve who only stand and wait," and the intervals between actual marching and the inevitable clash of arms are usually occupied in resting, letter-writing, and the necessary duties of camp life.

When winter came on, and we lived in tents and log huts, our minds were often employed in planning projects for entertainments of various kinds. Christmas was always kept as best we could, considering our surroundings, for it was a day when we knew "they would miss us at home," and we sought to drive away homesickness by a brave show of perhaps a good dinner, followed by some comic display that would create a laugh.

We spent the winter of 1862-3 in cantonments at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock River—a spot full of historic incidents, for Fredericksburg was the home of Washington's mother. Her small dwelling was an object of peculiar interest to us in that ancient town, where her contemplated monument was lying prone upon the earth near the spot where she was buried, the residents of the locality having failed to erect the memorial shaft after it had been delivered into their keeping. But this was done at a later day: President Cleveland having participated in the ceremonies.

While encamped there, we were daily receiving into our lines the half-starved

and poorly-clad negroes who were seeking some place of refuge where they could be "free." One morning early in December, there came to us one whom we were to know as George Washington Dearbones, as black as the ace of spades, a giant in frame, and as good-natured as was that huge fat negro coachman known as "Little Mic," so delightfully described by Porte Crayon in "Harper's Magazine" of 1860-61: in a series of articles purporting to be written by a traveler through Virginia.

George was useful and willing, and became a fixture in our camp, attaching himself more especially to our regimental commissary agent in drawing supplies and rations. As Christmas drew nearer he became unusually popular, and was the most faithful of the many black servitors who swarmed around our camp.

The men chipped in a part of their rations, and on Christmas day George and his associates were abounding in bacon-fat and hominy. Whereupon the soul of the dusky contraband waxed eloquent, and thus he broke out: "Now all you niggers take notice of what I says. Last year we all was among the Secesh, no bacon, no cawn, no nothing. But here we all is in de lan' of Linkum, with good clo's, good marsters, good everything, and (here his feelings began to choke him, and he sobbed out) *and now we has too much wittels!*" The poor fellow's soul was afflicted when he realized that he could not eat all that was before him.

Perhaps as laughable a scene as any that came to us during our soldiering was in evidence on Christmas Eve of 1862. The regimental mail had come in, freighted with many letters and good things, and the chaplain's large tent was crammed full of line officers and sergeants,

waiting for their companies' mails. Our chaplain and postmaster was a peculiarly fussy little man, a rigid Presbyterian, and he complained at the size of the crowd, even going so far as to request at least a part of them to disperse in order to give him more room. His entreaties had no effect, and at last Captain Chittenden, one of our most popular and witty officers, got up on a bench and said, "Chaplain, I can tell you how to get a move on this crowd." The chaplain eagerly replied, "Well, Captain, I will be glad to adopt your suggestion." Then up spoke Captain Chittenden, "Well, Mr. Chaplain, call it a prayer meeting." The chaplain was angry in a flash, and very properly though brusquely, replied: "Captain Chittenden, I allow no man to insult me, be he officer or be he private." Then the boys quickly filed out of the tent, so full of laugh that they could only find relief in out-of-door cachinnations of intense glee. From that day "Be he officer or be he private" passed into a byword in the old 35th New York infantry, and it wore well for nearly a year: always extorting a grin from the most sedate among us. The brave Captain Chittenden apologized to the chaplain for any want of respect to the cloth, and that officer himself, had to laugh at the very neat and cunning trap into which he had fallen.

The winter of 1861-2 we were stationed at Falls Church, (eight miles from Washington), a point from which the Confederates had for more than six months flaunted their flag in defiance. Taylor's Tavern, our headquarters, was on a high plateau, and from it the national capitol was plainly in sight. The brave James S. Wadsworth was our commanding general at that time, and his Christmas present to our regiment was a pair of thick woollen gloves for each soldier: a gift that was highly appreciated.

I called at the General's headquarters the day before Christmas. He occupied a deserted farm-house. In his own room were three chairs, an old-fashioned camp bedstead and a small desk. That was the way he chose for setting an example to his officers. This glorious patriot was the

largest owner of cultivated land in the great State of New York, and could have afforded every luxury, but he preferred to live among his command, sharing with them all the trials of tented life. He was fated to fall in one of the wilderness battles, more profoundly mourned than any other man from the State of New York, who perished in that fratricidal strife.

War is inevitably demoralizing, both upon a nation and upon individuals. A man is entirely removed from healthful home influences while in the field. This is only partially overcome by the presence of wives in camp when an army is in tents or huts for the winter. Many of the officers of the 35th New York Infantry had their wives on a visit for two weeks, when that regiment was at Falls Church during the winter of 1861-2. The women were extremely anxious to see the furthest outposts, although it was against orders.

The regimental ambulance was called into requisition, and, two days before Christmas, the women were conducted by a mounted escort to within eighty rods of the enemy's lines. There they found our outposts in regulation distance positions, with two or three videttes (cavalry) posted beyond them, acting as the "eyes" of the army. In a little while a staff officer came with an order for "those ladies" to retire. The order was instantly obeyed. The very next day, being the day before Christmas, the outpost at the point visited by the women was attacked by a Confederate company, and two men of the attacking force were killed. We never learned whether the presence of the women was known to the Confederates, or, if known, was distasteful and therefore resented.

Christmas Gifts and Giveaways.

THERE is an undercurrent of gladness in the air; a joyous bustle of anticipation all about us. Home is full of delightful little mysteries; certain rooms are forbidden us quite after the manner of a Bluebeard's castle; the children have wonderful secrets and their eyes are

dancing with eager expectancy. "I know something," a sweet little voice announces, and though the small maiden plainly reveals what that "something" is several times a day, you are not to guess, for it was never intended that you should know.

It is a self-centered mind that takes no pleasure in the thought of Christmas giving, and the heart that is never stirred with a loving wish knows little of real happiness.

Some dismal old grumblers may declare that because we do not always give wisely we should not give at all, and to some the joyousness of others is but an arrow of bitterness poisoned with envy; but the spirit of good will reigns in many hearts; though poverty and grief, pride and selfishness all strive to shut it out.

How to give, what to give, and where to give? We sometimes sigh that these are vexing questions; while it is our privilege to comfort and delight in some measure, we fretfully complain of the trouble it costs us to plan our gifts. But if it suddenly became impossible for us to give at all, we should know so well what we would like to give if it were only possible!

Perhaps we expect a host of our own wants gratified, yet plan grudgingly and carelessly for others.

A gift that is hurriedly selected at the last moment is seldom a suitable one, and lacks the meaning that should give it value.

Sensible people do not prize the gift that is costly and valuable and that represents a large amount of money, but one which shows a knowledge of their needs, tastes or fancies.

It is more necessary to put thought into our gifts than either labor or money.

A young lady gave her brother a sofa-pillow, and then remembered that he had no sofa, and that her pillow was far too delicate and pretty to be of use, even if he had one; to her friend in a distant city, some china which smashed on its journey; a volume of Browning to her practical merchant-father, and a bit of expensive jewelry to the mother who had

fashioned with patient labor her own gift, and whose careful economy alone kept them from real want.

The strange and inappropriate gifts that are every year bestowed might form a ludicrous list, were it not for the pathetic side of the story.

A little more time and thought, a little more patient effort, would add a value to our gifts that money cannot give, and a joy to our hearts that comes alone to those who lose sight of self in some blessed sacrifice of love.

Neighbors' Homes.

A NEIGHBOR'S home is a part of our own, in spite of all efforts to the contrary; it will have an effect upon us, whether we are often within it or not.

We should take an interest in our neighbors' homes: we must not say "I am not my neighbor's housekeeper." There are a great many cases in which, naturally, we take almost as much interest in our neighbor's house, as in our own.

For instance, if it is on fire.

For instance, if burglars are trying to get into it.

For instance, if there is sickness or death in it.

For instance, if there is a wedding in it.

For instance, if we are invited into it, made a trusted guest, given some of its confidences, and generally treated as if we were a sort of adopted relative.

For instance, if we are merely a calling-acquaintance: we still have an interest in the home where we stay an occasional hour, and whose inmates cross our threshold.

There are other matters, however, in which we should avoid the homes of our neighbors, as completely as if they lived on the other side of the world.

For example, we ought not to see anything they do not mean us to see, or hear anything they do not want us to hear. We should not peep, and listen, and try to get at the inner meaning of matters we have no right to understand. This is

a question of policy, as well as justice: for nobody is detected so swiftly as a spying neighbor: it gets into the very air.

Also, we should not send our home noise and "racket" into their bailiwicks. We have a right to pound and yell all sorts of noise on the air within our own boundaries; but not to send disagreeable sounds into the home of others—at least, any further than we can avoid. The world is full of people who are putting their teeth together and bearing murder-

ous sounds from their neighbors. In one case it is a barking, yelling, snarling, whining, howling dog; in another a flock of gabbling fowls, a cooing dove, a nest of outlaw children, or a piano never allowed to cool. These all invade every square inch of air that the neighbor possesses: and well-meaning but carelessly-strong-nerved people have seen their neighbors gradually cool toward them, wondered why, and continued the pow-wow.

The Secretary Bird.

AHAUNT the bourne of that vague
waste

Whence traveler's step was never traced,
Spectral and shadowless and vast,
Crouching before the coming blast,
Girt round by the horizon's rim,
Breaks the white desert on its brim.

Upon its offing gleams no sail,
Nor cloven spoor nor sandalled trail;
Lost in the luminous eclipse,
As yon dissolving surface dips,
Save where some tall palm tops the glare,
A green oasis of the air.

The blazing javelins of the sun
Kindle its ripples as they run,
Beside whose mastless sea of sand
'Mid shrubby tracts of border-land,
A sphinx of the reptilian race—
The Secretary stils apace.

Behind his ear in tufted twill
He wears the reportorial quill,
With which to keep the scriptic fame
So strangely written in his name;
As if to mock with lettered lore
Some scrawling strident of the floor.

His ear hath caught the herder's call
From bungalow and wattled kraal,
What time the ostrich train went by

As spectres from their shadows fly;
Where by the fountain's plashy brink
The camel-bird lies down to drink.

His eye hath seen the sand-blast lift
Its dread sirocco, drift on drift,
Till naught remained to tell its force
Or mark the caravan's lone course,
Save you white line of skeletons
Where the cream-colored courser runs.

Pausing anon beside the brake,
He sets his foot upon the snake,
While with his wings he finely foils
His cunning victim as he coils,
Till with his beak he fells his foe,
And strikes him senseless at a blow.

But not until beneath that tread
He feels the last faint tremor fled,
And knows that life hath passed away,
Still with his foot upon the prey,
A loud reverberating scream
Depicts his wild exultant dream.

Great Eagle Vulture, bird wise blent!
To thee gray legendary hath lent
A Sphinx whose story doth rehearse
The riddle of the universe;
Whose evolutions all unroll
From out a serpent's mystic scroll!

MILLER HAGEMAN.

Editorial Comment.

ALAS, TEDDY ROOSEVELT!

IT has been discovered that Theodore is not invincible. For a time he conquered, captivated, and obliterated. He received ovations wherever he went—in fact, he *was* a sort of perambulating ovation. Everything appeared to come his way, and to stay there as long as he wanted it. Enemies incessantly played their batteries upon him, but his continued popularity smiled and grinned defiance. Those who contradicted any of his statements, he set down as liars, and went right on as if nothing had happened. He did the usual thing after leaving the Presidency, and made the grand tour, receiving the maledictions of big game and the laudation of crowned heads. Upon his return home, he was received with acclamations that vibrated the skyscrapers of New York.

And now came the crisis of his career. "What next?" is always a leading question with ambitious men, and no doubt was so with him. Should he, as an ex-President, once more enter the turbulence of public life, or retire to the shades of dignified inactivity? Many suggestions were made as to his course—some of which he perhaps considered and discussed with those nearest him.

EVERY WHERE had already advised him to leave politics alone for awhile, and enter the list of active and intrepid science. It had asked him to discover the North Pole, which was for a long time waiting for its actual location to be detected. This would have increased his popularity, and made him all the more powerful if he had ever chosen to re-enter politics. But Peary snatched up that honor, himself planted the Ameri-

can flag on the world-renowned locality, and took possession of it in the name of the United States of America. How grand for Roosevelt, if he could himself have done this!

But there was the South Pole still left, and EVERY WHERE suggested *that*. This country ought certainly to own both ends of the world!—and it will be a great and lasting honor to the fortunate and intrepid one who can present it to her.

There were many other vast achievements waiting to be achieved, by The Man Who Had Never Been Conquered: but he preferred to enter again the mazy and muddy depths of politics. He tried to dictate without the power of doing so. He enunciated a "new" policy for America, which was really an old one with his name attached to it. He undertook to bring the whole country—and especially his own native commonwealth—under his rule and dominion. He undoubtedly meant to reach the Presidency for the third time.

But republics do not like to let any one man get too far, and the people evidently felt that others, just as honest and a good deal more agreeable, ought to have a chance.

The elections took place, and the charm of Teddy's continued success was broken: it was found that he could be defeated!

He promptly sinks from sight as an available candidate for the Presidency in 1912: the only thing that succeeds in getting a nomination, is success. He is, by his own admission, not a statesman; he is not much of a warrior; he is not much of an author; he is not a particu-

larly magnetic orator. Let him achieve distinction in science.

GETTING RICH WHILE YOU WAIT.

AGAIN and again and again and again some institution that pays large interest and returns no capital goes crashing to the earth. It buries under it a thousand sanguine-crazy individuals, who had thought they were to become rich all at once. It paid such interests on deposits as to cause its patrons to lose sight of the deposits themselves.

The proprietors and projectors of the exploded scheme generally take heed not to be near enough to let the explosion hurt them. When the trouble comes, they are off on the foaming main, or among the sheltering hills, or in one of the dens of another city spinning some new financial web in which to catch their gilded flies.

These affairs have been exposed almost as many times as there have been years in the past two decades; but they keep right on luring their victims to ruin; and the victims seem to enjoy the process—until the bitter end comes.

An establishment of this kind recently "failed" in New York. It had made clients believe that it possessed unusual facilities for earning money by speculation, and that it divided all profits with its customers. It sent back such large interest in a few cases (still keeping hold of the principal) as to throw the people of some towns into a financial craze. In many instances they withdrew their money from savings-banks, and entrusted it to these thieves; and now—where is it?

And yet the same thing will be done over and over and over again.

When you invest money, put it with some establishment that pays good, sensible, reliable dividends, and knows how to keep your capital earning for you more and more.

Editorial Correspondence.

BELMONT PARK, October 31, 1910.

THIS expanse of ground has been for a week the most famous in the world. It was projected as a race-course for well-bred and lightning-nerved horses: it has been transformed into the scene of what might almost be imagined as a tournament of the gods.

It has been said that the nineteenth century could never be surpassed: but the twentieth is already laughing back and taunting it. In this expensively-built camp of the foaming steeds, furnished with all the rude luxuries of the turf, has been for a few days installed a vestibule of the clouds. The famous mile-track on which clattering hoofs have won the applause of thousands at a time, is today a huge boundary-circle that encloses the nesting-ground of mechanical eagles that rival the grim "roc" of the Arabian Nights.

An old negro attendant, who has for years been the proud page and servant of fast-trotting and fierce-running steeds, came today ambling along in front of the grand-stand, disconsolately carrying a fine slender horse-shoe, which he had found somewhere on the grounds. "It's de last vestige of de grand ol' hoss-racin' sport", he muttered. "In all dat display of air-machines, I see no horses: an' when *they* are all gone, look here for one coon the less."

Meanwhile, the great new sport goes ahead: and this crowning day of the whole vast and exciting exhibit is the most interesting and thrilling of all.

Across the prairie-like expanse, and confronting the grand-stand, is a row of "hangars": wooden or canvas tents in which are kept the aeroplanes when not in actual use. And here, today, deserting the comfortable seats and the adorable march-music of the Seventh Regiment Band, I am permitted to pierce the charmed precincts, and live a few hours with the bird-men—some of them famous all over the planet.

I clasp hands again with Captain Baldwin, and ask him more questions than I would care to do, with a less genial and approachable man. But, somehow, I have always found those highest-up the most simple and unaffected in their manners—when you have really got to them.

This famous "king of the air", as he has long been called, is now in his fifties—has been a balloonist nearly all his life, and has gathered gold out of ether: for he and his genial and helpful wife possess a fortune in their own state of Missouri. He is appar-

ently as much at home among the clouds, as in the streets or fields: but there seems nothing unreasonably venturesome in his nature. "A balloon-ascension is merely a scientific problem", he tells me, "which the pilot must work out as he goes along." "Do you believe, as did Luther Holden, the famous Boston aeronaut, that the basket of a balloon is the safest place in the world?" I ask. "Any place is safe," he replies, "if surrounded with the conditions of safety. You encounter some perils when you go up into the air, but you are for the time free from those which pertain to the earth. I risk much less than people generally suppose. I always try to see my way clear ahead of me, and generally succeed in doing so."

"Did you find it an easy thing to transfer from the silken bag to the steel-clad aeroplane?"

"Much more so than my friends predicted: but it is an entirely different proposition. In the basket of a balloon you have some leisure to study the scenery below: but in an aeroplane you must sit up and take notice, each second of the trip. Every motion, every lack of motion, every attitude or change of attitude—counts a million. The air has as many unexpected things within it, as the ocean: and you are *among* them instead of atop of them. You will find that the aeroplane is the trickiest little beast that you ever have ridden, and it is no wonder that there are so many good fellows that come down in it to their funerals."

"Will the aeroplane ever be practicable in time of war, as a bomb-dropping destroyer?"

"No. There would have to be three men aboard: one to steer the machine, one to mark localities and take care of the ammunition, and one to drop the bombs. These, if dropped, would not be able to do very much damage: and before they could accomplish very much, anyway, there would be other opposing aeroplanists, all doing their best to destroy *them*. Aeroplanists, in time of war, will be used principally as scouts."

It was certainly reassuring, to hear one of the leading air-kings of the world say this: and the assertion may enable us who are expected to stay down below all the time at the bottom of this ocean of air, to sleep better.

I wish I could have time and space to reproduce all the many things I learned during my conversation with this clear-headed, far-seeing man: but there were other famous ones there, in the fringe of people standing about in front of the hangars in the quiet glory of this perfect Autumn day, of whom

I want to tell the readers of EVERY WHERE.

There was Harmon, who recently flew across Long Island Sound; De Lesseps, a relative of the Count who dug the Suez and commenced the Panama Canal, and himself a Count; Drexel, the eighteen-year old millionaire "bird-boy"; Brookins, still younger, and a pupil and protege of the Wrights; Willard, who early bagged the title "Wizard of the Air"; Hamilton, who travelled from New York to Philadelphia and back, without any need of a return-ticket; and Grahame-White, most famous of English aviators, who came over to show the Americans how to do it. He has made some progress in that respect, having taken one prize, and narrowly escaped another one. In travelling some few thousand miles about the world, I have never seen a more typical Englishman than Grahame-White appears to be. Brave, resolute, querulous, cockney-accented, and strident-voiced, he is a whiff of dear old London in the upper air. They say he had posted in his wooden tent for awhile, "Greatest Aviator in the World", but was "roasted" by irreverent Yankees till he took it down: at any rate, it is not there today.

But the most interesting man of them all, is of course Wilbur Wright—with his brother Orville a good and younger second. These men, modest, unassuming, self-contained—are this afternoon most sought and fêted of all in this little hangar-throng. If they were over there in the grand stand, they would be half-mobbed with lionizing: as it is, they have to shake hands with every one who can get to them.

Wilbur Wright is a tall, slender man, apparently unspoiled by the adulation that has been given him. At fortythree years of age, he is today one of the best known of living Americans. He told me there under the afternoon October sky, with the sun slowly fading in the distance, how he and his brother pushed again and again their rude primitive motorless aeroplanes from the tops of sand-hills—tumbling unharmed into the yielding surface below, and learning little by little the tricks of the air and the means of circumventing them. Day by day the two brothers worked and dreamed, side by side, and finally conceived the idea of pushing their mechanism with an engine, instead of with their hands. By such means, they succeeded in flying, a few rods: and this short trip was the germ of the wonderful voyages that have followed, and the honors that have been poured upon them.

"Will this same principle upon which the aeroplanes are manipulated, ever be applied

to giant aerial ships?" I ask him. "I do not think so," he replies: "there are certain limitations that will probably never be overcome. I do not see how it will ever be practicable to take more than a very few passengers at a time."

As I looked into his quiet, patient, self-restrained features, I wondered whether it was not another case of an inventor's under-rating the future triumphs of his achievements. Watt could not have visioned the voluminous future of the steam engine, Stevenson of the limited express-train, Fulton of the palatial ocean-steamer, or Morse of the millions of messages that now every second rush through the skies. May not the aeroplane some day outgrow and supersede the dirigible, and be the ocean-liner of the cloud-regions? Whatever happens, the Wrights have immortalized themselves.

Not without the help of Woman—who is really at the basis of all great effort. "How we would love to run in and tell this to 'Mother'!" they often say, even now: but 'Mother' died, more than a score of years ago, they have never ceased mourning her, and often say, "If she could only know of these successes!" Maybe it was worth while to suggest to them, that perhaps she does.

But the (only) sister, who encouraged those two "boys" through all their struggles and triumphs, is with them—still a young and charming woman. She it was, it is said, who left the home at Dayton, day by day, and taught school so that she might earn money to help on the cause of Aviation; who bravely encouraged the young aeronauts through all their many vicissitudes and discouragements. Needless to say, she does not have to teach school now: all the luxuries of modern life are of course at her disposal. A half hour's talk with this lovely girl may readily convince one, that the triumph of the aeroplane is due largely to the fact that she possessed an aeroplane soul.

The father—a Bishop in the United Brethren Church—lives in the old family house at

Dayton, Ohio, and is as proud as his stern old soul will let him be. It is through his influence (or in obedience to his commands) that the "boys" never will fly or allow any of their employes to do so, on the Sabbath. They telephoned him yesterday for permission to speed the race across Long Island to the Bay, and around the Goddess of Liberty statue and back, but he would not consent to it: and others took the prize which they thought they might easily have won. There was certainly "some class" in that bit of self-denial!

But if there was no Sunday-triumph for them (except for the one of soul), here is a Monday one: the sending of one of their machines higher than ever a chariot of the clouds has ever been before. It is our luck on this ideal autumn day, to stand by, and see the beginning and close of the historical event. In constantly-widening circles, the complicated cumbrous-looking machine climbs, round by round, the invisible ladders of the air—growing each minute smaller and smaller to the eyes of multitudes that are looking on and up. Slowly it fades into the size of an eagle—of a hawk—of a swallow—of a humming-bird—of the tiniest insect that you know. It is so small that if you lose it for a moment out of the eye, you have to hunt the blue a long time before you have found it. The very last hint of it that I can get, is a transient instantaneous gleam of the near-setting sun, in some one of its far-off metal bearings—as if it were a final good-bye.

Now, there is nothing any one can see—nothing that any one makes pretensions of seeing—and the aeronaut is lost in the depths of the great unknown. For the good part of an hour, his fate hangs in the balance: no one knows what has happened to him up there.

But an hour and a half from the time he started, he glides down near the place from which he went away—having achieved the great and unprecedented altitude of 9,714 feet—over a mile and four-fifths of another one from the earth.





The Shepherd's Story.

IT was long ago,—it was far away,
 In Judea's sacred land,
 That an ancient shepherd dwelt alone;
 The last of a faithful band.
 And often as fell the twilight ray
 Around his cottage door,
 He sat and dreamed, as an old man will,
 Of the days that are no more.
 And the children often hushed their play
 To gather round his knee;
 "Tell us," they said, "the story sweet,
 We love to hear from thee."
 And the shepherd, raising his silver head,
 While his dim eyes kindled then,
 Seemed, as he thought of the wondrous tale,
 To live it over again.

"Ah, I can never forget," he said,
 With a look of love at them,
 "How we shepherds watched our flocks
 by night,
 On the plains of Bethlehem.
 We talked of David, the shepherd boy,
 And the psalms he used to sing,
 And the promise given, that David's son
 Should reign as Lord and King.
 When lo! from the distant starlit skies
 A splendor soft and clear,
 And a presence, brighter than noonday
 sun,
 Seemed strangely, sweetly near.

"We bowed in trembling to the earth
 When we heard the angel's voice—
 'Fear not, I bring you tidings glad,
 That shall make all hearts rejoice;
 For unto you is born this day,

Fulfilling the prophet's word,
 In the city of David, Judah's king,
 A Savior, Christ and Lord.'
 And then, such a burst of music sweet
 Rolled over the circling hills;
 Oh, children dear, as I think of it now,
 My heart with rapture thrills.

"It died away—we were left alone,
 Guarding the timid sheep.
 Let us go, we cried, to Bethlehem!
 How can we watch or sleep?
 We hastened on to the crowded inn,
 Our steps from our hearts took wing;
 And there in a manger lowly laid,
 Was the babe, which was Christ the
 King.
 So fair he lay in his mother's arms,
 In homage we could but bow.
 A king, we knew, although no crown
 Lay on the baby brow.

"We went our way and told abroad
 The story of his birth,
 But of those who heard that heavenly
 choir,
 I, alone—am left on earth.
 I soon shall hear it again, I know,
 Than any on earth more sweet;
 But the best will be to see my king,
 And bow again at his feet."

The children listened—each little heart
 Filled with a wondering awe;
 "We would like to have kept the sheep,"
 they said,
 "And seen what the shepherds saw,
 And heard the wonderful song they sang.
 Though we might have been afraid;

But we would have gone to the manger
 Where the dear little babe was laid."
 It was far away—it was long ago,
 That the shepherd talked with them,
 But the children love to hear it yet—
 The story of Bethlehem.

MARY WHEATON LYON.

Chained Books in Churches.

I.

IT was not until the year 1476 that William Caxton, a London mercer, introduced printing into England. He set up his press in London, near Westminster Abbey. Many years passed before printed books became common in England. The works produced were few in number, and published at a price beyond the reach of the people, and, as a rule, they were only to be found in the mansions of the wealthy, the seats of learning, and in the religious houses. On account of the great value of books, precaution was taken to prevent them being stolen. Valuable volumes were generally chained to a reading-desk, a pillar, or to some other thing from which they could not be removed.

Historians have had much to say about battles, but respecting books they are almost silent. We have it on good authority that, in the earlier part of the fourteenth century, the Royal Library at Paris only contained the works of four classical writers, Cicero, Ovid, Lucan, and Boethius; the remainder of the collection, consisting of about 900 volumes, being made up of books on devotion, chronicles, medicine, romances, geomancy, etc. Charles V. is credited with having collected the greater part of the books: which were kept with great care in one of the towers of the Louvre. This library was purchased in 1425 by the Duke of Bedford, and, it is said, became the foundation of the famous library established by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, at the Oxford University. It is recorded as a matter of history, that the prior and convent of Rochester threatened sentence of everlasting damnation against

any one who should either purloin or deface a fine copy of Aristotle's "Physics," which was in their possession.

In the reign of Henry VI. books were so difficult to obtain, on account of their high prices, that we find it was one of the rules of St. Mary's College, Oxford, that no student be permitted to retain a book in the library longer than one hour at a time, so that others might not be prevented using it. Kings borrowed books from their subjects. An old chronicler states that Henry V., having a taste for reading, had borrowed a number of volumes, which, after his death, were claimed by their owners with the same anxiety as a landed estate.

At the Reformation, in the reign of Henry VIII., the Bible was translated and printed in English. In 1537 it was ordered to be set up in the churches, at the joint expense of the incumbent and his parishioners. The education of the people had been neglected, and only a comparatively few could read. Learned men often read the Bible aloud, and gathered around them listeners who were anxious to hear the Scriptures read. Of the large number of Bibles ordered to be set up, we do not know of any that remain at the present time in their original positions. Old parchments, however, contain numerous items relating to the matter. Here is an example, extracted from the accounts of S. Martin's Church, Leicester:—

1548-9. Item: pd ij chenes and
 naylls for the bybell. .vd.

The finest specimen of a chained Bible in England is to be seen at the ancient church of Cumnor, near Oxford. It is strongly bound in wood covers, strengthened with iron, and fastened with a strong iron chain to the deskboard of a pew. It bears the date of 1611 on its title page, and so is a copy of King James's, or the Authorized Version of the Bible. At the Hampton Court Conference, held January 1604, it was stated by Dr. Reynolds, a notable Puritan divine, that a great national want was a new translation of the Scriptures. It was agreed that a new version was desirable. The King took a

deep interest in the work, and issued a letter in July of the same year, stating that fifty-four scholars had been appointed to make the translation. His Majesty requested the Bishops to give him intimation of any livings to the value of twenty pounds becoming vacant, so that he might communicate with the patrons, and recommend one of the translators. Out of fifty-four selected, only forty-seven engaged in the undertaking. They appear to have commenced their labors in 1607 and completed them in 1610, and a year later the Bible was published. Baker, the printer and patentee, appears to have borne the cost; and he paid £3,500 for the right of publishing it.

The sight of the large old Church Bibles reminds us of the days of yore, when persons suspected of witchcraft were often weighed against them. We find in turning over the pages of the "Annual Register", under the year 1759, the following allusion to the practice:—"One Susanna Hannokes, an elderly woman, of Wingrove, near Aylesbury, was accused by a neighbor of bewitching her spinning-wheel, so that she could not make it go round, and offered to take oath of it before a magistrate; on which the husband, in order to justify his wife, insisted upon her being tried by the Church Bible, and that the accuser should be present. Accordingly she was conducted to the parish church, where she was stript of all her clothes to her shift and under-coat, and weighed against the Bible, when, to the no small mortification of her accuser, she over-weighed it, and was honorably acquitted of the charge." The belief in witchcraft lingered for a long time in this country, and even as late as 1768 that great and good man, the Rev. John Wesley, wrote in his journal: "The giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible." The laws against witches were repealed in 1736, with little opposition, although not long prior to this year Mrs. Hicks, together with her daughter, a child of nine, was executed at Huntingdon, on July 28th, 1716, "for raising a storm of wind by pulling off her stockings and making a lather of soap in a basin in

league with the devil." They were the last persons hanged in England for witchcraft.

In the church of St. Botolph, Boston, Lincolnshire, may still be seen the staple and a single link of the chain to which, in former days, the Bible was attached. The Corporation Records of this town for the year 1578 state that it was agreed "that a Dictionarye shall be bought for scollers of the Free Schoole; and the booke be tyed in a *cheyne* and set upon a deske in the scoole, whereunto any scoller may have accesse as occassion shall serve." Bibles were not the only books chained in churches, for at St. Mary's Church, Bridlington, even at the present time may be seen chained to a desk the following works (after the title of each is the date of publication): Jewell's "Controversial Works," 1611; Heylin's "Ecclesia Vindicata," 1681; Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Politie," 1682, and Comber's "Companion to the Temple," 1684. In the Church of St. Crux, York, until quite recently might be seen a chained copy of "A Replie unto Mr. Hardinge's Answere, Imprinted at London, Fleete Strete, Henry Wykes, 1566." A popular book to "set up" in the church was Foxe's "Book of Martyr's." We have notes of this work recently seen at Winsham Church, Somerset. At Mancetter, Foxe's book and the following are chained in the church: "The Paraphrases of Erasmus upon the New Testament" (two vols.); "Jewell's Defence and Apology," 1609. Robert Glover and Mr. Lewis, of this place, are in the list of the "noble army of martyrs." The house where Mr. Glover was arrested adjoins Mancetter Church, and is a fine example of a half-timbered homestead of the olden days. He was burnt at Coventry, September 19, 1555. The church of St. Michael's, Alnwick, has in it an old wrought-iron lectern, to which is chained a "Book of Homilies." In the chancel of the Bread-sall Church is a reading-desk to which are fastened several chained books, including Bishop Jewell's work, a "History of the Reformation," etc. The Rev. J. Eastwood's "History of Ecclesfield,"

(London, 1862) gives an interesting list of "Bookes chained in the church in 1606." The books were numerous and important. We gather from "Illustrations of Manners and Expenses," by Nichols that at Grantham were many chained books, but the titles are not given.

A New Movement for Unity.

THE Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, recently in session at Cincinnati, took up again the proposal for uniting in one body, so far as possible, all who bear the name of Christ. This is a laudable desire, and one which all who confess Jesus as Lord should wish to see accomplished, if it can be brought about in accordance with the fundamental principles of the Gospel, as set forth in the New Testament.

The proposal of our Episcopal brethren, as we understand it, is to invite the several denominations or "sects" of Christendom to send representatives to a conference, with the object of reaching an agreement, if possible, regarding a common basis of unity.

We see no valid objection to such a conference, except one, and that is that we very greatly fear the discussion would emphasize, rather than lessen, both the doctrinal and the ecclesiastical differences which now exist between the Protestant bodies which might be represented. Still greater would be the difficulty of arriving at a common basis if such bodies as the Greek and Armenian Churches were invited to participate, and should elect to send representatives. There is no common ground for union between, for example, our own denomination and the Greek Church which would not involve the absolute abandonment by the one or the other of the whole conception of the constitution of a Christian church and of some of the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. From any basis of unity to which that errant body would or could agree we would necessarily have to disagree.

If, however, the membership of the

conference were limited to those who are evangelical in faith, rejecting the idolatry of the mass, image worship and other heresies, and exalt the Bible as the Word of God, there would be at least a point of agreement, on which discussion might be based. There are men in our own denomination who could present our point of view with a cogency and force which *ought* at least to win concurrence, and we should be glad if, in a great assembly on which the eyes of all the world were fixed, the great principles we profess should be fully and clearly presented.

It is not probable that the dream of a Universal Church, without denominational divisions, can ever be realized, so long as men persist in exercising the inalienable right of thinking and acting for themselves. But it is possible, and we hope probable, in the not distant future, that all who accept the lordship of Jesus Christ may draw together in a closer spiritual fellowship, and work together for the spread of the kingdom of God throughout the world. For ourselves, we have never found it other than a delight to join with brethren of any communion in worship and service. Differ as we may on points of doctrine and church polity, if we love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, there is a real, substantial, abiding unity among us far superior to any that could be brought about by the suppression of honest convictions and the abandonment of conscientiously held denominational differences.

It is not difficult to forecast obstacles, abundant and formidable—we will not say insurmountable, for faith can overturn mountains—in the way of any scheme for an external unity corresponding to the spiritual unity which already exists in so large measure. Nevertheless, we should hesitate to oppose any effort, prompted by the spirit of Christian love, designed to bring all believers into closer fellowship on the basis of loyalty to our common Head and to that inspired Word which is, and should be universally accepted as, the Christian's sole rule of faith and practice.—*The Examiner, New York.*



Germs Are Not All Bad.

THERE is no end to the maledictions that have been heaped upon that lowly race of beings known as germs, or micro-organisms. Great newspapers cable around the world for the sake of printing charges against them. Their doings are discussed in clubs, and shuddered at in the family circle. Who has not heard of the microbes of cholera, yellow-fever, consumption, and leprosy? Who has not execrated these unseen assassins that lurk in our drinking-water, and contaminate our milk?

Now, all this is very unfair to the members of this tiny race as a whole. There are microbes and microbes; good, bad, and neither; and it is by no means true that the only good ones are dead ones. The members of this great family of beings (whether animal or vegetable in nature, men of science have not yet agreed), far from being wholly disreputable, are useful workers in nature's great laboratory. They are so much so, that they are indispensable: in fact, a germless world would not be worth while: or, indeed, habitable.

The story of these good, moral, well-behaved germs, is interesting and refreshing; but it may be more easily understood, if something is first said about microbes in general.

In the first place, it will be well to understand that these minute inhabitants of earth, air, and water, are not loathsome insects that squirm and bite. Seen through the lenses of a compound microscope, they are like little short rods,

sometimes connected, end to end, and sometimes separate; or at most they have the appearance of minute beads. Anyway, no amount of magnifying can render them disgusting to the sight, or at all impressive.

In fact, they are simple masses of pure protoplasm, the fundamental substance of all life. They sometimes produce intense alterations in the substances in which they appear; but they do so simply by the act of their own growth, and not through reason of any malevolent intentions. They get food by absorbing it from their surroundings; and when they have grown to a certain size, they divide in halves. Each organism thus produces two; and if it were not for outside circumstances, there would be no such thing as death in the language or history of the microscopic race.

Their rate of propagating is almost beyond human comprehension. A single bacterium divides into two; half an hour later four have made their appearance; and at this rate of multiplication, supposing that no accidents occur, and the supply of nutriment is sufficient, there will be more than a thousand, in five hours, and in ten hours from the origin of the first individual a million bacteria will have come into existence. Some are doubtless still more rapid in their increase.

Often these bacteria, to all appearances, cease growing and die; but they may really be only "playing opossum", as the saying goes. It may be that they contain all the capabilities of living, and only wait for favorable conditions, in order to revive and set to work again.

In this state, they are called spores; and are blown about by the wind—apparently looking for some substance in which they can thrive. When they find it, they again proceed with their multiplying.

They abound almost everywhere. The superficial layers of the soil teem with them; they are in the purest of drinking-water; all animals—human and otherwise—are coated with them, externally and internally; and, indeed, there is no escape from them, if we are to live: they were here first.

Indeed, we could not get along without them: the inhabitants of a germless world soon die of indigestion and kindred diseases—for the tiny dwellers in our alimentary canals perform an indispensable part in preparing the food for assimilation.

Vegetation would perish from the earth; and animal life would not be long in following it to the grave. Ere many moons, our earth would be as dead as the moon itself is reputed to be.

Let us not revile germs and microbes, or seek invariably to escape them; but keep our systems so healthy and active that such as are to aid us can find their proper place—and such as would injure us can be swept from our bodies by those ever-vigilant and active organs that are constantly fighting for our preservation.

A Cold-Storage Dinner.

REPORTERS for "The World" have found in a cold-storage plant in New York halibut, eggs, meat, chickens, fruit and other food which have been in the great ice-boxes for periods varying from one to three years, perhaps longer, which inspires the following verses from Paul West:

Oh, come out to dinner with me my own,
To a dear little place I know,
And there we will muse of the days long
flown

And the times of the long ago.
We have passed seventy years, my sweet,
But we're quite as young as the food we'll
eat.

We'll have fresh eggs of the storage kind

That were laid in eighteen ten.
'Twill cheer our hearts as it comes to mind
That maybe we knew the hen.
And who knows but the fish that they'll serve
us soon
Is the one that we caught on our honey-
moon?

Oh, the cold-storage veal we'll have, my dear,
Will cause you, I know, to laugh,
For perhaps in an innocent childhood year
You were well acquaint with the calf.
And the broiled "spring" chicken that's on
your plate
You fed—who knows?—as a girl of Eight.

And, love, this apple looks red and new,
But it ought to bring sighs, I vow.
Perhaps on that old, old tree it grew,
On that blossoming, hanging bough,
In that dear old year when I first kissed thee
Under the shade of the old apple tree.

The Morning Meal.

THERE is an increasing tendency among many who are fond of trying new health-experiments, to displace breakfast with a period of fasting. The idea seems to be that the stomach needs time to recuperate after its long rest; or it may be that that sensitive organ, tired out by its long tussle with an overgrown meal the night before, does actually refuse to consider the proposition of a new consignment. In any case, however, the no-morning-meal idea, carried into effect, is a crime against the body, and, in time, will have its due effect.

The business of breakfast is a most important one. The food taken then is to the body, what coal is to the engine; it furnishes the organism with fuel for the day's run. If the digestive system has been choked and weakened by a too hearty supper or a late dinner, still the body needs food; and the right kind will help purge the system of the effects of the previous night's over-indulgence.

"Fruit juices act as correctives to the digestive organs, whetting the appetite, increasing the secretion of gastric juice, and stimulating peristalsis." That is a good formula for those troubled with "morning aversion to food" to bear in mind. Oranges, grapes, apples, cantal-

loupe, berries—fruits in which juice predominates over fibre—are nature's priceless prescription for a laggard digestion, and should be more generally used.

Fruit juices taken on an empty stomach are converted into alkalis, thus keeping the blood normal, and preventing the saturation of the system with uric acid.

If the fruit does not appear to agree with you, at first, try a very small quantity. Take only an orange; drink the juice, and reject the fibre. Persist, and the stomach will adapt itself. Gradually add a bunch of grapes and an apple. You will be surprised at the far-reaching benefit derived from so simple a practice.

Contagion Through the Mouth.

THERE is no doubt that evils are often spread by means of the mouth. The telling of a crime, for instance, frequently inspires another one; the narrating of scandal is apt to breed scandal; and the same thing is often true, when it comes to disease.

"The writer of this" remembers seeing several dead people on the Brooklyn Bridge, one summer evening. They were victims of an injudicious mouth. The thoroughfare was crowded, "some one" cried out, "The bridge is falling", and a lot of people believed it; they rushed down one of the stairways, tumbled over each other—until thirteen of them were killed. Thousands of other disasters, of more or less gravity, have been brought about in the same way: some tongue, which not only could not be tamed, but could not be found after the mischief had been done—being the sole cause of ruin and death.

When it comes to epidemics, there is no doubt that the mouth does fully as much toward their spread, as do any of the physical microbes. As soon as it is known that a case of contagious malignant disease exists in a community, mental microbes, propelled by the tongue, are hurried to and fro through the air; and it is well known that the fear of a malady often brings on the malady itself.

The city council of Atlanta, Georgia,

with a good sense that city councils as a whole do not always possess, recognized this mouth-evil, and adopted a method of checking it. It ordained a severe fine upon any one who uttered a false report of a yellow fever case in that city.

Much as everybody professes to love the freedom of newspapers, it would also be a good thing if some of the great steam-propelled tongues of the press could be regulated by law, and the propagation of evil and disease by means of their being narrated and described, be stopped forever.

The Man Who Makes the Money.

IT is related that after seeing half a beef cut up and hearing all the mystery of the butcher's trade explained to them, the members of the Pittsburg Housekeepers Co-operative Alliance have not yet spotted the man higher up who gets all the profits.

Considering the kind of meat that is eaten, and the way it is eaten, there is some safety in saying that the man who gets the most profits is the family-physician.

Automatic Treatment.

"MANDY," cried Dinah, "wha' foh you giv' dat baby a big piece of pohk ter chaw on? Don' you-all know th' poh child'll choke on it?"

"Dinah," answered Mandy, in a contemptuous tone, "don' you see de string tied to dat piece of pohk? De udder end's tied to de child's toe. Ef he don't choke he'll kick, an' if he kicks he'll jerk de pohk out. Ah don reckon you-all don't learn me nothin' 'bout bringin' up chil-lun, nor pohk, neithah!"

Stitches in Time.

EVERY police patrol box in Los Angeles will be supplied with first-aid bandages and medicines, so that a policeman can care for the victim of a street accident before the arrival of the ambulance.

World-Success.

Disenchanted.

I SAW the moving pictures trace
Some several passions of the soul:
But most of all I watched the face
Of the piano's fair control.

How well she followed up and down,
The swift events that flitted there!
She voiced each view of field and town,
From radiant hope to black despair.

Whate'er of fancy or of fact
The whirling films were wont to do,
She with the most exquisite tact,
Made the piano tell it, too.

I crept up on her, as it were,
The glories of her art to trace:
I almost fell in love with her,
In that somewhat unusual place.

I nearer lurked: but oh, such pains
Disastrous were: my heart went dumb:
Right 'midst the most bewild'ring strains,
The little beast was chewing gum.

The Brothers of Pity.

MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, recently deceased, used to tell an interesting story of an American boy who visited the quaint Italian city of Florence.

The young American, accompanied by a native lad, was passing the entrance to the Ponte Vecchio, a bridge gray with age, which spans the Arno. Rows of goldsmiths' shops cling along its edges like branches to a ship's side, and trays heaped with cheap rings, or jewels worth a king's ransom, line the sidewalks.

Just as they reached it a sudden startling silence fell upon the crowd. Across the bridge came a noiseless procession

of men in black gowns and cowls. The cowls covered their faces, two holes being cut for their eyes to look through. They carried a sick man upon a bier, and passed through the sunshine silently as shadows. All traffic stopped to make way for the procession; many of the Italians muttered a prayer for the poor burden, crossing themselves.

When they were gone, Tom felt that it was time for some missionary work, and said:

"Now at home we've no time for that sort of foolery. The idea of those men dressing up like mummies to carry their relatives to a hospital; it's ridiculous."

"They are not his relatives", said Hugo quickly. "It is not mumming: you don't understand. It was a boy, like us, who started the work 600 years ago. He said every Christian man should be ready to help every other man—to nurse the sick or bury the dead, without reward or praise. He and his companions were called the Brothers of Pity, and the order has been at work here in Florence ever since. All kinds of men belong. They never talk of it, but they are ready at a moment's call. They wear the black gown and hood that nobody may know them or praise them for their charity. Those men who passed just now may have been laborers, or great Florentine nobles. Only God, knows them."

"How are they paid?"

"Paid? They are never paid. They can take nothing from those they serve, but a drink of cold water. This bit of service for some one else is a part of their religion; and has become a part of their lives."

"And that thing has been going on for six centuries!" said Tom. "We tire of

things in six years! Besides, an American pays taxes to support an almshouse for paupers. He does not nurse and bury them himself; he hasn't time."

"No," said Hugo, gently; "the methods are different. I suppose we seem like children, compared to the wide-awake Americans. But these old customs were invented to teach us great truths, before we could read or write, just as you show a child pictures, to teach him things. We keep them still."

A Hard Answer.

WHILE S. M. Hewlett, once the comrade of Gough, and as a fine a mimic, though not so powerful an orator, was upon one of his temperance-lecturing tours, he spoke one evening in a town where there was a distillery. The proprietor of this institution for the evolution of spirits did not fancy the idea of a temperance lecture within his bailiwick, and looked around for some method of breaking it up. He finally hit upon Andy Stimson, a large and very uproarious young man, who consumed daily a fair proportion of the distillery's outfit.

"Now, Andy," said he, "I'll give you all you want to drink, at the start. Then you go to the lecture, and sit there, and wait for a chance to break in. As often as Hewlett gets excited, you jump up and blurt out something in reply. No matter what it is, so that it downs him. You hear?"

To his surprise, however, the lecturer did not get excited. His discourse was so mild and even, that Andy soon fell asleep. Some of the facts and arguments, however, greatly disturbed the distiller, who rose in the midst of the exercises and tried to do the interrupting himself. He shouted:

"Fellow citizens, this is a destroyer who has come amongst you! He wants everybody to quit drinking; and that would close up all the distilleries! If it wasn't for them, what would you do with your rye? And your corn? And your barley? And your rye? And your barley! And your corn! And your"—

One of his gestures had inadvertently struck Andy under the chin: and he roused just in time to yell out in reply, "Feed 'em to y'r hogs, y' fool!"

The interrupter was evidently hoist by his own petard; and he kept a strict silence when after the yells of laughter had subsided, Hewlett continued speaking.

Dunning in Uniform.

THERE are different ways of dunning a man, when he owes you, is able to pay, will not pay, and is situated so he cannot by law be compelled to pay. One method is, to call upon him, hat in hand, and ask him, would he be kind enough, now, to pay that little bill?—you hate to ask him, and wouldn't, if it could possibly be avoided; but you need the money badly, and do not see how you can possibly get along without it. You thus appeal to the debtor's sense of compassion, as well as justice; and unless he is a very hard-hearted man indeed, he will take pity on you, and bestow upon you that which he has borrowed of you, or give a peculiarly good excuse.

Another method is to send him a bill, regularly and unfailingly, the first of every month. After a while, he gets tired of that inevitable blot upon his mail, and in an unguarded moment, he sends you a cheque.

Another method is to write him a sharp, peppery letter upon the subject. This, like a short, quick jerk upon a hard knot in a string, either loosens him up, or tightens him all the more.

Another method is, to send him a bill for more than the amount due. This at first seems entirely inexcusable; but when one reflects that it will do the debtor no injustice, it may perhaps be considered as an innocent subterfuge. When he gets this bill, so much more than it ought to be, he is naturally indignant, and sometimes, in the height of his indignation, gathers up the correct amount, and violently throws it at you, so to speak. Of course you catch it amiably, and pocket whatever hard words come along with it, together with the money.

But you have no right to put your collecting agent in a green uniform, so that everybody will know what his business is, and then send him around every once in a while, knocking in broad daylight at debtors' doors. Some of the courts have so decided.

Sentiment Versus Commerce.

THIS will be known as the Commercial Age. All things bow to the god Traffic as never before. The great nations of the world are mammoth merchants, scheming how they may most profitably sell their wares, purchase those of others as cheaply as they can, and, if possible, get goods and land by means of subterfuge or battle. The basis upon which most questions are decided in this country, is the letter S with two perpendicular marks upon it. The question with every thing in almost all departments, is What is its producing-power in dollars and cents?

The clergyman that can fill every pew in the sanctuary, and thus attract large collections and liberal subscriptions, "has the call," and need not look about for another; and he will be promptly paid his share of the income. As one distinguished Doctor of Divinity recently expressed it, "A pastor must make his church 'go' financially, or *he* must go."

The college president is retained, so far as most institutions of that kind are concerned, just as long as he is able to induce people, either in life or death, to contribute to the endowment fund.

The author, the editor, the inventor, the philosopher—all are working for "what there is in it" of lucre. The scientist who had "no time to make money" is dead. The explorer hurries back from fields of discovery so as to put a fast-selling book with its accompanying royalties upon the market, and lecture at several hundred dollars per hour.

This is not because these men are naturally mercenary; but they breathe commercial air, and know that they must be money-producers in order to win respect for themselves and their families.

The Husband's Tribute.

THIS very clever bit of dialect, by T. A. Daly, we capture from the "Catholic Standard and Times." It reminds one of the thrifty old colored man, who boasted that he had done a good profitable day's work that day—had found two new jobs of washing for his wife. There are native United States husbands not at all behind in this characteristic. The loving but thrifty Italian is made to say:

"Eef, mebbe so, you gotta wife

Dat's good as mine to me,
You weell be glad for mak' her life
So happy as can be.

"Las' fall Carlotta tak' my han'
An' make me so happy man;
Wan year today she ees my mate,
An' so tonight we celebrate.
You theenk I would forgat da day
Dat pour sooch sunshine on my way?
Ah! no, I gona lat her see
How kinda husban' I can be;
How glad I am she ees so true,
How proud for all da work she do.
An' so for mak' her work for me
More easy dan eet use' for be,
An' show how mooch my heart ees stir',
I buy a leetla geeft for her.

"Carlotta got so pretta hair,
I buy her som'theeng nice for wear—
Eh? Wa't? Oh! no, ees notta hat;
Ees som'theeng mooch more use don dat.
Eet's leetla, pad, so sof' an' theeck
An' stuff' weeth wool, dat she can steeck
On top da hair upon her head,
So lika leetla feathra bed.
Eet sure weell mak' her feela good
W'en she ees carry loada wood,
An' mebbe so eet help her, too,
For carry more dan now she do.
So mooch weeth love my heart ees stir'
I buy dees leetla geeft for her.

Eef, mebbe so, you gotta wife

Dat's good as mine to me,
You, too, would try to mak' her life
So happy as can be.



October 20—The White Star liner Olympic, largest vessel in the world, launched at Belfast, Ireland.

James C. Cropsey appointed Police Commissioner of New York to succeed Commissioner Baker, who resigned.

21—Great Britain proposed to the Powers to recognize simultaneously the Republic of Portugal.

23—Swiss people rejected the constitutional amendment providing for a proportional representation.

Fears entertained in Portugal that the troops who aided the revolution may attempt to gain balance of power in the new republic.

24—Naples and Island of Ischia swept by hurricane which destroyed much property and caused great loss of life.

It is planned to teach personal and civic morality in the Portuguese schools, instead of giving religious instruction.

Russia declined to arbitrate dispute over steamer Oldhamia.

26—An uprising in Mindanao, P. I., in which an American was killed.

27—The debate on religious "padlock bill" began in Senate at Madrid.

The Société des Sports Populaires of Paris conferred a diploma on Col. Roosevelt as an exponent of the strenuous life.

25—Ethel Le Neve acquitted of the charge of being accessory to the murder by Dr. Crippen of his wife.

The Hague court of arbitration decided the Orinoco claims case, giving the American company damages and costs.

29—The Government of Portugal issued a decree declaring separation of Church and State; also freedom of the press.

French aviator, established new record of 289 miles for continuous flight.

Striking express drivers fight police in New York. One man killed and several wounded.

30—Plot against Portuguese Republic discovered; thirty-two officers and ex-Premier Franco arrested.

French Chamber of Deputies voted confidence in Premier Briand by a majority of 146.

Moisant, American, made best time of three

aviators who made Statue of Liberty flight, and won \$10,000 prize.

November 1—A plan to overthrow the Peruvian Government discovered, and the leaders arrested.

Russia granted a wider zone of residence to the Jews.

American consular agency at Amapala, Honduras, attacked by former Governor, Gen. José Valladares.

2—An uprising in Southwest Mindanao, P. I., has been reported; troops have been despatched.

An explosion on board Haytian gunboat Liberti caused the loss of seventy lives.

Balloon America II landed safely in Canada, after a flight of 1,350 miles, making a new distance record.

3—M. Briand, French Premier, has reorganized the Cabinet.

Fifty Jesuits, the last members of the religious orders in Lisbon, were expelled.

Six new cases of cholera and six deaths reported from Rome.

4—United States gunboat Princeton at Amapala, Honduras, to protect Americans.

Imperial decree issued in Peking ordered the convocation of Parliament in 1913.

Cholera spreading in Italy; nineteen new cases and six deaths reported.

Spanish Senate passed bill to check religious associations.

Duke of Connaught opened the first Parliament of the Union of South Africa.

5—Portugal granted amnesty to political offenders.

Gen. Valladares, Honduran rebel, defies Government to drive him from Amapalla.

6—Serious anti-government riots in Barcelona and Catalonia, Spain.

Great loss of life on land and sea by hurricane in northern Portugal.

7—Rebellion in Honduras gaining strength daily.

Uruguayan rebels capture large town.

Germany refused to accept proposal of United States in potash dispute.

9—Mexican Ambassador demanded reparation from United States, for lynching of Mexican citizen.

Twenty-six persons convicted of conspiracy to kill Emperor of Japan.

- 11—Several severe but indecisive battles between government forces and rebels in Nicaragua.
United States resumed negotiations with Portugal.
Floods on German and French frontiers destroyed much property.
- 13—Gen. Valadares, insurgent leader in Honduras, offered to surrender.
Destructive floods in eastern district of Paris.
Express strikes in New York settled; drivers returned to work.
Catholics and Socialists clashed during riots in Italy.
- 14—President Taft landed in Panama.
A fresh revolt broke out in Nicaragua.
Aviator Ely flew from cruiser Birmingham five miles to land in five minutes, being first to make flight from a vessel at sea.
President Taft urged the permanent endowment of the Red Cross Society.
- 15—United States fleet arrived in Europe.
Morocco agreed to pay Spain \$13,000,000 indemnity.
Oklahoma Supreme Court decided the state capital case in favor of Guthrie.
Dr. E. F. Smith chosen Provost of University of Pennsylvania.
- Serious rioting on Mexican border.
- 16—President Taft inspected the Culebra cut and dined with President Arosemena of Panama.
Floods in France receded; people return to their homes.
An Italian liner, on which two deaths from cholera occurred at sea, detained at Quarantine.
- 17—The British House of Lords adopted resolutions favoring an elective second chamber to replace the existing hereditary one.
President Taft sailed from Panama for Cuba.
The City of London voted \$10,000 for entertainment of the officers and men of American fleet now in England.
- 18—A large deputation of suffragettes rioted near British Parliament: 106 were arrested.
Pilgrim Society of London entertained the officers of the American fleet at luncheon.
- 19—Severe earthquake felt in Martinique.
Lieutenant Caffee and three men killed by explosion of a navy gun, near Washington.
Suffragettes, arrested for rioting in London, were discharged.

Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

CANDLER, ALLEN DANIEL—At Atlanta, Ga., October 26, aged seventysix years. He was born in Georgia and educated at Mercer University. Fought in the Confederate army during Civil War and served four terms in Congress. He was elected Governor of Georgia in 1898 and served till 1902. Since then he has been State historian. He was noted for his firm anti-lynching ideas, which he fearlessly enforced while Governor.

CLAY, ALEXANDER S.—In Atlanta, November 13, aged fiftyseven years. He was born in Marietta, Ga. He was educated at Hiasse College, studied law while teaching. He served his State as Speaker of Assembly and President of Senate. He was chosen United States Senator in 1896, which office he held at time of his death.

COLON, DON CRISTOBAL, DUC DE VERAGUA—In Madrid, October 30, aged seventythree. He was born in Madrid, and was thirteenth in descent from Christopher Columbus. He was guest of United States during the World's Fair in 1893. Although

one of the greatest "grandees", he was democratic in private life, devoting his time to agriculture, and becoming an authority on livestock. He served his country in many official capacities.

CUMMINGS, URIAH—At Stamford, Conn., November 11, aged seventyseven years. He was born in New York and educated in the public schools. He was influential in developing the cement industry, and an inventor of many machines in use in cement manufacture. He contributed a large number of articles to technical magazines, and was an authority on the Indians of New York State.

DE RUDIO, MAJOR CHARLES C.—At Los Angeles, November 1. He was born in Italy, served on staff of Garibaldi, and was sentenced to death for an attempt to kill Napoleon III., but was pardoned when Empress Eugenie interceded for him.

DODGE, GEN. CHARLES C.—At New York, November 4, aged sixty-nine years. He was born in Plainfield, N. J. At twenty years of age he was commissioned a Captain of the New York Mounted Rifles. He served

with honor during the Civil War, was in command at Suffolk during Gen. Longstreet's siege; and was wounded during fight between Monitor and Merrimac. Of late years he has been engaged in business in New York.

ECKERT, GEN. THOMAS T.—At Long Branch, N. J., October 20, aged eighty-eight years. He was born in Ohio and started life as telegraph operator. He was identified with this work all of his long career. During the Civil War he was in charge of military telegraph department, brevetted brigadier general in 1867 and made Assistant Secretary of War in the same year. Since the close of the Civil War, he has been connected with the Western Union Telegraph Company, as general manager, president, and chairman of executive committee, which office he held at his death.

FECHET, LIEUT. COL. EDMUND G.—At Champaign, Ill., November 16, aged sixty-six years. He was born in Michigan. At the age of twentyone he joined the Union army and served through the war. He was wounded at Antietam. He continued in the military service until 1898, when he was retired with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel for bravery in the Indian wars.

GRANT, HUGH J.—In New York, November 3, aged fiftyfive years. He was born in New York and educated at St. Francis Xavier's College and Columbia Law School. He entered politics early in life and was twice Mayor of New York.

HEAP, BRIG. GEN. DAVID P.—At Passadena, Cal., October 25, aged sixtyeight years. He was educated at West Point, served in the Civil War, and was brevetted for bravery. Afterward, he was engaged in river and harbor fortification, and lighthouse engineering. He was a prolific writer of books on electricity and engineering.

HILL, DAVID B.—At Wolfert's Roost, near Albany, October 20, aged sixtyseven years. He was born at Montour Falls, N. Y., educated in the public schools and commenced business life as a news-boy. Later he studied law, and was admitted to practice at an early age, entering at once the political field. He became Mayor of Elmira, Lieutenant Governor of New York, Governor, and United States Senator. His personality was cold and unsympathetic, and he made few warm friends among his associates in office.

JOURDAN, GEN. JAMES—In Brooklyn, November 1, aged seventynine years. He was born in New Jersey, but spent his active years in Brooklyn, serving as Police Commissioner, and in many other positions of trust. He served with distinction in the Civil War, receiving the rank of Major General for bravery.

LA FARGE, JOHN—In Providence, R. I., November 14, aged seventyfive years. He was born in New York City and educated at Fordham and Columbia Universities. He studied art in Paris, Munich, Dresden and Italy. He was the foremost American artist. He was at one time art commissioner of New York and was a member of the Legion of Honor. He revolutionized the stained glass industry in this country by his knowledge of color and personal ideas.

PENHALLON, DAVID P.—In London, October 26, aged fifty-six years. He was born in Kittery, Me., and educated at Boston University. He was professor of botany and chemistry in the Imperial College of Agriculture in Japan for four years. Since 1883 he was professor of botany in McGill University, Montreal.

REED, F. DANA—In Brooklyn, October 22, aged sixtytwo years. He was born in Washington, N. Y. He came to New York City early in life and became identified with newspaper work. He worked on "The Times" and "Tribune" and finally becoming city editor of "The Commercial Advertiser." He was on the editorial staff of "The Brooklyn Eagle" for thirtyseven years.

TOLSTOY, LEO NIKOLAIVITCH—At Astapora, Russia, November 20, aged eightytwo years. He was born of noble parentage in Tula, Russia. He was educated at University of Kazan. He served in the army during the Crimean war. He was an author and social reformer of first rank, fearless in his criticisms of the Russian government and established church. His best known works are "Resurrection" and "Kingdom of God Within Us."

WURTZ, DR. HENRY—At Brooklyn, November 10, aged eightytwo years. He was born in Easton, Pa., and educated at Princeton, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was a chemist of world repute, having discovered many new minerals: huntlite, animikite and wurtzilite, the last being named in his honor.



Doings and Undoings.

Joseph Jefferson's grave is at Sandwich, in Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Above it is a rock of granite, with inscribed metal plate.

A "sweat-box" for swearers exists in an Urbana, Ill., factory, and every time an employe swears, he throws in a silver dime for charity.

One of John Ruskin's prayer books has been sold for \$525.00—which may be worth several times as much to the purchaser, if he uses it rightly.

An instance was recorded in a German paper recently of the shooting of a crow with a ring on its leg bearing a date of over a hundred years ago.

Fire fighters in London receive \$7.50 per week and have one day in fourteen free; while New York firemen get \$1,400 per year and one day off in every five.

Eight hundred thousand children made use of the public playgrounds of New York, during the past year: each person a testimonial to this beneficent work for boys and girls.

Senator Platt used to claim that he really put Roosevelt into the Presidency by getting him nominated as Vice President. (He did not add that he did this really to "shelve" him.)

How to take care of themselves in the water, is to be taught to all the Chicago shoals, by the Y. M. C. A. Over 4,000 men and boys are drowned each year in this country.

West Point has a little Hall of Fame of its own, and Poe has been put there—notwithstanding his omission as yet from the New York one. Whistler, the sardonic, eccentric artist, is also there.

Dressing himself in the skirts, shirtwaist and sunbonnet of the jail cook, James McCleary, a convict, mingled one afternoon with some visitors to the Beaver County, Penn., jail and walked out with them.

Miss Emily Clark, daughter of a Rozet ranchman, chased a young coyote into a den near her home, and as the hole was too small to permit the animal to turn around, Miss Clark seized it by the hind legs, pulled it out and beat it to death with her riding whip.

It is not stated that the young lady has received any offers of marriage since.

Mothers while camping are learning to carry their babies on their backs—Indian-fashion—having had frames made for the purpose. They report good times for themselves and beneficial results for the babies.

Although Miss Clara Barton, the founder of the Red Cross Society in the United States, is ninety-one, she still takes personal charge of one of the branches of the society. Miss Barton's relief-work dates back to the Civil War.

A queer insect has been received from Brazil by the South Kensington museum at London. It is a beetle. At its head gleams a red ruby lamp, and eleven green lights glow forth from the sides of the insect. On account of these peculiarities it has been named the "railway beetle."

Curing insanity by opening the skull and doctoring the brain has great possibilities, in the opinion of Professor Rogers, of the Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery, after a summer's study in the Paris hospitals. It is to be hoped that this treatment will at least enable the patient to die sane.

Senator Lauterbach was once speaking vehemently in a hotel at Albany, urging some public measure to a convention, when an elevator fell with a loud crash, and temporarily interrupted proceedings. When silence and order were restored, he remarked, placidly, "Well, I brought down the house, anyway."

It pays to be a "bang-up" pianist: Paderewski has been made a French Officer of the Legion of Honor, "at sight", we suppose, without passing the intermediate grade of Chevalier. Lizst and Rubenstein received an equal honor, but Gounod, Massenet, Thomas and Saint Saens—all eminent pianists in their day—did not.

Miss Susan Hale of Boston, artist and author, sister of the late Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, died recently at Matunuck, R. I. She was a native of Boston and was seventy-six years old. She studied art in London, Paris and German cities, and after returning to this country exhibited many of

her pictures, chiefly water colors, in public galleries in this city and New York. She collaborated with Dr. Hale in writing the "Family Flight" series of travel-books for young people, and was the author of various other works.

An airship man recently called on John D. Rockefeller at his Cleveland home, without reference to walls, or permission of guards. He alighted in the oil-master's front yard, and was received with cordiality. He did not bring any legal papers to serve, or any revolver to fire off: he simply paid a social call, and went back to his business.

Kalamazoo, Mich., people are not particularly pleased that there is a growing disposition, both in print and in mouth, to call their town "Kazoo." Montpelier, Vt., is often called "Pelier", by near-by residents; Angola, Ind., "Gola"; Ann Arbor, Mich., "The Arb"; and the people near Oshkosh, Wis., frequently speak of "going over to Kosh."

A magnificent mausoleum is to be built to mark the resting place of the late "Son of Heaven"—Chinese Emperor Kwang Hsu. Forests of the Orient were searched for the best and most durable wood, and, after much competition, a Manila lumber company has won the contract: said to be the richest Chinese commercial prize awarded in recent years.

They are now making artificial marble with much success in Sicily. The manufactory is in the shadow of Mount Etna and there common blocks of sandstone are put in a tank containing volcanic asphalt and coal tar and boiled for thirty-six hours. The stones are then taken out and polished, and it said that it takes an expert to tell them from black marble.

Walking through the pastures of Maine, one finds many small deep holes in the earth

which one would suppose were made by field-mice. Instead, however, they are the work of large spiders, with bodies beautifully marked in gold and black, and half as large as hen's eggs. A bite from one of these giant insects, would make a man remember it unkindly.

Edison says that the next half-century will be pleasant to live in. "Hereafter", he avers, "a motor must do all the chores. Rent is going to be brought down by moulded or "poured" houses of concrete. Coal will be cheaper, because electricity can deliver it five times more readily than men with horses"—etc., etc., etc.—All of which we hope will all come true.

It is claimed that Joseph Thomas, lately dead at eightythree years in Hoboken, N. J., invented and first manufactured the hoop-skirt. But who invented the one mentioned by Goldsmith concerning one of his heroines?

"At church, in silks and satins new,
And hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew,
But when she shut her eyes."

Poor-houses sometimes conceal fortunes. An inmate of the one at Trieste, Austria, died the other day, at the age of seventy. An investigation of the effects of this supposed pauper, an Albanian called Sterio, revealed the fact that he owned over \$250,000 in investments and bank deposits. He had made a fortune in Egypt before the British occupation and added to it by living at public expense.

One W. J. Henderson, a "musical critic" for a daily paper, says that in America "the poet and the composers are as yet regarded merely as court jesters, whose office it is to provide amusement for the tired business man." So far as Mr. Henderson is con-

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cerned, he describes his own "poetry" exactly. If the tired business man could be induced to read it, he would find it full of humor (unconscious).

Professor Kohlrausch, who has been analyzing the curative waters of Switzerland for several years, declares that he has found at Romerbad, near the town of Zofingen, about midway between Bale and Lucerne, an old Roman spring whose waters are impregnated with radium. The waters, the professor declares, will cure, among other diseases, gout and rheumatism, and are among the strongest radium springs in Europe.

Emperor William thinks he can do almost anything any one can, and on board a North Sea ship, offered to help the pilot into one of the ports. The steersman, not knowing him, bluntly asked him, in German, "who was doing this?" or something of the kind, and Wilhelm went to his stateroom. In a few minutes, however, he returned to the bridge with a box of cigars, and, handing them to the man at the wheel, admitted that he was the pilot, and by his manner gracefully apologized.

Bishops show no inclination to discard the gaiters which, according to the "Tailor and Cutter", fitted their legs fairly well at the church congress. But they have shed the wig which at one time weighed heavily on the episcopal brow. When wigs ceased to be generally worn, several Bishops endeavored to obtain the royal permission to dispense with them. George IV. would not allow this, but when the Bishop of London asked his successor if he might appear before him without a wig, William replied that "the Bishop is not to wear a wig on my account; I dislike it as much as he does, and shall be glad to see the whole bench wear their own hair." Bishop Blomfield thereupon discarded his wig, and was imitated by his episcopal brethren.

Wendell Phillips was, on one occasion, lecturing in Ohio, and, while on a railroad journey going to keep one of his appointments, he met in the car a crowd of clergy, returning from some sort of convention. One of the ministers felt called upon to approach Mr. Phillips, and asked him: "Are you Mr. Phillips?" "I am, sir." "Are you trying to free the niggers?" "Yes, sir; I am an Abolitionist." "Well, why do you preach your doctrine up here? Why don't you go over into Kentucky?" "Excuse me, sir, are you a preacher?" "I am, sir." "Are you trying to save souls from hell?" "Yes, sir; that's my business." "Well, why don't you go there?" The assailant hurried into the smoker amid a roar of unsanctified laughter.

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EVERY WHERE

DECEMBER, 1910.

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MAIN OFFICE, 444 GREENE AVENUE, BROOKLYN

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Six months, fifty cents. One year, one dollar. Three years, or three subscriptions for one year, two dollars. Five years, or five subscriptions for one year, three dollars. Subscriptions for the life-time of one subscriber, ten dollars.

METHODS OF REMITTING.

The best way to send remittances for subscriptions is by Post-office or Express Money Order.

A perfectly safe way is to send money by registered letter which costs 3 cents extra.

Postage-stamps of any denomination, to amount of subscription, are accepted in lieu of money

All money-orders and remittances should be addressed to

EVERY WHERE PUB. CO.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

In ordering subscriptions, care should be taken to give subscriber's name and address in full, writing street and number (if any), town or city and state, plainly.

RENEWALS AND CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

In renewing, do not be impatient or "nervous" if there is any delay in changing date on the wrapper; be careful to give exactly the same name and initials as are on the address-slip; otherwise we cannot identify you.

In asking for change of address, state your present one, so that we can find it readily among our many thousands of names. In case you are contemplating removal, send notice as soon as possible, so that you may find the next **EVERY WHERE** awaiting you in your new home.

DEALINGS WITH MANUSCRIPT.

We receive thousands of literary contributions in the course of a year, but can accept only those peculiarly well adapted to the general trend of our Magazine. They are all carefully examined and returned if not used, when accompanied by a postpaid envelope bearing the author's address.

and us by referring to **EVERY WHERE**.

The P.D.M. Formula for Advertising

IF you are an advertiser and could, on first reading, tell the difference between a good advertisement and a bad one, that knowledge might save you many thousands of dollars.

I do not claim to have written the only good advertising that has appeared in the public prints. But I have discovered, I believe, by the study of good advertising, a neat formula, by following which, any man can tell or can write a good advertisement. I call it the "P.D.M." Formula, because these are the initial letters of the three Latin words composing it.

An ancient Latin author, writing about the qualities which make a good teacher, said that the elements of good teaching are three—*Placere*, to interest, *Ducere*, to instruct, *Movere*, to move.

Now if there three things characterize a good teacher they also describe a good advertisement, and by keeping them in mind you will always have the 3-foot yard stick by which to write or judge advertising. If you desire to let the Latin words go, call it the Rule of the Three I's. Every advertisement, to be good, must Interest. It must Instruct. It must Impel.

It must Interest. In any one of an hundred different ways a good advertisement must get attention.

This is very important because without gaining the attention of the reader, all is lost, and the money spent is wasted from the start. As has been well said, the publisher sells you white paper and a reading public. Can you use the white paper to gain the attention of the reader? If you can, then your advertisement meets the first requirement of good advertising because it has the power to interest.

It must Instruct.

A good advertisement tells the reader something about the thing advertised he did not know before. It is the appeal to the intelligence. If an advertisement is interesting and compelling, that is often thought to be enough. But the man who is only interested and then impelled to buy something without the sanction of intelligence, is the man who must have the same thing done over again at the same cost. If you consider the reader as "from Missouri" and put something into your advertisement that sticks to his mental ribs, you lay a good foundation for future business at a less cost, because the reader has gained in wisdom by having been instructed.

It must Impel.

To interest and instruct is not enough. Many fairly good advertisements do both, yet lack

the power to move and are failures. There has been great improvement in modern advertising on the side of interesting the public—there is more solid consideration of the elements of merit in most commodities—but we have not advanced quite far enough in the power to make our big expenditures produce an adequate return in goods moved. A good advertisement must have this third element strongly developed—it must move the reader to buy the goods.

Now you have the secret of what makes good advertising. Begin at once to test the formula upon some advertisement. This is an advertisement. Make it take its own medicine. Ask of it the three questions.

Is it Interesting?

If you have read it so far, it must be.

Is it Instructive to the extent of having told you anything about advertising you didn't know before? Probably.

Is it Impelling? I don't know.

I asked these three questions about it before I had it printed and concluded that it was interesting and instructive, but to say that it stood the final test of power, I could not. That can be answered only by results.

I am an advertising agent whose business it is to create for my clients, advertising that interests, instructs and impels the public. This is a sample of my work. That it meets the final test of a good advertisement depends upon how many respond to it. How many business men who advertise and who read this, will sit down and write me that, because of this advertisement, they would like to talk over with me their advertising problems? I am waiting to see if I can write a good advertisement for myself.

The final test lies with you.

Are you a business man who, by advertising, seeks to reach the public? If so, are you like a certain minister who, along with some of his brethren, knelt upon the platform of a camp meeting? His voice could be heard to the very treetops as he prayed for "power." He repeated his petition at some length and ever with louder emphasis until another minister, kneeling near, leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Brother, you don't need power. What you need are ideas."

For when all has been said about good advertising, below even this power of moving those who have been interested and instructed, lies the realm of IDEAS.

You need them for your business. We have them. It's your move.

HENRY KING HANNAH, Advertising
277 BROADWAY NEW YORK

FREE TRIAL

THE FOX

THE ONE PERFECT VISIBLE TYPEWRITER

THE FOX—"THE ONE PERFECT VISIBLE TYPEWRITER"—FOR 20 CENTS A DAY! Sent on **FREE TRIAL** to anyone—anywhere—at my expense—to be returned if not better than the best of other makes. If purchased you can pay me a little down after trial and the balance at the rate of 20 cents a day—no payments on Sundays and Holidays.

The Fox's Visible—you do not have to look beneath a lot of moving typebars to see what is written! It has a Back Space Key, Tabulator, Two-Color Ribbon with Automatic Movement and Removable Spools, Interchangeable Carriages and Platens, Card Holder, Stencil Cutting Device, Variable Line Spacer and Line Lock with Key Release. Its Speed is fast enough for the speediest operator or slow enough for the beginner. It is extremely Durable and almost Noiseless.

Will You Do This Now? I want you to fill out the attached coupon and give me a chance to "show you"—**at my expense**—what I have. Remember, I belong to no trust—no combination—and no one tells me at what price I must sell nor on what terms I must sell.



For 20 Cents a Day!

SEND FOR MY CATALOG, ANYWAY!



W. R. Fox, Pres. Fox Typewriter Co.

Date _____ 191__

W. R. FOX, President, Fox Typewriter Co.,
612-812 Front Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

DEAR SIR:

Please send me a copy of your catalog and write me full particulars concerning your "20 cents a day" payment plan on the new Fox Visible Typewriter. It is distinctly understood that the signing of this coupon does not in any way obligate me to purchase, and that no typewriter is to be sent me unless I decide later to order one for free trial.

Name _____

Address _____

Business _____

H 15

Philosophy and Humor.

PASTEBOARD HOSPITALITY.

She—When did the house-party break up?
He—The night our host held five aces.

THE GROOM'S TWO SISTERS.

He—What made the bridesmaids look so happy?
She—They had each refused the groom.

SYMMETRICAL LIVING.

"That was a good chicken, wife."
"I'm glad you liked it, husband. I'll save a sample and see if I can't get it matched."

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.

There is a fortune awaiting the man who invents a luminous collar-button that you can see in the dark when it rolls under the bureau.

THOMAS ON THE JOB.

Ethel (getting basket ready for picnic)—
Lettuce is said to make one sleepy.
Tom—Put in a few heads for the chaperon.

THE HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

Mrs. Henpecque—How many times do you think a man should propose?
Mr. Henpecque—Sometimes once is too often.

INSIDE-MOUTH INFORMATION.

Miss Jones—How do you know that Mr. Young is a vegetarian?
Mr. Smith—He just gave me one of his cigars.

"THERE REMAINETH NOW."

Deacon—I hear your rector has gone for a three-months' trip.
Vestryman—Yes. The church felt the need of a rest.

CHANCE FOR A REST.

"There's one good thing about Esperanto."
"Yes?" (Rising inflection.)
"Yes.. You can't build a limerick in that language."

NOMENCLATURE.

"Why is it that you call that spar over there the jibboom?"
"Whatever else," the sailor answered, "could you call it?"

"EVERYBODY'S SATISFIED."

The superintendent of streets in a Western city recently summoned one of his subordinates, saying:

"Mike, there is a dead dog reported in the alley between Illinois and Blank streets. I want you to look after its disposition."

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

If You Have *Money You Want* *to Invest*

WHERE It Will Be Safe,

WHERE It Will Earn the Largest
Possible Amount Consistent
With Safety,

WHERE the Plan is Co-operative
and Already Has Enlisted Hun-
dreds of Members,

WHERE You Can Make Fullest
Investigation at Any Time,

WHERE Every Stockholder Has
Received Four Per Cent. Every
Six Months on Every Dollar
He Has Invested,

WHERE the Business Conducted
is Strictly First Class, and in
Which Any Person Might Be
Proud to Engage, We Can
Advise You.

WRITE us and we will send you full par-
ticulars how you can join us. Address.

EVERY WHERE PUB. CO.

BROOKLYN

NEW YORK

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BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

WE MANUFACTURE AND SELL ARTIFICIAL LIMBS AND APPLIANCES

They are a perfect imitation of Nature's handiwork.

Our ARTIFICIAL LIMBS defy detection. Will last a life-time.

Perfect in mechanical construction. A remarkable reproduction of natural models.

Send postal for free descriptive booklet, and testimonials from grateful and satisfied patrons.

LAWRENCE BROS.

187 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

WANTED.

WANTED the services of a representative to look after our old customers and prospective buyers of our Modern Simple Tax-free Industrial Alcohol Distilling Apparatus, by special successful demonstrative methods for making Alcohol, Apple Jack, Aguardiente, Mescal, Tegulla, Peach Brandy, Solidified Alcohol in Cubes, Denatured Alcohol. Most modern simple 5 Gal. Still and all Sizes to 500 Gal. daily Capacities. Good Commission. Address **THE WOOD WASTE DISTILLERIES CO., Inc.,** Wheeling, W. Va., U. S. A.

The Knead-Klean Bread Roll

Patented
Dec. 24, 1909



Do you know that your pies or biscuit can be moulded ready for the oven in the time you now take to pre-are your kneading board, and without the cleaning up afterwards? Send postal for my circular describing the **Knead-Klean Bread Roll** and learn how. A perfect kneading surface and rolling pin always ready for immediate use. Rolls up to put away like music roll, dust and dirt

Proof. Price, complete \$2.00, post-paid. Money returned after 2 weeks trial if dissatisfied. Peter S. Wood, Burton, Wash., Sole Maker.

"Washclean Washes Clothes Without Rubbing"

LADIES: Greatest Labor Saver ever invented. Non-injurious to clothes or hands. Send 10 cents for trial package. Postpaid. Dept. 20. **NIXON-BROSIOUS CO., BOONVILLE, MO.**

It was about an hour later that this truly Celtic report came over the 'phone:

"I have inquired about the dog, and find that he had a very savage disposition."

SELF-SACRIFICE.

"She's a delightful entertainer."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, she always lets her guests do the singing."

THE NEW SORT OF EX.

"The problem of what to do with our ex-Presidents is still unsettled."

"Yes, and also the problem of what our ex-Presidents will do with us."

IN FULL PRACTICE.

Purchaser—Please give me the two seats that have a post between 'em.

Box Office—Sorry, sir, but the married couples' pairs are all sold.

THOMAS WAS NO AMATEUR.

May—What do you mean by saying that Maude is "more or less pretty"?

Tom—Well, she's more pretty than most girls, but less pretty than you.

IMPROVED PROVERB.

Scribbles—Let me see, what's the old saying about taking care of the pennies?

Dribbles—Take care of your pennies and your heirs will fight over your dollars.

LANGUAGE CHANCE IN DIAZLAND.

"Mexico is a good country for the Esperantists to foregather in."

"What's the answer?"

"Fiftytwo Indian tongues are spoken there."

MUG PROBABLY A TAILOR.

"Clothes don't make the man", quoted the Wise Guy.

"No, but they make a dangerous imitation", added the Simple Mug.

RECIPE ON CONSERVATION.

Neybor—Do you keep a cat?

Subbubs—Yes, and I can tell you the best way to do it.

Naybor—How?

Subbubs—Try to chase it away.

FRUITLESS ANTICIPATIONS.

"I'm going to sell this gold brick to young Belkins."

"What makes you think he'll fall for it?"

"Well, I saw him enter a 'painless dentist's office' with a smile on his face yesterday."

JIMMY'S OBSERVING POWERS.

"And Adam was very happy", said the Sunday school teacher, after speaking about



60 YEARS HAIR SPECIALIST

Dr. JOHN AUGUST, Hair Rejuvenator

MADE ABSOLUTELY FROM HERBS

The oldest and most reliable treatment in the United States. Promotes the growth of the hair, removes dandruff, stops hair falling out, cures itching of the scalp and prevents grayness.

Office and Laboratory

374 Central Park West, New York

AND

56 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Sale by the Hegeman's and Rikers' drug stores.

Send for Free Booklet

**ONE MONTH'S
TREATMENT BY
MAIL, \$5.00**

the garden. "Can any of you tell what misfortune befell him?"

"Please ma'am," said Johnny Walker, "he got a wife."

AND THEN HE BLUSHED.

"I am very fond of lobsters," said Harold, languidly. "I eat them every day, donchyou-know."

"Are you aware that you are liable to be called a cannibal?" asked Miss Readytongue.

DOMESTIC THRIFT.

"Dearie, you give me credit for trying to be economical, don't you?"

"Sweetheart, when I received your telegram that cost me 50 cents, telling me where to go to save 15 cents on a new broom, I was afraid you were trying too much."

OCEAN LORE.

Seaside Visitor (admiring a seagull)—How nice and clean he looks.

Boatman—Ah, ma'am, if you spent as much time in the water as he does, you'd look clean, too.

THE DISCONTENTED BLACKSMITH.

Vicar's Wife—I am sorry to see you coming away from the public house so often, Priggs.

Blacksmith—Yes'm. They won't let me stay there two minutes. As soon as I get

set down comfortable like, somebody's sure to want a job done, and out I has to come again.

A NEGLIGIBLE NUMBER.

"I did think," said Cholly Snobberly, "of going in for politics, but I was afraid I wouldn't know just how to treat my inferiors, don't y' know."

"Your inferiors?" remarked Sharpe. "O! you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them."

THE ONE NINTH'S QUERY.

The captain of the foot-ball team begins calling the code:

"36, 35, 22, 17," he shouts.

At that instant the left tackle, who is working his way through college by understudying a tailor, absentmindedly asks:

"Side or top pockets?"

THE EXPERIENCED EMPLOYER.

"I have called," said the bank clerk to the president, "to inform you that I am about to be married."

"Young man," replied his employer sternly, "how many times have I told you that while you are an employe of this bank to refrain from all speculations?"

YOUTHFUL INQUISITIVENESS.

Canon Henson, describing the old dress of English bishops, once said:

"The Bishop of Bath and Wells had been visiting Scarborough. On the way to the

WALTHAM WATCHES ON CREDIT

Christmas Presents—Big Specials

FULL JEWEL WALTHAM \$10.65

In Fine 20-Year Gold-filled Case. Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time
SENT ON FREE TRIAL, ALL CHARGES PREPAID.

You do not pay one penny until you have seen and examined this High-Grade, Full Jeweled Waltham Watch, with Patent Hairspring, in any style plain or engraved Case, right in your own hands.

Greatest Bargain Ever Offered \$1 a Month.

No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income we will trust you for a high-grade adjusted Waltham Watch, in gold case, warranted for 25 years, and guaranteed to pass any railroad inspection.

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE

Dist. P 49 92 1498 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.



Big Bargains. Diamond Rings, any style mounting. Terms: \$3.75 per Month.

LOFTIS
BROS & CO. 1553



Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of female weakness or disease so common to women.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free. Address, MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box A 95, JOLIET, ILLINOIS



train he lost his reckoning and stopped a boy. "I say, my lad, how far is it to the station?" he asked.

"About a mile straight ahead," said the boy. Then, staring at the bishop's knee-breeches and silk stockings, he added:

"What's up? Somebody swipe yer bike?"

THE MALIGNED CENTRAL.

The little alarm clock on the bureau had been set for too early an hour, and when it went off it failed to awaken the telephone girl.

"I'm sorry I rang your bell by mistake," she murmured. "Forget it."

Then all was still again.

WILLING TO TAKE THE PORK.

Picking up a sharp knife from the meat stand, the customer extended it to the butcher with a remark: "I haven't any use for it, but you may cut it off, and I'll take it along, anyhow."

"Cut what off?" gasped the astonished butcher.

"Your hand. You weighed it with the roast, you know, and I want all I pay for."

PATRICK ON THE JOB.

Two Irishmen who had caught a quail, had made the agreement that the one who had the best dream should eat the quail.

"And Mike, what did ye dream?" said Pat the next morning.

"Dreamt that an angel took me up to

WANTED—Manuscripts suitable for trade-journals, also short stories and essays. Miller's Literary Agency, Freelandville, Ind.

Free Book on Hypnotism

YOU MAY BECOME A HYPNOTIST

Not a Natural Gift Anyone of Ordinary Intelligence Can Master This Wonder-Science



It takes but a few hours' time and the study is both easy and fascinating. Learn to control others. The surest passport to health, wealth and happiness. Hypnotism cures all cases and bad habits and is unequalled as an entertainer. If you learn Hypnotism you can do hundreds of amazing things that others cannot do and surprise all your friends and make yourself famous. As a professional Hypnotist you can make big money giving entertainments and teaching the art to others. Investigate NOW. Success sure. Very low cost. Write for free illustrated booklet on Hypnotism, Magnetic Healing, Personal Magnetism, and other occult sciences. Address M. D. BEITS, Dept. of JACKSON, MICH.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

CLASSIFIED PROFITABLE ADVERTISING

3c. A WORD

A Department for the Use of EVERY WHERE READERS

3c. A WORD

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

LEARN WIRELESS AND R. R. TELEGRAPHY!—Shortage of fully 10,000 Operators on account of 8-hour law and extensive "wireless" developments. We operate under direct supervision of Telegraph Officials and positively place all students, when qualified. Write for catalogue. NAT'L TELEGRAPH INST., Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Memphis, Davenport, Ia., Columbia, S. C., Portland, Ore.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED.—Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big-paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. Marden, Pres. The Nat'l Co-op. Real Estate Co., Suite 177, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SECRET—SIMPLE—SCIENTIFIC—A Secret method of writing easy to learn but impossible to dissolve without Key. Full instructions and key to this wonderful system sent sealed 25 cents. IGNATIUS ZEHREN, 1910 E. Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ATTENTION.—Twelve beautiful address cards for ten cents. Stamps or coin. Write to-day. L. A. PRAMER, 11 Lorralie St., Plattsburg, N. Y.

WE are selling small farms in New Jersey on installments of cash. Very desirable locations, near to good markets and in excellent condition. Send for our prospectus, which will give you full information. SOUTH JERSEY FARMS CO., 150 Nassau Street, New York.

WE can show you how to turn your waste farm products into money. This is a chance that you should not miss. Send at once for our method. Testimonials and full particulars will be mailed to you on receipt of card. CHEMIST, Wheeling, W. Va., Wood Waste Distilleries Co.

WE would like to send you our list of investments. We know we have something that you will want. Send postal to WHITE & CO., 150 Nassau Street, New York.

WILL CARLETON POST CARDS.—Set of eight. New, unique, characteristic. All have Carleton portrait, with autograph. A gem of verse or prose from this famous author. Complete set for 20c. Agents wanted. EVERY WHERE PUB. CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WOMEN'S GARMENTS A SPECIALTY.—We guarantee every garment bought from us. If not exactly as represented, you get your money back. Registered guarantee goes with every order. Catalogue on request. AETNA SILK MILLS CO., 48 W. 27th St., New York.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser

TOILET ARTICLES.

THE NAME OF PEARS' IMPRESSED on soap for the Bath is a guarantee of quality. It is probably the most largely used soap on sale in the Drug Store.

A TUBE OF DENTACURA TOOTH PASTE sent for two-cent stamp. Delightful for cleansing the teeth. Address DENTACURA CO., 88 Alling St., Newark, N. J.

ORYSIS SACHET PERFUME. Dainty, refined, lasting. Unsurpassed for Clothing, Handbags, Handkerchief Boxes, etc. Package dime. ELSEY COMPANY, Dept. 22, Aurora, Ills.

MEDICAL.

TO THOSE HARD OF HEARING.—An efficient aid, sent for trial, no expense, no risk, no contract, no money, unless device be kept. Address C. P. TIEMANN & CO., 107 Park Row, New York.

THE LIFE-TUBE positively prevents consumption, pneumonia, colds, bronchitis, and all throat, nose, or lung troubles. Free outfit sent on request. Read advertisement on other page. AMERICAN HEALTH CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SUFFERERS of weak and disordered stomachs will find relief—by using the marvelous WITTER MEDICAL SPRINGS WATER. It's a positive cure. Doctors recommend it. Greatest discovery of the age; thousands have been healed. It will pay to investigate. Send for references. If your druggist does not keep it, send to C. F. HANSON, Gen. Agt., Worcester, Mass. Agents Wanted.

HOUSEHOLD.

BRADLEY AND SMITH BRUSHES can be relied on for their quality of material, the length of time they will wear, and the high class work as a result of their use. When buying brushes insist upon being given an opportunity to purchase the Bradley and Smith product.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MANUSCRIPTS read, revised, and prepared for submitting to editors. New plan and methods. Full particulars on request. GLOBE LITERARY BUREAU, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

EVERY one knows the Sohmer Piano. If you want a thoroughly satisfactory instrument, one of which you will be proud, consult our representative in your locality. Or send for our latest catalogue. Terms as reasonable as any other manufacturer. SOHMER & CO., 315 Fifth Ave., New York.

YOU can get a handsome calendar free by sending the name of your insurance agent, and the time that your policy expires, to the Hartford Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn., and mentioning where you saw this offer. HARTFORD INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

Will Carleton Post Cards

Finely Printed, Handsomely Designed, on
Coated Board.

We have had so many inquiries for Will Carleton post cards that we have manufactured a set of eight, each one having a gem of verse or prose from this famous author.

They have a portrait of Mr. Carleton with his autograph printed underneath. They are the most distinctive cards made. New, unique, and characteristic.

The set includes: "A Chapter on Words", "Song of Thanksgiving", "Matrimonial Suggestions", "One and Two", "A Chapter on Advice", "A Chapter on Fools", "Will Carleton's Birthplace", "Advice to Beginners."

We will send them, postpaid, as follows: One card five cents, three cards ten cents, eight cards 20 cents, twenty-five 50 cents. You may select them as desired. Write the names of those you want and the number of each kind.

Send stamps, or coin.

SPECIAL OFFER:

For one dollar we will send you EVERY WHERE for one year and send you two complete sets of the above cards.

ADDRESS

Every Where Pub. Co
BROOKLYN
NEW YORK

heaven in a golden chariot? And what did you dream?"

"Ah, I dreamt I saw ye goin': so I got up and ate the quail."

EBONY MATHEMATICS.

At Cumbreland, Md., the colored servants, as a rule, go to their own homes at night. The cook in the family of the Episcopalian clergyman not only does this, but of late has arrived at the rectory too late to cook breakfast. Hence her mistress lately told her that for each breakfast missed there would be a reduction in her weekly wages. Dinah passively assented to this, but next day the mistress heard the maid next door say to her:

"'Pears to me you get to work mighty late."

"I gets to work when I gets ready," was the reply.

"How does you manage about de brek-fus?"

"Oh, I pays de missus to cook de brek-fus."

EVERY WHERE acknowledges obligations for the above jokes to the following contemporaries: *Houston Post*, *Life*, *Boston Transcript*, *Courier Journal*, *Puck*, *Detroit Free Press*, *Case and Comment*, *Judge*, *Newark Star*, *Comic Cuts*, *Punch*, *Boston Globe*, *Toledo Blade*, *Tit Bits*, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, *St. Louis Star*, *Washington Star*, *N. Y. Sun*, *N. Y. World*, *N. Y. Tribune*, *Meggen-dorfer Blaetter* and *Harper's Weekly*.

DR. BULSTRODE SAYS TUBERCULOSIS IS DECREASING.

The Statistics recently collected by Dr. T. Bulstrode of G. B. show an extraordinary decrease in the number of deaths from tuberculosis. No doubt due in a large measure to the use of The Hypophosphites.

Dr. J. F. Churchill, the great Nerve and Lung Specialist, says: "What I am anxious for is that the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda be brought as speedily as possible into universal use, as I know that they will prove not only as sure a remedy in consumption as quinine in fevers, but also as effectual a preventative as vaccination in Small Pox."

Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is strictly pure, free of Iron, Alcohol, Oil, Syrup, or any injurious ingredient. It will stimulate and invigorate the nutritive function, augment the red globules of the blood, restore the wasted tissue, feed the nerves and prevent night sweats, thereby imparting vital strength and energy, and affords the most direct means of supplying phosphorus to the system, thus maintaining the primal conditions of robust health.

Send for 20-page pamphlet containing valuable information. Address Winchester & Co., Chemists, 1642 Beekman Bldg., N. Y. City.

High Class Talent For All Occasions

A PARTIAL LIST FOR 1910-11

MR. WILL CARLETON

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DIAZ—PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

Poems by Will Carleton.

Kidnapped in Mercy.

I.

THROUGH long, bright paths of The Gold Streeted Town,
Three angels walked, one day, to make a tour
In the rude country districts of wide space.
They sped past mansions built of costly gems—
Past steeples, minarets, and spires of gold;
They crossed a coral bridge on silver wires,
Swinging above a clear-voiced stream; they walked
Through parks that in their laps held sweet bouquets,
And in their hands waved grand, immortal trees;
They passed through all heart-splendors realized—
Through every pure dream of their lives—come true!

Now, ere they stepped out into cold, wide space,
And turned the cloud-like hill that hid The Town,
They trained their eyes on the magnificence
Of the half-distant city, as if going
For many years—instead of one short day.

Along the dusty turnpikes of cold space,
These angels walked; they crossed wide avenues
That led to stars of various size and tint.
One there was, where a gilded finger-post
Said, "To the planet Venus." There was one
That read, "This way to Neptune."—All the stars
Were listed in the guideposts that they saw.

And yet they turned not, right nor left; although
Their passports, sealed in Heaven, would shelter them
Where'er they willed to go. They could have known
Where queenly Saturn found her diamond rings;
How the striped juggler, Jupiter, can toss
More worlds as playthings round his stalwart form;
They could have seen the attendants of the sun
Feed full each hour his hot electric fires;

They passed all these, and came to a small lane,
Barred by a gate, sagging on one weak hinge,
With slats part stained and rusted o'er with blood,

But now and then a wire of pure bright gold;
 Whose latch was set with bright bewildering gems,
 One view of which built passion's wildest fire;
 But with sharp, gleaming knives concealed within,
 That cut the hand that lifted up the latch.
 This was a road to Earth; and here they paused,
 Raised the bright, treacherous bolt, and entered through.
 Earth had once been their own sweet, bitter home,
 And still they sadly loved to visit here.

Through flowers almost as sweet as Heaven could grow,
 Through loathsome, bad-faced weeds that bit and stung,
 Past silver-throated birds that made the trees,
 Even, seem to sing—o'er serpents coiled and fierce—
 Past wild brutes that would tear the world in two,
 And white, sweet lambs that loved their angel guests,
 And journeyed after them, and kissed their hands—
 Down this long, crooked, sharp-contrasted lane,
 These angels walked: they were upon The Earth.

No scenery here, but was each hour surpassed
 In their new home; no architecture grand,
 More than a feeble parody on Heaven.
 What walked they here to see?—They came to help.

In a rough city road, they met with three
 Small children, wandering desolate about,
 Searching for something that would feed their minds,
 And please their fancies; searching wistfully,
 And weariedly, and with sad countenance,
 For something that would cheer their desolate hearts.

One was a tiny warrior: he had fought
 With coarser urchins, till his chubby face
 Was scratched and bruised;—one was a pretty girl,
 Who made herself believe that rows of stones
 Were mansion walls; she had her little rooms,
 Each with the sky for ceiling. In one nook,
 She kept a homely, patched-up doll, and oft
 Above it crooned, and kissed it with love-looks.
 Another little girl, with dark, weird eyes,
 Was gazing at the clouds, as if she longed
 To fly with them. But all looked desolate;
 And near to them, three loathsome shadow-fiends
 Laughed with each other—at the children leered—
 And whispered, "They are certain to be ours."

By toil, and pain, and many a prayer to God,
 The angels dressed themselves in mortal shape,
 And kindly called the children.—They all came,
 With tears of pleasure framed in eager eyes,
 And hunger in their hearts. 'Twas many a day

Since they had had such restful, loving words.

"Where is your mother, little one?" was asked.

"Oh, she is at a grand reception, ma'am."

"Where was she yesterday?" "At some great feast,
With many other ladies."—"Day before?"

"Out at the Home for Helpless Children, ma'am."

"When does she let you see her?"—"Only just
Once in a while. But Nurse is good to us,
And goes and visits with another nurse,
And lets us run about, and play alone."

"Where is your father, little ones?" was said.

"Why, Papa?—let me see;—we have one yet—

He lives in town but stays at our house nights.

I saw him, only just a month ago.

He's very large and pretty—but—he scowls.

He's getting rich, or something of that kind."

And still the shadow-fiends together laughed,
And whispered to each other, "They are ours."

II.

Once more through paths of The Gold Streeted Town,
These angels walked; and at Heaven's outer gate,
Another angel joined them—dressed in black.

Far in the country districts of wide space,
Again they journeyed.—When, this time, was reached
The gate of Earth—Night stood there, dark and cold.

Through the long, winding lane they walked; and then,
On silent streets, by Earth's great shadow hushed.

Through thrice-locked doors, up lofty velvet stairs
Of a great mansion, crept the silent four.
Three children lay upon luxurious cots,
Restlessly sleeping;—one, with tear-stained face,
Mourned the lost, threadbare doll she loved so well;
Another curved his brow and shook his fist
Against some foe he had in Dream-land met;
The third lay sleeping, with a pretty smile,
Half hoping and half sure her dreams were true;
But all looked piteous, sad, and desolate.
And over them the loathsome shadow-fiends
Laughed with each other—at the children leered—
And whispered, "They are certain to be ours."

Softly the angel clothed in black, bent down.
And kissed the little sleepers; a slight pang
Vexed each pale face, and then three forms emerged

From the frail bodies, looking like to them,
 But purer far, and sweeter. With a smile,
 They gazed up at the looks of love they saw,
 And trembling with the first pure heart-delight
 They ever yet had known, soft kissed the lips
 That bent to them and whispered, "Come with us."
 And then they walked to The Gold Streeted Town.

Then Faith, one of the angels, said, "Right true
 We were to these sweet colonists of ours;
 And it has been as God said it must be."
 And Hope replied, "The lives we have just saved,
 Will learn to help and pity other lives."
 And Charity—chief of the three—exclaimed,
 "Poor parents! when they find their little ones
 Sleeping so cold, with Death's thin covering,
 They will remember all the sad neglect
 Their careless selfishness around them threw,
 And some time will be richer for their loss."

And Death said, "Farewell; I can only go
 Far as the gates; I ne'er can enter in;
 I do God's work, but never see His home";
 And wrapped his black cloak round him, and was gone.

Only a Box.—At the Way Station.

ONLY a box, secure and strong,
 Rough, and wooden, and six feet
 long:

Lying here in the drizzling rain,
 Waiting to take the up-bound train.

Only its owner, just inside,
 Cold, and livid, and hollow-eyed;
 Little to him if the train be late!
 Nothing has he to do but wait.

Only an open grave, somewhere,
 Ready to close when he gets there;
 Turfs and grasses and flowerets sweet,
 Ready to press him 'neath their feet.

Only a band of friends at home,,
 Waiting to see the traveler come;

Naught he will tell of distant lands;
 He cannot even press their hands.

He has no stories strange and bright,
 He has no gifts for a child's delight;
 He did not come with anything;
 He had not even himself to bring.

Yet they will softly him await,
 And he will move about in state;
 They will give him when he appears,
 Love, and pity, and tender tears.

Only a box, secure and strong,
 Rough and wooden, and six feet long;
 Angels guide that soulless breast
 Into a long and peaceful rest!





Our Next-Door Neighbor South.

NOTWITHSTANDING the revolutionary storm that burst a few weeks since, Mexico with its unlimited resources and unbounded opportunities, can look forward with fair degree of confidence to a bright and prosperous future. The chief stumbling-block is the Indian element, with its inborn hatred for anything Spanish. Undoubtedly time will see these naturally antagonistic races of complex Mexico fused into a united and loyal peo-

ings. The history of Mexico before the Spanish invasion is entitled to more respect than mere memories of the aborigines, because memory was here aided by a kind of written record. These picture writings date back a few hundred years before the discovery of America. They are crude but nevertheless invaluable to the student.

Like all nations whose history antedates the renaissance, the history of Mex-



SANTA DOMINGO SQUARE, CITY OF MEXICO.

ple, whose country will be in the first rank of nations.

Real information concerning the ancient nations of this country is very imperfect, but not entirely wanting. It is gathered in part from the study of the natives themselves, and the stories handed down in oral traditions and crude picture writ-

ings. The history of Mexico before the Spanish invasion is entitled to more respect than mere memories of the aborigines, because memory was here aided by a kind of written record. These picture writings date back a few hundred years before the discovery of America. They are crude but nevertheless invaluable to the student.

Like all nations whose history antedates the renaissance, the history of Mexico goes back until it is finally lost in the ancient mythological tales of prehistoric times. The word Mexico is connected with, if not derived from, the name of the old national war-god Mexitli, or, as he is often called, Huitzilopochtli. Authentic history of this nearest republic-neighbor of United States begins in the twelfth



CENTER OF A STREET MARKET.

century, with the records of the Aztec migrations.

The Aztecs are the representative race of indigenes that inhabited the country at the advent of the Spaniard, on his expedition of murder and rapine. This is the race whose blood predominates today; being mixed with nearly all the other bloods of this cosmopolitan country.

On the Plateau of Mexico, they are

found without any trace of mixture with foreign peoples. They are small in stature, but muscular and sturdy. They comprise the bulk of those people who are called in modern Mexico "Indios Bravos", making a third or more of the whole population of the republic.

Before the Spanish invasion, they had developed a theology, society, and civilization far in advance of any to be found among the aborigines of this continent. Their language was the national tongue, and has left its imprints in the speech of the Mexico of today. They had

built temples for their supreme god, that displayed a marvellous knowledge of architecture and engineering. The palaces and courts of their kings rivalled in splendor the capitals of Oriental nations.

Their religion is the only system of theology, found among barbaric nations, that recognized one invisible supreme being, who was propitiated not by sacrifices or blood, but by prayers accompa-



THE PALACE, VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.



A VENDER OF RUSH MATS.

nied with incense and flowers. The capital and principal temple of worship occupied what is the site of Mexico City, the capital of the grand republic that has risen from the ruins of Toltecatl.

The decline of the Aztec regime dates from the very day, in 1518, that Grijalva discovered this region. He was followed, in 1519, by Cortez. This brute in human form began and carried on a period of carnage and robbery that baffles description. The ruling power was gold, and lust for it caused the Spanish invaders to stoop to any depth and not to hesitate at any crime to gratify this, ungodly passion of money-getting.

Montezuma, the native ruler, resisted to the last: but being without fire-arms, he was eventually overpowered; perishing like a true patriot, exhorting his followers to die for the beloved country.

His followers disputed every foot of the way, performing wonderful deeds of valor and fortitude. They lost large tracts of territory to the enemy, but as a race they were not overcome, and never bowed to the yoke of Spanish rule. Up to this day, very many of their descendants have never paid a penny of taxes, or recognized the supremacy of any governmental

authority, living as free lances in a so-called sovereign state.

Cortez returned to Spain, and died in obscurity and dishonor: but his successors took up the work, and ravished the country until the power of Spain was broken in 1821.

This colonial period covers exactly



A CANASTOS TRAIN.



A MEXICAN JUNK-SHOP.

three hundred years—from the death in 1521 of Guatemozin, the last Aztec emperor, to the withdrawal of the last Spanish viceroy, Don Juan O'Donoju in 1821. It is a period with a record of unresisted oppression and apparently aimless revolutions in isolated districts. One of these revolts, in 1692, assumed dangerous proportions; the rebels even capturing the capital and burning the public buildings. It was however, fruitless, so far as remedying the evils which caused it.

By the Spanish Government, Mexico was regarded merely as a grand metal-producing region, to be held secure from foreign invasion and exclusively for the benefit of the reigning family and its parasites. The natives were Christianized for the sole purpose of being used as slaves in the mines, and on the plantations.

This system of bondage did not prove fatal to the hardy Aztec as it did to the weaker Carib in the Indies. He survived, in spite of brutality; and that is the reason why African slavery was never introduced into Mexico, to any extent.

The period of colonization was not without its benefits to the native. It resulted in a partial fusion of the

various tribes, which has resulted in the formation of the complex Mexico of today. New Spain, as Mexico was known to her rulers during this colonial period, extended from Vancouver to the Isthmus of Panama. It was ruled by viceroys; there were sixty-four of these, only one of which, Don Juan de Acuna, being native-born. A privileged class, called gachupines, sprang up and monopolized all things in church and state. These gachupines held full sway till the opening of the nineteenth century. The Aztec natives, as well as the mestizos and creoles, then began

to look upon them as foreigners, who had no right in the country. For several years this unrest smouldered, finally bursting forth into open revolt in 1810 at Guanajuato, under the leadership of Miguel



ABAJO LAS PALMAS.

Hidalgo, a priest with executive ability.

After his defeat and execution, Morelos, another priest, carried on the revolt until 1815, when he suffered martyrdom for his country. The love of liberty and national feeling was kept alive by a guerilla warfare until the Spanish revolution of 1820, when there came to the front the national hero of Mexico, Iturbide: whom they call "El Liberator." Under his leadership, independence was proclaimed, on February 24, 1821.

In this same year the capital was taken, and Viceroy O'Donoju compelled

the Church and ignorant superstitious elements, while the latter is represented by the more intelligent but unscrupulous classes.

The "Indios Bravos" have held aloof from politics and taken advantage of every public disturbance to continue their aggressive warfare against both parties. Revolution has followed revolution in quick succession; as many as three hundred more or less abortive ones having been chronicled from 1821 to 1876.

In 1836 Texas seceded from Mexico, and established its independence, after a



A MEXICAN VILLAGE.

to surrender. It was not the intention of the Mexicans to change the system of government, so much as to change the *personnel*. The crown was offered to one of the royal princes of Spain. This prince declined, and then "El Liberator" Iturbide was crowned the first emperor of Mexico.

Almost at the time of this event, a republican flag was raised at Vera Cruz, by Santa Anna. Thus, no sooner had foreign rule been driven away, than the country became disrupted and torn by internal dissension and strife.

From now on the internal struggle has been between the Conservative and Liberal principles. The former comprises

series of bloody battles; which culminated in the capture of the Mexican President, Santa Anna, at San Jacinto. In 1845 commenced the war with United States, that ended so disastrously for Mexico: that country losing California and New Mexico by the treaty of Guadalupe in 1848. In 1853, during Santa Anna's second dictatorship, Mexico sold extensive territory to United States, which reduced her to her present limits.

During the year 1861, England, France and Spain demanded large indemnities for the losses sustained by their subjects residing in Mexico. The armies of the allied nations occupied Vera Cruz in December of that year. Spain and Eng-

land settled their claims by negotiation and withdrew their armies in 1862. France continued to wage war, and in 1863 the French army occupied the capital. Louis Napoleon cherishing fond hopes of a universal fusion of the Latin races, determined to establish an empire in the new world, during the civil war that was occupying the attention of this country. He offered the Mexican crown to the Austrian archduke Maximilian, who accepted it and arrived in June, 1864.

After wrangles and disputes over various issues, the French army was withdrawn, just in time to avoid a clash with United States troops, which were hastening to Mexico to uphold the "Monroe Doctrine." Maximilian was deserted and left unprotected in a hostile country by his French backers: to their shame and disgrace. He was captured and shot at Querétaro, June 19, 1867.

The Liberal Constitution of 1857, which had been a dead issue for more than fifteen years, was proclaimed in 1874 to be the supreme law of the country, and with a few amendments, continues to be the organic law of Mexico. In 1876 General Porfirio Diaz came to the front as the champion of the Liberal principle. This Liberal party has been in the ascendancy practically all the time since 1869. General Diaz, the present occupant of the presidency, has held that office since December first, 1884.

The history of Mexico, during his presidency, is largely the history of this grand old man, who was born in 1831. By his strong personality and force of character, he has brought a semblance of order out of a disunited group of states, developing a national spirit, keeping a remarkable internal peace for a Latin American country. He has succeeded in maintaining peace with foreign nations, and putting democratic institutions on a firm footing.

Mexico has thrived and grown rich and powerful. Her capital, Mexico City, is next to the largest municipality in Latin America; containing many beautiful residences and fine public and private buildings. It is a center of culture and art;

its galleries being one of the best and most complete in the new world.

The present constitution describes the country as a Federative Republic, divided into twentyseven states, three territories, and one Federal district, each having the right to manage its own local affairs; while the whole is bound together in one body politic by fundamental and constitutional laws. The Federal government is similar to that of United States, the manner of election being the same. The President is chosen for a term of six years, and the senators for four years. The salary of the President is \$50,000 per year, while his Cabinet officials receive \$15,000.

A system of "bossism" exists in Latin American countries, that is greater than in any other part of the civilized world. Any one possessing wealth is assured of a large following, no matter what his mental caliber may be. Mexico is no exception to this general rule of Latin America, nor is it to be supposed that General Diaz, who has so long served her as chief magistrate, is without enemies.

Chief among these is Francisco Madero, who, upon realizing the impossibility of defeating Diaz at the polls, when elections were to be held last fall, set about stirring up discontent and fomenting revolt. His agents worked chiefly in the states on the United States border, among the Mestizos and Indians. An insurrection broke out early in November, in these northern provinces or states. The national troops, whenever they have been able to come in contact with Madero's guerrillas, have routed them without difficulty. On account of the mountainous surface and lack of proper transportation in this section of Mexico, the task of putting down a revolt is difficult.

At the present time the rebels are conducting raids and a guerrilla campaign from the fastnesses of Chihuahua, while the Diaz troops are manœuvring to trap them. When this is accomplished, the end of Madero's well-laid schemes will have come, and he will again be an exile, or pay the death penalty, if captured.



In the Land of Delusion.

BY MYRTLE J. COREY.

II.

THE seaside resort was in full blast, this summer afternoon. Crowds of gaily-dressed people were thronging the different attractions that were offered to their admiring gaze, at the moderate price of ten cents—children five. But one of these exhibits stood out from the others, with a grim look.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, sounded the steady monotonous tread, as eight men clad in convict-stripes marched with locked step several times around the raised platform. Then, halting at a curtly spoken command, they faced the curious throng with inscrutable expressions upon their faces.

The scene was grimly real. The dark stone-masonry of the end of the building against which the platform was built, was unbroken, save by a low-arched door. This gave depressing glimpses of a dimly lighted passageway, flanked by rows of barred cells. The effect was such that one could almost feel the oppressive atmosphere of a prison.

At the extreme right and left were two quietly watchful figures in the unmistakable garb of "trustys", while near the centre stood the only man on the platform who possessed in garb or bearing none of the marks of a criminal.

The quiet force of his manner proclaimed him master of the men and the situation; while a certain convincing tone in his well modulated voice carried an assuring ring of truth to the ears of his hearers.

"Yes," he was saying, "There isn't one of these men who has not served a term of years in a State prison. To them, this show is not a mere exhibit, but a grim

reality. "This man", indicating the first in line, "was a notorious Bowery thug. No doubt you have heard of him: Jake Bell, the most dreaded "rough neck" of New York's lower East Side. Next are Jean and Pierre Laroux—two of the smartest forgers that ever worked in combination to baffle the police of several cities.

"Here," pointing to a tall rugged-featured man of some sixty years, "is 'Bow-legged Pete', who was, in his younger days, the terror of western stage-routes, and who has probably robbed more Government mail-bags than any other living man.

"And this", turning abruptly to the last man in line, "was a pal of the famous 'Greengoods King.' His swindles were so crafty and daring, that he flourished in luxury for years on the hard earned dollars of the poor."

At this point a large fleshy woman, wedged in the centre of the crowd, could restrain her feelings no longer.

"My, ain't he a sly lookin' one!" she exclaimed, in a thin nasal tone which was very penetrating in quality. "I never did trust a man nohow that kep' his eyes half shut. Them kind always sees twice as much as anyone else, an' they're always surprisin' you with some new kind o' meanness."

"Just look at them thieves an' murderers now! I never seen nothin' like that. I've been to the jail, but they only had three drunken men an' a sneak thief to once. I tell you we're goin' into that show", and she wiped her perspiring forehead vehemently, "that is—unless it costs too much."

The lady's eloquence was suddenly ar-

rested: not by lack of breath, but by her desire to hear what was being said about a newcomer on the platform. A man had emerged from the passage-way and moved with a lithe cat-like tread to the centre of the platform, where he paused, listening calmly to the catalogue of his sins. His face was almost concealed by a black silk mask, through two tiny slits in which his eyes gleamed with unnatural brightness.

"If this man were to remove his mask", the convincing voice went on, "his face would instantly be recognized. At the time of his trial and conviction, his picture appeared in every paper in this country. His name was a household word. He was the very Prince of Safe-Robbers. His fame extended from coast to coast: every state in the Union adding its page to the history of his crimes. When arrested the first time, he gained the name of 'Slippery Bill', in making a record which has never been equalled. *He escaped from a locked pair of handcuffs!* And that, ladies and gentlemen, is what he is going to do again *now* to prove the truth of my statements.

"I have here a pair of the best and most secure handcuffs in the world: which I should be glad to have any one examine."

Every eye was fixed upon the articles in question, while a thrill of interest animated the crowd: an interest which increased during the subsequent exhibition. And when the masked man escaped with apparent ease from the tightly locked 'bracelets', the air was electric with excitement.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am not an ordinary showman", and the owner of the truthful voice smiled winningly. "When I came to this Park a few weeks ago and went around to some of these other shows, I was shocked at the things I heard. They will tell you outside, that if you are not satisfied with the show they will *give you your money back*. Try it once:—and see how you'll come out. I make no such promises. Once that man at the ticket-stand gets your dime, and watch out for him, by the way, for he's a pickpocket, you will never see it again!

"But I will tell you what I *will* promise—something they can't duplicate at any place else in this locality. I'll promise you a good show, an honest ten cents' worth for your dime!"

The interested crowd mounted the platform eagerly, and sought tickets of the ex-pickpocket" without hesitation. But there was one noticeable exception. A slender young girl with a charming face had listened intently to the lecture—watching closely each stage of the "ballyhoo." Then, instead of following in the wake of the curious ones, she had turned abruptly away.

"Why, Burt, I didn't know you were there!" she exclaimed, as she faced a tall man whose alert grey eyes had been watching her for some time.

"Didn't expect to see me up here, did you? Well, I had an appointment to meet a man in my office at five o'clock: so I closed the Lotus show a half hour early for supper. When I got over here, I found a message from Mason saying he couldn't come till tomorrow noon: so I put in the time going over accounts. I heard Ives begin his 'spiel' and came out to listen; then I saw you, and waited. What do you think of the 'ballyhoo'?"

"It's a winner. You've certainly got them coming!" the girl replied, with enthusiasm.

"Some class to that show! Yes?" and the man smiled contentedly.

"Some class. You're right, Burt. It's the real thing. Going to supper now?"

"Sure. But wait a minute: I forgot something." And turning, he ran hastily to a door in the side of the jail-like building. This gave access to his office, from which he emerged presently, carrying a stiff yellow envelope in his right hand.

"See here, Marcia," he exclaimed, raising the flap of the envelope enough to disclose the edges of ten gold certificates. "There's a thousand dollars. I drew it this afternoon, intending to pay off Mason's note. As he didn't come, I'll have to carry it around till tomorrow. I've got another thousand in the bank that I'm going to put in that deal with Ward and Driggs.

"Do you remember a certain question I told you I should have a right to ask if this convict show went all right? Well, tomorrow, when I am square with the world, little girl, I'm going to ask you!"

It was really a pity that the girl couldn't have seen the expression like a wonderful light glowing in his eyes as he spoke. Perhaps if she had—but no, she averted her face to gaze intently at an imaginary something some distance away, and only the warm rose-flush in her cheeks bore witness that she heard and understood the man's words.

When she spoke, it was with the very evident endeavor to change the current of his thoughts.

"You were lucky to get Harry Ives to do your outside lecturing. He certainly is one good talker. Burt, I could hardly keep from laughing when I looked at your line-up of convicts.

"Imagine turning meek little Andy Blake into a Bowery thug! It's certainly wonderful what the lack of a shave, and the putting of a lump of putty on his nose, will do to man!

"And the idea of the two Jones boys being clever enough to even pretend they're forgers, is ridiculous. Why, they couldn't even run their penny weighing-machine, without being cheated."

"I know," was the reply, "but the less of a rogue a man is, the better he can play one."

"I'm glad you took on poor old Joe, though", Marcia continued. "Since he lost out on the night-watchman's job, he's been pretty hard up. Isn't it funny to think the rheumatism that usually lays him out of work, should be the very thing that qualifies him for 'Bow-legged Pete'? He's never been ten miles from here in his life, and yet half the people who listen to Harry Ives believe that nice kind old man was a fierce wild-west bandit!"

"He *looks* the part," Burt interrupted, "and that's all that matters."

"I wonder how Ben Carroll likes to be called a crafty swindler? Why, he's almost uncomfortably honest. 'Lived on the hard-earned dollars of the poor', did he? Oh Burt, what a fake show it is!"

and the girl shook her head half ruefully, half playfully.

The man laughed, then inquired, "But what do you think of my star safe-breaker?"

"He's splendid. Clever in that handcuff trick, too. Let's see, he's the fourth man you've had for that, isn't he?"

"Yes, and the best. He learned that trick in two minutes. He was a find. I just happened to run across him one night when he was down and out; trying to sleep on one of the benches over near the bath-house. He seemed just the fellow for that stunt, and when I tried him out I was glad enough to let the dope I had go."

Here conversation became general, as the pair had reached the restaurant most frequented by the Park employes, and were greeted by several acquaintances who were eager to discuss the afternoon's events while they satisfied the appetites which had welcomed "supper-relief."

Although the Park gates were opened at noon of the following day, scarcely any of the attractions had commenced doing business, and the few stragglers who gained early admission wandered aimlessly around the board-walks, or sat about in the shade.

In the dimly lighted tiny office-room opening from the auditorium where the convict show was held, a man sat alone. His face was hidden on the strong arms which were flung with hands clenched across a flat-topped desk. He seemed scarcely to breathe; and his attitude combined with the heavy silence to form an atmosphere almost of tragedy.

Presently there was a light tap on the outer door, which was pushed gently open to reveal a girl's figure on the threshold.

"You there, Burt? There's a letter for you delivered by mistake at Ali Pasha's; and I—why! what is the matter?" and she hurried to the man's side.

He lifted a haggard white face. "You, Marcia!"

"Yes. Oh, Burt, what is it?"

"Don't be frightened, little girl. I'm all right. Just had sort of a jar that stunned me a little, I guess."

Marcia perched herself on the end of the desk, clasping her fingers gently over one of his still tightly clenched hands.

"Burt, tell me all about it, this instant!"

It was a command, but one with a tender note of sympathy and of an emotion even stronger.

Apparently unable to meet the expression of the brown eyes, his own sought the floor, there to rest on a crumpled ball of paper. His brows contracted, he stooped, and picking this up, handed to the girl.

"Look at it, Marcia; that is 'what's the matter.'"

"But I don't understand."

"I'll tell you. When Mason came, about half an hour ago, I think I was the happiest man in this world. I pulled the envelope with the ten hundred-dollar bills from my pocket, and felt like shouting, as he spread out the note to sign it. Then he glanced a second time at the bills, and laughed as he held his pen above the paper. 'That is all right for fake stuff,' he said, 'but let's have some of the real article, now, to close this deal up.'"

"I laughed, too, at first: for I thought he was joking." Then, the man's face twisted with a wry smile. "I looked at the bills, and they were those you have in your hand now."

"What do you mean?" Marcia exclaimed. "Why, these are the imitation bills you use in the show. Where were the real ones you got at the bank?"

"Just what I'd like to know! I fairly went crazy for a few minutes. Turned my pockets inside out and nearly pulled my safe to pieces. No use, not a sign of them. I came straight here from the bank, yesterday, counted the money, and put it back in the envelope, then locked it in the safe. I couldn't have changed it then, for I keep the fake bills out on the stage—never have any in here. I only left the room a few minutes when I went out to the ballyhoo, and saw you!"

"That was it!" Marcia said, excitedly. "Some one changed it then."

"But who? No one knows the combination of that safe but myself!"

"You must tell the police right away, and—"

"Say, Dudley," came an interrupting voice, "quite a crowd coming from the 12:30 train. Hadn't we better open as soon as Slippery Bill comes?"

"Yes, go ahead. And, Ives, meantime run down to the office and ask Wakeman if he'll come right up here. Tell him it's very important, or I wouldn't bother him. And make him understand he's to come at once."

This order given, the man relapsed once more into the depression so foreign to his energetic nature.

"But how long will it take you to make another thousand on this show?"

The girl's question seemed to increase his gloom.

"Maybe four weeks, maybe the rest of the season. Depends on business."

"And—and are you going to wait four weeks to ask that question you were tell-me about yesterday?"

This time the brown eyes avoided the gaze of the grey ones. "Marcia, what do you mean?"

"Why, I was thinking about the money", she fenced. "You intended to pay it yesterday, then waited till today. You see, waiting brings sorrow, sometimes. Of course you couldn't help that. But you don't have to wait four weeks or more, not even four minutes to—to"—here the low tones faltered and ceased, as the dark head with its soft curls drooped lower and lower.

Scarcely trusting his ears, the man leaned forward, and placing gentle hands on her slender shoulders, drew the girl close; then with careful fingers under the rounded chin, he raised her face, reading what was so plainly written on the tell-tale flaming cheeks, trembling lips, and in the eloquent eyes half hid by their fluttering lashes. It seemed as if he couldn't speak. "Oh, Burt! Don't look at me so! Please ask me quick—or—or I shall run away!"

When he heard this, he held her so closely that flight was impossible.

"Marcia, do you love me? Will you",—but the rest of the question was asked

so softly that it was only audible to the pink ear nearest his lips.

Approaching footsteps caused an unwelcome interruption. "Dudley, Wake-man says he'll be right up. Slippery Bill hasn't come yet. Shall we open without him?"

"No, wait a minute, Ives. I'll be out when I read this letter", and taking it from the desk where Marcia had thrown it, he hurriedly tore open the envelope.

As he read, surprise, incredulity, anger, comprehension, struggled in his expression.

"Marcia, look here!" he gasped, and, turning; the girl read with him. The letter was brief, and their eyes raced over the page.

"Sorry to leave you in such haste", it ran. "Sorry, too, that I had to lift the thousand. You've humbugged so many people, you hadn't ought to whine at my handing you the fake stuff, though. I

needed those ten yellow-backs to get out of the country and make a fresh start, and it takes so long to save that much on \$15.00 per! I owe you a lot, for they'd have had me long ago, if I couldn't have hidden the *real* safe-breaker behind the mask of the *fake* one. Some day I'll send you that thousand, and meantime the best luck I can wish you is that the rest of your convicts may all be fakes."

As they turned the page and read the name signed to the letter, both were stupefied with amazement. It was that of a man who had committed the most daring safe-robberies of the country, for whose capture a tremendous reward was promised, and for whom the officers of the law were waging an indefatigable search.

The girl recovered the use of her tongue first. And she laughed softly a laugh that was half a sigh. "Oh, Burt! There was some class to your Convict show, after all: some class!"

A Happy New Year.—By Margaret E. Sangster.

(Darby to Joan.)

WHEN life was new and skies were blue,
And all the world was blithe and true,
It seemed a little thing to say,
"I wish you, Love, a happy day";
It was an easy thing, my Dear,
To wish you gladness and good cheer;
The words fell tripping from the tongue,
White flakes were like rose-petals flung;
With all to hope and naught to fear,
Came laughing in each gay New Year.

Together, wife, we've challenged life,
We're braced to meet its utmost strife.
Our hearts have not grown faint with time,
Our feet are not too old to climb
With steady step and fearless pace,
Though slower in the onward race.
Still do we gather roses red,
Still march with brave uplifted head,
And still at eventide we lift
Our songs of praise through storm and drift:

God grant us courage and good cheer!
And so we'll hail a glad New Year.

This land of ours where Fortune showers
Her fairy gifts like summer flowers,
Has given us no golden wealth,
But only store of joy and health.
Hard work we've known and scanty wage
Upon our rugged pilgrimage.
But we have earned before we've spent,
Have dwelt in honor and content.
No man we owe, no frown we fear:
Well may we claim a happy year!

O Love of mine, we shall not pine!
There is no thought of thine or mine,
As hand in hand we keep the road
With cheer that lightens every load.
Old Years like shadows pass away,
Just hour by hour and day by day.
New Years appear in roesate grace,
Our little home's a sunny place.
God bless you comrade, leal and dear,
God give us both a glad New Year.



The Lure of Venice.

BY A. ELWOOD CORNING.

IF you are solicitous to muse upon the Venice of Canaletto, of Guardi, of Ruskin, arrange to make your approach when the evening shadows have well-nigh fallen over the cerulean sky. This the admonition of artists; and, if adhered thereto, you will experience that subtlety of charm, and that superb realistic grandeur, which only the imperial city of the sea can impart.

Unfortunately, we arrived in the early

esqueness of so romantic a city, would have required descriptive talent of the highest order, with which I am not endowed. However, I

"Value the giddy pleasure of the eyes", and love to dwell on things that enrich the mind: and in Venice one realizes both.

Situated upon the marshy lagoon of the Rivo Alto (Rialto), adjacent to the north-western shore of the Adriatic Sea, envi-



BRIDGE OF HOLY TRINITY.

morning, heavy laden, and weary of travel, and thus could not expect that felicity, born of contentment, which under other conditions, we would have undoubtedly enjoyed. But even at that time of the day, to have delineated, with any degree of aptness, the vision-like pictur-

roned by a cluster of islets, of similar formation, this former mistress of the seas takes her place as the most unique and fascinating of all European cities. The narrow, crooked thoroughfares, enlivened with scenes of squalidity and of beauty, which lead so unexpectedly to the

edge of some remote canal, enchanted me; and although I frequently lost my way among their winding passages, which led into quaint recesses, around gayly decorated shop-windows, and to distant alley ways, dark and gloomy, I grew to admire the mystery and uniqueness of it all.

Before me, as I write, there hangs on my study-wall, a picture of the Grand Canal; in the foreground of which are brilliant edifices, tall church spires, and romantic gardens, for which Venice is famed; and as I look upon the picture, so real in all its beauty, my mind reverts back to a portion of a summer afternoon delightfully spent in one of those black colored floating conveyances, in which I seated myself, in company with a young lad of eleven summers, whose amiable disposition and vivacious temperament was indeed a tonic for home-sickness, when that onerous malady persisted in hovering about.

After the gondolier had received his instructions, we sat back in our comfortable cabin seats, and allowed our thoughts to glide along with the silently moving boat. From one of the one hundred and fortysix smaller ones which flow into the Grand Canal,—the main marine thoroughfare for traffic—we embarked; and, as we calmly floated on over its dark glossy water and through the narrow calli, embowered in the shade of arching shrubbery, whose sweet scented presence and tranquil repose suggested the vision of impassioned love, the heart was no longer ill at ease, nor the mind encumbered with past griefs.

For what dreamland could be more complete? What elysium of solitude more delicately and artistically designed? The "blue, unclouded weather," with a universal tinge of golden hue, added charm to the scene, and as we floated out into the larger sheet of water, leaving the greensward behind, and advanced toward blistered and fretted palace-fronts, whose gray stone balconies and carved arches, dull with age, rose majestically before our vision, I was ready to affirm once again with the poet that—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Thus we glided along the Grand Canal, now sparkling in the full splendor of midday brightness, now darkened by that mystic light that accompanies the advancing shadows of evening, now shining in the moonlight, like a golden pathway leading to the sea.

Before we were quite ready to leave this phantom street, so brilliant and fascinating was its atmosphere, we had turned into another avenue of water, less broad, and far quieter. Through this we moved silently around sharp corners, and under bridges, so low that our boat nearly touched their archway, until we came into other canals, of similar width, whose angles formed the rugged outlines of stately palaces; so acute were these curves that, at times, it seemed almost impossible for the long narrow gondola to make the turn without coming into collision with another boat approaching in an opposite direction. But with a melodious cry of warning, generally lowly spoken, we would round each corner in safety, and, in turn, pass other craft, moored to painted posts, which stood close to mysterious doors, with great iron bars, firmly fastened, that led down by stone steps to the water's edge.

Some of these entrances were open and apparently empty, save for old rubbish which had been allowed to accumulate; others led into charming apartments, from whose half-opened, heavy-shuttered casements sweet scented flowers peeped forth, as fresh as if newly watered by the morning's dew.

As we passed one of these open-doors, before which the water was wonderfully transparent, our obstinate gondolier conversed in most familiar terms to a group of women and children who stood in the doorway, and with my limited Italian lexicon, I inferred that they were members of his family.

At last we glided suddenly out into the Grand Canal, and with increased speed were carried past lines of splendid buildings, the former homes of princes, until we arrived at a flight of steps, leading to a large stone bridge, which spans the

canal over which, at short range, is the renowned "Bridge of Sighs."

Oh, "Bridge of Sighs": what apocryphal illusions have been committed in thy name! What poetical monstrosities have been conceived within the shadow of thy saturnine walls! For does not Ruskin, in his "Stones of Venice" tell us that "no prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrows deserved sympathy,

for those whose rascality is beyond question; and, inasmuch as this bridge was to serve as a connecting passage between the criminal courts sitting in the Ducal Palace, and the culprit prison athwart the canal, it very appropriately received this name.

But before one may stand on the small stone steps beneath this famous bridge, and watch the waters recede from the



SMALL CANAL IN VENICE.

ever crossed that Bridge of Sighs"? And yet Byron would have us believe, in spite of the fact that it was not erected until the end of the sixteenth century—after which date no poetical incarceration occurs in Venetian annals—that innumerable victims went to their doom over its narrow passage. Nay, it rather received its significant name from the fact that the Italian people show commiseration even

half-immersed pavement, he is conveyed into the palace of the Doges, which, according to Ruskin, is the greatest work of art of Venice. The giant's staircase, by which the palace is entered from a spacious courtyard, is so called from the figures of giants which stand on either side at the top; from here one may inspect each apartment, and linger at will within the shadow of those picture-be-

decked walls where the portrayal of sword and strife predominate.

Looking from any angle out of huge door-shaped windows which lead out on wide balconies, one may behold, now the public gardens on the purlieu of the city, now the score of canals and bridges that present a grandeur all their own, now the church of St. Mark, revealing the exquisite and delicately colored architecture of the East, now the colossal clock tower of blue and gold, on the top of which, bronze giants strike the hour of day.

From the regal splendor of these capacious apartments, we entered the council-room to which prisoners were taken for examination; from here we descended a broad stair-case which led down into the horrible stone cells, dark and dismal with age, where so many unfortunates had, in

the old Venetian days, been confined.

Having thus been informed of so many terrible scenes that once took place within its repulsive walls, it seemed good to again inhale some fresh ozone, and look upon the brilliant and wanton gayety of St. Mark's Square, which became even more pronounced as one beheld the three large floating Italian flags in front of the Cathedral, and the happy pigeons, eating from the hands of little children.

Then, as we strolled beneath the clock tower, into the Merceria, in quest of some refreshment, for the noon hour had passed some time before, I felt that Venice, notwithstanding that one-half of her inhabitants are paupers, was worthy of her ancient fame. For, while

"The season of her splendor has gone by,
Yet everywhere its monuments remain."

The Last Fly of Winter.

A BRIGHT ray of sunshine broke through the cold gray shadow of the winter morning, and, stealing through the eastern window, filled all the room with amber light. Into a certain little dusty corner it darted at last, as if it meant to show the careless housemaid a forgotten moth; instead, it roused a stupid, drowsy, lonely little fly, who stretched his stiffened legs one by one, and crawled feebly from his hiding-place. "So Spring has come at last, has it?" he mused. "Very fortunate thing, for me! for I should certainly have been as dead as the rest of my family in a very short time. I'm half frozen now and quite faint for a bit of something to eat. If I can ever get nice and warm again, I shall fly straight to the dining-room. Here's the window at last, and horribly cold it is, too. I must shine myself up a little, or some one will see me all covered with dust, and then I should die disgraced; for whoever saw an untidy fly? Wonder where that fat bald-headed man is?"

"I had great fun with him this summer; he used to try and take a nap in

this room. How gay and lively I felt then! But I shall never enjoy life again, I'm afraid, for I'm as stiff and feeble as Grandfather was last spring before he died.

"Horrors! if here don't come those awful children! There's the identical boy that killed so many of my relatives; it would be far better to freeze than to fall into *his* hands. Poor cousin Buzz, when she made her escape that day, told me how he fed flies to his gold-fish by the dozen, and to an ugly monster called a turtle. I shall soon be with my martyred friends, I expect, for I can't lift a wing."

"Hurrah for the sunshine!" cried noisy Robert, bouncing into the arm-chair near the window.

"Here's a fly. Look!" said Harold, pointing to the unhappy little insect. "Hey, Mr. Fly, are you ready to die?"

"Don't be cruel," commanded Florence; "see how cold and stiff he is; he can hardly crawl. Come and look at his funny round eyes; he rubs his feet together and washes his face just like Kitty."

"Just like Kitty?" echoed Baby May, standing on tiptoe to peep over the sill.

"I know all about flies," Robert announced, with confidence: "the teacher told us at school, but I forget now what it was."

"We will ask papa to put him under the microscope, and then you can see his lovely wings. His legs are covered with little fine silky hairs, and he has lots of them on his feet; he grooms them with what looks like a little silver comb near his head, and oh! you ought to see him suck the sugar with his funny little mouth and tongue just as I did!" said Florence, getting excited. "The hairs on his feet help him to walk upside down, but even the encyclopedia men don't know just how he can walk on the ceiling. It's very strange, and you and I can't do it."

"Ho! that is strange! we always thought we could!" said Saucy Rob, perched on the arm of his chair, all ready to tease the little teacher; but he nearly tumbled off in amazement when a tiny voice from the window was heard to say:

"I'm a very lonely fly. You seem to be quite good reasonable children, and I don't mind telling you a few of my adventures, if you care to listen."

"Yes—we do!" chorused the children in rather subdued and frightened voices. "Please tell us."

"I'm the last of my family," began the fly, sadly. "All my brothers and sisters are either frozen or have lost their lives in some tragical way during the summer." (Here Harold looked very guilty and humble.) "Some were slowly tortured to death on that abominable stuff you call fly-paper."

"I was caught myself, once; it was really the most narrow escape of my life, and came near giving me nervous prostration; for weeks I could hardly look at the stuff without trembling. Only one foot was caught, and I almost pulled it off in my frantic struggles. I soon grew tired and should have fallen into the sticky sea, if one of the kitchen flies, who was flat on his back, tossing his six feet in the air, had not kicked me free. He stuck two of his feet in doing so, and I should have

liked to help him, but it was no use to try. My mother said I had no business to be in the kitchen, as I was a parlor fly, born to move in better company; but I was fond of the warmth of the place, and the cook never troubled herself about us; we could do just as we pleased and only had to be careful not to tumble into things. She fished me carefully out of the milk several times, and once from a cup of molasses. Poor thing! she had many a scolding on our account. 'Why should I spend my time a slappin' at flies?' I heard her murmur one day. 'There's no extra money in that. What harm do the little animals do anyway?'

"But in the dining-room it was different. I learned to be very cautious and agile during the week I spent there. Only two or three of us came out alive, but I never had better fun. You must excuse me, children, if I laugh. Your father and mother are doubtless very worthy, well-meaning people, and lovable toward you, but how they hate flies! I have sometimes thought seriously of changing my boarding-place."

"Before breakfast dinner and supper your mother would make a careful survey, and, armed with a newspaper, strike at any fly that dared to linger on the wall or window. I was wicked enough to enjoy sailing just over her head and refusing to alight within her reach. 'How can I hit them, mamma, when they won't sit down?' I remember one of you children asked one day when she wanted your help."

"Your father was very easily made quite furious, and spilled his tea one day when I tickled his nose a little. The only chance to eat was while the table stood waiting for some one to clear it away. There was plenty of time then, however, for the daughter was never very willing, and other people were too busy."

"How narrowly I escaped being swallowed," continued the fly, with what sounded like a faint chuckle. "Your grandfather always sleeps with his mouth open, and very soundly too. Being in a rather adventurous mood one day, I started on a little exploring trip, just to

satisfy my curiosity. I did not think I should wake him; but I had hardly started, when I heard an awful snap. For one horrible second I was in inky darkness; the next, some false teeth and I lay on the floor together.

"I might never have known what fun it was to waken the sleepers upstairs of an afternoon, but for you children. One boy in particular always managed to keep doors swinging. It was quite interesting to see some one who had just 'dropped off', jump, fret and fume."

"Flies ought to be killed; they only tease and bother people", interrupted Robert.

"You never tease or bother 'just for fun' I suppose," buzzed the fly sharply. "Well, those happy days are over. I'm sedate enough now. My last ink-bath sobered me considerably, and my experience with a patent fly-trap was very trying."

"I haven't told you half the trouble I had. A spider almost persuaded me to come near enough to him one day, to let him examine my pretty wings, which he declared were the most beautiful he had ever seen. There were so many of the fierce beasts about, and each one had a different way—frightening or flattering, coaxing or chasing you; life was not all fun, I assure you!

"Where do the baby flies stay?" asked Florence, timidly. "We never see them."

"We are all the same size from the time we are born—grandfathers, fathers and sons. The little flies you may see sometimes are distant relatives, but not house-flies.

"I feel stronger, now, and think I'll try to fly."

"But tell us please how it is that you walk on the ceiling," ventured Robert. "Tell me how you wink your eyes," replied the fly, "or watch and see if you can tell. I'm sure I don't know," and the insect sailed airily over the children's heads for a moment and then disappeared. "I must pinch myself and be sure I'm not dreaming," said Florence.

"Baby is; that's sure. Look!" exclaimed Harold, pointing where the golden head nestled among the cushions.

That night the frost covered the window-panes. "What will the fly think of this Klondyke region of ice and snow; without any gold in it?" said Robert, when he awoke next morning.

Down stairs scampered the group, but halted suddenly in the dining-room and gazed soberly at the window. The fly had forgotten his disappointment and loneliness, and all his other troubles in a cold and cruel world, and lay quite dead on the sill.

A most imposing funeral was held over him, and Florence printed carefully on his tombstone, in good plain letters, "The Last Fly of Winter."

Mockery—And Compensation.

I SOUGHT a gift to find
For one whose long sad hours
Were clothed in gloom relentless.
I brought the fairest flowers—
She said: "But I am blind,
And these are scentless.

I sought a gift again—
Some dozen violets frail
From woodnook's 'neath my feet;
Her lips with joy grew pale.
"I lose", she said, "my pain,
These are so sweet!"

Fair honors crowned a name,
And ready lips with pride
Their sweetest friendship proffered.
"Alas!" he said, and sighed,
"'Tis but the crowd's acclaim,
No truth is offered."

A hand fell on his knee,
Bright eyes met his so glad,
The mute lips part confessing.
He bent, "Oh, little lad!
How great thy love must be
To bring such blessing!"



Ghosts, or Dreams?

BY ERNEST H. HAWTHORNE.

(Continued from preceding issue.)

THE girl did not have the simple, unsophisticated look that she wore when acting the part of a hotel-dining-room waitress. It was my first view of a ghost in a silk gown splashed with jewels. "Is there such a thing as the ethereal semblance of a diamond, or of a pearl?" I thought. "Can it be that all substances of the earth have their own souls, and that these can appear or be made to do so?"

Now, of course, this may all have been a phantasy: though, so far, my particular line of those fragmentary little episodes called "dreams", had never had anything like the consecutiveness that marked them since I came into that singular house.

But notice that the very title of this story, or whatever it is, contains the important conjunction "or", and drags after it that very significant pause, the interrogation-point.

And here came another question: Is there such a thing as the *ghost of love*? I had considered my passion for this girl, as dead: and here it was, reviving again. Here I was, in love, not with the riches that were spread over her, but with the girl herself, as I had known her at the beginning of our acquaintance.

And this ghost, or girl-dream, whichever it was, looked at me a keen reproach, which only made her the more charming, while at the same time, she seemed as something to be feared. And I spoke to her—perhaps all the more readily and fluently *because* of my fear.

"Are you really a ghost?—Are you

actually dead?—I have searched and searched for you!"—

"You 'searched' too late", she replied, mournfully. "I believed that you had gone away and left me because I was not a poor girl. I thought you did not wish to marry me without the advantage of possessing more wealth than I did. I really and truly loved you, and love you yet. But you let me go—you did not even search for me!"—

"Yes, I *did*. The very minute that my poor mother was laid away!"—

"Ah!—one love had to be out of sight, before the other could be considered! Did this need to be the case, when the two kinds of love were so dissimilar?"

"But you—you—are *not* really *dead*?"

"No one is ever really dead. But I cannot tell you how deeply I wish that I were!"

"And why?"

"I committed suicide, when—I believed that you had deserted me.

"I am the loneliest of ghosts. None that I meet will speak to me—except a few that also committed suicide. My relatives who preceded me, I cannot find: and I am more dreary and desperate than even before the dark, gloomy night when I bade farewell to earth.

"Ah, yes! I have met one lady, among the ghosts, and a queenly one she is. She bids me be of good cheer, and says all will come right at last. She was—and is—*your mother*."

"My mother?—You cannot mean her! She never believed in a hereafter!"

"My sad, wan visitor gave a smile, sad

and wan as herself. "It makes no difference what she formerly believed: she does not believe, even now: she *knows*."

My heart gave a new leap. "Cannot you bring her here?"

"She is here, but unable to make herself seen or heard. Many are here: they are passing or lingering all the time. One of their highways leads directly across this street, and through this house. That is the reason there have been so many of them seen here."

"What a strange idea!" I thought—or dreamed. "Have those who are gone their own roads and highways? Do *they* have to steer clear of obstructions, and go in designated courses, the same as we do?"

I talked this all over, with my good Presbyterian pastor, the next day. He was of the very highest type of conservatism—one who would not on any consideration swerve an iota from his creed. He was not one of those who accept a salary in a regularly established church, and occupy its sacred desk, with the understanding that they are to preach the doctrines in which that church are obligated to believe—and then introduce into their sermons what may be considered heretical ideas.

"If I wanted to preach other doctrines, I would go away and establish another church, and use another name for it", he used to say. "It would be a piece of sheer dishonesty to do otherwise."

So I asked him his opinion of my experiences the night before. We were sitting in his elaborately-furnished study—full of every ease and facility that the twentieth century could provide. Chairs and sofas were upholstered with velvet cushions. Well-polished floors peeped from among rugs that may have been homesick for their birthplace beyond many leagues of land and ocean. The richly-lettered covers of some of the books were worth more than the literary contents. Dozens of gifts lay strewn around, that had evidently been presented by admiring members of his congregation. Costly pictures adorned the walls, and mirrors multiplied everything.

The Presbyterian pastor seemed as much at leisure, as if every bit of his work had been performed for him during the day, and he had nothing to do but approve it or order it done over again. He greeted me with a pleasant smile and a warm grasp of the hand.

"In the ghost-industry, nowadays, eh?" he inquired, jocularly. "It's interesting, and rather ingenious—the way you've gone at it, as I learn from the newspapers. Have you come to your spiritual adviser, in order to report progress thus far?"

"Yes," I replied, "I want to give you my experience of last night, and to ask your opinion about it."

"Go on", he suggested, stretching himself luxuriously upon the best sofa, and offering me a peculiarly easy chair.

He was acting, this Presbyterian pastor, as if he had a whole week in which to hear my story: but I well knew, as a few others did, what a terrific worker he really was. I was sure that he would commit to memory every word of the narration, as I went along; that he would afterwards dictate the best part of it to a stenographer after I had gone, and have it type-written and filed, ready for reference, whenever he wanted to make use of it; and that even if the records should be destroyed, he would still preserve the greater part of them in the library of his mind. This man, however easy and careless he might appear when with others, was never really idle—not even carelessly working. He was methodical, even in his apparent lack of method; industrious, even in the midst of his apparent leisureliness.

I told him about everything I have told the reader. "Were those ghosts, or the dreams of some?" I asked, anxiously awaiting his reply.

"Dreams, probably", he replied, after a bit of reflection. "I have had some that were almost as connected and real-seeming as yours: but treated them as merely chance-creations of the mind. They may have been only 'dreams.' But—we do not know exactly what 'stuff' they are made of."

"The Bible is full of dreams and visions; the ancient soothsayers, though they were heathen, are entitled to credit for intellectuality; and they slept in temples and other helpful places, and reported their dreams to each other next morning.

"Several of my church-people—all good Orthodox Christians, have told me of dreams that 'came true' so accurately that there could be no mistake about it.

"Some have told me of apparitions they saw, or thought they saw. But here come a couple of realities."

Two handsome, hearty children—a boy and a girl—romped into the minister's study, and appropriated all that was left and a little more, of the sofa. The girl had her arm about the father's neck—the boy went fooling with his watch-fob.

"Ah, you kids!" said the father, leniently, but firmly. "And do you not notice who is here?"

They saw me for the first time, detached themselves from the sofa, bowed gracefully, and begged my pardon, which I laughingly granted.

"Now you have come, you may tell me your errand, in twenty words or less", said the father, also half-laughing.

"We are rehearsing the first act in Hamlet, and the ghost can't be here today. We want you to be it, this time."

"In exactly an hour, I'll be with you", said the pastor. "Have your sheet ready: I'll do the best I can." They danced away.

"How's that for a coincidence?" laughed the pastor. "Did you ever notice how the ghost proposition in 'Hamlet' has captured the fancy of the world? 'Hamlet with Hamlet left out' would be no worse than with the ghost left out."

"You have a good deal to live for, Doctor", I said, remembering two more children outside, and a wife who knew how to retain her beauty irrespective of birth-days.

"I have them—*today*: in a week or less, they may all be gone."—His eye listened for a moment.

"Gone?"

"Yes: do I not preside at enough funerals

to know that? How much certainty hangs to their little lives? It seems to me, sometimes, as if they were only winnipeg-ghosts with prettily-fashioned clay around them—liable at any moment to drop off: and leave the dear creatures invisible to us.

"Fred Adams' children were chattering as would magpies, and singing like linnets one morning: before night they were taken sick, and when the week was out, he put three of them into the grave. It seems cruel that he can see nothing of them now—not even the little soul-forms that their bodies enclosed.

"The mother, who some hold is 'a little daft' on the subject, thinks that one of her dead children comes to her in the night, and tells her about the others, and brings word from them. They wanted me to scold her for entertaining such a 'foolish delusion', but to save my life I couldn't. If she can get comfort out of the belief, I am more than willing she should.

"I have more than once seen brides and grooms start out gleefully and joyfully on wedding-tours, and known that one of them came back in the double casket that we so often see on the baggage-trucks.

"Telephone, call, or write, as you may prefer, and inform me of what you see or think you see, or dream you see, in that house: I'll give you my opinion of it all—whatever that opinion is worth—one month from today."

A strange, enigmatical world! Before one week from that day, this bright, facile, industrious, magnetic clergyman, had himself seen his beautiful wife and one child join the great army of the invisible, and their bodies were laid away in the grave. I had learned to love and respect him: was it strange that I longed and prayed now, that those he loved might visit me in my House of Ghosts? or at least pass through it on the new journeys to and fro?

And still, I was not sure whether I dealt with ghosts or dreams.

And am I sure yet? and will this question of my own be answered, before my

story, or sketch, or whatever it may be called, is finished?

For a time, nothing more happened that was extraordinary. I lived alone in this "hired house" of mine, studying, thinking, sleeping.

There was nothing peculiar about my dreams, during this time: they could not possibly be dignified by the appellation of visions, or of anything else, except plain commonplace dreams—largely dominated in their character and results, by the state of the digestive organs. If these were all right, and my "stomach was happy", there were few, if any dreams, during the night: and such as there were, continued pleasant, successful incidents. Whatever I undertook, in such dreams, I accomplished: and I was all the time soothed in my sleep with what might be called "the restfulness of success."

But if my stomach was uncomfortable—if I had eaten something that radically disagreed with it—if Philippe my restaurant-waiter had brought me something that was more toothsome than beneficial—then heaven help me!—everything went wrong.

In such cases, I often had those queer experiences, which may be called "thwarting-dreams." Everything I tried to do, in the dream world, was thwarted in a most ingenious, not to say diabolical, manner. I tried to get on a railroad-car: the platform-gate on that side, was closed and locked. I went around to the other side: that was now locked, and the one I had first approached, was open. I would be about to get on board a boat, and all at once, to my astonishment, would find that the treacherous little craft was inland a mile or two: then a beautiful young lady would beckon to me, saying that she had some very important information to give me. Of course, as any man would do, whether in a dream, or in reality, I would comply with her wishes: but when I sat down by her side, she became metamorphosed, all at once, into a little weazened, withered old man, complaining of his never-ceasing asthma, or his assortment of rheumatisms. Then I would be suddenly transferred to a fine party or recep-

tion, arrayed in a full-dress suit: but at the height of my decorous hilarity and enjoyment, I would find myself trying to do the agreeable in pajamas, and barefooted—while all the other people in the room looked on indulgently.

A season of imperfect sleep forms only the decimal fraction of a night's rest: so it is no wonder that I was a bit drowsy after luncheon one day.

I always made it a rule to sleep as soon as possible whenever I was sleepy: and it was not long before I was reclining very comfortably in a favorite arm-chair, which was upholstered almost as thoroughly as a bed need be. A canal-coal-fire flickered lazily in front of me—as deliberate as if it also were trying to go to sleep: everything was reasonably quiet on the roadway outside; and there seemed nothing to obtrude itself in the way of a pleasant little nap.

It appears to me, as I mistily remember it, that I was in that beautiful little valley between wakefulness and sleep, where a very strange and venerable-looking gentleman sat before me; and he looked as much at home as if he had moved in with me at my first occupancy of the house.

And I knew in a moment who it was. There was no possible method of mistaking that massive head, that quizzical mouth, that flattened nose, that dreamy but practical eye.

"Yes, I can see plainly that you see plainly who I am", he said, smiling. "I am certainly Socrates himself."

So this was the man of whom I had read so often and so intensely! Or, rather, I supposed, the ghost of that person.

But what could he, known and honored of all lands and times—the pet of history, the idol of ethics, the patron saint of philosophy—what could he want of an obscure penny-a-liner, who could not even sell one of his articles to a newspaper or a magazine?—And yet, I mused, Socrates himself, if journals had existed in his time, could not have marketed his own literary output.

(Continued in next issue.)



Up and Down the World.

A Chinaman Describes an American Trial.

WHEN a crime has been committed in this Western country, and some one has been arrested, he is brought before a Judge, whose duty it is to see if there be good reasons for the arrest.

The very first thing, I should think, would be, to ask the accused to give any explanation he may wish. But no! he is told to say nothing, for if he speaks, it will be recorded, and may go to his hurt!

How to his hurt unless he be guilty? Now, it may be, that the accused could, at once, explain everything; but no—the officers who have made the arrest wish to work out a “theory” of their own; and the Judge, listening to these officers, who are uneducated, rude, and often at work for a large prize, commits the accused to prison to be tried over again, at a future day, by another Judge.

Meanwhile everybody who, upon the theory of the officers, is imagined to know anything, is ordered to give security that he will appear at the next trial, and say what he knows. And if a witness cannot give this security (frequently the case with the poor) he is himself also thrust into prison.

In this manner, persons who have been so unfortunate as to be fixed on by these ignorant officers, are treated like the accused, and put to a great deal of suffering, either in themselves or in their families, or their affairs.

This description of things goes on; the next trial is postponed; delay after delay occurs, while the officers are working out their “theory”; and finally, perhaps the accused is discharged, and the witnesses also; the whole proceeding being what

they call a “blunder,” in which innocent people have been punished as guilty, and the criminal has escaped!

When a man is caught under circumstances of guilt so certain that there is no rational belief of his innocence, surprised, perhaps, with the very blood or property of the victim upon him—he will be treated as if he were merely *suspected*; will be cautioned, as was the other, to say nothing; will be given every possible chance to escape. For they say he is still innocent, until they have proved him guilty. And then begins an “investigation.”

If it is a case of murder, twelve men are brought together by a sort of inferior Judge, to see how the dead man came to his death. Then, after tedious delays, the accused is brought before a Judge, who is now for the first time to try the man.

This Judge is not trusted alone to proceed—he must have twelve little Judges (called “a Jury”), and several lawyers, to help him. These little Judges are not selected for their knowledge or excellence, but they are any twelve men who can be easily got, and before they are employed, must swear that they know nothing about the case! They know nothing of law.

Then these twelve men are shut up, so that they cannot escape, in a sort of box; and the head Judge and the lawyers being in their places, the accused is ordered to stand up. He is then asked if he is guilty, and is always expected to say that he is not.

There are two sides of lawyers: one (hired to do so) by every means in its power tries to get the man “discharged,” and the other tries in every way it can to make out that he is guilty. The last-

named ones are paid by the Government.

After the accused has said that he is not guilty, the names of the twelve judges are called over, to see that none of them have got away; for they do not like their business, except once in a while one of them who has no other work to do, or is too lazy to seek it.

Now the scene fairly opens. The twelve little Judges in their box; the big one sitting aloft; the lawyers all around; the officers close by; the witnesses, cowering and afraid; the accused by the side of his lawyers, or in a big box by himself; and the spectators—friends, enemies, or what not—in seats a little way off.

Then the lawyers call and examine the witnesses. These are not permitted to tell the truth in their own way, at all. The truth that they speak must be that sort which the lawyers and Judge determine on to hear, not by any means that truth which the witness, in his simplicity, is about to utter.

Here, then, an honest and conscientious witness is likely to be at once bewildered; but a callous, self-possessed one, who does not intend to say one word more than he can help, finds himself doing just what the lawyers expect him to do—that is, to speak for the one or the other side of the case.

The lawyers "examine" the witness, interrupt him, try to confuse him, insinuate some vile charge against him to destroy his character with the hearers; and thus the trial proceeds. The Law, read from large books brought in from time to time, is constantly referred to. Now and then efforts are made to get this or that scratched off the minds of the Jury, because it ought not to have been said; and so these things go on, day after day.

When the "trial" is done and everybody has made speeches, except the twelve little Judges, these twelve are themselves arrested and locked up in a room, in charge of an officer; and are not given any rest until they have all agreed whether the accused is innocent or guilty, or have convinced the big Judge that they will never be able to do so. If they suc-

ceed in agreeing, they are brought out under guard, their head man is instructed to say whether the accused is guilty or not guilty—and the trial is ended with the discharge of the prisoner, or in his being taken back to the jail.

If the little Judges find him guilty, his lawyer immediately asks for "a new trial," and either gets it, or keeps up such a lot of efforts in his client's behalf, that it is sometimes years before the culprit can be punished, if even at all. For all these efforts the lawyer has to have money constantly, and often the criminal, if not imprisoned for years, or executed, is ruined in health and in purse.

How different is all this from the methods of our own beloved land of the East!

Curiosities of Cake.

IF ever a gold medal is given for the most variations upon a single theme, the housewife will win it. Her theme would be sugar and flour wet up into a dough together—a compound, that in spite of its prosaic, non-appetizing sound, is the real basis of the most delicious food known: for all cake is but sweetened dough, when reduced to its most elementary form. There would not seem at first thought to be much room here for invention or ingenuity, but there is nevertheless. The main ingredients are put together now in this proportion, now in that; this, that and the other is added, baked and fried in this and that shape, and put together with creams and fruits, and jellies, raisins and nut-meats, until the number of separate cakes run into the thousands.

Here are a few of the variations met with in a thousand recipes. There are cakes without eggs, and cakes that require from one to twenty eggs; cakes that use the yellows of eggs only, and others that use nothing but the whites. The sweetening element is, variously, graunlated, powdered, or yellow-white sugar, light brown, dark brown and New Orleans sugar, maple sugar, maple molasses, sorghum molasses, sugar drips and New

Orleans molasses and honey. There are cakes made with butter, meat fryings, lard and chopped suet; cakes wet up with water, sweet milk, sour milk and buttermilk, sweet cream and sour cream, and—shame to tell it—cider, sherry, claret, wine, and brandy.

Various fruit-cakes call for English currants, raisins, citron, dried persimmons, sugar and rice; figs, dates, dried berries and mock-citron, made by cooking dried apples in thick syrup until candied, then slicing them like citrons. Nutcakes call for meats of almond, walnut, peanut, pecan, butternut, chestnut, English walnut, hickorynut and cocoanut. Layer-cakes use as filling, "made" and whipped creams, custards, jellies of all kinds, huckleberries, ripe mellow apples and peaches, sliced bananas, chocolate and cocoa, whip frosting and boiled frosting. Spices and the condiment used are cloves, nutmeg, mace, allspice, cinnamon, cassia, coffee (the cold infusion poured off and used), ginger, preserved ginger, candied orange and candied lemon-peel. Flavoring includes almond and bitter almond, orange and lemon, vanilla, raspberry, strawberry and rose, coriander and caraway seed and marshmallow candies. Rice flour and cornstarch are sometimes used to make snow-white cake, burnt sugar and scorched flour added to give a peculiar flavor or an admitted dark color to black cakes, and liquid cochineal added to give a rose-pink or red color. For the leavening principle is used soda, saleratus, cream of tartar and baking powder. Given the ingredients, an ingenious woman could make a fresh cake each day for a year, and never repeat herself.

It is a revelation to even repeat the names of cake. There are crullers, crumpets, krinkles, vanities, truffles, doughnuts and fried-cakes, that are cooked in boiling lard; delicious when the process has been skillfully done, but an execrable set of grease-soaked monstrosities when carelessly performed. There is a large family of small cakes, the children's special delight, such as cookies, jumbles, lady's fingers, macca-

rooms and drop-cakes, ginger snaps, gem cakes, patty cakes, buns, pop-overs, wafers, Holland pretzels, kisses, dominoes, rusks, in thin sheets, ginger bread, flannel cakes, Sally Lunn's, sponge cake and the whole great family of layer cakes as common among sweet-breads as Smith is among English surnames. There are fruitcakes, nutcakes, raisin, currant and spice cakes, fig, date, orange, lemon, apple and huckleberry cakes, wedding cakes, angel cakes, loaf, pound, election and bread cakes, horns of plenty, roll jelly cakes, pocket-books, log-cabin cake and other odd-shaped cakes, and each is somebody's favorite.

Who was ungallant enough to say the housewife takes no interest in her country's affairs? Let certain favorite cakes rise up and rebuke him. There is Martha Washington and George Washington cake, Lincoln cake and General Jackson election cake, which "once tried is always elected for a second term"; Tilden and Cleveland cakes, Old Hickory cake, Liberty, Freedom and Fourth-of-July cakes, Columbus cake, Old Rough-and-Ready (General Zachary Taylor) cake, and Phil Sheridan cake. There are hard times cake, prosperity, sixteen-to-one, gold-standard, gold, silver and gold-and-silver cakes. Politicians ought not to go hungry for sweet cakes while there is this wide range to choose from.

Mrs. Newpop's Rival.

"HOME, sweet home!"

As George Newpop murmured the words there was a happy light in his eyes. His day's work was done and mamma and baby awaited him in the window above. Bounding up the stairs he kissed the baby and kissed its mother again and again. An instant later his light heart became heavy. The conjugal temperature was dropping a score of degrees a second.

"What's the matter, dear?" he inquired, gently.

"There's—there's nothing the matter," Mrs. Newpop replied, brokenly, and her tone confirmed his worst suspicions.

"Yes, there is," he persisted. "I am unconscious of having done anything to——"

"Men always are. They never do anything, of course. It is always we who are to blame!" cried Mrs. Newpop, bursting into tears.

"For heaven's sake tell me what I have done!" pleaded Newpop.

"You—you kissed the baby four—fourteen times."

"Well, what of that? Why shouldn't I kiss him fourteen times, or fourteen hundred?"

"But you only k-kissed me th-thirteen, and I wish I was dead."

"*Were* dead, dear; *were* dead."

"Well, *were* dead, then. You only kissed me thirteen times."

"Is that so? I did not intend to discriminate, dear——"

"Yes, you did. Since baby came, you have not loved your wife a bit. You l-l-love the baby all the time, and I'm in second place, and—and I wish I were dead, so there!"

"But I never thought anything about it, and as for baby—don't I always call him the sweetest thing on earth except his mother?"

"You used to, but do not any—any more."

"What nonsense. Compared with you, the baby is nothing to me."

"Now, don't add prevarication to your sins, George Newpop."

"I'm not, dear. The fact is, I've never cared very much for the baby since he was born", Newpop protested, eloquently.

"What, you don't love the baby?"

"Not much; he keeps us awake nights, and yells day and——"

His further utterance was cut short by the most heartbroken wail that had yet escaped Mrs. Newpop's lips.

"Wretch! wretch! Unnatural creature, not to love that dear, sweet, angel baby!" she cried, rushing from the room.

For a moment the astounded Newpop stood gazing after her like a man suddenly confronted with the riddle of the Sphinx.

"Well—I'll—be—jiggered!" he cried at

last. "I wonder if Solomon, with all his wives and all his wisdom, ever really knew what in the world a woman would do next?"

Mis-Using Their Time.

"I WONDER, Uncle Fred," remarked Constance, "if men will ever live to be a thousand years old?"

"No, my child; that was tried once, and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."

Connubial Risk.

A LITTLE fellow with a tall, stalwart wife was asked by a friend if the contrast between them didn't often expose him to mortifying remarks.

"Oh, I don't mind that", he said, cheerfully; "but since Sarah's grown near-sighted, I have to look sharp for fear she'll step on me."

Martha Explains.

"JUST listen to this, Martha!" exclaimed Mr. Jaffrey, who was reading his evening paper. "One of the dogs in the prize show is valued at \$50,000! Good gracious! That's more money than I ever expect to be worth in all my life."

Mrs. Jaffrey looked up quietly, "Some dogs are worth more than others, Jeremiah," she remarked.

Between Hay and Grass.

BOBBY, who had stubbed his toe, came crying to his mother.

"There, there, Bobby," she said, after finding the injury trifling: "You are too big a boy to cry over a little thing like that."

"B-but what a-m I to do, mamma?" asked the little fellow sobbingly; "I ain't b-big enough to s-swear."

Mamma spent a half-hour in quiet reflection, and told her husband about it in the evening.

Editorial Comment.

ARMING FOR PEACE.

NO decent person wants to see a huge *physical* war. There are battles of mind, of heart, of soul, in every congress, every legislature, every courthouse, every city council, every neighborhood, every family; and there are always more or less small physical ones. But two nations deliberately wounding and killing each other's citizens, means about the worst sight this world affords.

Still, there have often been times when war seemed necessary. The best people of America, in the year 1776, felt that nothing else would check English tyranny. The soldiers of Mexico had to fight in order to dethrone Maximilian. Cuba and her big brother, United States, drove Spain back across the ocean with the rifle, the sword, and the cannon.

An international congress of arbitration will be a contest of intellect—a huge series of lawsuits—watched intently and criticised mercilessly by the people interested. These decisions will sometimes be so vehemently opposed, as to need a restraint which will itself be equivalent to physical war.

So it would seem that nations will always be at war, in some way or other. They are now: and the present method of fighting, is a scientific and mechanical one.

The conflict now, is not what nation *will* conquer another, but to demonstrate what nation *could* conquer another, in case they *should* go to war. One country builds a huge floating fort called a battle-ship: and immediately another feels that it must match it, or surpass it, if possible. Neither may ever fire a belligerent gun: but the possibilities must be dread-

ful, in case it should. Neither one of its armies may be called into the field: but it must be capable of doing great damage to the enemy, in case it is. Neither may have to use its aeroplanes for anything but exhibition or commerce—but they must be trained to hurl destruction from the clouds, if there are people or cities that need destroying.

How long will all this preparation for war, fail to *result* in war? How long before all these mammoth blades of murder will seek quivering flesh? How long will these tremendous forces remain equably balanced? And yet the preparations will go on, in spite of everything. We must reckon upon and learn from them.

In the midst of these dreadful possibilities, United States, with the largest population in the world excepting two other countries, and with wealth untold, drags along behind the rest of the powers in means and methods of defense. We build one warship where we ought to build ten; we have one West Point for the whole country, where there ought to be one in every state; we haggle at whether we ought to fortify the Panama Canal; we permit our merchant marine to dwindle to nothing in the great and constant war for commerce; we complacently see ourselves surrounded by forces that could hurl hot shot upon us within a week if there should be a falling-out.

Let us quit strutting around the world with second-class warships, and patrol our long wealth-fringed coasts with first-class ones. Let our millionaires build all the temples of peace they like, but let them also assist in keeping them from being knocked down about the ears of the peace-makers.

Demosthenes declared to his fellow-Greeks, during a very critical time:

"We must take care that we engage not in war upon unequal terms. How can it be managed? By giving proof to the world that the forces of our State are mustered and prepared."

The best kind of peace is armed peace, and it need not interfere with our Christianity. If Christ brought a sword, we certainly can be pardoned for keeping our own swords in readiness.

COLD-COMFORT JOKES.

THE present Mayor of New York says and does a good many wise things: but he should not allow himself to subside into the position of his own court-jester. He should be a father to his people, rather than a grim railer and a "jollier" at them and their sufferings.

Whenever they make unreasonable demands upon him, it is well enough to turn them off with a joke: but when there is something presented to him that is vital, he should treat it in a way consistent with its importance.

A complaint has been made to him that some of the street-cars—required by law to be thoroughly warmed—are often uncomfortably and dangerously cold. He replies, that the people would be much healthier if they walked more: and says, in effect, "If you don't like the methods of transportation, go afoot."

A more foolish and barbarous suggestion has seldom been made by a magistrate to his people. What a beautiful sight it would be, to see the varied folk of New York walking to their places of worship, pleasure, and business, whenever the cars were cold! They cannot all afford carriages or automobiles, and so ride or walk when they choose, as the Mayor can: they must ride—in the cars—most of them, many miles.

What a sweet entertainment it would be, to see tired men, after a hard day's

work in factory or office, trudging home a few miles in order not to have cold feet!

How gallant it is, to ask a delicate girl living ten or twelve miles from her place of business, to perform a pedestrian stunt each night and morning, because the Mayor suggests it, and does it himself sometimes!

Who should say to cripples, "Sharpen the brads in your crutches: the Mayor says you must walk or freeze"?

The problem of comfortable and decent transportation of people through the city of New York, is still to be solved: human beings are often packed in together like beasts, and alternately grilled and chilled, as happens to suit the convenience of the companies to whom they pay their nickels. This condition of things will never be cured by inane jokes.

PROMOTING SUPREME COURT JUSTICES.

THE precedent that President Taft has set in making Edward Douglass White Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, is a bad one. For the first time, one of those already Justices, has been promoted.

There is not a word to say against the man himself, or against President Taft's probable motives in giving him the position. But the principle is a bad one, and may be abused by future Presidents not so just and well-balanced as is Taft.

Under some Executives, that are to follow the present incumbent of the chief office of the land, there may arise a serious evil. It may be that now and then a justice will feel like trimming his decisions to suit a President's policy, with the idea of ultimately securing the Chief Justiceship when it shall become vacant.

Nothing in the world should be done that can possibly be even suspected to unduly sway the opinion of a Justice in any court—especially the Supreme Court. Every member of that body should be as

far above suspicion as it can be arranged.

While this promotion has no doubt been made in perfect good faith, and, so far as the person is concerned, with excellent judgment, it is to be hoped that it will remain the only case of the kind on record. There should be at least an unwritten and perhaps a written and printed law, against it.

WHY PERSECUTE HER?

HAS not Ethel Le Neve, Dr. Crippen's companion in his futile flight across the Atlantic, had enough trouble already? Why should America, which certainly does not lack for chivalrous men and compassionate women, act as if she were an out-cast?

The English courts, which are much more severe and summary than ours, acquitted Miss Le Neve of any complicity in the murder of the actress-wife of Crippen, and she stands innocent before the law.

Now—why hunt her like a wild beast? Why search incoming ships to see if she is aboard, with a view to the prevention of her landing in America? What hurt can she do here, any more than hundreds of people—men and women—as bad as, or worse than she?

If we are really in favor of raising the standard of womanhood in the world, we must be just with woman, and not pursue her like hounds the minute she gets into trouble.

Give the girl a chance—whether she is living under her own name, or masquerading under another. England pronounces her as legally innocent: let America give her a chance in life.

DIGGING FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD?

IT is noticeable that the English, the Japanese, the Germans, etc., appreciate our new Panama Canal, and are ready to take prompt advantage of it, as soon as we get it finished for them. They are already planning to establish steamship-

lines between this country and ports on the western South American coast—using the great American artificial strait for a profitable mercantile convenience, as soon as United States has it ready for (their) business.

It is certainly interesting to see the marine trade of the world improving and progressing, but what about America's share of it? What are we doing toward taking substantial advantage of our own enterprise?

Is it not Quixotic, to construct a canal at a huge expense, for the commercial advantage of other nations? Do the people of this country realize that foreign steamships monopolize practically all the carrying trade from this country to the West Indies and South America—not to mention other localities? Do we know that many of the large vessels developed from this trade, are capable of being made into war-cruisers or soldier-carriers, in case there is a falling-out with us?

It is suggested that we increase the port-charges against this class of vessels, so as to allow American ships an advantage, and thus enable their owners to compete with those of foreign craft.

There are of course objections to this plan, but something ought certainly to be done to stimulate or, better, to nourish, American marine-trade.

HASTE MAKING WASTE.

BOOMING like a portentous signal-gun over all the five boroughs of the city of New York, went the deadly portentous yell of an explosion at the Grand Central Station.

The New York and Hudson River Railroad has for some time been building or building-at a new "depot" on the site of its former one, and using every possible haste in the process.

Erecting a new structure on the site of an old one, and doing business right there at the same time, has been attended with

inconveniences to the public, which bring Mr. Vanderbilt's famous epigram concerning its damning, very much to mind. People have been hurried up-stairs, down-stairs, and into all sorts of unfamiliar chambers, and have learned to start for their trains a half-hour or so earlier than they used to do, in order to find the booking-office and the place of embarkation. In getting from subway to train, they have often had to depend upon "public porters", who perhaps demanded exorbitant fees, and obtained them from those unused to travel.

To crown the inconvenience with disaster, an explosion took place on the morning in question, which baptized the site of the new station in blood, and made desolate many homes.

The work, it seems, was hurried so, that proper precautions were not taken with locomotives and trains. One engine was not properly equipped as to its air-brake, and had an empty sand-box. This part of the locomotive, not generally appreciated by the public, is one of the most important of the whole structure: it often gives a grip upon the track to driving-wheels, that nothing else can do. And "a little neglect breeds great mischief."

Destitute of the help both of air-brake and sand-box, the engine and train of six cars leaped over an opposing "bumpier", and crashed into a net of gas-pipes, causing a leak of the dangerous deadly fluid which soon permeated the whole building. By some one of several possible means, it was soon ignited; and then followed an explosion whose sharp sullen clamor announced to the whole vast city of New York, that some terrible calamity had taken place.

Nearly a dozen of people were killed, a large number wounded, and thousands of dollars' worth of property wiped out. Windows were smashed into débris for a mile up and down Lexington Avenue.

Street-cars were overturned and demolished. There were acres of ruins—under a portion of which lay dead bodies scarcely recognizable.

Railroads kill enough people out on their tracks, Heaven knows: but it is a malignant and portentous new departure, when they are in such a hurry to make money that they make slaughter-houses of their stations.

THE USUAL "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

EVERY WHERE is not usually enthusiastic in the matter of anniversaries: excepting as regards Sunday, it believes one day of the calendar as good as another, so long as it behaves itself.

But some days have been distinguished for many moons by the notable events that happened upon them: and among these, New Years.

It is a most decidedly worldly day: it has none of the religious flavor of Thanksgiving or Christmas. It is ushered in by the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, and the yelling of uncultured voices. It is celebrated in a great many hilarious ways—some of them not disconnected with drunkenness. Indeed, it may be said many people commence the year in a manner that would ruin them if they kept it up for a month, or even for a week or two.

The good resolution industry, although the target of many laughs and jeers, is by no means to be despised. Indeed, making good resolves for the succeeding year, is one of the best things that most people do, on New Years Day. It may be that a very small per cent. keep them: but a few do, and they and the world are much better for the fact. Even if they keep them for a fraction of a year, it is very much better than nothing.

Of course **EVERY WHERE** wishes its readers all sorts of happiness, and thanks them for favors past, and future ones logically expected.



"Love Thy Neighbor."

IT is natural for us to love ourselves. It is intended that we take care of our own interests, as far as possible. If every one would and could do so, there might not be any need of charity or benevolence.

The tree, forcing its way up through soil and air, is working for itself; crowding vigorous and acquisitive roots in every direction, and securing what it can out of the soil; it throws its leaves as near the sky and all the sources of light, as it can get them. The shrub toils and fights for itself, from generation to generation; and that which commences life as a tender, obscure plant, will perhaps in the course of generations develop itself into the tall and mighty king of the woods.

All vegetation has its own economies, its own methods of self-defense, its own means of repelling imposition if necessary. Plants eat from the soil and air; they drink from the rain and the dew; they coax insects into their stores of sweet-meats in order that they may devour them; they do hundreds of things for their own comfort and protection: as the interested and delighted botanist can tell you.

The flower race—though so sweet and winsome—has an eye upon its own interests. It has means to send away unwelcome visitors, and to lure welcome ones to its arms. Some have daggers in their hands; some can be poisoners, if necessary—all are workers and fighters for their own interests.

Animals, even before they are deprived

of the mother's care, have ways of caring for and defending themselves. The cat can be a bunch of velvet, a hunter of game, a self-grooming fop, or an animated needle-case with points outward—just as its interests dictate; even the enslaved horse has ways of looking out for himself. The whole rank and file of animals, as well as the acknowledged chiefs, are in various ways self-promoters and self-protectors.

And the member of the human race—although he acquires independent individuality somewhat later in life than his fellow animals—is one of the greatest of natural self-helpers—with body, mind, and soul. He is given a thousand ways with which to help himself, to the animal's one. His opportunities are limitless. His methods are innumerable. Planning, scheming, contriving, inventing, consulting, pondering, combining, employing his fellows and every force of Nature to accomplish his purposes—there are millions of ways in which the human can minister to his own pleasure and success!

Man seems also to be about the only living organism that has a disposition to aid others. No flower or plant was ever known to help its fellows willingly; they fight and prey upon each other, but never seem to develop any impulses of benevolence. Animals, especially the horse and dog, may sometimes show a rough sort of that virtue, but it is so seldom even if the appearance of such a thing happens, that it is always mentioned as a strange and interesting occurrence. The attachment of a horse or a dog to his master,

is not benevolence; it is sometimes fear, sometimes selfish love, sometimes habit.

So, upon the whole, Man may be said to have the monopoly of benevolence, so far as this world is concerned. He alone is susceptible of that higher joy which comes from doing good for the sake of giving others comfort, pleasure, and consolation.

So much is this the case, that a properly constituted mortal cannot rest easy, as long as he knows that some one else is suffering. No one but a very hard-hearted person can endure the appropriating unto his own benefit and pleasure, every thing that comes to him or that he can procure!

We *must* help others, or suffer at last much more than the ones we neglect! Man alone of all Earth's creatures holds the proud and godlike ability to toil for and bless those in need.

We must aid others as individuals. Every day, in looking over the plans of our lives, we must ask ourselves the question: "What can I do for those who need my help?"

We must begin with those nearest us. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" means first the ones we can most easily reach. Suffering is always at our very door. We cannot walk abroad without seeing those that need help.

But we must not stop with those we can see. There are thousands with whom we have no personal intercourse, that need and deserve our aid. To these we must minister, through such helpers as are faithful and trustworthy. The whole world, in these days of railroads and telegraphs, have become our neighbors.

As members of societies, companies, and corporations, we must follow and obey the great command. We must try to reverse the old proverb that "Corporations have no souls." If the stockholders of a company are, personally, benevolent men, the company itself ought to be of the same character. As a member of any organization, civil, political, religious or financial, let your vote and influence show that you obey to its fullest extent the above command.

Chained Books in Churches.

II.

Single chained books may often be found in churches at the present day, but, say Willis and Clark in "The Architectural History of the University of Cambridge," so far as we have been able to discover there are only three collections of books in England now attached to the shelves by chains, namely: "The Chapter Library in Hereford Cathedral"; a library in the vestry of the Parish Church of All Saints, in the same city; and the library attached to Wimborne Minster." At Hereford Cathedral the collection of books consists largely of Monastic Books and extends to 2,000 volumes, of which 1,500 are chained. Here are five ancient bookcases complete and portions of two others. In the work by Willis and Clark it is stated that "each case is 9 feet 8 inches long, 2 feet 2 inches wide, and about 8 feet high. The material is unplanned oak, very rough; the ends are 2 inches thick, made of three boards, fastened together with strong wooden pegs. The vertical supports which sustain the first shelf are also 2 inches thick; but the divisions between the upper shelves, made of rough boards which do not meet, and all the shelves, are only one inch thick. The whole structure seems to be quite original, with the exception of the cornice, the brackets which support the desk, and frames to contain the catalogue. The latter occur on three cases only, and are known to have been added in the 17th century by Thomas Thornton, D.D., Canon Residentiary." We include two illustrations from "The Architectural History of the University of Cambridge. One is a drawing of a Bookcase in the Chapter Library, Hereford Cathedral, D.D., Canon of Hereford. The other is a picture of bookcases and desks in the library of the University of Leyden; from a print dated 1610. It will be observed in the latter that those who consulted the books were obliged to stand. In the valuable work by Willis and Clark is the best account of chained books which has

come under notice up to the present time of writing this.

The library at All Saints' Church, Hereford, is interesting on account of showing the survival of the ancient custom of chaining books in comparatively modern times. Some of the works were published in 1706 and 1707. William Brewster, M.D., in 1715, bequeathed the books to the parish. The ironwork and chains appear to have been copied from the Hereford Cathedral Library.

In a room of the eastern tower of Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, is an important collection of chained books. Mr. H. R. Plomer has recently inspected this library, and from his account we gather that it contains some 240 volumes. "The books," says Mr. Plomer, "are ranged on shelves round the sides of the room, with their backs turned inwards, each book being attached to the shelf by a small chain fastened to an iron rod." The library was formed in 1686, and the greater part of the works were presented by the Rev. W. Stone, a former rector of the parish. A manuscript volume of prayers, the book of the monks, written in 1343, is the oldest work in the collection. It is not finished, as the initial letters are omitted. The Breeches Bible, dated 1595, strongly bound in wood, is there. Walton's Polyglot Bible, several well-known commentaries, numerous works of the Old Fathers, Camden's "Life of Elizabeth," Barnes' "Life of Edward the Third," Chamberlayn's "State of England," 1670; also a copy of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," bearing date 1614. Of this latter work, Mr. Plomer says that "several pages of this book have been burnt, and tradition has made Matthew Prior, the poet, the culprit; the story being that, whilst reading in the library by the aid of a candle, he fell asleep over the volume, and the candle committed the ravages. Judging from the appearance of the holes, it is much more likely that they were made, as suggested by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, with a red-hot poker. By whatever mischance the accident occurred, the destroyed part of each page has been

neatly patched, and the text restored—that also, and with more probability, a work that has always been attributed to Matthew Prior."

At the Annual Meeting of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, held in London in October, 1889, Mr. William Blades read a paper full of curious out-of-the-way matter "On Chained Libraries." He refers to Seldon's books being sent to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, stating that £25 10s. was paid for new chains. Mr. Blades goes on to say that "taking the chains at a cost of sixpence each, they would serve for 1,120 volumes. In the reign of Henry III. the whole library of Oxford University consisted of only a few books, some of which were chained, and some locked in chests in St. Mary's Church. In 1683 the library of King's College, Cambridge, was in chains, and among the rules for the guidance of the scholars was this: 'For the rendering his business about the library more easy, each person that makes use of any books in the said library is required to set them up again decently, without entangling the chains.' This entanglement must have been very inconvenient, as it was a fault easily committed when the chains hung so close together. It will be gathered from the foregoing, and the following note by Mr. Blades, that the cost of chains was not a serious matter. "In the school-house of Tavistock, in the year 1588, a 'Dictionarie' was secured by a chain which cost 9d. In the churchwarden's accounts at Ecclesfield, in the year 1589, are the following entries:—

Item, Pd. to the Vicar when he
laid down the English Para-
phrase of Erasmus..... ijs.
Item, chains for two books.... xijd.

At Wigtoft, Lincolnshire, chaining was much cheaper, as the payment for securing an Erasmus was only 4d."

We may congratulate ourselves that we are living in an age when books may be owned by all, and that chains are no longer necessary to retain them in a particular place.



Music Hath Powers.

THE effect of musical tones upon the nervous system of man and other animals (even including fish), has been so frequently illustrated in innumerable ways, that to question this fact would be a simple and entirely unnecessary waste of time.

As a powerful physical agent, music acts upon the individual (especially music of a sweet, melodious nature), with apparently little assistance from the intellect. Its effect upon the brain is transmitted in many ways to every nerve, muscle, and organ of the body, with such gentleness as to soothe and comfort, or with such violence as to shake the muscles and other organs of the physical system to their very centre.

Again, the same musical tones affect different persons in different ways. Many leading physicians assert that the peculiar sounds of some musical instruments tend to quicken the pulse, and cause perspiration. Professor Binet, of France, says that musical sounds have the general effect of increasing the circulation, and that the increase in heart action is more perceptible after we have listened to consonant chords than after or while listening to discords, and that there are still greater and more beneficial results while listening to tender striking melodies.

Dr. Darius Wilson, of Boston, Mass., an eminent authority, says that he fully appreciates the refining and curative principles of music, when properly and judiciously applied. He also asserts that all the harsh and discordant sounds which

are constantly greeting the ear in our cities and towns, are decidedly injurious and highly prejudicial to health and longevity. He even goes farther, and strongly urges the enactment of laws for the prevention of all unnecessary noise, such as the blowing of steam whistles, ringing of unmusical bells, screaming of street vendors, grinding upon wheezy, out-of-tune or broken-down hand-organs. He also adds that the ringing of all bells, excepting the dinner-bell, or the chimes of sweet melody from musical bells, should be prohibited.

I have found by experimenting, that the middle notes of most musical instruments have a more calming influence upon the nervous or insane, than the higher or more acute sounds. Persons who are inclined to melancholy seem to enjoy music written in the minor keys; while those with a bright, sunny, hopeful nature, often go into ecstasies over music in the major keys.

The idea of curing ills of the mind and body, through the medium of the "Divine Art" of music, is undoubtedly of great antiquity. Readers of the Bible will remember that the perturbed spirit of doughty old King Saul was frequently soothed by the music of David's harp. I remember having received a note from the celebrated preacher Sam Jones, in which he remarked that as David played the devil out of Saul, with his harp, why couldn't I perform a like service upon my violin in the dear old wicked City of Boston?

Several years ago I received a request from Dr. M. L. Holbrook, of New York City, requesting me to write a series of

articles for the *Journal of Hygiene and Herald of Health*, on the subject of curing disease through the medium of music. I sent three articles, which were shortly after published in that journal, under the general title of, "*Healing by Music.*" Extracts from these essays were freely copied into American and foreign medical journals, receiving favorable comment. Letters on the subject from private sources also demonstrated the fact that my articles had awakened genuine interest in the minds of those who had read them.

Shortly after this, a celebrated English physician, Doctor Blackman, of London, read a paper before the Portsmouth Literary Society, in which he discussed the question, as to music being a remedial agent upon which physicians could confidently rely. In order to thoroughly test the question, the "Guild of St. Cecelia" took the matter in hand, and experiments in various hospitals in London proved most emphatically that in some institutions as high as fifty per cent. of the patients were lulled into tranquillity and sleep through simple sweet music. The majority of patients, it was noticed, preferred the quiet music to the more showy and meretricious, and the favorite instrument, when well played, was the violin, which produced the most gentle and soothing effects.

These musical experiments upon the sick are now being successfully practiced in various large cities of Europe and America; and Boston, which takes nothing upon trust, has not only made the necessary experiments, but has actually introduced music as a curative agent at the rooms of the "National Association of Physicians and Surgeons" in that city, where free musical treatment is given under the immediate direction of the learned doctor himself. Artists only of acknowledged musical ability are employed, and the happy results which have so far been reached through the gratifying and harmless influence of music upon the patients has often exceeded even the good doctor's most vivid and sanguine expectations.

Tally One Leg Saved.

IT would be interesting, to know how many serious surgical operations could have been omitted, if Nature had only been given time and chance to work her way through the human system, and repair damages, in her own subtle and inimitable way.

The sharp and gleaming blades of a surgical set of instruments, are sometimes tempting to the one who owns them and has been taught their use: and a neat and lucrative operation is so tempting, that it may sometimes influence the advice given a patient.

The following, from the Brooklyn *Eagle*, is a case in point—and edge:

"The fact that he still is in the happy possession of his right leg, is due to a flaw discovered in the title to property which a Jamaica, Long Island, man owns near Brenton avenue. A strange statement, but true nevertheless.

"The story needs to be told from the beginning. The principal, who prefers that his name be not mentioned, has a none too exalted opinion of the medical profession, in consequence of an experience involving that right leg of his.

"Several weeks ago, he injured his right leg. The wound seemed to heal nicely: Later, however, complications set in, and a physician who was consulted declared that amputation at the knee was absolutely necessary, and advised the patient to make arrangements at a certain hospital in Manhattan to have the operation performed. The case required extremely good care, he said, and the operation, with accompanying treatment, etc., would cost about \$300.

"'But I'm afraid I cannot raise that amount of money,' said the victim.

"'You must get the money somehow,' answered the doctor. 'Such an operation is absolutely necessary. If you value your life, have that leg taken off by all means. Borrow the money, if need be, but make haste. Delay is dangerous.'

"How to raise sufficient cash to have the operation performed, was the thought uppermost in the Jamaican's mind, as he

left the doctor's office. Then a happy thought came to him. 'I'll try to secure a second mortgage on my property', he said to himself, and he went immediately to a title company in Fulton street. There he was told that it would require a day or so to look into the title of his property, despite his earnest declaration that the title, so far as he knew, was perfectly clear.

"A flaw was discovered in it, and the title company notified the man of the injured leg that further search would be made. The property owner was in torment over the delay. A week passed, and still the search continued. Then he forgot all about his leg, and worried about the flaw in his title.

"A few days ago the man learned that the company would not advance the money. Then, suddenly, he discovered that in the course of the delay his leg had improved wonderfully, and that all symptoms of blood-poisoning had vanished. Today his right leg is as good as his left, and amputation now, is entirely out of the question."

Too Much of a Good Thing.

THE anemic condition of school children, and their lack of sound teeth, is a symptom of the damage wrought on the system by the excessive indulgence of crystallized sugar.

The lamentable fact is published that out of 500 school children only fourteen were equipped with good sound teeth, and this in New York City in 1909. The fermenting temperature of the mouth, together with the sweet solutions are converted into an acid that dissolves the lime of the tooth. The primitive Indians are very strict in the matter of allowing the children anything in the way of sweetened food. Candy is their abhorrence. They say that sweetened foods "make baby sick" and destroy their children's teeth, hence do not allow its use. One result is that no imperfection can be found in their dental equipment. The sweetening of foods is detrimental, in

that it induces an indulgence of an excess when more than enough has already been partaken, thus leading to a morbid appetite and an early breakdown of the digestive powers. Many practically starve themselves to death because the system cannot safely appropriate more than the actual needs require. When that limit is disturbed, trouble is sure to follow. If sugar was a natural food, man could thrive on it alone, as he can on fruit and many of the grains.

It is through the wonderful work of plant life that the mineral world is brought into harmonious relations with human life, for thereby all salts that are of any benefit to the body are rendered available to the building up of a perfect man, whereas the crude minerals are only an encumbrance to the vital powers, and when forced upon the body are an element to be got rid of at the earliest moment. It is the part of wisdom to take advantage of the natural forces by which we are surrounded.

All animal kind, while living their natural life, that is undomesticated, are abounding in good health, while mankind trails through the valley of ignorance and disease to an early death.

The cause of dyspepsia and indigestion is to be looked for in overeating or wrong eating. Wrong combinations produce disturbance because they do not furnish the necessary balance of nutrition. Choice ripe fruit should not be outraged by the addition of sugar, for it violates the law of digestion.

Whenever food is partaken, the aim should be to make it plain and simple, with as little variety as possible at the same meal, and when combinations are utilized an effort should be made to have them harmonious, as the stomach is not a suitable place for a battle ground. Particular attention should be given to select those substances that are digested about the same time. It can readily be inferred that while one particular quality of food is being digested there is scarcely room for another at the same time, varying in quality and digestibility.—*Phrenological Journal*.

World-Success.

Criminals Through Ignorance.

I.

“**I**GNORANCE of the law excuses no one” is a maxim nearly as old as law itself. Although it gives some people “hard lines”, it holds good now as it has done in former times, and, no doubt, always will.

Who does not need some knowledge of law? It is, of course, not to be presumed that every man can be his own attorney: there are times when the counsel and assistance of trained lawyers are an absolute necessity. Nevertheless, the evident ignorance of the common every-day legal principles is remarkable; and those to whom it applies are, often, largely to blame.

Certain principles of common law are obvious; so much so that in these hurrying times, we pass them by unobserved, or at best barely noticed.

Hardly a day glides over us, in which unconsciously we may not have done something that has rendered us to a certain extent amenable to the law. Of course, the fact of one's having rendered himself liable to legal punishment, does not always imply that he can be punished: that is a question to be settled in court, if brought there. So many of the every-day acts are wrong, in a legal sense, and make the doer liable to be haled before the court, or are actionable in one way or another, that it will benefit certain of our readers to learn, in a general way, some of the most common of these.

Perhaps more people are amenable to action for violating the principles underlying the law controlling assault, than for any other. This crime is, according to common law, “an attempt or offer with

force or violence to do corporal hurt to another: as by striking with a stick or other weapon, or without a weapon, though he miss his aim.” Together with the attempt or threat must exist, in all cases, the means of carrying the threat into effect. Therefore it may be readily seen that it takes but very little hostile demonstration to constitute an assault.

The shaking of a fist or stick at another, is enough to cause arrest, and possible punishment: even though no blows are given. The attempted drawing of a knife, revolver, or other weapon, is assault. The mere pointing of a weapon of any kind at a person, whether loaded or not, is assault. The throwing of any missile, even such as a snowball, at another, is assault, no matter whether the missile goes true to its mark or not.

Ancient opinions held for many centuries, that words of a threatening nature constituted assault. Notwithstanding these former opinions, it is now settled that mere words, be they ever so provoking, will not be so considered. But that does not say that one has the legal right to use provoking or threatening language to another; on the contrary, he has not. However, we will treat that phase under another head.

The term “battery” is always used in connection with assault. We may, and very frequently do, have an assault without the other: but we can never have a battery without an assault. A battery is more than a threat or an attempt to injure the person of another; the injury must have been inflicted, but it makes no difference, however small it may be.

The law “draws no lines between the degrees of violence” but “totally prohibits the first and lowest stage of it.” From

this it is obvious that every battery includes an assault.

There are various kinds of assault, according to the manner in which they are made, and the weapons employed. A common assault is a misdemeanor, and is punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. The various other kinds of assault are felony, and punishable by imprisonment.

Stephen, in his *Digest of Criminal Law*, says, "Every crime is either treason, felony, or misdemeanor." In common law every crime amounting to treason or felony is so designated by statute; all crimes not so designated are misdemeanors. In New York and some other states the legislatures have defined felony as any crime which is or may be punishable with death or confinement in a State-prison: all other crimes being misdemeanors.

It is customary to speak of all misdemeanors as implying a less degree of crime than felony. The discriminations of law are different in different states. The growth and changes of criminal laws are among the most curious monuments of revolutions in public opinions as shown by legislation.

A Currency-Sleuth.

MONEY that is mutilated—sometimes beyond recognition by ordinary eyes—will be replaced to its full amount at Washington, if the Treasury Department is satisfied that it really has existed.

You are not to give up your mutilated cash as a dead loss, in case it is half-burned-up, or water-soaked, or partly digested by some all-devouring goat. Send it to Washington: there every expedient of modern science will be used, and the exact amount represented by the still-surviving fragments, will be restored to you.

It is not, however, safe to "monkey" with this beneficent Department, or to send in false claims. Much of the trouble experienced in this world, comes from abusing good-nature. Men have been stowed in states-prison for trying to collect a larger amount of money, than the

fragments represented, and engaging in a conspiracy in order to do this.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, one of the attaches of the Treasury Department, is a sort of feminine Sherlock Holmes of partly-vanished currency. She was sent, not long ago, by the Department at Washington, where she is constantly employed, to Mayari, Cuba, for the investigating of some American bank-notes that had been charred almost beyond recognition, in a big fire. The officers of the bank had not dared to follow the usual method and send the heterogeneous mass to Washington, for fear the scorched fragments would crumble into pieces on the way.

Immediately upon her arrival in Cuba. Miss Smith informed the bankers that she did not want to know, at the beginning of her task, how much United States money the fire had damaged beyond ordinary recognition. They had the amount, of course, on their books: but she preferred to be uninfluenced in her judgment.

With a strong light overhead, bearing directly down upon the rich but ragged and crumbled debris, and armed with the powerful microscope, that had served her so often in Washington, she went at work coining riches out of rags. She deciphered a number here, and identified a signature there; she knew from one face or form, what the remainder of the picture had been; she drew conclusions even from the texture of the strong bank-note-paper upon which the bills had been printed.

After some days of this microscopic sleuthing, she made an estimate of her findings, and was ready to announce to the United States Treasury, that it could safely send to the bank fifty thousand dollars in currency, which that bank had undoubtedly lost: and she had the evidence at hand, so that any other expert could be convinced of the fact.

This was precisely the amount the bank had recorded on its books, as having been lost by fire.

It was a not-half-bad triumphph for Science, and for the Divine Sex.



November 21—The floods in France began to recede.

British Home Secretary denied petition of Dr Crippen, for a reprieve.

Revolt in Mexico became general, rebels captured a large town.

Serious epidemic of typhoid at United States Naval Academy.

22—Several battles between rebels and Mexican troops in which latter are victorious. British Premier and chief Secretary for Ireland assaulted by suffragettes in London.

President Taft landed at Fort Monroe, finishing his tour of inspection of Panama Canal.

23—Aviator Drexel set a new mark for altitude, by flying 9,970 feet in an aeroplane.

Suffragettes continued their demonstrations at the Parliament buildings in London while the two Houses were in session.

Col. Robert C. Clowry resigned the presidency of the Western Union Telegraph Company, after fortyfour years' service with the Company.

24—The crews of two Brazilian battleships, after mutinying and murdering four officers, offered to surrender; the Senate granted amnesty to them.

Order restored throughout Mexico.

A Pan-American Thanksgiving service, attended by President Taft, members of his Cabinet, and the members of the diplomatic corps, was held in Washington.

25—Twenty suffragettes were sentenced to two months' imprisonment for disorderly conduct, in London.

An American shot to death by a policeman in Mexico City, in revenge for the burning of Antonio Rodriguez.

A series of earthquakes was felt in Spain; no damage was reported.

Officially announced that the population of United States including Philippines and Porto Rico, is 103,992,757.

26—The secretary of a French labor union was convicted and sentenced to death for instigating the murder of a workman who had returned to his work during a strike.

Samuel Gompers reelected president of the American Federation of Labor.

The Pope gave a private audience to "Connie Mack", manager of the Philadelphia American baseball team, and his bride.

27—Engagement took place between Mexican troops and revolutionists, in which the latter were defeated.

Quiet and order restored in Rio de Janeiro.

28—British Parliament dissolved. Gen. Pino Guerva identified his would-be assassin in court at Havana.

United States began suit for dissolution of Sugar Trust.

Gen. Madero, the Mexican revolutionary leader, reported uninjured and rallying his forces.

29—The ship "Terra Nova", bearing the British South Polar expedition, left New Zealand for the Antarctic.

President Taft ordered the members of his Cabinet to make further cuts in department estimates.

The third annual conference of Governors held its first session at Frankfort, Kentucky.

30—The municipality of Brest, France, entertained the officers of fourth division of United States Atlantic fleet.

Band of Russian colonists suffering from Asiatic cholera quarantined at Almena, Wisconsin.

December 1—Porfirio Diaz inaugurated for the eighth time as President of Mexico. President and Mrs. Taft introduced their daughter, Miss Helen Taft, to society, at a White House reception.

Peace and order restored in Macao, a dependency of Portugal in China.

2—Chinese Imperial Senate passed a drastic resolution, favoring the extermination of opium in whole empire.

Officers of American fleet were entertained at the Guildhall, London.

The Navy Department named one of the battleships authorized by last session of Congress, the New York, and the other the Texas.

3—Steps taken by Germany to guard defenses from espionage of aviators.

President Taft appointed Senator Root of

- New York a member of The Hague Tribunal.
- China opened negotiations for a \$25,000,000 loan.
- 4—Portuguese troops attacked rioting strikers at Oporto; several casualties resulted.
- Important measures were taken in China to expand and strengthen the imperial army and navy.
- Twenty lives lost and \$250,000 worth of property destroyed, by floods in the Philippines.
- 5—The Sixtyfirst Congress convened for its final session.
- A strike of the drivers of the delivery-wagons of department stores in Chicago was declared.
- 6—President Taft's message read in both Houses of Congress.
- Inhabitants of Danish West Indies petitioned the Government at Copenhagen to begin negotiations for sale of the islands to United States.
- A committee of French Chamber of Deputies reported in favor of a limited suffrage for women.
- 7—A German aviator carried four passengers in a biplane twice around a field at Johannistal, Germany.
- Miss Helen Taft unveiled the monument to General Baron von Steuben, at Washington.
- The Imperial Supreme Court of Germany ordered the Reichsbank to pay to the Turkish Government \$4,500,000, which was deposited with it by the deposed Sultan, Abdul Hamid.
- 9—Secretary Knox decided to grant the request of Italy to extradite Porter Charlton, who is accused of killing his wife in that country.
- Aviator Legagneux established a new altitude record of 10,499 feet.
- Bedouins massacred one hundred Christians, together with the Turkish garrison, at Kerek, Syria.
- 10—Several persons killed and many wounded during religious riots in Calcutta.
- The public trial of the persons accused of attempt to murder Emperor of Japan began at Tokio.
- Three men hurt by accident on submarine Grampus at Coronado, California.
- 11—Mutiny of Brazilian troops ended with a heavy death list and martial law proclaimed for thirty days.
- A cyclone in Spain killed many people, wrecked vessels, and flooded large areas.
- Jailer at Columbus, Ga., beat off a mob of would-be lynchers, killing one and wounding two; he was severely wounded.
- 12—President Taft nominated Associate-Justice Edward D. White, of Louisiana, to be Chief Justice of Supreme Court.
- 15—The Canadian Council of Agriculture formulated demands for reciprocity with United States.
- Bedouins revolted in Assyria and killed many Turkish troops.
- P. Diaz Corsio, Spanish Consul General at Constantinople, appointed Consul General at New York.
- 16—The Nicaraguan Cabinet resigned; resignation to take effect at close of year.
- Large areas of rural England inundated with floods, caused by recent rains.
- A number of wrecks along the New England coast; life savers and revenue cutter Gresham did excellent service.
- Insurrection in Peru; rebels capture a capital of a provincial district.
- 17—An urgent deficiency bill carrying \$1,000,000 was passed by both Houses of Congress.
- Alberti, former Minister of Justice of Denmark, sentenced to eight years' hard labor for embezzlement.
- Four men killed in a raid on a burglar's headquarters in London.
- 18—Plans were made public for a confederation of Latin American governments to prevent revolutions, by international co-operation.
- Rebels in Honduras displayed great activity.
- Immigration officials searched a Greek liner, in New York, for diseased aliens, supposed to be on board.
- 19—Edward Douglass White was formally elevated from Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of United States to the Chief Justiceship.
- Twenty German officers were selected to instruct the Brazilian army.
- Portugal has invited American bids for battleships.
- 20—United States Senate confirmed Martin Knapp as Chief Judge of the Commerce Court.
- John D. Rockefeller made a final gift of \$10,000,000 to University of Chicago.
- A party of Mormons, who arrived from England, were detained at Portland, Me., pending an investigation of their purpose in coming to United States.



Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

BEARD, JUSTICE W. D.—At Nashville, Tenn., December 7, aged seventythree years. He was born in Princeton, Ky., and educated in Cumberland University. He studied law and joined the Confederate Army at opening of Civil War. At close of war he practiced law and became a leader in that profession. In 1894 he went on the Supreme Bench.

BENEDICT, FRANK LEE—In Philadelphia, December 17, aged seventysix years. He was born in Alexander, N. Y., and educated by private tutors in United States and Europe. He began literary work while a boy, and published a volume of poems when fifteen years old. He wrote many novels of note, as well as poems. He was at times editor of Peterson's and Lippincott's magazines.

BROWN, J. WILLARD—At Stoneham, Mass., December 7, aged seventyone years. He was born in Massachusetts and educated at Amherst College. He served in the Union Army during Civil War. He was organizer and historian of United States Veteran Signal Corps Association. He was department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of Massachusetts at his death.

BUCKHAM, MATTHEW HENRY—At Burlington, Vt., November 29, aged seventy-eight years. He was born in Leicestershire, England, and came to United States in infancy. He was educated at University of Vermont, Dartmouth, and Hamilton. After teaching for a time, he studied abroad, and on his return accepted the chair of Greek in the University of Vermont, becoming its president in 1871, which office he held at his death.

CARLETON, HENRY GUY—At Hot Springs, Ark., aged sixtyfour years. He was born at Fort Union, N. M., and educated at Santa Clara College. He joined the United States army and saw service during two Indian wars. He resigned his commission in 1876 to take up newspaper work as associate editor of "The New Orleans Times." He was at various times connected with leading dailies in Chicago and New York, and was literary editor of "Life" for three years. He began writing plays in 1881, and was a playwright of high rank. He took up electrical work as one of his avocations, and obtained patents on

thirtyfour of his inventions of more or less merit.

CARR, GENERAL EUGENE A.—At Washington, D. C., December 2, aged eighty years. He was born in Erie County, N. Y., and entered military service as a cadet at the age of sixteen. He had a distinguished record in the Civil War, and for gallantry, received a medal of honor from Congress and was made a brigadier general in the army. He was retired in 1893, after thirty-seven years' active service.

COOK, JOEL—In Philadelphia, December 15, aged sixtyeight years. He was born in Philadelphia and educated at University of Pennsylvania. He studied law but never practiced, taking up journalism instead. He was a famous correspondent during the Civil War. He was president of Philadelphia Board of Trade and member of the Board of Education. At time of death he was serving his third term in Congress.

CRUZ, DON ANIBAL—At Washington, December 18, aged fortyfive years. He was born in Chili and educated at University of Chili. He was a lawyer of wide repute and served as Minister of War in the Chilean Cabinet. He represented his country as Minister to United States at time of his death.

DAYTON, JUSTICE CHARLES W.—In New York, December 7, aged sixtyfour years. He was born in Brooklyn and was educated at College of City of New York and Columbia University. He served as postmaster of New York City and was prominent in insurance and banking. In 1904, he was elected a justice of the Supreme Court of New York.

DILL, JUDGE JAMES B.—At East Orange, N. J., December 2, aged fifty-six years. He was born in Spencerport, N. Y., and was educated at Oberlin and Yale. He studied law while teaching, and was admitted to practice in 1878. He was one of the foremost corporation lawyers in the world. He was author of many law books, "Dill on Corporations" being a text book in law schools.

EDDY, MRS. MARY BAKER GLOVER—In Boston, December 4, aged eighty-nine years. She was born at Bow, N. H., and educated in the public schools. During her early life she was an invalid. In 1875 she founded the Christian Science cult, of which she was leader at the time of her

death, and which now numbers millions of members.

FOOTE, WALLACE T.—In New York, December 17, aged fortysix years. He was born at Port Henry, N. Y., and educated at Union College and Columbia Law School. He was an active business man as well as a leading lawyer. He was a member of Congress for two terms.

GOODWIN, RICHARD LA BARRE—At Orange, N. J., aged seventy years. He was born at Albany, N. Y., and received a common school education. He studied portrait-painting under Le Cler, in New York. He left that work and took up painting of landscapes and still life. He produced large quantities of works, of rarest merit, his "Roosevelt's Cabin Door" one of the most famous. He was a Civil War veteran.

HANSON, MAJOR JOHN F.—At Atlanta, Ga., December 15, aged seventy years. He was born in Georgia and attended public schools until nine years old. He served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War and was a strong factor in political circles of the South. He was proprietor and editor of "The Morning Telegraph" of Macon.

HERTER, PROF. CHRISTIAN A.—In New York, December 5, aged fortyfive years. He was educated at Johns Hopkins and finished his studies in Switzerland. He served as professor of pathological chemistry in Columbia University and was visiting physician in several hospitals. President Roosevelt appointed him referee of chemistry to the Agricultural Department.

LETCHWORTH, WILLIAM P.—In Glen Iris, N. Y., December 2, aged eightyseven years. He was born in Brownsville, N. Y. He was educated in schools of Auburn, N. Y. He became interested in philanthropy early in life and devoted much time and money to that work. His writings on care of insane and epileptics are standards. In 1907 he gave Letchworth Park to New York State.

MERRITT, MAJOR GENERAL WESLEY—At Natural Bridge, Va., December 3, aged seventyfour years. He was born in New York City and educated at West Point. He was in active service in the Army from 1860 to 1900. In the Spanish American War he had charge of the land forces in the Philippine campaign.

OZMUN, EDWARD H.—In Constantinople, December 9, aged fiftythree years. He was born in Rochester, Minn., and educated at

University of Wisconsin. He studied law and served as a member of State Board of Examiners and as State Senator in Minnesota. He was United States Consul at Stuttgart, Germany, and at time of death was Consul General at Constantinople.

PERKINS, ELI (MELVILLE D. LANDON) December 16, aged seventyone years. He was a graduate of Union College, a major in the Civil War, a secretary of Cassius M. Clay when he was American Minister to Russia, and for some years a public lecturer in this country. He was author of several books of varying merit.

REED, GEORGE E.—At Bristol, R. I., December 7, aged seventythree. He was one of the crew of the Kearsarge at time of its battle with the Alabama, and was accorded the honor of having first discovered that vessel, off Cherbourg. Reed ran to the officer of the deck and reported, and the Kearsarge was immediately cleared for action. Congress voted him a medal.

REICH, DR. EMIL—In London, December 12, aged fiftysix years. He was born at Eperjes, Hungary, and educated at Prague, Budapest, and Vienna. He was a lecturer and historian of foremost rank. He assisted the English jurists in the settlement of the Venezuela boundary case.

ROSSITER, EDWARD—At Flushing, N. Y., December 11, aged sixtysix years. He was born in St. Louis. He was educated at Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, and at age of fifteen began railroad work: with which he has been identified all his life. He was Vice-President of New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company at time of death.

TREMAIN, GEN. HENRY E.—In New York, December 9, aged seventy years. He was born in New York City and educated at College of City of New York and Columbia Law School. He left school to join the Union Army at the beginning of our Civil War. He served with honor and distinction during the war and was brevetted and awarded a medal by Congress for bravery. At close of war he took up law practice and served as First Assistant United States Attorney. He was founder of "The Daily Law Journal", and one of the founders of the Grand Army of the Republic.

WILLIAMS, BISHOP CHANNING M.—At Richmond, Va., December 2, aged eighty-two years. He was senior bishop of the Episcopal Church in United States. He served as a missionary to Japan, and was Bishop of Japan for many years.



Doings and Undoings.

A third of the cocoanuts come from our own Philippine Islands.

The skaters' drowning-season is in full blast, and numbers are dying that way.

A fifth of the deaths are of children under one year of age, and a fourth of those under five.

It is claimed that Socialists are all the while seeking to take the life of the Emperor of Japan.

Penguin-eggs are bought by the thousand in Cape Colony—having been gathered from near islands.

The deposed Shah of Persia prophesies that a woman will some day be President of United States.

The whale is a very thin-skinned animal—its cuticle sometimes not being thicker than printing-paper.

A Madonna-faced child in Brooklyn sells pictures of the saints, and robs children's savings-banks.

A New York woman attributes her success in training horses, to the power of hypnotizing the animal.

What horse-cars were left in New York City, have been replaced by new ones with storage batteries.

Limestone wool is being utilized abroad for the making of men's clothing. It is made in an electric furnace. Powdered limestone

mixed with certain chemicals is thrown into the furnace, and after passing through a furious air blast it is tossed out as fluffy white wool. When it comes from the furnace it is dyed and made into lengths like cloth.

A cabin, with windows and comfortable sheltering power, has been attached to a French aeroplane.

Marconi can now send wireless messages 6,000 miles: but he is having no end with lawsuits in the courts.

A London dealer in regular skirts has gone into bankruptcy—ruined by the new hobble ones, it is said.

St. Bernard dogs are still employed to pull people out of the snow: but a man generally goes with them nowadays.

Twentyeight aviation-deaths took place during the past year. It costs lives to develop a new method of navigation.

Ohio still has wildcats roaming at large: one was killed, the other day, thirtytwo inches long an nineteen inches high.

The dear old Gulf of Mexico is about to distinguish itself by the large amounts of oil to be produced along its coasts.

Bombs filled with deadly poisonous powder, are now to be exploded in trees, to discourage insects that are devouring them.

Milkmen selling unmixed water for ten cents a can, have enlivened and refreshed one

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA cured by **WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME and SODA** **A Brain, Nerve, Blood and Tissue Builder**

RELIEVES indigestion, QUIETS overworked nerves, MAKES pure, rich, red blood, invigorates and regenerates the whole system, imparting vital strength and energy.

POSITIVELY contains nothing injurious, and being free from Iron, Oil, Syrup and Alcohol does not derange the stomach. The preparation Par Excellence for Weak, Puny children.

PRESCRIBED BY PHYSICIANS to sufferers from Nervous Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Anemia, Neurasthenia, Nervous Diseases, Debility of Old Age, Bronchitis, Consumption and all Throat and Lung troubles.

PRICE \$1.00 per bottle. Express prepaid in the U. S. May we send you our FREE PAMPHLET?

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Have used your Hypophosphites of Manganese for Kidney and Liver Complaints, personally with good results. DR. T. J. WEST.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

of the Massachusetts towns—a drought being on.

Tin is one of the best deadeners of sound, and is being used to line telephone-booths. Occupants of flats might take notice.

Two mammoth war-ships—most powerful in the United States Navy—are to be built. One will be called "Texas"—the other "New York."

Seven whaling companies now occupy sites in the island of South Georgia, where the whole carcass of the whale is converted into oil and fertilizers.

Help is so scarce in some of the Western states, that women hire out to do farm-work. Much of the corn in Indiana has been husked by the gentler sex.

Abolition of queues is being advocated in China, and Pilsen field artillery is adopted. Look out for that yellow race: it has still to be reckoned with.

Two mountains will form sides of the new reservoir that will store water for the city of New York. Seven villages are to be destroyed, 2,900 people exiled to new homes, and thirty-five cemeteries, containing 2,800

bodies, obliterated. The new reservoir will hold one hundred and twenty-seven billion gallons of water.

Iron cloth is largely used today by tailors everywhere for the purpose of making collars of coats sit properly. This cloth is manufactured from steel wool.

One experienced chauffeur, who was once a jeweller, claims that to clean a car after a muddy trip, is almost as hard and delicate work as to clean a watch.

Two Chicago undertakers had a bitter quarrel over who should bury the body of a man that fell dead in a saloon, and nearly came to blows over the remains.

Mrs. Charles B. Morse, wife of the convict-banker, has sent President Taft a petition signed with 50,000 names, asking for the pardon of her husband.

Codfish farming—so to call it—is very profitable off the coast of Norway, and the thrifty natives are taking great pains to encourage the fish's growth.

The age of a fish can be determined with accuracy by inspection of the otoliths or bony concretions which are found in the auditory

THE FAMOUS

Rayo

Lamp

The Rayo Lamp is a high-grade lamp,
sold at a low price.

It gives the white, soft, mellow, diffused light, which is easiest on the eye; and you can use your eyes for hours under Rayo light without eye strain, because there is no flicker. The Rayo Lamp may be lighted without removing shade or chimney. You may pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for lamps other than the Rayo and get more costly decorations, but you cannot get a better light than the low-priced Rayo gives.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

\$3.75 Buys this Handsome
Taffeta Silk Petticoat



CO more fully demonstrate the superior quality and style of our petticoats, we offer this garment at a price just about one-half what you would pay for the same quality at retail.

Remember you buy direct from the mills when you trade with us. There's no middleman's profit to pay, and furthermore we pay all mail or express charges when order is accompanied by cash. Quite a saving to be considered.

Petticoat is made exactly like illustration and comes in Black, Navy Blue, Jasper, Brown, Red, Green or changeable shades of Red and Green, Blue and Green, Brown and Black Red and Black and Green and Black.

Sizes, 38 to 44
ins. long.

A signed registered guarantee with every petticoat.
Better Order To-day

Aetna Silk Mills Co.

48 W. 27th STREET, NEW YORK.

How a Fortune Is Acquired

YOUR own common sense will tell you that no man ever made a fortune except by wise investments, in safe and sound companies.

We have investments that are paying as high as 25 per cent. A small investment now, would yield a handsome yearly income.

Write or phone us and our representative will call or make an appointment. You are under no obligation to buy unless satisfied.

WHITE & CO.,

Investment Brokers.

Suite 1710-1711,

150 Nassau St.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to **EVERY WHERE.**

apparatus. These increase in size during the entire life of the fish, each year adding two layers, a light-colored layer formed in summer and a dark layer formed in autumn and winter.

St. Louis must have been a metropolis of the mound-builders, to say nothing of the Indians, who came after them—judging from the remains still found there.

Fiftythree New York babies who had been orphaned, were adopted as soon as they reached Texas: most of them at Houston, and the remainder at San Antonio.

Smokeless powder is now being manufactured in large quantities by the Mexican government. It is not yet known what other nation they mean to use it upon.

Before the open grave of her mother, directly after the funeral service had been held, a young woman of Ravenna, Ohio, was married to the man of her choice.

Railroad tracks on the same line should be farther apart, it is generally believed: as at present there are sometimes side-collisions with something on one train or the other.

Eight negroes, ex-slaves, led the horses that drew Abraham Lincoln's hearse through Springfield, Ill. The last one living, named Moses Webb, has just died, at Aurora, Ill.

The negro pugilist Jack Johnson seems to be getting into some new private fight nearly all the time—the result of trivial disputes. That appears to be the way he keeps in practice.

Woodrow Wilson, Governor-elect of New Jersey, says: "We have made a mistake in closing our campaigns with each election. We ought to continue them through the year."

The late King of Siam had for a full name Phra Bat Sordeth Phra Chula Paramindr Maha Chulalongkorn Phra Chula Chum Kio Chow Yu Hua, and this does not include his titles.

Tattooing on the skin is still done in New York, but there are only three practitioners in the art. Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, a few Chinamen, and sailors of all countries are the best patrons. Anchors, flowers, snakes, crucifixes, and "the Rock of Ages" are the most favorite designs.

A boy recently handed in the following essay on the making of a British colony: "Africa is a British colony. I will tell you how England does it. First she gets a missionary; when the missionary has found a specially beautiful and fertile tract of country he gets all his people round him and says: 'Let

us pray', and when all the eyes are shut, up goes the British flag."

Ostriches lay the largest eggs of all birds now extant, but the ostrich's egg would have appeared small beside that extinct Madagascar bird, the epyornis, which measured more than thirty inches in its smallest circumference. The smallest birds' eggs are those of the minute species of humming-birds.

The latest illustration of enterprise in Bangkok is the introduction of motor power for fishing boats. Until the present time the Rua Chalom, or big fishing boat, has been generally depended upon for deep-sea fishing; but, with the disadvantages of strong head winds and tide, a large amount of labor was expended, and this, it seems, will soon become a thing of the past.

Cats suffer much in the big cities. The forum of Trajan in Rome was, some years ago, an inclosure for cats that could never climb the walls, and that multiplied there in no very happy circumstances. Now there is a similar prison near the Pantheon. But the worst case of such captivity is in Venice, where wild and savage cats are hemmed in by water in a certain disused cloister.

One cannot do everything: and there was not much literature in Napoleon Bonaparte's make-up, excepting when he was writing press-reports of his own victories, or giving speeches to his army. He says, in one memorandum: "My memory will not store a single Alexandrine verse: but I do not forget one syllable of the regimental returns. I always know where my troops are. I am fond of tragedy; but were all the dramas of the world there, on one side of me, and the regimental returns on the other, I would not so much as glance at the dramas, while every line of my regimental returns would be read with the closest attention."

The old-fashioned notion that a shoe should bring luck at a wedding is a superstition curious to explain. It was in the sense of confirming a sale or exchange that the Jews understood the removal and giving of a shoe or sandal. When the kinsman of Boaz consented to waive his claim upon the parcel of land which Naomi would sell in favor of Boaz, he "drew off his shoe", for "this was a testimony in Israel." In a different sense the removal of a shoe marks the winding up of negotiations among the laws and ordinances given in the Book of Deuteronomy. When the Emperor Vladimir proposed marriage to the daughter of Reginald she refused him with the words: "I will not take off my shoe to the son of a slave." In Anglo-Saxon marriages the bride's father delivered her shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it in token of his authority.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser

If You Have RHEUMATISM

sign and mail this coupon to
MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., Dept. 132 W
Jackson, Mich.

Name.....

Address.....

Return mail will bring you a \$1 Pair of Magic Foot Drafts
to try Free. Read below.

Upon receipt of above coupon we will send you by return mail, prepaid, a regular \$1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, Michigan's Great External Cure for Rheumatism of every kind—chronic or acute—muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, Gout. No matter where the pain or how severe. Then, and only after you have given them a thorough trial and are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us One Dollar. If not, you pay nothing. You decide and we take your word.



FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

Magic Foot Drafts have been sent on approval to many hundreds of thousands, and no one paid us a cent until after trying them. Isn't this evidence that the Drafts are a remarkably certain cure? Surely you cannot go on suffering when such a cure will be sent you to Try Free for simply mailing the above coupon. They are curing even old chronics of 30 and 40 years suffering. Will you try them? Then just mail the coupon with your full address to Magic Draft Co., 132 W. Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send no money—only the coupon. Write to-day.



and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

Are Your Eyes Normal?

If not, the Ideal Sight Restorer will help Nature in a purely natural way to restore their strength and correct the vision.

The Ideal Sight Restorer

The Invaluable Eye Masseur

ITS ACTION

BRIEFLY: *The action of the Ideal Sight Restorer stimulates the eye by restoring the normal circulation of blood*; this is all that weak or slightly affected eyes require.

It also moulds the eye painlessly, yet securely, to its perfect shape, correcting nearsight, farsight, astigmatism and all eye troubles.

If you wear glasses—if your eyes smart or burn—cause headaches—are strained—or become inflamed and weak, send for our free book.



THE NORMAL EYE

ITS SAFETY

The eyes are so delicate, so sensitive, that infinite care must be observed that they be not positively injured by unscientific appliances or treatments which claim to benefit them.

So scientifically perfect, yet so simple is the Ideal Sight Restorer, that thousands have used it with marvelous results during the past nine years, without possibility of the slightest ill effects. Unsolicited letters from them to us prove this to be the fact.

We have prepared an *Illustrated Treatise on the Eyes*, which will be sent you free of any cost and is most interesting. It contains many novel facts and much useful information about the eyes in general; also grateful letters from people of prominence.

Among the many whom the Ideal Sight Restorer has benefited there may be one in your locality who will testify to its unfailing efficiency.

FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE

To show you how much faith we have in the Ideal Sight Restorer and how sure we are that it will correct eye-troubles, we will be glad to send it to you for a 10-day trial.

At the end of that time, if you are willing to part with it, return it to us and you will owe us absolutely nothing.

If we can help you, you want us to do so. If we cannot, we do not want you to purchase.

It cannot do your eyes any harm and it may do them unlimited good—at any rate it costs you nothing to try.

We are willing to take all the risk of offering a trial for 10 days without cost. Are you not willing to write to-day and give us an opportunity to demonstrate the Instrument to your complete satisfaction?

THE IDEAL COMPANY

134 WEST 65th STREET

NEW YORK CITY

FREE TRIAL

THE FOX

THE ONE PERFECT VISIBLE TYPEWRITER

THE FOX—"THE ONE PERFECT VISIBLE TYPEWRITER"—FOR 20 CENTS A DAY! Sent on **FREE TRIAL** to anyone—anywhere—at my expense—to be returned if not better than the best of other makes. If purchased you can pay me a little down after trial and the balance at the rate of 20 cents a day—no payments on Sundays and Holidays.

The Fox's Visible—you do not have to look beneath a lot of moving typebars to see what is written! It has a Back Space Key, Tabulator, Two-Color Ribbon with Automatic Movement and Removable Spools, Interchangeable Carriages and Platens, Card Holder, Stencil Cutting Device, Variable Line Spacer and Line Lock with Key Release. Its Speed is fast enough for the speediest operator or slow enough for the beginner. It is extremely Durable and almost Noiseless.

Will You Do This Now? I want you to fill out the attached coupon and give me a chance to "show you"—at my expense—what I have. Remember, I belong to no trust—no combination—and no one tells me at what price I must sell nor on what terms I must sell.



For 20 Cents a Day!

SEND FOR MY CATALOG, ANYWAY!



W. R. Fox, Pres. Fox Typewriter Co.

Date _____ 191__
W. R. FOX, President, Fox Typewriter Co.,
612-812 Front Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

DEAR SIR: Please send me a copy of your catalog and write me full particulars concerning your "20 cents a day" payment plan on the new Fox Visible Typewriter. It is distinctly understood that the signing of this coupon does not in any way obligate me to purchase, and that no typewriter is to be sent me unless I decide later to order one for free trial.

Name _____
 Address _____
 Business _____

H 15

DO DRUGS CURE?

Having spent fifty years in the drug business, I have had exceptional opportunities to study the action of drugs on thousands of my patrons. Having filled hundreds of thousands of prescriptions from thousands of reputable physicians, and followed the results of their treatment, I can, with all fairness, state that of all medicines administered, at least 50 per cent. are detrimental to the persons using them, 45 per cent. are of little or no benefit, and 5 per cent. are really a benefit and bring about the desired results.

The majority of ailments are common ailments; that is, common to a great number of people. These common ailments may be helped or cured by using in all cases certain medicine or combination of medicines.

My experience of fifty years has enabled me to select a number of formulas which in most all common ailments will bring about a cure. These formulas I have seen used for many years and have known some of them to have been used a hundred years with success.

Among the preparations from a very old formula prepared by me, and which I have seen work wonderful results is

SAMBUOUS SALVE

For Sores and Wounds

\$1.00 box will last for years. Small box 30c in stamps

W. H. HANNAH, Druggist

Brown County

Georgetown, Ohio

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

FREE



STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address

TRIAL OF PLAPAO PLAPAO LABORATORIES, B'k 90 St. Louis

Name.....

Address.....

Return mail will bring Free trial Plapao.....

DENATURED ALCOHOL IN SOLID FORM

Cleveland Special Dispatch.—A well known Wheeling, W. Va., chemist has succeeded in producing chunks of denatured alcohol in crystal form by means of a small infusion of certain acids, whereby crystals of an alkaloidal nature very closely resembling physiologically the effects of ethyl alcohol distilled from sawdust are produced. The method employed and the results obtained are somewhat similar to the crystallizing of rock candy or that of Saccharine; containing as it does 350 times the sweetening strength over that of cane sugar, so this alkaloidal crystallized alcohol contains many times the strength over the ordinary denatured fluid alcohol. They will yield 194 proof denatured alcohol, with a greater heating and cooking power for stoves than gasoline, and it is absolutely non-explosive. A sample can, containing 50 solid cubes, 1 Stove and the secret formula how to make it at home, will be mailed to you postpaid on receipt of \$5.00 Address "CHEMIST",

Care The Wood Waste Distilleries Co., Inc.

Dept. S., Wheeling, W. Va., U. S. A.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser

EVERY WHERE

JANUARY, 1911.

This Magazine was entered at the Post Office in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 13, 1904, as second-class mail matter under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by Every Where Pub. Co.

MAIN OFFICE, 444 GREENE AVENUE, BROOKLYN

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Six months, fifty cents. One year, one dollar. Three years, or three subscriptions for one year, two dollars. Five years, or five subscriptions for one year, three dollars. Subscriptions for the life-time of one subscriber, ten dollars.

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The best way to send remittances for subscriptions is by Post-office or Express Money Order.

A perfectly safe way is to send money by registered letter which costs 8 cents extra.

Postage-stamps of any denomination, to amount of subscription, are accepted in lieu of money

All money-orders and remittances should be addressed to

EVERY WHERE PUB. CO.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

In ordering subscriptions, care should be taken to give subscriber's name and address in full, writing street and number (if any), town or city and state, plainly.

RENEWALS AND CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

In renewing, do not be impatient or "nervous" if there is any delay in changing date on the wrapper; be careful to give exactly the same name and initials as are on the address-slip; otherwise we cannot identify you.

In asking for change of address, state your present one, so that we can find it readily among our many thousands of names. In case you are contemplating removal, send notice as soon as possible, so that you may find the next Every Where awaiting you in your new home.

DEALINGS WITH MANUSCRIPT.

We receive thousands of literary contributions in the course of a year, but can accept only those peculiarly well adapted to the general trend of our Magazine. They are all carefully examined and returned if not used, when accompanied by a postpaid envelope bearing the author's address.

and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

Philosophy and Humor.

AT RENO.

He—Quite a bore; this play!
She—Just so; the women seem to love their own husbands.

A LEGAL WARNING.

"Had any sausages lately?"
"No; the man I used to buy them of, has been arrested for cruelty to animals."

A QUESTION OF SURVIVAL.

The Barber—Shall I go over your face twice?
The Patron—Yes, if there's any left.

LATTER PREFERRED.

She—It must be fine to sing in the glee club.
He—It ought to be fine or imprisonment.

LOOKING AHEAD.

Old Maid—Why should I want a husband? I have a cat that stays out all night.
Matron—Yes; but you won't be a widow till he loses all his nine lives.

VICTORY WITH AN ADJECTIVE.

"No, I can't never be your wife."
"What? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?"
She succumbed.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

Citymutt—Do you have electricity in Stay-hurst?
Subdub—Yes, when there's a thunderstorm.

SEARCHING FOR REASONS.

"I wonder why that automobile ran so close to the curb?"
"I don't know. Did you see any people there?"

THE GRUMBLING SEX.

"Did Hardlucke bear his misfortune like a man?"
"Exactly like one. He blamed it all on his wife."

QUERY CONCERNING BILTER.

Bilter says he is waked up every morning at four.
"What does he keep—a rooster, a baby, or a grandpa?"

THE TOURIST'S RETURN.

He—Yes, I spent six weeks in the mountains of Switzerland last summer for the benefit of my health.
She—They say people unaccustomed to

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If You Have Money You Want to Invest

WHERE It Will Be Safe,

WHERE It Will Earn the Largest
Possible Amount Consistent
With Safety,

WHERE the Plan is Co-operative
and Already Has Enlisted Hun-
dreds of Members,

WHERE You Can Make Fullest
Investigation at Any Time,

WHERE Every Stockholder Has
Received Four Per Cent. Every
Six Months on Every Dollar
He Has Invested,

WHERE the Business Conducted
is Strictly First Class, and in
Which Any Person Might Be
Proud to Engage, We Can
Advise You.

WRITE us and we will send you full par-
ticulars how you can join us. Address.

EVERY WHERE PUB. CO.

BROOKLYN

NEW YORK
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BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

WE MANUFACTURE AND SELL ARTIFICIAL LIMBS AND APPLIANCES

They are a perfect imitation of Nature's handiwork.

Our ARTIFICIAL LIMBS defy deflection. Will last a life-time.

Perfect in mechanical construction. A remarkable reproduction of natural models.

Send postal for free descriptive booklet, and testimonials from grateful and satisfied patrons.

LAWRENCE BROS.

137 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

WANTED.

WANTED the services of a representative to look after our old customers and prospective buyers of our Modern Simple Tax-free Industrial Alcohol Distilling Apparatus, by special successful demonstrative methods for making Alcohol, Apple Jack, Aguardiente, Mescal, Tequila, Peach Brandy, Solidified Alcohol in Cubes, Denatured Alcohol. Most modern simple 5 Gal. Still and all Sizes to 500 Gal. daily Capacities. Good Commission. Address **THE WOOD WASTE DISTILLERIES CO., Inc.**, Wheeling, W. Va., U. S. A.

The Knead-Klean Bread Roll

Patented Dec. 14, 1909



Do you know that your pies or biscuit can be moulded ready for the oven in the time you now take to prepare your kneading board, and without the cleaning up afterwards? Send postal for my circular describing the **Knead-Klean Bread Roll** and learn how. A perfect kneading surface and rolling pin always ready for immediate use. Rolls up to put away like music roll, dust and dirt.

proof. Price, complete \$1.00, post-paid. Money returned after a weeks trial if not satisfied. Peter S. Wood, Burton, Wash., Sole Maker.

"Washclean Washes Clothes Without Rubbing"

LADIES: Greatest Labor Saver ever invented. Non-injurious to clothes or hands. Send 10 cents for trial package. Postpaid. Dept. 10. **NIXON-BROSIOUS CO., BOONVILLE, MO.**

the high altitudes find it difficult to breathe there. Do you find it so?

He—Not at first. But when the hotel proprietor presented his bill it nearly took my breath away.

NOTHING WITHOUT USE.

Diner—Waiter, this knife is blunt and the steak is like leather.

Waiter—Yessir: do nicely for stropping the knife on, sir.

PA HAD LOOKED.

"Pa, what is the submerged tenth?"

"Oh—er, it probably refers to the portion of the fashionable bather that gets in the water."

THE PROFLIGATE'S LITTLE JOKE.

"When did you contract all your bad habits?"

"I didn't contract them. I expanded them."

THE RETORT BACCHANALIAN.

Wife—Don't you know that drink drives a man to the devil?

Hubby—Thatsh ri! Should never have—hic—married you if I hadn't been drunk.

PA'S REASON.

Little Willie—Say, pa, why do they stamp eagles on our coins?

Pa—Probably as an emblem of their swift flight, my son.

THE WARRIOR AND THE HEN.

Teacher (to new pupil)—Why did Hannibal cross the Alps, my little man?

My Little Man—For the same reason as the hen crossed th' road.

AN EVEN RECORD.

The Man—A good canoeist? Well, I guess I am! Only tipped over twice in my life.

The Maid—How many times have you been out?

The Man—Twice.

IT COMES HIGH.

"Here's \$10. When I finish my speech I want your gang to raise pandemonium."

"Ten dollars won't hire but ten men, boss. You can't expect much pandemonium from that many."

AN "IDIOTISM."

A Frenchman, thought he had a very fair knowledge of English, nevertheless said to a father:

"Aha! Your son he resemble you. A chip off the old blockhead!"

ORIENTAL PATIENCE.

A party of East Indian natives were found sitting in a row on the platform of a station

after the train had left, and being asked the reason, one of the men replied: "Oh, sahib, we are waiting till the tickets are cheaper."

SPECIAL TRIP.

"So you are going to Europe? How long do you expect to remain over there?"

"Just long enough to send postal cards to all the people I know and get my satchel covered with labels."

PATERNAL AFFECTION.

First Beggar—What are you doing here, Pete? I thought your stand was on the bridge.

Second Beggar—Oh, I gave that to my son as a wedding present.

NOT BUYING.

"Please, ma'am," said the servant, "there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs."

"Why, Mary," answered the mistress, in a reproving tone, "what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."

THE JONESES SCORE.

Miss Smith—I always think of all the mean things I have said during the day before I fall asleep at night.

Miss Jones—My! How long have you been afflicted with this insomnia?

A PRECOCIOUS MATHEMATICIAN.

"What do you expect to be when you become of age, my little man?" asked the visitor.

"Twenty-one, sir," was the ingenuous reply.

TOO BUSY FOR SENTIMENT.

"Didn't that man who rescued you in the surf last summer want to marry you?"

"I don't think he did. They told me he was drunk for two weeks on the \$50 I gave him."

A DISEASE-FAMINE.

"I see the drug-store is advertising bargains in patent medicines to-day."

"Is that so? Well, that's too aggravating! And there isn't anything the matter with any of us!"

SOME SMALL GAIN.

Wife—I don't see how you can be so optimistic over the high cost of living.

Husband—You don't, eh? Well, if it keeps up much longer my indigestion will be entirely cured.

SHOULD BE PALMS UP.

"I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel 'The Palms.' Do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place."

"You'll see them before you go. It's a

PILES

Let Us Send You Our \$1.00 3-Fold Absorption Cure TO TRY FREE

JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON

We want to send every sufferer from this cruel affliction our \$1.3-fold absorption Cure to TRY FREE. Don't neglect yourself; for a true case of Piles never cures itself, and the penalty for delay is often severe.



Write us now.

When the treatment comes, try it—you'll be surprised to see how easy and pleasant it is to use—and then, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, keep your money. You decide and we take your word. Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Treatment has cured many thousands of pitiful cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the milder stages. No knife, no pain, but quick and lasting relief and cure. The above offer means that we stand ready to convince any sufferer, at our own cost, that Dr. Van Vleck's is the long sought and true cure for one of the worst curses of the human race. Let us convince you.



Mail This \$1.00 Coupon

to Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. 134 W, Jackson, Mich., with these lines plainly filled in:

Name _____

Address _____

This Coupon is good for a \$1 Treatment TO TRY FREE, as explained above

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

Will Carleton Post Cards

Finely Printed, Handsomely Designed, on Coated Board.

We have had so many inquiries for Will Carleton post cards that we have manufactured a set of eight, each one having a gem of verse or prose from this famous author.

They have a portrait of Mr. Carleton with his autograph printed underneath. They are the most distinctive cards made. New, unique, and characteristic.

The set includes: "A Chapter on Words", "Song of Thanksgiving", "Matrimonial Suggestions", "One and Two", "A Chapter on Advice", "A Chapter on Fools", "Will Carleton's Birthplace", "Advice to Beginners."

We will send them, postpaid, as follows: One card five cents, three cards ten cents, eight cards 20 cents, twenty-five 50 cents. You may select them as desired. Write the names of those you want and the number of each kind.

Send stamps, or coin.

SPECIAL OFFER:

For one dollar we will send you EVERY WHERE for one year and send you two complete sets of the above cards.

ADDRESS

Every Where Pub. Co
BROOKLYN
NEW YORK

pleasant little surprise the waiters keep for the guests on the last day of their stay."

A LOW-DOWN PUN.

Lady Shopper—I am looking for a suitable Christmas present for a gentleman.

Clerk—What is your friend's occupation?

Lady Shopper—He is an undertaker.

Clerk—An undertaker. Let me show you a nice berry-set.

FORCE OF HABIT.

"How do you wish your portrait—in oil, sepia, crayon or water colors?" the artist asked of the cabinet officer who was being investigated.

"I think I'll have it in white-wash," the official answered, promptly.

WAS WIFEY ALL RIGHT.

Stenographer—Your wife called this morning while you were out.

Boss—How do you know that she was my wife?

Stenographer—She looked at me like an actress looks at a hated rival on the stage.

HAD EXPERIENCE.

"That umpire", remarked the stranger in the grandstand, "doesn't seem to be popular with the crowd."

"Oh, he doesn't mind a little thing like that," rejoined the native. "He was formerly a government weather forecaster."

NOT ETHEREAL KIND.

Tourist—What a lovely bird that is singing.

Milkmaid—Yes, it be.

Tourist—I suppose you're fond of birds?

Milkmaid—Yes, I be.

Tourist—Which do you love best?

Milkmaid—Roast guse, wi' plenty of onions.

JACK'S BLUFF.

Mrs. Potter—Well, I wonder what kept you out all night this time.

Jack Potter—I sat up with a sick friend.

Mrs. Potter—What was his complaint?

Mr. Potter—He complained that the rest of us cheated him.

DICTIONARY LORE.

A newly made magistrate was gravely absorbed in a formidable document. Raising his keen eyes, he said to the man who stood patiently awaiting the award of justice: "Officer, what is this man charged with?"



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1901 Bicycle. Write for special offer.

We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL and prepay freight on every bicycle.

FACTORY PRICES on bicycles, tires and sundries. Do not buy until you receive our catalog and learn our unheard of prices and marvelous special offer. Tires, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, *half prices*. **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 5361 Chicago, Ill**

"Bigotry, your worship. He's got three wives", replied the officer.

The new justice rested his elbows on the desk and placed his fingertips together. "Officer," he said, somewhat sternly, "what's the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all the technical classes, and what not? Please remember, in any future like case that a man who has married three wives has not committed bigotry, but trigonometry. Proceed."

INKEM'S LITERARY IDEA.

"Yes, Inkem got up a summer novel that immediately became a best seller."

"That so? Something new in the plot?"

"No, but when he came to the page where he describes the looks of the heroine he had his publisher insert a mirror."

PHILOSOPHIC.

"Were you angry when that man sat on your new silk hat?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "It was too modern and shiny, anyhow. A silk hat doesn't look as if it belonged to a real statesman until it has been blocked and ironed a few times."

UNSEEN ACTOR.

Bumptious Amateur—You've seen me act once, Miss Frivol. What part should you cast for me if you had to stage-manage a play?

Miss Frivol—Well, with a little study, you would be immensely successful as "Knock Without."

THE LADY'S PUN.

"Will you post this letter?" said the lady in the end seat at the theatre to the man who was crowding by her.

"Certainly, ma'am. But why do you ask me?" inquired the man.

"Because you seem to be the first outgoing male."

EVERY WHERE acknowledges obligations for the above jokes to the following contemporaries: *Boston Globe*, *N. Y. Tribune*, *N. Y. World*, *Puck*, *Judge*, *Punch*, *Detroit Free Press*, *Boston Transcript*, *Newark Star*, *Tit Bits*, *Houston Post*, *Toledo Blade*, *Life*, *Comic Cuts*, *St. Louis Star*, *N. Y. Sun*, and *Courier Journal*.

EMBOSSSED CALLING CARDS

[The Card of Excellence] Your name, (one line) in any style lettering, Old English—Script—Roman—Gothic or Shaded Lettering. For \$1.00 in cash or M. O. we send 100 of these Favorite Cards postpaid to any place in the world. Order to-day.

Continental Embossing Co., Dept. 9.

Crookston, Minn.

WANTED—Manuscripts suitable for trade-journals also short stories and essays. *Miller's Literary Agency*, FreeLandville, Ind.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 4557 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

Free Book on Hypnotism

YOU MAY BECOME A HYPNOTIST

Not a Natural Gift. Anyone of Ordinary Intelligence Can Master This Wonder-Science



It takes but a few hours' time and the study is both easy and fascinating. Learn to control others. The surest passport to health, wealth and happiness. Hypnotism cures all cases and had hundreds of amazing things that others cannot do and surprise all your friends and make yourself famous. As a professional Hypnotist you can make big money giving entertainments and teaching the art to others. Investigate NOW. Success sure. Very low cost. Write for free illustrated booklet on Hypnotism, Magnetic Healing, Personal Magnetism, and other occult sciences. Address M. D. BETTS, Dept. 61 JACKSON, MICH.

and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of female weakness or diseases so common to women.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free. Address, MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box C 205, JOLIET, ILLINOIS



A LIVING from POULTRY

\$1,300 from 60 Hens in Ten Months on a City Lot 40 feet Square.

To the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1,500 poultry business with sixty hens on a corner in the city garden, 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. IT WOULD NOT SEEM POSSIBLE TO GET SUCH RETURNS by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it is an easy matter when the new PHILO SYSTEM is adopted.

The Philo System is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry and in many respects just the

reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg, and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

Two Pound Broilers in Eight Weeks are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here three cents per pound above the highest market price.

Our Six-months-old Pullets Are Laying at the Rate of Twenty-four Eggs Each per Month in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using. Our new book, the PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

Don't Let the Chicks Die in the Shell. One of our secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

Chicken Feed at 15 Cents a Bushel. Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply, any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

Our New Brooder Saves Two Cents on Each Chicken. No lamp required. No danger of chilling, overheating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER—Send \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Poultry Review and we will send a copy of the Philo System Book FREE.

E. N. PHILO, 2582 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

The Mystery of Results

IS ADVERTISING A GAMBLE?

HOW often have you heard an advertiser, prompted by some unexpected success or failure, say something like this, "Well, after all, advertising is just a gamble."

This is not true. There is some rational explanation for every success and every failure, if we can only find it. And that is the business of an advertising agency—to draw from experience the capacity to analyze particular business problems, as they bear upon the question of the value of advertising. And particularly to grow the capacity to measure the somewhat eccentric course that the results in advertising so often take.

Can this be done? We think so.

It is said that the most valuable single quality in a salesman is his knowledge of human nature. The same thing holds good in that salesmanship on paper dealing with human nature "en masse," which we call advertising. When a man undertakes this kind of selling, the most important thing for him to keep in mind is, that his tendency is always toward mechanical methods. A certain method used in a certain place produced certain results, therefore it ought to be used again. The plan hardens into a convention and much time and money are wasted before it is discovered to be out of touch with life. Life is a much more changeable thing than our theories about it.

A certain teacher was once instructing a class of small boys in that exact science called arithmetic. They were in problems of addition. Johnnie was having difficulty in grasping the abstract process of adding one and one, when the teacher, with some impatience, concluded to be concrete, and said, "Johnnie, don't be stupid. If you had one sled and your father gave you another sled, you'd have two sleds, wouldn't you?"

"No," said Johnnie, "I'd have a double runner."

Not always does one and one make two.

There is an axiom in geometry that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. But in life, the longest way 'round is sometimes the quickest way home. By chemistry you can reproduce from coal tar a synthetic salicylic acid which no chemist, by analysis, can detect from that which is made from the bark of a willow tree, and yet the latter will cure rheumatism and the other won't.

Good advertising is built, not in the laboratory or the school-room, but where men keep in touch with the changing needs and moods of real life. It comes from men who know that one sled added to the one Johnnie already has, will not result in that dull and prosaic "two sleds," but in that much more exciting thing, a "double runner." It comes from men who know that very often in dealing with men, you had much better go 'round a hill than dig through it.

Good, result-getting advertising is, I believe, advertising that is constructed by men who consider knowledge of human nature of more importance than the ordinary technique of the advertising business.

The ordinary advertising writer, called upon to sell sleds to boys who already have sleds, would expatiate upon the beauty—the smartness—the speed of the new sled. There would be introduced a picture of a race between two boys on sleds with "our" sled in the lead. The advertisement would probably be a joy to the agency and look like a sure thing for the sled-maker. But for results, there would be a "frost" and the familiar complaint from the manufacturer: "Advertising is a gamble."

What would the other man do? He'd know about this "double runner" ambition of every normal boy and, in place of trying to get the boy to buy a new sled, he would show him how, with another sled, he could make a "double runner." Result: the manufacturer is swamped with orders. But like the first man, he would look bewildered and say, "Advertising is just a gamble."

But it is not. One advertising writer knew sleds but the other knew sleds and the boys who ride the sleds.

It is this element which often explains the pulling power of an advertisement, which, from every theoretical point of view, makes a poor showing.

In this agency, we try to subordinate theories to the more fundamental thing of keeping in touch with life and so lessen the chances of having the matter of results from advertising, "a gamble."

If you are an advertiser who has had an experience with the "gamble" kind of advertising, wouldn't it be well to try the other kind by sending for me?

HENRY KING HANNAH, Advertising

277 BROADWAY NEW YORK

High Class Talent For All Occasions

A PARTIAL LIST FOR 1911-12

MR. WILL CARLETON

Editor, Orator, and Poet: author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Festivals," etc., etc. His magnetic presence and wonderful diction have won him the highest place on the platform.

REV. CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, a world-renowned traveler and lecturer. His famous lecture, "How Uncle Tom's Cabin Was Written," is illustrated by more than a hundred pictures.

MR. ANTHONY FIALA

The only Arctic explorer now available upon the platform. Two years in the frozen North. Lecture illustrated by the only moving pictures ever taken in the Polar Regions.

MR. EDGAR JUDSON EBBELLS

Reader, Impersonator and Interpreter. For years the best known reader of Shakespeare, Browning, Kipling, etc., etc. Endorsed by all classes, and appeals especially to cultured people.

REV. ISAAC M. FOSTER

Minister, Lecturer and Orator. Past-Chaplain-in-chief of the G. A. R. Captured and imprisoned by the Confederates. His "Life in Confederate Prisons" makes him the legitimate successor of Bishop McCabe.

PROF. S. L. JOSHI

Acknowledged authority on India and the East. Represented India in the Peace Conference. His lectures are acknowledged the best on the subjects he treats.

MR. RAYMOND WESLEY CHASE

Dramatic Interpreter of High-class Literature and Dramas. Foremost in his chosen field. Especially fitted for club, church, and social entertainments.

We shall be pleased to send you full particulars, together with circulars, on request.

This is only a partial list. If you want ANY first class talent, write us, and we will give you terms and dates.

GLOBE LITERARY BUREAU

150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY

The Life=Tube

ITS USE INDISPENSABLE

One of the Greatest Aids to Perfect Health

SINGERS USE IT.—It increases the range of the voice, and gives strength and richness to the tones.

CLERGYMEN USE IT.—It makes the voice strong, resonant and powerful. Enables the user to speak continuously, with little effort and no loss of strength.

ELOCUTIONISTS USE IT.—It gives a depth and power to the expression that is the life of oratorical interpretation.

ALL PERSONS who desire strong lungs and freedom from all throat and pulmonary troubles should use it.

PREVENTS colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, hoarseness, dryness of the throat or vocal cords, catarrh, consumption, and all diseases of the lungs.

GIVES the user all the benefit that comes from living in high latitudes. All persons affected with any trouble of the lungs can be helped and in most cases permanently relieved. It is simple and can be used at any time or place. Sleeplessness, indigestion, and all ills arising from lack of oxygenizing the blood, prevented. No medicine, no change of air, no inconvenience.

For years this method was a most expensive treatment. Exorbitant prices were paid for it and its use was thus restricted to those who could afford to pay well for it.

We have thousands of testimonials and can furnish them if desired. We believe, however, that the *best* endorsement is its *use*.

This month we will send, free on trial, to the first fifty who send us the coupon below, a *complete outfit*. Use it one month and if not satisfactory return to us. It will cost you nothing. If, after using it *one month*, you want to keep it, send us one dollar. Fill out the attached order and mail promptly to us, so you may be among the first fifty.

.....191

AMERICAN HEALTH CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Please send me as per above offer One *Life-Tube Outfit with complete* directions for its use. I agree to give it a thorough trial for one month, and then to return the outfit to you, or send you the special introductory price of one dollar.

Signed.....

Town..... State.....

Intending purchasers
of a *strictly first-*
class Piano
should
not fail
to exam-
ine the
merits
of



THE WORLD RENOWNED

SOHMER

It is the special favorite of the refined and cultured musical public on account of its unsurpassed tone-quality, unequalled durability, elegance of design and finish. Catalogue mailed on application.

THE SOHMER-CECILIAN INSIDE PLAYER
SURPASSES ALL OTHERS

Favorable Terms to Responsible Parties

SOHMER & COMPANY
325-326 Ave., Cor. 32d St. NEW YORK

HIGHEST in
QUALITY
SMOOTHNESS
and FLAVOR

Kuyler's
CHOCOLATES of RARE
QUALITY

HIGHEST in QUALITY
and FLAVOR

Bradley & Smith's BRUSHES

The New York Business
Directory for 1860

Under the heading,

"Brush Manufacturers,"

gave the address of

BRADLEY & SMITH

251 PEARL STREET

Trow's Directory for 1910

shows

BRADLEY & SMITH

AT THE SAME LOCATION

Pears'

Don't simply
"get a cake of soap."
Get *good* soap. Ask
for Pears' and you
have pure soap.
Then bathing will
mean more than
mere cleanliness; it
will be luxury at
trifling cost.

Sales increasing since 1789.

have been established over 60 years. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSC piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your home free

VOSC PIANOS

FEBRUARY, 1917

EVERY WHERE

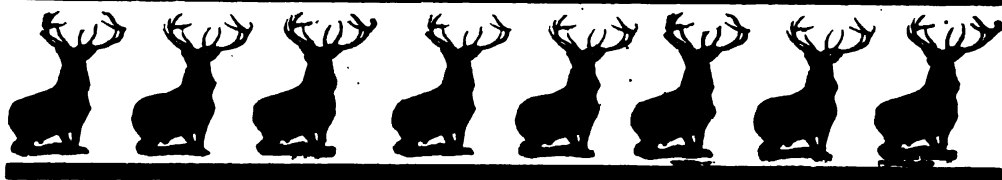
CONDUCTED

BY

WILL

CARLETON

PRICE 10 CENTS



The Fire Insurance Standard

THE fact that agents and brokers everywhere are pushing other companies with the argument that they are "just as good as the Hartford," shows that a **Hartford** policy has become the standard fire insurance policy of America. When that policy, by which other companies are measured, can be had without extra cost, is it not wisdom to insist on having the standard policy itself?

That the **Hartford** has become the standard is because

1. It does the largest business.
2. It has paid the biggest losses.
3. Its assets and surplus are larger than ever.
4. It is more than 100 years old.
5. It is the best known company.
6. It is fair in settlements.
7. It is prompt in payment.

When you need fire insurance ask your agent or broker to get you a policy in the **Hartford**. If he tells you he can get you a policy "just as good as the Hartford," ask him why you cannot have the **Hartford**. Sometimes it may take a little effort, but you can get what you want if you

Insist on the Hartford

AGENTS EVERYWHERE



EVERY WHERE

CONDUCTED BY

WILL CARLETON

VOLUME XXVII

FEBRUARY, 1911

NUMBER VI

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MAIN OFFICE: 444 GREENE AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS: 150 NASSAU STREET, MANHATTAN

COMPOSING AND PRESS-ROOMS 15 VANDEWATER ST., MANHATTAN

CLASSIFIED PROFITABLE ADVERTISING

3c. A WORD
**A Department for the Use of
EVERY WHERE READERS**
3c. A WORD
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

LEARN WIRELESS AND R. R. TELEGRAPHY!—Shortage of fully 10,000 Operators on account of 8-hour law and extensive "wireless" developments. We operate under direct supervision of Telegraph Officials and positively place all students, when qualified. Write for catalogue. **NAT'L TELEGRAPH INST.**, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Memphis, Davenport, Ia., Columbia, S. C., Portland, Ore.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED.—Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big-paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address **E. R. Marden, Pres. The Nat'l Co-op. Real Estate Co., Suite 177, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.**

SECRET—SIMPLE—SCIENTIFIC—A Secret method of writing easy to learn but impossible to dissolve without Key. Full instructions and key to this wonderful system sent sealed 25 cents. IGNATIUS ZEHREN, 1910 E. Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ATTENTION.—Twelve beautiful address cards for ten cents. Stamps or coin. Write to-day. **L. A. PRAMER, 11 Lorraine St., Plattsburg, N. Y.**

WE are selling small farms in New Jersey on installments of cash. Very desirable locations, near to good markets and in excellent condition. Send for our prospectus, which will give you full information. SOUTH JERSEY FARMS CO., 150 Nassau Street, New York.

WE can show you how to turn your waste farm products into money. This is a chance that you should not miss. Send at once for our method. Testimonials and full particulars will be mailed to you on receipt of card. CHEMIST, Wheeling, W. Va., Wood Waste Distilleries Co.

WE would like to send you our list of investments. We know we have something that you will want. Send postal to WHITE & CO., 150 Nassau Street, New York.

WILL CARLETON POST CARDS.—Set of eight. New, unique, characteristic. All have Carleton portrait, with autograph. A gem of verse or prose from this famous author. Complete set for 20c. Agents wanted. **EVERY WHERE PUB. CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

WOMEN'S GARMENTS A SPECIALTY.—We guarantee every garment bought from us. If not exactly as represented, you get your money back. Registered guarantee goes with every order. Catalogue on request. **AETNA SILK MILLS CO., 48 W. 37th St., New York.**

Readers will oblige both the advertiser

TOILET ARTICLES.

THE NAME OF PEARS' IMPRESSED on soap for the Bath is a guarantee of quality. It is probably the most largely used soap on sale in the Drug Store.

A TUBE OF DENTACURA TOOTH PASTE sent for two-cent stamp. Delightful for cleansing the teeth. Address **DENTACURA CO., 88 Ailing St., Newark, N. J.**

ORYSIS SACHET PERFUME. Dainty, refined, lasting. Unsurpassed for Clothing, Handbags, Handkerchief Boxes, etc. Package dime. **ELSEY COMPANY, Dept. 22, Aurora, Ill.**

MEDICAL.

TO THOSE HARD OF HEARING.—An efficient aid, sent for trial, no expense, no risk, no contract, no money, unless device be kept. Address **C. P. TIEMANN & CO., 107 Park Row, New York.**

THE LIFE-TUBE positively prevents consumption, pneumonia, colds, bronchitis, and all throat, nose, or lung troubles. Free outfit sent on request. Read advertisement on other page. **AMERICAN HEALTH CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

SUFFERERS of weak and disordered stomachs will find relief—by using the marvelous WITTER MEDICAL SPRINGS WATER. It's a positive cure. Doctors recommend it. Greatest discovery of the age: thousands have been healed. It will pay to investigate. Send for references. If your druggist does not keep it, send to **C. F. HANSON, Gen. Agt., Worcester, Mass. Agents Wanted.**

HOUSEHOLD.

BRADLEY AND SMITH BRUSHES can be relied on for their quality of material, the length of time they will wear, and the high class work as a result of their use. When buying brushes insist upon being given an opportunity to purchase the Bradley and Smith product.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MANUSCRIPTS read, revised, and prepared for submitting to editors. New plan and methods. Full particulars on request. **GLOBE LITERARY BUREAU, 150 Nassau Street, New York.**

EVERY one knows the Sohmer Piano. If you want a thoroughly satisfactory instrument, one of which you will be proud, consult our representative in your locality. Or send for our latest catalogue. Terms as reasonable as any other manufacturer. **SOHMER & CO., 315 Fifth Ave., New York.**

YOU can get a handsome calendar free by sending the name of your insurance agent, and the time that your policy expires, to the Hartford Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn., and mentioning where you saw this offer. HARTFORD INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

and us by referring to **EVERY WHERE**

Dramas and Farces

BY WILL CARLETON

Written in his best style, glistening with wit, sparkling with humor, glowing with feeling.

Adapted for the use of clubs, schools and churches—highest moral tone, sturdy common sense. Poems in prose. Produced at the Waldorf-Astoria and other places, with immense success.

ARNOLD AND TALLEYRAND

A historical play in two acts. Comedy and pathos combined with stirring lines and dramatic situations to make an excellent production for church, school, or club. Three male and three female characters.

THE BURGLAR-BRACELETS

A farce in one act. Unique situations, sparkling dialogue. Two male and two female characters. Adapted for churches, clubs or associations.

TAINTED MONEY

A drama from real life, in one act. Two male and two female characters. Especially suited to clubs and organizations.

THE DUKE AND THE KING

A dramaette, portraying a touching incident of college life. For two male and two female characters. Recommended to schools, churches and clubs.

LOWER THIRTEEN

A farce. Humorous. Unexpected developments. Cleverly entertaining. A great success wherever presented.

We will give you the right to produce any of these and furnish a copy for each part and one for the prompter for FIVE DOLLARS. Copy of any one of the above for examination, sent postpaid for 25 cents.

Full directions concerning stage setting, costumes and acting. No need of a special instructor.

Get a drama by an author whose fame will help you get an audience. You can make a big profit by producing one or more.

Address

GLOBE LITERARY BUREAU

150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

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HORACE GREELEY IN MANHOOD.

The Coming of Greeley.

BY WILL CARLETON.

'TWAS a day of summer quiet in the dusty village street;
All the chair-haunts were deserted where the gossips loved
to meet;
Scarce a letter made its exit from the small postoffice door,
And a lonely clock was ticking in the crude old country store.
All the market day's ambition back to farming lands had gone,
And the sleepy dwelling-houses seemed to struggle with a yawn.
'Twas not quite a time for banners of success to be unfurled,
Or to look for an invasion from a leader of the world.

Look! into the street there enters one whose widely-spoken name
Soon will light this modest village with the starlit torch of fame!
There is with you one whom Heaven has intended as a seer—
One whose words of honest wisdom all the world will stop to hear;
Who will hold the thoughts of thousands in the hollow of his hand—
Who will smite with leaden gauntlets one great Evil of the Land;
One whose words of sturdy wisdom will be read by night and day,
Wheresoe'er The Star-strown Language has pursued its gleaming
way;
Who in many a hut and palace will become an honor-guest,
As he runs the blade of wisdom round the Ulcer of the West.

Throng the streets, O sleuths of wonders! here is something grand
to see;
What a prince of stately presence must this potentary be!
He has come with milk-white horses and gold harness on them
spread?
There are music-masters playing—there are banners o'erhead?
There are trumpets singing triumph from their bold and brazen
lungs?
There are drum-heads swiftly rolling music-morsels 'neath their
tongues?
There are soldiers marching bravely, through the village up and
down,
Fiercely guarding with drawn weapons o'er a never-threatened
town?

All at once from bonds of quiet, claims the thoroughfare release,
And the windows all are glowing with the battle-flags of peace?

No: this hero of the future has no splendors to employ:
He is not a princely ruler, but a poor and lonely boy.
From the far-off country-regions, he has struggled here alone,
To make good the high ambition that his heart so long has known.
There is lack of preparation—there is negligence to spare,
From his worn and dusty foot-gear, to his tangled flaxen hair;
There is lack of boyish beauty, and of studied city grace,
From the hard rough hands beside him, to the freckles in his face.
But a dogged resolution will not let his courage fail,
And his valiant heart keeps saying, "I will conquer and prevail!"
Did he conquer?—let the chapters of his brave life make reply:
For the boyish village printer won a name that will not die.

Horace Greeley's Only Love Poem.

THEY deem me cold, the thoughtless and light-hearted,
In that I worship not at beauty's shrine;
They deem me cold, that through the years departed,
I ne'er have bowed me to some form divine.
They deem me proud, that, where the world hath flattered,
I ne'er have knelt to languish or adore;
They think not that the homage idly scattered
Leaves the heart bankrupt, ere its spring is o'er.

No! in my soul there glows but one bright vision,
And o'er my heart there rules but one fond spell,
Bright'ning my hours of sleep with dreams Elysian
Of one unseen, yet loved, aye cherished well;
Unseen? Ah! no; her presence round me lingers,
Chasing each wayward thought that tempts to rove;
Weaving Affection's web with fairy fingers,
And waking thoughts of purity and love.

Star of my heaven! thy beams shall guide me ever,
Though clouds obscure, and thorns bestrew my path;
As sweeps my bark adown life's arrowy river
Thy angel smile shall soothe misfortune's wrath;
And ah! should Fate ere speed her deadliest arrow,
Should vice allure to plunge in her dark sea,

Be this the only shield my soul shall borrow—
One glance to Heaven—one burning thought of thee!

I ne'er on earth may gaze on those bright features,
Nor drink the light of that soul-beaming eye;
But wander on 'mid earth's unthinking creatures,
Unloved in life, and unlamented die;
But ne'er shall fade the spell thou weavest o'er me,
Nor fail the star that lights my lonely way;
Still shall the night's fond dreams that light restore me,
Though Fate forbid its gentler beams by day.

I have not dreamed that gold or gems adorn thee—
That Flatt'ry's voice may vaunt thy matchless form;
I little reck that worldlings all may scorn thee,
Be but thy SOUL still pure, thy feelings warm;
Be thine bright Intellect's unfading treasures,
And Poesy's more deeply-hallowed spell,
And Faith the zest which heightens all thy pleasures,
With trusting love—Maid of my soul! farewell!
May 31, 1834.

States—and Men.

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain—
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state;
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her scared frown,
The fiend, Discretion, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

[SIR WILLIAM JONES.]



Ghosts, or Dreams?

BY ERNEST H. HAWTHORNE.

(Continued from preceding issue.)

BUT I was not particularly embarrassed:

I had early learned the art of pulling myself together, and when one can do that, he is likely to find something in the collection of particles that will meet almost any situation.

And so, *mirabile dictu!*—I found myself talking with him as freely as if he were an own father: more so, if anything, my father had been rather an austere man, and did not care much for boys, or have much to do with them. The following dialogue then took place, which I transcribe as nearly as I can in the old Socratic method used by Plato:

Socrates. I can perceive, young man, that you would like to talk with me; and that you have heard of me many times.

Van Cortlandt. Yes, I have indeed heard of you, learned man. You are nearly as familiar to the intelligent people of this country, and of all countries, as the air they breathe. Are you, now, really the ghost of Socrates?

Socrates. No, indeed, I am not: I am Socrates himself. What used to be considered as I, was really my ghost: and I never became myself, till I drank the hemlock, and escaped and ran out of the clay.

Von Cortlandt. Then you are really talking with my ghost, instead of I with yours?"

Socrates. By Juno, I am!

Van Cortlandt. People do not usually so consider such matters, most wise Socrates.

Socrates. No, they do not—that is,

those whom you call people: and yet, sometimes they hit it off that way—realizing the truth of the subject, and making the better appear like the better reason. One of the English writers—Disraeli the Younger.—

Van Cortlandt. Lord Beaconsfield, you mean?

Socrates. They tried to spoil him by making him a lord: and may partly have succeeded. But he had time to write a good many interesting things, before he was promoted. And one was, that when you are walking the roads of a strange city, all the people you meet are ghosts to you.

Van Cortlandt. By Bernhardt, he did!

Socrates. Why do you say 'By Bernhardt'?

Van Cortlandt. Because so many people are worshipping her just now: the same as they used to Juno, by whom you just affirmed and asseverated.

Socrates (with a twinkle in his eye.) That is true. But she is not a goddess: only the pretended ghost of various ones who would have been goddesses if they could.

Van Cortlandt. You seem very well posted upon current history, Socrates. How do you manage it?

Socrates. Do I not still wander around among all the people? Do I not see them and talk with them in their daily life?

Van Cortlandt. You speak the English language very fluently.

Socrates. And why should I not? I

have certainly had plenty of chance to learn it, since the time I was a clay ghost; the English language is partly made out of Greek, anyway.

Van Cortlandt. You are still going around at your own expense, and teaching young men your doctrine?

Socrates. Why not? It is my vocation, and a very pleasant one.

Van Cortlandt. Why did you come to such an obscure person as I am?

Socrates. I was attracted by the novelty of your methods, although you were dealing with an old subject. You go at things in a rather direct, straightforward way, and a good many of the ex-ghosts are much pleased. I heard of you, and came this way to have a talk with you.

[Dear me! how I wished, upon awaking, that I could know whether this was a conversation, or the ghost of one.] The dialogue continued:

Van Cortlandt. Well, most revered Socrates, your ancient method, as I have read about it, was to ask questions, and instruct your pupils by criticisms of the way they answered. So I suppose you will treat me in somewhat the same way—now that you have taken the trouble to have anything to do with me?

Socrates. No: I shall for a time take the opposite method, and let you ask the questions.

Van Cortlandt. But I am sure that the questions will seem foolish, compared with the answers.

Socrates. Let me be the judge of that: I am older than you.

Van Cortlandt (aside). Rather.

Socrates. Proceed with your questions as fast as possible: the time I can be here, is short.

Van Cortlandt. Would that it might be for many days! But I will make all I can of the space of time we can be together. May I ask you, O great Socrates, if the story of your drinking the hemlock and poisoning yourself to death, is true?

Socrates. Most assuredly it is true, my young friend. Plato told it about as it was: although he *was* slightly given to exaggeration.

Van Cortlandt. Was yours a painful death?

Socrates. Anything but that. It was a most admirable method of putting any one out of the clay, if he had to be subjected to that process. The barbarous ways they use to do that in these days—beheading, hanging, burning out the life with electricity—all are fiendish, in comparison with the mild and gentle way we had at that time, when we chose, of taking the life out of those condemned to death.

Van Cortlandt. Then you suffered no pain?

Socrates. Not an iota. It was very much like bidding friends good-night, going to sleep, and waking up again with other friends around me, whom I had known years before.

Van Cortlandt. And, no doubt, they were glad to see you, as well as you them?

Socrates. They appeared to be, indeed. I could not have asked a finer reception: especially from an old friend who had always been with me anyhow, he said.

Van Cortlandt. The invisible one that used to criticise you in your mind when you failed to please him?

Socrates. Yes. He claimed that he had been of great service to me; and I readily admitted it. Immediately after I had done anything wrong, or indiscrete, he told me of it. There are a great many people now, like that.

Van Cortlandt. Why did he not tell you before you did it?

Socrates. I asked him why, and he explained, that he did not foresee it. And there was certainly some reason in his reason.

Van Cortlandt. Most illustrious Socrates, may I ask you one very personal question?

Socrates. I am not 'most illustrious': no one is, excepting God. You may ask me any question you please, my young friend, if you will agree to be content with the answer.

Van Cortlandt. It is this, O modest Socrates. Was your married life really

as unhappy as Plato has depicted it?

Socrates. I am glad you asked that question, for it gives me a chance to correct a good many wrong statements. Xantippe was a charming girl when I married her: as handsome and as rich as the one that came to see you the other evening—

Van C. What! you know about that?

Socr. We, the former ghosts, but now the real people, are aware of a great deal more than you—still wrapped up as you are in earth—have the least idea that we are. You have wireless telegraphs that carry news in one second against a gale that rushes along at one hundred miles per hour; you have galleys and argosies that spread white sails of steam, and make defiant grimaces at the storm; you have great chariots, whose journeys bring a week into a day: all of which is as nothing to what people can do who have broken out of their bodies—those traveling prisons. But that is not answering your main question. You spoke of Xantippe?

Van C. Yes, I believe that was your wife's name, good Socrates.

Socr. She was a lovely bride—until she *became* a bride. When I was courting her, all seemed smooth and charming. She believed everything I said—almost before I said it. The world was just the same to her, as it was to me—after I *told* her how it was to me. I thought we would work together so beautifully! What I was doing to instruct and benefit the young men, she would do with the young women. Together we would make the old world into a new one!

Van C. And this dream was not realized?

Socr. By Hercules! it was not! As soon as we were married, she seemed to think that our relations were reversed, and that she was to teach me!

Van C. And you were as willing to be taught as she had been?

Socr. Not by any means. By Neptune! why should she teach *me*? Had I not looked through all the different phases of philosophy, rhetoric, theology, and everything else of importance?

Van C. Yes, but gentle Socrates, perhaps she may have found out something that had escaped your notice?

Socr. Why, perhaps so: but the subjects that she wished to take up with me, were trivial—very trivial indeed. They were concerning what we should have for breakfast next morning; what our dinner would probably cost us that day; and what sort of clothes I ought to wear, to maintain my position as an Athenian citizen.

Van C. Well, were these not reasonable, proud Socrates?

Socr. Reasonable, perhaps, but not *super-reasonable*. She knew when she married me what my vocation was to be, and I understood that she was to help me in it.

Van C. And was she not a sort of help?

Socr. Yes, by Diana! perhaps she was. She kept me from becoming too proud. She gave me discipline that perhaps I needed. When I went soaring too far away in the sky of imagination, she brought me back to earth.

Van C. Not always gently?

Socr. By Pluto, No! Often with what you nowadays call "a dull thud." But as I have had time since to remember and analyze the matter, I can see that she was a real help to me, and was intended so to be.

Van C. More a help than a delight, most astute Socrates?

Socr. Exactly. Very often that which hinders us in one matter, helps us in another and more important one. And if Xantippe had been the cozy, loving wife that my nature craved, I might never have been known beyond my own generation.

Van C. Is it true, most patient Socrates, that the refuse of the kitchen—not to speak of other apartments, was hurled upon your devoted head, by the wife who had sworn to love and obey you?

Socr. I will not at present talk about that: I do not like the subject. Good-bye.

There I was, sitting by the fire—in mid day, the golden light creeping through

my windows, and the same old question creeping through my mind: "A ghost, or a dream?"

The Presbyterian minister was disposed to consider it a very vivid sort of vision, born of my classical reading, and my newly-awakened imagination. "But I am not disposed to give an opinion *ex cathedra*", he said. "There are not only more things in earth and air than we have dreamed of in our philosophy, but in the human mind as well. I must think a little longer upon the subject."

"That was one of them same ghosts that I seen" said good Mrs. Paxton, when I told her about it—she having called, accompanied by her friend Mrs. Cohen, for a nutmeg-grater that had artfully concealed itself somewhere about the kitchen on the day she moved. "I remember seein' that feller—one evenin', with some other ghosts", she said: "but he didn't have anything to say to me—none of 'em did."

"It is certainly an argument in favor of Pythagoras' doctrine of the transmigration of souls", remarked a Theosophist friend. "Those people whom you see, are all trying their best to get into some body here on earth. I wish you would ask Socrates, the next time you see him, as to what kind of a body he will next be incarnated within"—etc., etc., etc.

"Of course those were spirits—every single one of them!"—insisted my friend the Spiritualist. "It's all easily explained by the great doctrines and truths of the Spiritual philosophy. If you'd let us hold circles there, we could bring you people from the other world, who would surprise you. Don't fail, now, to give us a chance. There is a famous medium coming here soon: mercy! but the people from the other world that he can show you! Our Society will *buy* this house, some day—maybe pretty soon—and make a Spiritual headquarters of it." (I was obliged to him for the hint, and in order to "block" his idea, immediately purchased the building for myself—getting it, too, I considered, most wonderfully cheap.)

"It is all a delusion and a snare," remonstrated a good old Methodist class-leader, "and I am most wonderfully sur-

prised that any one brought up religiously, would ever think or act as if they thought otherwise. Don't be tempted by the Devil: he it is, that sends you all these absurd dreams."

"It is the stars trying to talk with you", maintained a gray-bearded old astrologer. "If you will let me cast your horoscope, I will tell you what this all means, and give you, besides, a look into the future. If you will let me live with you a year or so, and give me plenty of chance to make observations, and you pay the expenses, I will tell you all the incidents of your life thus far, and also everything that will happen to you hereafter. Of course I should like to have my wife here with me—indeed, it would be absolutely necessary: for she helps me in my observations."

"A man's wife is generally a help to him, in some way or other", I replied, having in mind my conversation with the "ghost" of Socrates.

"Yes," rejoined the astrologer, very much encouraged by my remarks, "and mine has *always* been so. Of course, being ill a good part of the time, she requires care, and often needs the services of a trained nurse—which you will no doubt pay readily, as soon as you know what a sweet uncomplaining soul she is. Can I use your telephone?"

"Certainly", said I, leaving the room, in compliance with usual telephonic courtesy. When I returned, after several minutes, he was just putting up the receiver.

"I have told my wife all about it," he exclaimed, "and she is delighted. She did not at first want to leave her sister, with whom she is staying at present, but the sister was very kind about it, and said it would be a good change for the dear invalid, and that she herself would come over frequently, and spend two or three days with her, for she is in love with the children, who will be with us."

"And how many are they?" I asked, rather feebly.

"Five in number. But there is one good thing about it. They take care of each other: that is, with the help of their maiden aunt, who always stays near them.

dear creature. And, my dear fellow, she is of about your age."

Good gracious!

"I hope you will like each other: indeed, I almost *know* you will. And if you wish to get married, I promise you, dear fellow, my hearty consent. The stars have told me, for some time, that my sister-in-law was soon to make a brilliant match. Her mother somewhat doubted it, but"—

"Ah! has your sister-in-law a mother?"

"Yes: she is in Boston now, but will soon come on, I am sure, to help us settle here. Can I use your telephone?"

Thank Heaven! this last conversation was a dream, and no mistake! The innocent old astrologer had noticed that I was falling asleep—I having gone into a slumber almost as soon as my visitor commenced talking, and he having stolen out and left me alone.

(Continued in next issue.)

The Fraunce Tavern.



THIS historical building is situated at 101 Broad Street, New York. It was, during the American Revolution, the scene of many great events; but the most historical of them all, occurred on December 4, 1783, when, the war being over, and the independence of United States achieved, Washington took formal leave of his soldiers.

The principal of his associates were assembled in one of the rooms of this hotel, when Washington entered, and made the following short but impressive speech:

"With a heart full of gratitude and love, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious."

He first grasped the hand of Gen. Knox, who stood nearest him. Tears flowed down the cheeks of both those strong, brave men; and Washington, though well-balanced and perhaps somewhat cold in temperament, kissed the brave general who had been with him in so many trying scenes, and did the same to each of the others present.



Where Greeley First Printed.

EAST POULTNEY, Vermont, is a very interesting village: for there, the renowned Horace Greeley first cut the Gordian knot that bound him to a farm, and humbly commenced a career which was finally to make him rich and famous.

The little village is all the more in evidence just now, from the fact that this is Horace Greeley's centennial year: he having been born on February third, 1811.

I took a walk out there, one afternoon. It was a bright Autumn day, glistening between white cirrus-clouds above, and yellow rustling leaves beneath. Children were pelting each other with these cast-off ornaments of the village-groves. An old fruit-tree winked from the other side of the fence, as if to say, "Notice that I have thrown some fine apples for you over into the street!" All was pleasant, serene, and still.

The miniature village at the end of a well-populated street between villages is in a beautiful valley, pierced by the Poultney River, and as quaint as can be desired. Even the post-office is half-office, half-parlor.

As I walked along through this quiet, half-somnolent burgh, I passed a small potato-field, right by the road. A man was digging some of the subterranean fruit: maybe the descendants of those which Mr. Bliss was planting one morning, eightyfive years ago—not caring to depend upon subscribers' bringing big ones for notices and small ones for subscriptions to his paper, "The Northern Spectator."

A white-haired, freckle-faced boy, fifteen years old, came along on that morning and asked for a "job" as apprentice in Mr. Bliss' printing-office. He had walked eleven miles; his shoes were dusty and worn, his stockings a negative

quantity, his hat a mere round box of felt, with scarcely any rim, and drawn over the back of his head.

Everybody laughed at the new apprentice, until finding that he had, even during his few years, read and thought more than most old men. Everybody ridiculed him for a few days, and then found out that to call him a fool, was to demonstrate one's own foolishness. Unwise he no doubt was—for he almost utterly sacrificed several departments of success for two or three others: but in those others he was preëminent from the start. He lacked almost entirely those small worldly wisdoms so essential to "getting on" in the world; cared nothing for his personal appearance, and little for his health—that which is so important in all careers.

But he was an encyclopedia and an argument upon legs. Nobody dared contradict him whenever he made a positive assertion—not from fear of him, but of the truth, which was, in nineteen cases out of twenty, upon his side. His exterior was forbidding—even ridiculous: for he would make no effort to repair the defects of nature with the affectations of art—which is the very first and foremost act of people in general—but everybody had to own that he carried an ample lot of brain.

This empire of mind and heart within him, was bound to make its way, and conquer as it went. The humble printer-boy, for four years and a month, was a learner and a teacher in that little town.

From fifteen to nineteen is a very formative period in the life of a lad; and no doubt young Greeley's manhood career was quite largely influenced by the "Forum Society." Through the kindness of a lady who has spent much time and thought in gathering Greeleyana, I have



THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

before me the quaint little book in which that association kept its records. The society appears to have been organized in 1824, two years previous to the time at which young Greeley arrived in East Poultney; and it was not very long after he came, that he began to take part in the discussions, young as he was. Here are some of the questions with which the "Forum Society" wrestled:

"Ought the punishment of death to be inflicted for any crime?"

"Ought a judge to charge a jury to give such a verdict as he may direct?"

"Ought not the study of dead languages to be expunged from our system of public education?"

"Is the eye a more attractive and expressive feature than the lips?"

"Would a law to abolish imprisonment for debt be a benefit to the community?"

"Ought the Legislature to impose a legal restraint on the practice of medical quackery?"

"Is a state of celibacy most conducive to happiness?"

"Ought a representative to be bound by the instructions of his constituents?"

"Is there reason from past experience and present appearance, to expect that the aborigines of America will ever become civilized?"

"Ought the property of ministers of the Gospel to be taxed?"

"Is the distillation of domestic spirits beneficial to community?"

"Ought Congress to grant pensions to ex-Presidents?"

"Is luxury a benefit to the nation?"

"Would it be proper to raise a school-fund by means of a lottery?"

"Ought a person always to follow the dictates of his conscience?"

"Ought a party in a suit to be allowed to swear to his own account?"

"Ought there to be a tax on dogs?"

"Ought Congress to grant pensions indiscriminately to all Revolutionary soldiers?"

"Ought the Legislature to pass a law to prevent marriage when there is a difference of more than twenty years in the age of the parties?"

"Ought theatres to be patronized in our country?"

"Is killing a man in a duel, murder?"

"Is intemperance a greater evil than lying?"

"Ought females to publicly preach the Gospel, or to lecture on the Scriptures?"

"Ought the pay of members of Congress to be reduced to six dollars per day?"

"Do early marriages most conduce to happiness?"

"Is infidelity a greater evil in society than hypocrisy?"

"Do females contribute more to the



HORACE GREELEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

moral improvement of the world than males?"

"Ought old bachelors to be taxed for the support of old maids?"

"Is a lady ever better adorned than when clad in apparel wrought by her own hand?"

"Ought the fashion of arraying ourselves in black on the decease of our friends to be abolished?"

interior of the earth is composed of fire?"

Etc., etc., etc.

In 1827, when only sixteen years of age, the white-haired, freckle-faced boy had evidently already become a respected member of the "Forum Society." He had, according to the records, taken part in several of the debates, including the one that inquired whether old bachelors

Thursday evening, Sept. 18, 1829
According to a previous notice, the members of the Forum assembled for the purpose of reorganizing the society. Mr Amos Bliss was appointed President for the evening. A motion was then made that the meeting proceed to elect the regular officers of the society which after some debate, was agreed to and Mr Amos Bliss was appointed President, Mr H. G. Neal Vice President, and H. Greeley Secretary. The question selected for discussion at the next meeting of the society was as follows. "Has the existence of sectarian divisions among Christians tended to promote the interests of religion?" Disputants Messrs. Neal & Scott on the affirmative, and Lyman & Meane on the negative. Horace Greeley was appointed to furnish an address. The society meeting then adjourned, to meet on Wednesday evening, next, at 6 o'clock.
Horace Greeley, - Secretary -

GREELEY'S HANDWRITING AS A BOY.

"Ought a professor of religion to marry a non-professor?"

"Ought Congress to prohibit the transportation of mails on Sunday?"

"Ought theatrical exhibitions to be prohibited by law?"

"Is there reason to believe that the earth is hollow?"

"Is there reason to believe that the

should be taxed, etc.: and it is recorded at the above date, that "Mr. Horace Greeley delivered an address"—which, it may be supposed, was upon some subject of his own, not connected with debating. On Sept. 18, 1829, he was elected secretary of the society, and, in his own boyish language, was also at that time "appointed to furnish an address." I

think I must reproduce this page of the little book, at just half-size, for the pleasure of the EVERY WHERE Family. It gives a specimen of Greeley's handwriting when he was eighteen years old, and shows the illegibility for which he was afterwards noted, to have been what may be called an acquired accomplishment.

Many legends are still rife in the little village, concerning the queer ways of this young lad: he seems to have been a head enduring a body under compulsion. His clothing was of the most primitive kind, his meals were taken without any regard to order or discretion, and he evidently resolved himself mainly into a great fact-emporium. At the same time, his heart was right: for he gave his spare earnings to his father, and twice during his apprenticeship traveled six hundred miles, on foot and by canal-boat, to visit his parents, who had lately removed to Pennsylvania, and carried their poverty with them.

After four years and a month at East Poultney, the printer-boy found himself out of work: for the "Northern Spectator" ceased to inspect, and the young fellow went out into the world again—went to a brilliant success, though to be followed at last with bitter disappointment and pathetic tragedy.

Often, when he had arrived at the zenith of his reputation, he came back to this humble village, and dwelt for a few days with his old neighbors. Dr. Talmage used to say that any one "generally likes a town in which he has lived, if he has behaved himself while he was there." Greeley liked the old town, and it liked him: and he often "furnished an address" upon such occasions: which sounded, some of the old citizens averred, "just the same as when he was a boy." So truly is "the boy the father of the man."

Brave old East Poultney! The railroad has built up a smarter town, a mile and a half away: but you will always be famous, because of the shelter you gave that rough-bodied but royal-brained peasant-boy.

It Occurs to Us That

One finder is worth ten founders.

Sunset to us is sunrise to many other individuals.

One book in the hand is worth thousands on the shelves.

A dead ox is better than a live lion—especially at a barbecue.

Reality is utterly valueless without imagination to keep it company.

The less there is of a y y one, the harder it is to "pull himself together."

A withered face is only skin-deep, if there is a blossoming soul within.

If doctors did not disagree, there would not need to be so many of them.

Quarrelsome people have their uses: they often make solitude doubly dear.

Do not be so saturated with kindness, that there is no room in you for justice.

The word "neighbor" is in its meaning a very elastic and compressible one.

Many people, if they fully knew what thorough nuisances they are, would glory in the fact.

Parents who defend their children in crime, are largely responsible for it, even before the act.

To those who really believe in a future, the graves are nothing but closets for decaying wardrobes.

A "dog in the manger" is not always objectionable: it has sometimes prevented the stealing of the horse.

Luxury is always very proud, of what little hardship it may have endured: but is seldom looking for more.

If you are forty, or even twenty years old, you have survived millions who never were any older than are you.

We never know what a nuisance we have been as noise-makers, until we become ourselves sensitive to noise.

The size of the population of a town or nation is not of so much importance, as the kind of people of which it is composed.



In the Land of Delusion.

BY MYRTLE J. COREY.

III.

"MISS MOLLY, please may I walk with you?"

There was no lessening of the rapid rate of speed with which the girl was approaching the gates of the Amusement Park: but she laughed teasingly over her shoulder at the tall young man. "I'll think about it and tell you tomorrow."

"Thank you", came the prompt reply. "Meantime, suppose you walk a little more slowly: I positively *can't* go so fast." This was a ridiculous statement, considering the haste of the abnormally long strides with which he had overtaken her. "Besides, I've something I particularly want to tell you."

This produced the desired effect, and her steps faltered.

"Miss Molly, I'm quitting tonight."

"You're—quitting—tonight!" the laughter died out of her sparkling eyes, and the rose color in her cheeks faded to palest white.

"Yes, I had a Special Delivery letter from Dad this morning," the tall young man continued, excitedly. "He's in the city now. Came through from home yesterday in his new touring-car. He had a business deal on with a couple of men, and they're all coming out to the Sea Breeze Inn to dinner tonight. He'll see me there, and he wants me to cut loose here, and go right home with him. The one-year business is all off. Poor old Dad is eager to bury the hatchet, now."

"I am so glad. It makes you very happy: doesn't it?" and the girl met his eyes frankly, her manner containing no hint of the previous moment's confusion.

"Well, I guess yes! And, Miss Molly,

don't you think I'm forgetting to whom I owe it all? Why, if you hadn't talked to me and made me see Dad's side of it, then coaxed me into writing to him, it would never have happened. I was an obstinate pig, self-satisfied and insufferable generally: and you made me open my eyes and look at myself, instead of picking flaws in everybody else. I'll never forget it, never. Then—I want to get a paper and see if there's anything in it about Dad."

As the man turned to the news-stand, the girl walked on slowly through the Park gate. "What's the joke, Molly?" he asked, as he again overtook her. She was laughing, a trifle hysterically perhaps, as one whose overwrought feelings must have some outlet.

"Do you see that tall thin woman with the two round-eyed subdued looking girls? They came in here when I did. You noticed the new man on the gate? Well, he didn't recognize me, so I sort of smiled and glanced down at my pass pin, which is fastened on my left shoulder. His eyes followed mine of course; then he smiled and nodded, and I came on in. I wondered why the old lady glared at me so disapprovingly; then I heard her say to the girls, 'There, did you see that bold minx? She just smiled and winked at that gate-tender, and he let her come right through without a ticket!' I suppose she'll use me for an object-lesson the rest of her life. Those two poor girls don't dare look at anything she doesn't point out; and they have to agree with everything she says. She thinks this Park is full of wickedness; and just look at the way she walks: with her head poked forward! She's so afraid she'll miss see-

ing something; and the way she's clutched her skirts up on both sides, shows she's determined not to let any evil germs cling to her!"

"She certainly is a character. Do you know, Molly, I've learned more about human nature the last two months than in my entire previous life. When I came here to work, I was disgusted. Thought the people in the Park were swindlers and deceivers. Now I see the other side of it, and know that all these 'fakes' and 'delusions' are harmless ones, and exist only because the Public demand them.

"Look at the people who come here. A large part of them are deceivers themselves. I'll bet that our average audience contains more 'fakes' than an amusement-manager ever dreamed of. Too bad we can't collect a few of them for exhibition!"

"You're right, Harry. You'll see a lot more down at the ticket-box than you did on the platform, too. You begin taking tickets today, don't you? Too bad you're going to quit, just as you get the \$2.00 raise!" and Molly laughed.

"Yes, isn't it?" and he joined in the laugh.

But here we are: and I must get my uniform coat; for I guess they're ready to open. See you later."

"Remember," and the girl raised a protesting finger, "you can't talk to me to-day: for ticket-takers aren't allowed to speak to cashiers while on duty."

"Hang it, that's so!"—and a rueful look crossed his face. "I'll see you a few minutes after we close, anyhow. I'd like to make you understand how grateful I am—but—well—as I said before, 'it never would have happened, if it hadn't been for you.'!"

Here she playfully waved him away, and, at a signal from the manager, climbed into her ticket-box. As she sorted change and fastened the huge rolls of pasteboards in their reels, Harry's last words seemed repeating themselves in a monotonous dirge-like refrain: "It never could have happened, if it hadn't been for you."

Molly closed her hands tightly. No, it

probably wouldn't have happened just then—but of course she was glad for Harry—and yet—and yet.—

Although it was barely noon, the Park already contained a considerable crowd; and as soon as it was noticed that the Scenic Railway had opened, dozens of persons surrounded the ticket-booth.

There were the usual number of eager children who could scarcely wait for their tickets to be torn off. In the midst of the first rush, an unusually well-dressed young man tossed a coin on the glass front of the booth in such careless haste that it rolled across, dropping on the floor inside.

"So sorry," apologized the man, with a dazzling smile; "it was a quarter. Just give me the two tickets and keep the change. I'm in an awful hurry."

Habit was strong, even in the moment of haste: and Molly was groping on the floor with one hand, as the fingers of the other were deftly tearing off the tickets. The quarter eluded her grasp, and the anxious young man had already reached for the tickets, when the coin came to view. It was a round bit of metal the exact size of a quarter, with "good for one loaf of bread" stamped on its side. "You have made a mistake, sir," she said: "that is a bread-check."

Meeting her direct gaze, he flushed slightly; then muttering something indistinguishable, he hastily produced two dimes, and turned away as several people tittered, and one man said, "Meet many like that, young lady?"

"I'm offered plenty of counterfeit money," Molly replied, "but that's the first bread-check."

Presently, as the crowd around the booth grew less, a small boy deposited a pile of pennies before the cashier. "Gimme a ticket for them, Miss?"

"There are only four cents there", she replied, counting them.

"I ain't got no more. Please gimme a ticket", he pleaded. "I ain't never ridden on a 'Scenic'. Please, Miss!"

"I can't give you a ticket unless you have five cents. You've ridden here before, anyhow."

"No, I ain't! O, please, Miss! I ain't got another cent, Miss!"

Now there were certainly tears in his eyes: but the approach of several people compelled him to move from the front of the booth, though he paused a few feet distant, and regarded the cashier with hungry eyes of longing.

Just as the taller of two ladies was opening her purse, she caught sight of two scholarly-looking gentlemen, who were approaching from the opposite direction. A look of guilty consternation crossed her face.

"Why, Miss Rutgers, this is a surprise!" the older of the two men exclaimed, teasingly. "Especially after the way you denounced 'frivolous amusements' in your lecture yesterday."

"Oh, Professor! I am ashamed to be here: but you see," the speaker lowered her voice, glancing apprehensively over her shoulder at her friend, who was already conversing with the Professor's companion, "You see, Miss Blair felt it was her duty not to let this opportunity for investigation, pass by. She says so much against frivolous amusements at her talks in Chapel, and at the Y. W. C. A.: and this was *such* a wonderful chance to gain material!—And—I really couldn't let her come to such a place alone!—No, Professor, you really mustn't—we didn't intend to ride—well—if you insist—" and the lady yielded with apparent reluctance to the purchase of four tickets.

As they turned to the entrance, Molly distinctly heard the smaller of the two ladies saying to her companion, "O, Mr. Allen, I *do* feel so ashamed to be seen here! Isn't it dreadful! But Miss Rutgers felt it was her positive duty, now the Convention had brought her to the city, to investigate some of these social evils. I couldn't let her come alone, even though the mere idea of entering an amusement-park was disagreeable to me:—and—so"—

"I understand, Miss Blair", came the reassuring reply. And Molly read the expression of his eyes, as they met hers a fleeting instant, and thought he did.

The small boy with the four pennies

now advanced for the second time.

"No, I can't give you a ticket for four cents", was the answer to his repeated question; and he gazed for a moment searchingly into her resolute face. Then, shrugging his shoulders, he drew another penny from his pocket, and, grinning broadly, added it to the four.

The afternoon passed swiftly to Harry. He was scarcely aware that his feet and back were aching from the unaccustomed strain of standing long hours at the ticket-box. Every sense was alert, watching the endless stream of people that passed through the entrance; in carefully counting the tickets dropped in the little glass box to see that there was surely one for each person entering.

It seemed as if the crowd was an unusually amusing one. About mid-afternoon a large pompous looking man approached the entrance.

Yards of gold chain crossed his vest, there were jeweled rings on his fat fingers, and an oily expression of self-satisfaction fairly oozed from his face. He was carrying two children, one on either arm, while a third, an infant of some two years, clung to his coat-tails. He was accompanied by his wife, who also carried a small child in her arms and led a second one by the hand.

The absurdity and impossibility of admitting the entire family for two tickets was obvious to everyone, but the large man himself. "You don't have to get tickets for babes in arms or for children under four years. Well, ain't we got three in arms? and Jakey here is only two, an' Sarah's not three yet!"

He continued to protest and gesticulate: but at last grudgingly agreed to buy "one children's ticket." He carefully deposited one "babe in arms" on the ground, while he reluctantly sought the nickel, Harry laughed to see the cramped legs and body unfold into a well developed sturdy child of some six or seven years.

Just before the supper-hour, occurred a slightly more unpleasant incident. As two ladies started to alight from the car at the unloading platform, the older of

the two discovered that her dress had been caught in the fastening of the guard-rail. The soft silken fabric had been slightly worn and rubbed for a distance of several inches, and at one point there was a decided hole about half an inch in diameter.

The owner of the dress became very angry, and loudly proclaimed her identity as the wife of a man of whom none present had ever before heard. She spoke determinedly of appealing to the law if "damages" were not immediately forthcoming.

The manager sought vainly to soothe her, as they awaited the arrival of the company's claim-agent; but the irate lady insisted upon remaining in a corner of the platform, where she leaned against the balustrade in a pose of offended dignity cleverly combined with righteous indignation and grief. There she remained, still waiting for the claim-agent, when Harry left for his supper. As he returned along the board-walk, a half-hour later, he met the same woman, her face wreathed in smiles, as she talked animatedly to her companion.

"I tell you it just did me good to get the best of them", she was saying. "They're always cheating somebody, and it's time some one turned the tables. This dress isn't silk:—no indeed! it's half cotton. Aunt Ann gave it to me, and I've had it made over three times. Now he gave me \$25.00 for it, ha! ha!

"He wouldn't have, though, if I hadn't been smart. I knew they'd be liable to pay according to the size of the hole; and all the time I stood by the fence, I kept rubbing it along that rough iron brace, and working my fingers in the tear. You see I"—the rest was inaudible.

"She's a wonder", Harry exclaimed to himself, as he gazed at the complacent retreating figure. "Great old place, this, anyhow. 'All sorts and conditions of men', all right, but somehow it takes hold of a fellow:—can't help kind of liking it."

The evening brought such a largely increased crowd, that there was scarcely a chance even to think: and Molly wel-

comed the rush, as there would be time enough for thoughts in the long two months remaining to the season. It was luck that brought Harry's father just at the minute when the weary ticket-taker was entitled to ten minutes' relief.

When the old gentleman was leaving him, he paused and turned back to say, "I'm proud of you, my boy. I knew you had the right stuff in you, but—well—I'd like to know what brought it out. Must be some reason!"

"Reason, Dad?" he repeated slowly. "Yes, you're right, and the reason is there! pointing toward Molly.

"Where?"

"There—in the ticket-booth."

"Oh—a petticoat! Umph! I understand", and the old gentleman smiled shrewdly into his son's serious face. "Well—so long, sonny—I'll be at the gate when you close down:—and he was off at an energetic pace.

As midnight drew near, Harry leaned against his box gazing with newly-opened eyes at the scene with which he had grown so familiar. Above there was the velvety blue-black of the sky, where no stars were visible, owing to the brilliant illumination below. Against this were etched the towers and minarets of the Park in a golden, glistening tracery of electric lights, while the waters of the lagoon gleamed with ever-changing reflections, as they rippled softly in the night breeze.

Now came realization of the real enchantment of the place; and knowledge that saying farewell to it brought actual regrets.

As the lights disappeared slowly, first from the big tower, then from the smaller ones, and last from the pergola, the night-wind bore the echo of two sighs. For the darkening of the Park had brought to two persons an unusual feeling of sadness.

"Do you know, I positively envy you." Molly commenced speaking nervously, as Harry helped her from the ticket-booth. "I think an automobile-trip must be lovely!"

"Do you?" he queried, smiling down

at her. "Well, I think the one I hope to take *will* be lovely!"

"Of course it will," she hastened to agree. "And wasn't your father glad when you told him you'd go!"

"Yes, Dad was glad. But I didn't exactly tell him I would. You see, why, the fact is," he continued, meeting her astonished gaze, "I told him I *wouldn't* go. Told him I'd wait till the season closed, and he said he'd come back for me then.

"And I told him he needn't unless that new car of his would carry three passengers. He said it would: then when I'd explained a bit, he chuckled and said he guessed two would be more comfortable and he'd go back by train. And—oh, I

don't seem to be able to explain anything!" and the young man floundered helplessly.

The girl's senses were reeling, and she began frantically counting the cracks in the walk, hoping that would steady her mind.

"Hang it all, Molly, we're nearly at the gate, and Dad's waiting. I've simply got to make you understand! You said you'd love an 'automobile-trip; will you take that one home—with me? Don't say 'no,' Molly, I can't go without you: I love you and I need you so—and—and Dad wants a daughter too, don't you?" he exclaimed eagerly, as they came abruptly upon an old gentleman standing near the gate.

St. Valentine & Co.—By Minna Irving.

IN days of old, St. Valentine
Resided all alone,
Within a little woodland cot,
With ivy overgrown.
Thence once a year he sallied forth,
Though keen the northers blew;
And left a letter at the door
Of every maid he knew.

But with increasing age, he found
The ancient leather pack
Stuffed full of valentines: too great
A burden for his back.
"I will no longer", said the saint,
"Go romping up and down:
I'll turn an honest penny, now,
And buy a shop in town."

So, if you walk along the street,
The windows, you will find,
Are filled with pretty valentines
Of every size and kind,
With Cupid in the partnership,
He peddles them no more:
But sells his dainty missives from
A big department store.



The Hollow Earth and Its Hollow Poles.

BY J. E. PAYNTER.

BEFORE discussing this most interesting subject, it will be well to state that all my reasoning will be based on the Copernican system of astronomy. And to the observant reader it will be almost unnecessary to mention that I put no value whatever in the theories of La Place, the author of the Nebular Hypothesis.

I must also venture to call down upon my technically unscientific head the ridicule of many eminent scientists, by declaring my unbelief in the common explanation of gravity—viz., that larger material bodies attract smaller material bodies. In fact, to make a plain statement, I deny that material objects of themselves have any attractive force whatever over material: but that all attractive force influencing matter is magnetic. And vice versa, all attractive force over magnetism is material. In other words, we find throughout the universe two primary agencies acting and reacting upon each other both eternal and indestructible, viz., magnetism (spirit) and material (body). This holds true of all organic and inorganic objects.

The earth itself is no exception to this rule. Its material body we see on every hand. And every material body or organism existing upon or within it, is but an infinitesimal part of its material bulk. And if we take any one of these organisms, we find the material animated by a magnetic influence we term life, and the earth itself, the mother of us all, is not lacking in this respect; and just as the center of life is within the organism, just so the earth's life is centered in its interior.

The blood of an animal circulates to

all its parts; and entering the lungs to be purified by the air, carries its life-giving properties to the different parts to sustain life. Likewise the air of the earth enters the interior at the poles to become surcharged with life-sustaining properties. So—the earth may be said to breathe.

In animal organisms of close proximity, magnetic currents are continually passing from one to another; and to a much greater extent may such interchanging of magnetism be said to develop among the planets and other heavenly bodies.

The earth is continually receiving and storing within its interior, magnetic waves drawn from these bodies, or is discharging and giving off to its neighbors; ever endeavoring to maintain an equality of magnetic power. And when that equality exists in any group of stars, they are at rest one with another. Hence, all attractive force between them ceases to operate, and these bodies, known as fixed stars, have remained in their relative positions for ages at rest. Upon and within them, life would be perpetual—eternal.

The earth's interior can then be likened to a vast magnetic reservoir discharging to the outer atmosphere through the great openings at the poles, its animating or life-sustaining properties.

It is the Eden where all organic life was cradled and developed. There was the laboratory of life which succeeded in producing man and the angelic race from the evolution of life. There life springs eternal, and sustains the angelic hosts dwelling in this one mansion of the Father's house. From there man was expelled after discovering the knowledge of good and evil. So that he no longer might par-

take of that life-continuing energy, the flaming sword of the aurora at the poles ever warned him to shun his former paradise; for nothing evil may enter there.

Yet that magnetic energy draws all material things to itself, and holds the world together. That power, when manifest, we call gravity; magnetism is the cause, gravity is the effect. So also with light and heat; they are but effects—magnetism is the cause. And the earth's vast interior is thus warmed and lighted with that primary, all-pervading, omnipotent, intelligent energy in which all things live, move, and maintain their being.

Ah, my critical brother! you will tell me this is but a dream: and you say, "Give us something scientific!" and I reply, "What is science? Is it not the assembled facts in support of a theory, which is the product of dreams?" And if you declare that a dreamer cannot be scientific, I deny the statement and refer you to that "mystic" who discovered the circulation of the blood: that dreamer of dreams and former of theories.

Every truly scientific mind first dreams its dreams, and arranging them into order or theories, finally adduces its proofs. But if they be lacking, he discards the theory and the dream, and sets his imagination to work to produce another dream.

But, that you may understand my theory, come with me in your imagination back to the birth of this planet we call the Earth. Let us take up our position out in space ten thousand miles above the plane of the earth's orbit around the sun; but ere we go back to that beginning, let us take one more glance at this home of the human race. Can we learn anything of the past by the evidences before our eyes? Can we form an idea of what the future holds in store for us, by the results of our investigation?

As we look back we see a world, three quarters of which is covered with the mighty waters. We see the other quarter of the globe flung out in continents, high mountain ranges forming their framework to east and west, but all tapering off toward the south, ending in high and rocky capes. Then, rolled out between

the foot-hills of these mountain ranges, we see the great prairies, rolling on and on to the northward. We see the southern hemisphere, almost a boundless ocean of waters; while the northern half, we find, contains by far the greater portion of the land surface. Is there no reason for these peculiar phenomena? or has everything come hap-hazard? Verily, I believe there is a cause back of every effect: and when we have found the cause, we find that it again was but a former effect, with another cause behind it, and so on back to the first cause; and it is from these many causes and effects being turned over and over in my mind, that I have evolved these theories.

It has been said that "the greatest study of mankind is man", but the most important thing about the study of mankind, is to learn, if possible, of his environments away back in the beginning of the childhood of the race. We hear men talk of the myths of the past, as though they were the product of vain imaginations: but I believe every myth has a foundation of truth.

We have the Greek myths of the gods, their mighty deeds and contests; their dwelling-place the vapory floating islands of the bright shining heavens. We have these renowned immortals showering blessings upon their favorites, and bringing dire calamities upon their opponents. We find one appointed to uphold the sky: but leaving his post of duty, the sky falls, and the vapors thereof deluge the earth.

In sacred writ, accepted by Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans as the word of God, we have the account of these gods or angels, leaving their own habitation, and going after the strange flesh, taking to themselves the daughters of men—for they saw that they were fair to look upon. We have the account of Noah's flood, the evidences of which abound on every hand, and the traditions of which are scattered through the literature of all the countries of the earth.

From whence came these mighty waters, sufficient to cover the mountains of all the continents? and to whither

have they dispersed? But come with me, and watch the earth from a distance.

Open wide the eyes of your imagination. Look! There comes the earth. As yet it is but a comet—swinging from sun to sun—flowing through the darkness of space—gathering the star-dust in its flight—its heated nucleus turning it into gases and vapors. But see! It is approaching nearer and nearer the sun. Ah! many times has it come thus in ages ago.

But now the sun has (by its attractive force) slackened the speed of this wayward comet. He conquers it and claims it as a satellite. So the comet has become a molten, "sizzling" planet. It gathers up its tail of gases and vapors, and forms it into a cloak of rings, each ring a molten metal. This fiery monster has an inner ring of vaporous gold, another of silver, then one of copper, tin, and iron, molten and vaporous, the watery vapors forming the outer ring, each and every ring opening at the poles, and gradually cooling at the edges. The nucleus itself is plastic quartz, whirling at terrific speed, throwing the wax-like mass away from the center, hardening at the poles and throughout the interior. Larger and larger it expands until its bounds are at last set by the combined action of centrifugal and magnetic forces, modified by the action of cold over the mass of the exposed parts of the poles: and as the cooling progressed a corresponding slowing up of the earth's diurnal motion occurred.

But look! The ring of vaporous gold is falling like rain. See it flowing into the hollows and crevices of the cracked quartz, molten! but it cools, and sleeps, ready for the use of man when he shall appear.

But look again! The silver rain is descending, and another ring has disappeared; then the copper, the tin, and the iron: and all the time, the rocks having cooled and cracked, the metals have run into these openings, sealing up the wounds.

Sub-surface explosions have again and again thrown high the rocky crust, and the great mountain-ranges appear, burying deep their mineral treasures.

One ring only remains: and it a boundless ocean of vapors enveloping the earth. Yet above it, condensing on its outer portions, falling, but entering the heat, it again turns to vapor, and rises.

More ages have passed; the cooler regions of the poles have extended to the vast interior, and this interior, surcharged with magnetic energy, ever tending to reduce the heat to the life-line, is now ready, and when nature gets ready there is "something doing."

The grass appears, and in quick succession one variety of vegetation after another develops. The waters bring forth the different varieties of fish; then reptiles, birds and animals appear—wonderful creatures all of them: but more wonderful yet, man walks forth as master of all these living, moving creatures.

The vapors still enshroud the earth, and beneath that friendly canopy the magnetic waves have spread till they meet at the equator. Vegetation, fishes, reptiles, birds and beasts have spread to the outer surface of the earth, and verily the land is like a gigantic greenhouse.

But still another wonder appears in that paradise. One more step has life progressed, and now we see the mightiest of all earthly creatures, so filled with life through mental development, that life reigns supreme over all the limitations of other creatures. In these creatures, mind has conquered matter; the highest pinnacle it was possible that material organisms could possibly reach has been attained. So, therefore, into their hands the government of this world is committed. They increase in numbers, but not as other forms of creation: for in them the sexes have united in one perfect being, self-contained and glorious.

Ah! What is this we now see? The man and the woman are being driven forth out of that Eden, to the outer portions of the earth, and here they must dwell. They also increase in numbers, and the daughters of men are fair to look upon; so now we see the Nephthalim, or angels, following man to the exterior, and, looking upon the daughters of man, they de-

sire them. They seduce them, and having thus developed such fleshly desires, they thereby forfeit their former supremacy of mind, and become subject to the laws of matter, even as man.

Time passes, and many of these superior creatures have left their own habitation and gone after strange flesh, and the outer world has become filled with a hybrid race.

One family only, of all the families of the earth, can trace a perfect human line back to the first man and woman. And Noah, the head of this family, being instructed by a faithful messenger from the interior that a deluge will destroy this hybrid race, prepares a great ship—that he and his family may escape upon the water.

The ship is ready; and over the southern portions of the earth the rain descends, as the cold is entering there, causing the condensation of the vapors. The waters pile high in those southern regions, and rush northward, raging, dashing, carrying everything before them. The mighty forests are uprooted, the mud washed from their roots. These mammoth trees are carried on the bosom of the flood. The waters pile high before a great mountain chain: higher and higher they rise.

But, lo! they have found a passage between the peaks! so on they come—ever northward in their course. The rain is now falling everywhere in torrents, and the swelling billows pile deep, as they reach the contracting surface of the earth around the northern entrance to the interior. So the mighty waves roll backward, and, finding their level, become quiet. The mud and rocks they have carried in their haste are dropped, the floating trees finding rest in the eddies. The waters are now abating: they are entering the hollow poles, slowly seeking the level of the interior and in perfect balance with the outer world.

The dry land appears, and Noah's ship lands upon a mountain peak. A world of desolation greets our gaze. The trees of the forest are piled deep behind the

mountains and hills and begin their work of coal-making. The bodies of the Nephthalim and beast are buried in the mud of the valleys and plains. The eye rests on nothing but mud-clad hill and dale and barren rocks. But look again! The hills and plains are clad with grass, shrubs, and trees, to the water's edge.

The continents are now seen, all pointing to the south. The waters of the inland are cutting great valleys in their attempt to reach the oceans, and as they cut deeper and deeper, one lake after another empties itself into that ocean.

Man has spread over the newly-rolled-out plains. He has builded his cities. He has constructed his ships to sail the sea. Into all land he has entered, and subdued it, except the terrible north-land. Here he has ever turned back, beaten or deceived, and still the north land holds its secret and the ice king reigns supreme—the animals alone treading the paths of the interior they know so well.

This is my theory: and you will most likely say again, "It is but a dream." But of course you were taught that the earth was solid and round as a ball. And this new theory jars on your preconceived ideas. You were also taught many other things, perhaps in the name of religion, that were merely dreams of the past, and they also cloud your mind, and prevent a clear conception of truth.

Before assembling my proofs, I wish to disabuse your mind of that idea of a solid earth. If I can do that, you must admit that it is hollow, and, if hollow in the center, then hollow at the poles. The same laws which would cause the equatorial parts to expand and leave the center, would exert their influence the whole length of the axis of the earth. I will prove to you that a solid sphere rotating upon its axis, is an impossibility.

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that the earth is such a body, where will logical reasoning lead us? What would be the conditions of the earth's surface, taking into consideration the attraction of gravity and centrifugal force which must develop in a rotating body?

(Continued in next issue.)



The Hugo Museum.

BY A. ELWOOD CORNING.

ONE of the more recent literary shrines of Paris, a city replete with the opulence of architectural splendor and sustained magnificence, is the Victor Hugo Museum.

This memorial is situated not far from the cathedral of Notre Dame, in one corner of the Place des Vosges, sheltered among other dwellings, similar in architecture, which are reminiscent of an archaic period, when this particular locality was the rendezvous of French aristocracy. Here, in the second floor, amid the upheaval of political acrimony, then prevalent in France, and the placidity of the study, the great artist and poet-novelist lived, for fifteen years.

The entrance to the mansion is under a massive stone colonnade, that faces an immense open square beyond, artistically adorned with playing fountains, bits of park land, aromatic with growing flowers, and stately trees of equal height which surround, together with an iron railing, the four sides. In the seventeenth century—that is, in the days of Richelieu, Colbert, and Louis fourteen—these domiciles were the homes of French nobles, and the place generally one of fashion. Tourneys are said to have been a feature of the epoch; but soon after the Revolution, the community gradually underwent a change. Thus the Place Royale, became the Place des Vosges, and the neighborhood, with its shaded sward and inured festivities, no longer bore evidence of the courtly reign of the past, save in architectural dignity.

Aside from its regal associations, however, even Victor Hugo cannot solely lay

claim to the materiality of the Place des Vosges: numerous events in the novels of Dumas were drawn from incidents that had their inception in the same square. Indeed, the ghosts of many of his heroes, we are told, still haunt the space around the statue of Louis thirteenth, which stands in the center of the park. Then, in one of the houses adjacent to the Hugo Museum, Madame de Sévigné, whose erudite scholarship emblazons the pages of her charmingly penned letters, was born; and, in another, Rachel, the famous French actress, at one time had her residence.

But in this laconic sketch, we are concerned wholly with the mansion known as the Hugo Museum, and which is numbered 6. While only the second floor was used by the distinguished man of letters, today the entire building is given over to his effects; and as one examines each bit of relic, one is filled with a desire to familiarize himself the more with the works of this gifted bard and romancer.

In the hall, after having ascended the broad platform stair-case, one's eyes are immediately drawn to the numerous drawings and caricatures, which decorate the walls. Some of these are from the pen of Hugo; others by various artists who originally illustrated the innumerable scenes in his works. Masters like Bayard, Rochegrosse and Vilette, are represented; while such cartoonists as Gill and Nadar also have their place.

In the first room is Devambez's picture of "Jean Valjean before the Tribunal", Bonnat's portrait of Victor Hugo, and

Dalon's death-mask of the great Frenchman. In the center of this room stands a table, constructed by Hugo during the period of his exile in Guernsey, and on which are found the inkstands, pens, and autographs of Dumas, George Sand, Lamartine, and Hugo himself.

From here one passes into the library, where some three thousand tomes which belonged to the noted novelist are carefully enclosed in glass cases; the walls of this room are bedecked with many of his drawings, and other relics of the master-craftsman are also found here.

On the third floor, is located the Hugo death-chamber. Although he died in another part of Paris, in 1903, when the museum was established, the furniture

and fittings of the real death-chamber were brought here, and arranged precisely as they were in the house in the avenue d' Eylau, where the poet breathed his last.

The other rooms are well filled with portraits, original paintings, furniture, and statuary, making the museum at once a shrine and trysting: where all admirers of Victor Hugo may come and look upon those objects that were part and parcel of his many-sided life, a life devoted to the development of the stage, the making of poetry, the writing of romances, and to those other avocations which distinctively marked him as a man of superabundant vitality, of ardent zeal, of strenuous activity.

An Old Valentine.—By Margaret E. Sangster.

HERE is Grandma, just eighteen,
Round of cheek and gay with dimples.

You, who knew her, like a queen,
Dressed in silk, with cap and wimples,

Scarce can fancy how she flirted:

How the lads came thronging round her,

When her dainty youth asserted

Claims, till very queen Love crowned her.

She was sweeter than the posies

Blowing in the warm spring air,

Lovelier than the summer roses

Of a June-time rich and rare.

Light of foot, and quick of laughter;

And the sparkle and the shine

Of life's morning folowed after

Him who was her Valentine.

Grandpa, with his stately fashion,

Proud and grim, as you have dreamed,

Told in courtly verse his passion,

And a knight of old, he seemed.

How the two hearts grew together,

How their troth-plight staunchly given

Held through all the world's rough weather—

It is written now in heaven.

Little lass, just in the morning

Grandma's image, may you stand,

Aye, as she did, proud and loyal,

Clasping firm your true love's hand.

May your every day be splendid

And a gladness all divine

Fill the hours till all are ended!

So implores your Valentine.





"Dippy": By Minnie Frances Howard.

THE big auto stops, and a tall man with glasses and a short man with red hair get out and go into the house, and I know what me and Bobbie and Bobbie's Ma have been afraid of has happened. Crackey, but ain't I scared! I can feel my face getting white and my knees knock together. The kid thinks I have a spell coming on, but I stop him when he is going to run in and ask Grandma Smith for my drops. Spells are bad enough, but this trouble is worse.

"Bobbie," I says, and my voice shook like Miss Robinson's does when she sings in the chapel, "see that red car? Well, the State officers came in that, Kiddo."

Bob he gives a frightened look over his shoulder and his brown eyes get a look in them like Tige's do when he sees Crazy Jim with his horsewhip.

"Dippy," he whispers, grabbing me so tight 'round the knees he nearly knocks me off my pins, "Dear, good Dippy, you won't let them take me, will you? You know I love you and so does Mamma, and Oh—" he pleads, "if you will hide me somewhere, I'll give you my checkers and my Lincoln cent and the lame chicken Master Brown gave me."

Say, I am never going to make another rat-trap with a barrel and a board and a piece of cheese, and the board tips up and lands him in the water, and he swims 'round and 'round but can't get out. I know how it feels now. Here was Bobbie and here was me, trapped in the barn and not a place to hide him in that old Meg couldn't find. And upstairs I can see the window from where I stand is the room where Bobbie's Ma is lying flat on her

bed with a big chunk of iron on her broken leg to make it knit long like the other one, the doctor says. And he tells her too, that she would get erlong better if she didn't fret and cry so much—not about her leg. Crackey, no! But because Bobbie's Pa went to Boston to get some money an uncle left him most a year ago, and never came back.

And when she didn't have anything to live on she went to work in a factory, and coming home one night she fell and broke her leg. And she didn't have any-one to help: so they sent her to our poor-house. When she gets well she can take care of Bobbie again.

But the law won't let the kid stay here, and that's what they have come for—to take him away. And she will never see him again, Christmases or Fourths of July or birthdays or anything, and that will hurt worser than a broken leg. Crackey, yes!

Not having money don't change your love for a little, curly-haired kid like Bobbie, and his pretty little Ma's arms will be just as empty up there in the poor-house as the Squire's wife's was when he offered a barrel of money for her baby what got lost. It's pretty tarnal tough to be poor; that's my way of thinking of it. When I get rich I'm going to build a place for sick mothers to go with their kids. It don't take any more grub to feed them in one place than it do in two.

But how was I goin' to get Bobbie out of the barn and into the woods? that was the question. Just then I see an empty barrel standing 'long side the wheelbarrow, and I have a plan.

I put the barrel on the wheelbarrow,

helped Bobbie climb in, and tuck my fiddle 'long side him, spit on my hands and wheel him out of the barn slick as grease.

If I can only get him across the field and into the woods, all right! If I don't—well, we'll both be in for it. Crackey, I never knew there was so many stumps and rocks and bumps in that field before—there must be more'n a million—and I run into half of 'em!

Part way 'cross the field, old Meg sticks her head out of er window and yells after me if I can see Bobbie anywhere's. That old cracked voice of hers takes the strength out of me, and I drop the wheelbarrow and wipe the sweat off my forehead before I answer back that I can't see anything of him.

An' 'tain't no lie, either. 'Twould take better eyes than mine to see through a barrel. Then I spit on my hands again and make another start. The sun is pretty hot and makes me feel spelly, 'cors it struck me once, and they-ve called me "Dippy" ever since. That's how I came on the City Farm.

Bobby is heavy, if he is only five years old. But after what seems a year I gets to the bars, drops them down, and at last we are in the woods.

In a jiffy I have Bobbie out of the barrel, and he and the fiddle and me hurry through the trees and bushes as fast as we can. An' say, I never knew the woods to be so noisy. Always before, they seemed still and Sabbath; but now every squirrel and bird and rabbit makes a noise like men hunting for little boys. And once when a crow goes "Caw" right over my head, blessed if for a minute I didn't think it was old Meg screeched!

After walking about an hour, clear through to the brook, I get stuck again. I have saved Bobbie for his mother for one night. Just one night to cuddle him down to sleep with the lullaby song she always has sung to him ever since he was a tiny little baby. You know how it goes: "Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber."

I can play it on my fiddle, and Bobbie can sing it like a bird. We used to make a lot of money singing it for visitors to the Farm.

But tomorrow is coming, and they will keep him for the officers. I have got to think, no matter how it makes the wheels go 'round. So I sit down on a rock and put my head in my hands and try to hatch up a plan.

Then, just like some one saying it, the name Mike Sulervan, came to me. Big, fat, good-hearted Mike! He was just the fellow that would help us. This summer he was here to see me and gave me a fiver, and said he would send for me to live with him, and run errands and such like when he got back from his visit to the old country. Course he must be back by this time: so I'll take Bobbie to Boston and find him.

Mike is next to the Mayor of Boston, I guess, and most any one can tell me where I can find him. So we make a run for the train, and I fish out the money Mike gave me, for a ticket, an 'most 'fore we know we are off to the city. A pile of people must have come to Boston to-day; every one dressed in their best. I must be the only young fellow in town with overalls on.

But no one can tell me where Mike Sulervan lives. Some sends me one place; som 't'other. And some only laughs. But if a Mike Sulervan lived where they sent me, it wasn't the big Mike that I want.

'Bout three o'clock Bobbie gets so tired and hungry he begins to cry, so I take him to a swell place to get some beans. Near us is a lady in black with big black feathers in her hat, and I notice when she smiles at Bobbie that she has a dimple in her cheek—like Bobbie's ma.

The other girl is dressed in blue, and I know she is laughing at the kid's dirty face and the green patch on my overalls.

"Don't he look like our little Charlie, dear?" the lady with the dimple asks the gentleman with her. Then she pats Bobbie's cheek, and says to the waiter to bring us a good dinner and charge it to her. While she was talking, two men came in and sat down at the next table. One is big and tall, the other is handsome and dressed nice, only he has a scar across one side of his forehead. Down he set

with his chair-back touching mine. And he's telling the big man about a dream he had while he was laying on the lounge waiting for him that afternoon.

"It was dreadful, Doctor," the man with the scar says. "And I know somewhere some one belonging to me is in bitter trouble. I could hear a woman's sobs and moans, and she was calling for me. I awoke in a cold sweat, as you say, Doctor. Everything I touch turns into gold, but I would give every cent I possess to know who I am."

"The operation was very successful", the Doctor says in a deep, pleasant voice. "You was lucky to pull through an accident like yours with your life. Some time a name, a face, or even a song, will bring the past back to you, and you—" But I did not listen any more; for the lady with the dimple gave Bobbie a silver dollar, and is putting on her gloves to go.

She is so pretty and kind, I want her to think we had good broughten up, so I says to Bobbie, "Sing for the lady, Kiddo."

The girl in blue snickers again, but our lady says she would "just *love* to hear him." The gentleman with her, smiles a little, then slips something into the waiter's hand, and he says all right—only to play soft.

So I stands up and begin on the song that Bobbie can sing the best—his lullaby. I play the first line, and the man with the scar turns and looks at me like he was trying to remember something. When I swing into the second line, he stands up and leans forward, and his eyes look through me and through the wall into yesterday.

The look on his face is dreadful, and I get afraid and am going to stop, but the big doctor nods and smiles for me to keep on. So I begin again for Bobbie to sing, and he sings it just like a little angel:

"Hush my babe, lie still and slumber."

The man turns from me to him, and the scar gets as red as blood, and the sweat stands out on his forehead like beads. Every one is looking at him.

"Holy angels guard thy bed", sings Bobbie. "Heavenly blessings"—but a light

goes over the man's face, and a smile makes it look bright and handsome.

"Robert, Robert! he calls, softly. "My baby! My dear little son!"

Bobbie turns and looks at him a minute, then with a cry of "Papa, Papa!" he runs and throws his arms around the man's neck, and the father holds him tight and kisses his dirty little mug, and don't care a rap that Bobbie's old muddy shoes are making railroad tracks up and down his best trousers.

We are in a hotel now, and the doctor and nurse and Bobbie's papa have gone after the little mother that I think must have cried herself most to death by now. But I'm not going back! Crackey! No! They belong to me now, and the big doctor is going to put a buzz machine on my head where the sun hit me, and it will stop the wheels going 'round, and THEN folks won't call me "Dippy."

To February.

FEBRUARY—February—

How your moods and actions vary,
Or to seek or shun!

Now a smile of sunlight lifting,
Now in chilly snowflakes drifting;
Now with icy shuttles creeping,

Silver webs are spun
Now with leaden torrents leaping,
Oceanward you run,
Now with bells you blithely ring,
'Neath the stars or sun;

Now a blade of murder bring

To the suffering one.—

February, you are very

Dear—when all is done:

Many blessings rest above you;
You one day (and so we love you)
Gave us WASHINGTON.

REMEMBER—when you put your life
In matrimonial equations,
You marry—not alone a wife—

But also, most of her relations.
If they be upright straight and true,
Good mutual help your luck has won you:
But if for pelf your wife and you
Like wolves they constantly pursue,
Then the good Lord have mercy on you!



Up and Down the World.

East Centerboro Still on Deck.

[From the East Centerboro Intelligent.]

OUR society notes this week are so many that we cannot note them all, but we will note as many as we can, and note the same with the others soon.

Mrs. David Hooper Hoops gave a swell dance on Thursday last, at her house, number one Hoops Avenue. There was formal dancing till eight forty, when informal dancing begun, and the same continued one hour. A bluffit supper was then served in addition to the dinner above-mentioned. The favors consisted of a number of things which Mrs. Hoops does not care to move, in her removal to North Centerboro.

Miss Sarah Garragas, of this place, is engaged to Oliver Russell, as soon as he returns from Reno, where he has gone on business connected with his former wife.

The Dibble Family held their annual reunion on Friday last, at the house of Mrs. George H. Dibble, who is not a blood-Dibble, but a descendant by marriage from James Dibble, John Dibble, and Joseph Dibble, three brothers, who came over from the other side some years ago. A discussion was held, as to whether the name in the future should be spelled Dibbell, and accented on the last syllable. Several of the family, who have grown wealthy, voted in the affirmative, and the motion was carried.

Mrs. Adams, last week, was the guest of Mrs. Adams, and of Miss Adams, who came from Adams, to assist Mrs. Adams in entertaining Mrs. Adams. Mr. Adams, of East Adams, is expected soon.

People who want their names put in this paper, must bring them in the day

before they want to have them published.

Mrs. Jane A. Lancaster has already kept the same hired girl four months, and a sister of hers, three months previously.

Mr. Edwin Parkinson, of South Centerboro, has bought him an automobile, having first sold his farm.

Mr. Rostand's play of "Chanticleer" was delivered at the town hall last Thursday afternoon, by our own rising young elocutionist, Mr. Elmer Joseph Thomas Stubbs. Mr. Stubbs was dressed in a large artificial rooster, which covered nearly the entire expanse of his body. The tail came very near catching afire at one time during the reading, but Mr. Stubbs succeeded in finishing his work, with great satisfaction to himself.

Miss Jane Esther Sample's new play, "The Aeroplanist's Two Brides", took this town by storm last Thursday night, which was no doubt the reason that the audience was not larger. It will be tried again, on some more pleasant evening.

Mrs. Helen Van Dam, having joined the church, is about to petition the Legislature to have her name changed. We have not yet learned what one she will adopt, but as soon as we do, we will inform our readers of the same.

Mrs. Ephraim Touse, having lost her favorite cat, advertised in the *Independence* last week, offering a reward of twentyfive cents for its return—several of our readers no doubt having noticed the same. No less than fortyeight cats were brought during the following day, which shows what advertising will produce, if in the right paper. Mrs. Touse is still searching for her cat, but as will be noticed has not put any further advertisement in this week.

During the absence from this village of Rev. James Tutt, his wife Malvina Tutt will fill the pulpit. Mrs. Tutt weighs 250 pounds, and frequently states the same to her friends.

Charles Ruggles, Esq., son of our enterprising merchant, Joab Ruggles, has come back from his winter vacation. After a short rest, he will return to complete the same.

A quiet wedding took place at Amos Hutchings' house, on Wednesday last. Miss Hutchings is unfortunately deaf and dumb, and several fellow-schoolmates from the Asylum, where she met her future husband, John M. Warner, were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. G. Ruggles, who previously learned enough finger-talk to go through the ceremony in a proper and respectable manner.

Time In the Animal World.

WE are all ignorant—densely so, but if one of us is more dull than another, it is he who never suspects that there are worlds beyond his ken. Some of us go through life hypnotized by our material surroundings, so that we cannot comprehend ideas outside the mere routine of existence. We may not be abnormally stupid, or uneducated as the term goes, but somehow we never seem to “come to.” We never “find ourselves” or catch glimpses of the universal order of things. We recognize our ignorance, but it is generally after we have been told about it directly or indirectly by other people, or had the fact forced upon us by circumstances. Like plants, we vegetate; as animals seem to do, we go through life automatically, carelessly unconscious of anything save our physical selves, our gains and losses.

When we shall finally awake from this comatose condition of the mind and soul, and arrive at some realization of the ways of destiny, whether it be in this world or some other sphere, one of the greatest surprises that will await us, is the meaning of animal life. It is com-

ing to be believed that man is not the center of all creation, the hub round which the universe revolves, but that his life on earth, is rather a tiny bit in the intricacies of a great design.

If that is true, is it not probable that every other created thing also has a place in that same design? And granting that, the lives, careers, and destinies of all living things become inextricably commingled: not only does man not live to himself alone, but nothing in which the life-principle obtains, has an absolutely separate and distinct significance.

For example, one of the chief elements in the life of man on earth is the idea of time—the beginning and the ending of events. Now, is it possible that this same law holds throughout the sensate life? If it does, it is reasonable to suppose that the idea of the length of periods of time, in a particular animal, is proportionate to the length of life to which members of that species usually attain. That is, one hour, to an animal whose ordinary life is sixty hours, would seem as long as one year, to an organism whose usual existence is sixty years.

Some insects live but a day, some, especially among the *Ephemeridæ*, but an hour, and possibly the life-span of some, extends over but a minute of time. Then it is probable that there are organisms so tiny, or whose earth-careers are so quickly closed, that the eye of science has not discovered them.

What long days and nights, what variety of seasons, what periods of pleasure and pain, may, in effect, be included between the birth and death of these microscopic beings whose careers are begun and ended in what is to us so short a time!

Then there are the long-lived animals. Fishes live to be a hundred and fifty years old, elephants sometimes longer, and it is believed that the great mammals of species now extinct lived many centuries. Then it is possible that there are creatures whose true life-cycles have not yet been accurately measured by man. The passage of scripture to the effect that a thousand years in Thy sight

are as but a day, etc., may have here an application that we know not of.

There are countless suggestions and possibilities in this theory. When we thoughtlessly tread out the life of an insect, thinking—if we give it any attention at all—that we kill it instantly, is it not possible that the animal, to whom a minute of our time may be as a year in its own, languishes in continued pain?

There are many other worlds than ours, in the universe, and many other lives in this world: and who shall say that there may not be creatures that live out an entire existence, while we clumsy beings can wink an eye, and others to whom our four score years and ten would seem but a flash of time?

Science may reveal some of these things, and it may not; we may become conscious of them in some future state of the soul, and we may not; but those who have peered even just a little way beyond the gates of the things unknown to sight and touch, will never relinquish the idea that great things, wonderful things, are going on their own resistless, eternal way all about us.

The Queen of the Vegetables.

SCARCELY anybody is an entire stranger to a "nice cup of tea." It may not be the best thing in the world, from a sanitary standpoint; indeed, the doctors say it is often a questionable thing for the health. But at the same time, people will go on drinking it, we suppose, to the end of time; and will never believe that their lives are shortened very much by the pleasant beverage.

It took Europe a great many years to find out what an immense amount of soothing virtue lay in tea. A great many valuable things—even America among the rest—had been discovered before it was known that there was in China such an immense acreage of table comfort. Poor Columbus had to live and die, amid all his triumphs and miseries, without a cup of tea to allay his headaches, or quiet his jumping nerves.

And through thousands of generations the Chinese had been drinking and enjoying it alone; for ages and ages it has been their favorite "tippie." But about 1615 there began to be sent by travelers and merchants, little packages of the wonderful product, to friends in London; and fine presents they were, for in such rare cases as it could be bought, it commanded from twentyfive to fifty dollars a pound.

Although there have been several attempts to establish "tea-farms" in other parts of the world, China and India have always been the great homes of the shrub from which the magic leaves are stripped.

We call it a shrub; and if it were given its way, it would develop into something very like a tree, twenty or thirty feet high, and a beautiful evergreen at that. But the thrifty natives do not allow it to get too lofty and picturesque for practical use: they keep it at work, and trimmed down to only five or six feet high, taking pains that its leaves shall be as long and large as possible.

This promoter of world-wide domestic cheer is somewhat exacting: it requires the richest of earth-homes. It thrives only in the most fertile of soil, and requires the monopoly of that. Weeds must be utter strangers to it.

It is raised from seeds that are planted—two or three in a "hole." The plant is three years old before any leaves are taken from it. When it is seven years old it may be considered "of age," so to speak, and is cut down to the standard size. Then new leaves soon make their appearance, in great abundance; and till it dies of old age at thirty years, the patient and industrious tea-plant toils for the solace of mankind and the profit of its owner—constantly growing new leaves only to have them stripped off and dried for home and foreign consumption.

The different kinds of tea, as "black", "green", etc., etc., are not raised from different species of plants, as was once supposed: they are drawn from the same kind of leaf, and the difference in the varieties mentioned are produced by the varying treatments to which they are subjected.

Editorial Comment.

MARTYRS OF THE AIR.

A PASSAGE in the Bible refers to "those who go down to the sea in ships." That process was considered a very dangerous one, in Scripture-making days, and the chances were largely against the sailor: but now, an ocean-ship makes a "record voyage" in spite of winds and storms, and everybody on board feels perfectly safe.

But this passing along from one condition of things to the other, has been accomplished at the cost of thousands if not millions of lives.

If civilization and invention keep on at their present speed, there will some day be achieved a real conquest of the air: but an immense amount of life will have to be sacrificed in order to do it.

In the year 1910, just past, an aviator has been killed at Bordeaux, France, one at San Sebastian, Spain, one at Lyons, France, one at Budapest, Hungary, one at Stettin, Germany, one at Rheims, France, one at Bournemouth, England, one at Ghent, Belgium, one at Brussels, Belgium, one at Rome, Italy, one at Arnheim, Netherlands, one at Chartres, France, one at Domodossola, Italy, one at Mullhausen, Germany, one at Wellen, Germany, one at St. Petersburg, Russia, one at Doulay, France, one at Magdeburg, Germany, three at Issy les Moulineux, France, two at Centossella, Italy, one at Denver, Colorado, one in the English Channel, one at Versailles, France, one near New Orleans, Louisiana, and one at Los Angeles, California.

Three of these victims, Johnstone, Moisant, and Hoxsey, were prominent at the recent aviation-meet in Belmont Park, Long Island, concerning which there

appeared in these columns some words of Editorial Correspondence. Johnstone made the world-record at that time for height of ascent, Hoxsey exceeded it afterward, and Moisant competed for the prize for sailing around the statue of the Goddess of Liberty.

It is noticeable, however, that a large number of these victims of aviation were really acrobats in the air, and lost their lives while doing "stunts" for admiring audiences. Their accidents were of course entirely disconnected with the regular business of aerial navigation, and are not to be considered or estimated as indicative of what will happen when large steady-going air-ships are constructed on the aeroplane or some better principle.

DAMAGES RECEIVED ON SHIPBOARD.

ONE of the French steamship companies has been sued by a passenger, who claims, among other things, that his daughters were bitten while in their berths, by a rat.

This opens up a new possible field of litigation. Rats have always been considered mascots on ships: at least their sudden leaving has been quoted as prophesying speedy disaster. Indeed, their importance in this matter has passed into a famous proverb.

It may be a question whether the steamship-company has hesitated to destroy such rats as were in the ship, on account of superstitious fears in the matter, and this may have some influence with the court or jury. But when it comes to bedbugs, and fleas, and the insectivora, that people are supposed or at least said to procure when they "sue

a beggar"—that is another thing—in fact, several other things. People who have travelled abroad—at least many of them—can testify that there are a good many disagreeable things on shipboard besides rats.

Going from the insectivora to the quadrumana, there are frequently taken along as passengers, sundry dogs, which are liable to bite their fellow-voyagers, or, almost as bad, keep them awake nights. There are cattle that bellow, sheep that bleat, and pigs that squeal. All these nuisances can be considered as a damage to passengers—especially to the steerage-victims, who have to sleep next them.

When it comes to the bipeds, there is no end to the damages that might be claimed. There are liable to be on board the steamships a considerable lot of damaging personalities. There are confidence-men, gamblers, spies, slatterns male and female, literary bores, social bores, artist-bores, rowdies, prigs, bogus lords and genuine ones perhaps no better, and other disagreeable persons that disturb one's comfort and perhaps impair his health.

A VOTE-SELLING REGION.

THE county in Ohio named after our second President, is having a very peculiar sort of excitement. Some 1,400 of its citizens, it seems, have been indicted for buying or selling votes.

A good many of them did not know that such action was against the law: in which class, no doubt, was Mrs. Lawrence Furtwagner—a lady sixtyfive years of age. Mr. Furtwagner, it seems, lives "up Turn Creek"—some fifteen miles from West Union, the capital of the little county. His wife, a lady of considerable enterprise, heard that arrests were being made, and that confessions were good—if not for the soul, at least for a reduction of sentence.

So she started out one morning at three o'clock, and walked the fifteen miles to West Union, where she arrived at eleven A. M. Walking into the court-room, she confessed to the Judge that she had sold her husband's and son's votes for five dollars apiece at a recent election; and asked for mercy. The Judge remitted fine and imprisonment, and let her go: and she walked fifteen miles home again—no doubt glad enough to get out of it that way.

Concerning the matter as a whole, the Judge explains as follows:

"The real reason why Adams County has fallen from civic grace, is the poverty of her people, and the relentless indifference to their duty of the county officials. For more than thirtyfive years the people have been growing up under the thought that it was all right to take money for their ballots. The politicians aided them in this, and told them it was proper to sell their votes.

"You must consider that this is one of the poorest counties in Ohio, and that it has at least 2,000 men living in it who have barely enough to feed them. These men have not thought of the penalties which could be placed upon them for selling their votes, and hundreds of them have taken the money, and openly boasted of the amounts they received.

"Meanwhile the officials let this go on. And these officials, who allowed it to proceed and who furnished some of the money wherewith the voters were bought, ought to be brought into court and fined for aiding them and keeping them in ignorance."

The last paragraph of this statement would seem to be peculiarly sensible. And it might be added, that those same politicians, or others, *who buy votes in any way*, paying for them in offices or influence that they control, are more guilty than the poor creatures who see politicians drawing fat salaries, and know

no way of getting anything out of it themselves, except to sell their votes.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD.

THE extreme southern district of the great Russian Empire, is Turkestan—a province containing 650,000 square miles; about one fourth as large as our Texas, and containing 9,000,000 people—three times as many as our country did at the beginning of the American Revolution. Its principal city is Tashkent, with 157,000 people, and one of its towns is Vyerny, with 23,000.

On January fourth, this latter town was destroyed by an earthquake—only second in violence to the one at San Francisco several years ago. A thousand families were made homeless, and many people killed. The larger city was also somewhat damaged.

While every one with any claim to humanity mourns this sad and mysterious tragedy, the scientists have some consolation in the fact that their instrument, the seismograph, although in some cases 3,000 miles away, indicated by its records, that there was a terrible disturbance in some part of the earth, and recorded to some extent its degree of severity.

The seismograph is made in different patterns—all intended to put on record the vibrations caused by any earthquake that occurs within recording-distance. Anything that will correctly record vibrations, is a seismograph. The simplest one constructed, is a bowl of some liquid that will color and cling, and thus indicate to what extent and in what direction a vibration has taken place. The most elaborate ones have electro-magnets, clock-dials, pencils that record automatically, and all sorts of delicate appliances that serve to make the records as accurate as possible.

These instruments are of no practical

value to the world, except for the purposes of scientific observation that may itself be very valuable or not, as future results may determine. All the science at present in the world has never been able to state with certainty what is the cause of an earthquake, when it is going to occur, or how to prevent it.

But these observations are, in their way, instructive, and certainly teach one great lesson—which is, that what affects one part of the world affects another—and that physically, as well as mentally and spiritually. Seismographs nearly six thousand miles west of the earthquake above-mentioned, plainly indicated that there had been a terrible convulsion of nature, somewhere, and these vibrations corresponded exactly in time, with the duration of the earthquake in Turkestan, the report of which was afterwards received by cable.

BELIEVES IN COOK AND PEARY BOTH.

THE author of "The Hollow Earth and the Hollow Poles", the first instalment of which appears in this number of EVERY WHERE, has confidence in both the arctic claimants, as will appear while he goes on. He believes that they both may have reached the much sought-for ninety degrees, and still have been a long distance from each other. He thinks that if they had continued on a few miles farther, they would have encountered an entirely different sort of planet to that with which we are familiar, and found the key to many important and, so-far, baffling mysteries.

For many years, the brotherinlaw of the first President Harrison, Captain Semmes, contended in speeches and pamphlets and in as many other ways as he could, that the world was hollow, and at one time "Semmes' Hole"—real or imaginary—was famous. Then the theory died away, and little has been heard about it of late years, except that

it has occasionally been mentioned as a curiosity. Not very long ago, the pages of EVERY WHERE contained a sketch of him and his life and life-work.

Mr. Paynter's theories are evidently no offshoot or imitation of Captain Semmes'. He has apparently arrived at his conclusions by a course of independent reasoning, and feels that he has made a discovery that ought to be of benefit to mankind.

Of course it will meet with more or less opposition and ridicule: but that has been the lot of all novel theories.

It is to be hoped that the next intrepid visitor to the North Pole will be able to go still farther, and to see not only what is at the charmed region, but what is beyond it. Perhaps in that case, Mr. Paynter's views may be confirmed, or at least some of them, and a new Columbus will bring us into acquaintance with another set of human beings.

COMPETITION-DESTROYERS.

A COMBINATION of steamships is "alleged" to have taken unlawful means of crushing out their rivals—there being quite a struggle now for the steerage-passengers to and from the port of New York.

It is declared that this combination sends what it calls "fighting steamers" wherever the independent companies are trying to get trade, and make them ticket the passengers so cheaply, that no profit can be made in carrying them. This action being entirely against the famous Sherman Law, injunctions have been asked for to restrain any of the steamers in this combination, from landing at American ports.

This is one of those oft-mentioned things called steps in the right direction. Most of the lines are owned in foreign countries, and it is stupid to give them monopolies in American trade, with which even Americans cannot compete.

THE FARM COMES BACK.

AN attache of EVERY WHERE, while upon a lecturing expedition, visited an institution of learning in one of the western commonwealths. It had been founded and endowed by the Legislature, as an agricultural college.

But after awhile, and perhaps at the beginning, branches were taught not primarily connected with farming. Higher mathematics, belles lettres, Psychology, Greek, Latin, French, German, Music, etc., etc., came trooping along: and gradually the agricultural course fell into the background. "The distinctively agricultural students are not considered as amounting to much", was remarked to the visitor, by one of the undergraduates. "This is really a regular literary institution, so far as the best scholars are concerned."

It struck the traveler as queer, but the information was, reluctantly, confirmed by certain of the instructors.

Now, however, things have changed, and farming has become more "classy", as it grew more profitable. Many literary and scientific graduates are coming to various colleges to take a supplementary agricultural course.

Farming is much more profitable now than it used to be: the democrat-wagon has been replaced in many cases by the automobile, the sun-shaded machinery has come for a permanent visit, and the mild food-famine that has made living almost as expensive as dying, has raised the price of produce wherever the earth can be coaxed into the habit of producing eatables.

This state of things will not always be so: it is a world of action and reaction. But as long as money can be made on the farm, it will be treated, not as a lonely hermitage, but a wide-floored, sky-roofed manufactory: and, it is to be hoped, will relieve the congestion in some of our cities.



Women Then and Now.

LET your women keep silence in the churches", said St. Paul.

No one questions the expediency of this admonition given by him to the women of the *early church*.

The women, the common women, the ignorant women; what a noise and hubbub they made! Their souls were clamoring for a freedom which their degradation denied them.

Saul the Jew, Saul the Roman, Saul the Persecutor—Paul the Christian, Paul the Scholar—was now a reasonable, shrewd, calculating man. He had learned that greatest and grandest of lessons: "to count all things as loss, that he might win Christ."

He had caught the true spirit, and tried to teach the reasonableness of it, but the women were emotional and irrational. They only knew that a great light had been shed about and upon them, and it blinded them.

Freedom from sin, and for a woman! "He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her." "*Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.*"

This thought was the death-knell to brutal slavery of opinion and judgment. Her prison doors were open, and she stood and looked, but could not realize the blessings that were in store for her.

Those words have been rolling down the centuries for nearly nineteen hundred years, gathering power and music as they rolled. And if Paul could be here now he would say, "O, woman, speak, speak on, and tell the world of

the wonderful things that have come to you through Jesus of Nazareth. Calmness and decision are now your portion, and to speak the truth are you born.

"You were in a deep sleep with your face to the ground, but He touched you and set you upright. You have learned to do all things through the Spirit of truth and freedom.

"Whatsoever things are *true*, whatsoever things are *just*, whatsoever things are *pure*, whatsoever things are of *good report*, think on these things, and *tell them*."

Your homes were never so bright and orderly as today, your table was never so well served, your household linen was never in better order, and why? Because the household drudge has been emancipated by Christianity.

The days of wool carding, spinning, dyeing and weaving have gone. A man is no longer his own shoemaker, and his wife no more makes all his bosom shirts.

The patchwork quilting bees—where many a social scandal and malicious interpretation were stitched by deft fingers into the covers and under which little children dreamed at night, when the dark hints dropped at the "bee" took shape and floated before their sleepy eyes—are over.

Woman, go your way—go right on, and in abolishing pork and molasses, yellow soda biscuits, and soggy potatoes, ring in the new and better things. Serve with your dainty dishes and health food, all the reflections of a varied reading and sunny social intercourse. Keep on until your voice shall be heard around

the globe, and your sisters in darkness shall see the light, and the waste places of the earth shall be made glad.

Who shall condemn the thirst that women have for the knowledge that broadens and develops; and who would replace it by the old-time, narrow-minded grubbing, or the frippery frills of a shallow society Miss? What if they do have their little "clubs" in which they discuss Shakespeare and Dryden and sometimes dryer things!

Is it not much better than the miserable prejudices which were sometimes poured out with every cup of tea?

Women have spoken well on the liquor question. A woman spoke well for the emancipation of the slaves, and never was there greater reason to be proud of women's achievements, than when one summer in Albany they were listened to with rapt attention by that body of picked men which constituted the New York Constitutional Convention. They knew how to begin, what to say, and how and when to finish.

Every sin is a forged chain which binds the human soul. Speak, O Woman, the word of love which can melt the galling irons. The World is your church and the Heavens your sounding-board!

Tell of the guidance of the Spirit into the beautiful things of Paradise, and let it never be said of you again by any scholar that you should keep silence in the churches.

Go your way, and let him that is without sin, and blameless, condemn you, and cast at you the first stone.

Church To Triumph in Fifteen Years.

“WITHIN the next fifteen years the wail that there is no increase in the numbers within the Church will change to a triumphant pean of victory for the Church, and the attitude of benevolent pity toward the Church will be entirely changed.”

In this way the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton prophesies a revival of religious

feeling that will sweep over the land.

“During the last ten or twenty years,” said Dr. Eaton, “there has been a profound religious depression throughout the world. This is due, I think, more than anything else, to our materialism. The business man, instead of seeking relaxation from the strain and stress of his business in the Church and in spiritual things, has sought it in tawdry places of amusement. The newspapers, too, have usurped something of the moral influence of the Church.

“These things are already changing. In fact, the crisis is already here, and we must reckon with it.”

A Boy Hymn-Writer.

A PECULIAR interest attaches to the noble old hymn, “Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be,” from the fact that it was written by a boy only ten years old. One cannot but wonder what experience inspired this production. It is not difficult to imagine that the author, like many another boy Christian, sometimes found it hard to stand up for Christ before ungodly companions; and that he wrote the hymn in mingled self-rebuke and self-encouragement. However this may be, no hymn, except, perhaps, “Stand up for Jesus,” has helped more Christians to show their colors in trying places, than has this one. It has in it the very ring of the Master's words, “Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels.”

Of the author's life, we know but little. We are glad to learn that he entered the ministry, and was for many years a Presbyterian pastor in the city of London. And we are a little disappointed to find that he afterward, having married a wealthy widow, retired from active service and lived upon his estate. He continued to write, however, and occasionally he filled the pulpit of a brother minister for a single Sunday. He died at

Walthamstow, near London, in 1768, aged about fortyeight years.

Mr. Grigg wrote a great number of hymns, of which two became famous—the one under consideration, which was originally headed, "Shame of Jesus Conquered by Love; by a Youth of Ten Years," and the one which begins, "Behold a Stranger at the Door."

"Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be," is—perhaps because of its vigor and intensity—a strong inspiration to musical genius. It is sung in various forms and to various tunes. It has a meaning and a mission, and it will live as long as Christians need it to tell of the "Shame of Jesus Conquered by Love."

Churches Joining Churches.

THE following very sensible and conservative article comes out of *The Interior*:

"The Baptist churches of South Africa are going into union with Presbyterian and Congregational Churches on the express provision that they shall still have liberty to practice baptism exclusively by immersion and to refuse communion to Christian persons unimmersed as long as they may choose to maintain such restrictions. At this, Baptist organs in this country are well-nigh stupefied with amazement; this, they say, is no union at all. How can there be union when people within the union are all left free still to keep their own different customs?"

But this is no poser. The question merely shows how little union imagination the questioners have. The old divisive notion that people can't belong to the same church unless they believe precisely the same thing, still has its grip on the thinking of many. But with a moment's right clear thought on the subject anybody should be able to see that people who belong to the same church don't need to believe the same things or practice the same observances—if only they are big-souled enough to agree beforehand on liberty for everybody. It all depends on what men and women think the Church

is. If they are dead sure it is an organization of immersed persons, then of course they can't belong in the same church with persons unimmersed. But if they think it is the family of younger brothers and sisters of Jesus, then it is entirely easy to gather in the same church with all those brothers and sisters and consent that they shall do as variously as they please about baptism.

"The profoundest conviction that one is himself exactly right on these doctrinal or organizational matters, need not hinder such fellowship with men of different opinions; in fact, the surer a man is of his own convictions, the more willing he may be to cast his opinion into the crucible with other opinions. If actually he is right, the gold in his faith will certainly come out clear enough in the end to compel everybody to accept it. But on the contrary, as long as he keeps off by himself in a narrow church of his own, he stands no chance at all of convincing others that his peculiar tenet is true. Other folks never get close enough to him to test the value of the possession that he guards so jealously."

A Religious Object Lesson.

AT one of his meetings, Mr. Moody remonstrated with people who wouldn't take salvation in until they could put sin out.

He took an empty glass and a pitcher of water from the table beside him. "Now this is sin," he said, referring to the air in the glass. "It can't be emptied out—shaken out—scooped out. That's sin.

"The right way to get sin out, is to put salvation in, so", he continued, pouring the glass full of water.

He continued to pour till the glass was full of water and still continued to pour.

"Don't be stingy," he said; "let it run; you can't get too much of it."

Mr. Moody continued pouring until the pitcher was emptied, and he stood in a small pool of water—so intent was he upon driving home the force of the illustration.



Ocean-Bathing in Winter.

IT sounds chilly, and looks so, in cold type: but a good many indulge in it, and claim that it is exceedingly healthful, and will probably add to the number of years that will be allotted to them in the tangible life.

At Brighton Beach, Coney Island, there were one morning as many as forty people, of both sexes, who took a nice little dip in the foaming surf, just as if it were summer.

The water appeared refreshing, and several women among the crowd seemed to enjoy the experience no less keenly than the men. They lolled upon the sandy beach, dashed each other with water, and indulged in trick diving. On the boardwalk a large crowd watched their antics with interest.

Reads like a story in summer, doesn't it, when the first reports of the summer rush to the resort by the sea begin to appear? You would almost expect to hear that twelve persons were overcome by the intense heat and that every one made a rush for the chutes and the scenic railways, as the only spots in which to keep cool. By taking a new grip on your overheated imagination, it would be quite possible to expect to read of the suffering swarms from the crowded tenements, who were allowed to spend the night on the wind-swept beach as they gasped for a breath of cool air.

All this might be, and yet it is not. The bathing of the Forty Immortals already described took place January 1, with the mercury hovering around the twentytwo degrees mark and well defined icicles hanging from the eaves of the

bleak pavilions and amusement resorts. And they enjoyed it, every mother's son and daughter of them.

A few minutes before the frost-bitten face of the sun appeared over the edge of the Atlantic, seemingly tinging the surface of the icy water with a veneer of warmth, but in reality making it colder by comparison, two men sauntered down to the Parkway Baths at the end of the Ocean Boulevard. They wandered into the office and paid down their money entitling them to a bathing-suit apiece, a towel and the freedom of a bath-room.

Within a few minutes they reappeared, clad in bathing-suits and sweaters, and ran down the beach.

After they had tired of their exercise with the big ball, they cast yearning glances at the water. The larger one was the first to peel off his sweater and make a dash for the ocean's green depths. He splashed his way in for about twenty feet and then took a header. When he emerged, sparkling with moisture, he waved his hand to his friend, and invited him in. "The water's fine!" he shouted, and the friend needed no second urging.

The two men wallowed in the trough of the waves, allowed themselves to be tossed up on the beach by big rollers, and spent some time in floating on their backs. After they had satisfied their craving for the fish exercise, they ran up the beach to the old breakwater wall and toasted themselves in the sun's beams. Each expressed fear lest he should be sunburned.

Two young women were enthusiastic in anticipation of the morning plunge. They made a race of it to the bathhouse, and showed up on the beach at the same

moment. Their sateen bathing-suits were becomingly cut, and both sported brilliantly-hued bathing-caps. Their rivalry in the water led them to swim to the spot where the float was moored in the summer months, and then they raced in to the beach.

Soon the bathers were the cynosure of several thousand pairs of eyes, the owners of which were standing ten deep on the boardwalk, huddled in heavy overcoats and furs. Beyond showing slight traces of annoyance at the fact that their bathing attracted so much attention, the bathers continued their evolutions in the water, with no signs of anything unusual occurring.

Need of Cleanliness.

I.

THE internal bath has been exploited again and again in the health columns of EVERY WHERE, and hundreds if not thousands have thus been made to take a great interest in this sovereign method of cure, and to employ it, to their lasting advantage.

But one great foible of human nature is to consider a very good thing, as the only good thing. Many of the advocates of the internal bath, seeing and experiencing all the advantages that arise from it, take it as their sole remedy, consider it as their a cure-all, no matter what is the trouble, and go on with the same bad habits that served to cause the original trouble.

They seem to suppose that they have found a supreme cure for all ills, that will keep them alive and well—no matter what they do—no odds how they abuse the “mortal frame divine.”

But there are baths to be taken from the outside, as well as from within. The body must be kept clean throughout its whole extent—

Everybody outside of the mere barbarian class, must by this time be aware of the necessity of frequently bathing. Whoever does not practice that, is an example

of the fact, that civilization has something still to do.

The external bath has for long ages past been used by the most enlightened nations. It is even a part of the religion of some countries.

If you have a magnifying glass of four diameter power, capable of enlarging the appearance of the skin sixteen times its natural area, and will examine the skin on the palm of your hand with it, you will find its outer surface composed of furrows and ridges.

The ridges are punctured full of regularly arranged holes. These holes are called the pores of the skin, and are the external orifices or mouths of the sweat glands, which have such an important function to perform in our physical economy, namely, the getting rid of used-up waste and consequently injurious matter out of the system.

Each sweat gland is composed of a delicate little tube, which runs down into the depths of the skin, almost or quite to the layer of fat which underlies it, called subcutaneous fat. There it curls up into a ball, which, when greatly magnified, looks like an earth worm curled up. While each of these tiny glands is in itself insignificant, they make up in multitude what they lack in size.

It is estimated there are 2,800 to each square inch of skin, on the body, and that their total length, in an ordinary person, if unraveled and stretched out end to end, would be ten miles.

These glands are constantly bringing moisture to the surface of the skin, which they secrete from the blood. Under ordinary circumstances this is not perceptible, but is evaporated as fast as exuded. But in case of an extra warm day or extra physical exertion, or in some diseases, more of the moisture is poured out than passes off by evaporation, gathering in drops on the surface of the skin. We then say the person is sweating. Chemical analysis shows that this moisture constantly coming out of the skin is loaded with worn-out refuse-material from the body. As the body is constantly changing its tissue, that which is worn out

being replaced by new material made from the nutrition gathered from the food we eat, the blood being the busy workman, carrying away the old and replacing it with the new, it is evident that it utilizes these glands and pores as one of the ways of conveying the morbid matter out of the system. As this waste, if it remains too long in the system, acts as a poison and furnishes material for disease germs, microbes, bacterias, spores or whatever we choose to call them, to feed upon, it is evident that it is as important to keep these little outlets open and in good working order as it is the great outlet of the alimentary canal.

In addition to the sweat glands there is another busy set of glandular bodies at work discharging their contents at the surface of the skin. These are the oil glands. Their office is to oil the skin and keep it soft and flexible. They are especially numerous and busy where the skin is covered with hair, as they have the additional duty to perform of keeping the hair oily and sleek. The skin itself is also being constantly renewed. The outer skin, named the epidermis, or cuticle, commonly called the scarf skin, is made of millions of little oval and flattened bodies, called epithelial cells, each being about the one-thousandth of an inch broad, packed together like stones in the wall of a house. Beneath the older cells on the surface are actively developing younger ones, constantly growing and pushing their worn-out elder brothers to the outer surface, to be cast or washed off as waste material.

With these three busy bodies at work, constantly forcing waste material to the surface of the skin, together with the accumulation of external dirt, the reader will appreciate the necessity of frequent vigorous applications of soap and water.

It is a dangerous matter to stop up these ten miles of sewer pipe, as the natural drainage tubes which the sweat glands constitute, may be called. If a coat of varnish were to be applied to the whole of a person's skin, thus effectually stopping the openings of the pores, he would die in a very short time. This has

been demonstrated by experiment: not indeed on a human subject, but on dogs, from which the hair had been shorn.

Health Notes.

A delightfully refreshing drink for invalids is made by throwing a small handful of dried raspberries in a bowl of water. A tiny bit of stick cinnamon may be added if desired.

A severe case of blood poisoning not long ago was traced to the wearing of a black dotted veil. A slight sore on the lip became moistened, and the veil adhered to it, unnoticed by the wearer, who nearly lost her life in consequence.

One drachm of powdered cinnamon, made in a pill with a few drops of water, and taken morning and evening, is highly recommended as a cure for dysentery. Two doses are usually sufficient, and more than six should not be taken.

A drink that nourishes and stimulates at once is prepared by breaking an egg in a cup and filling with clear, hot coffee. Always make the combination in this order, for if the coffee is put in first and the egg added, they will not mix properly, and a stringy compound will result.

For a headache of the "beating, thumping" variety, an effective remedy may often be found in a plaster of flour and cayenne pepper, equal parts, mixed with water and applied to the back of the neck. The pepper is in most cases an admirable substitute for mustard, as it never blisters.

One of the best disinfectants for disguising unpleasant odors in the sickroom is made by soaking sheets of brown wrapping-paper in saltpeter and water. Let them dry thoroughly, and when needed for use, throw a few dried lavender flowers on one of them and burn it on a shovel. It is far preferable to coffee or rags.



World-Success.

Criminals Through Ignorance.

II.

IN these busy times, when such a large portion of business is conducted in writing, it behooves one and all to use great diligence and care in the consideration of what he puts in writing. Letters penned hastily, while the composer is ruffled or in a bad humor, may and very often do cause a vast amount of trouble and litigation.

The laws of civilized countries provide ample redress for any wrong or injury done to an individual or corporation. The courts are established for the purpose of punishing and reforming wrong-doers, in an orderly way, through the proper channels. No individual has any right to usurp or attempt to usurp the prerogative of the courts, either by administering justice through his own acts, or declaring his intentions of doing so by writing a threat to another.

The courts are very jealous of their functions, and see to it that all usurpation or attempted usurpation is properly punished. The assumption of the right of the courts to administer justice by the individual is a grave offence, and carries with it a severe penalty. It is readily perceived from the above facts, that the very foundation of orderly and proper administration of justice is assaulted by any one threatening to do injury of any kind to another.

The laws governing what may and what may not be sent by mail, are clear and broad in scope, and stringent. The infractions of them are frequent and facile. They range from the much-read-of black hand missive, to threatening letters sent

by one neighbor to another after some trivial break in friendly relations.

Threats of any kind are direct violation of law, be they oral or written. The courts take cognizance of the conditions under, and the spirit in which the threat is made.

It is assumed that when one writes a letter to another, he does so after having given due thought and consideration to what he has written, and is directly responsible for the contents of his epistle; while on the other hand, one may on the spur of the moment of anger or heated argument utter a threat carelessly or unthinkingly. Herein lies the difference between a written and an oral threat. The former always implies a deliberate infraction of the law, while the latter does not. But this does not say that one may utter threats *ad libitum* and be immune to the law.

Oral threats are transgressions, and punishable, just as well as written ones. But as the courts consider the extenuating circumstances and motives of an offense, the written threat is the graver of the two, and surer to result in the conviction of the sender.

The written threat also carries with it the probable clash with the postal laws, with their severe penalties. The postal regulations strictly forbid the use of the mails for the sending of anything that is intended to reflect injuriously upon the character of another, etc.

Many threats sent in writing, partake of the nature of intimidation or blackmail, or both. These are crimes indictable and punishable by imprisonment. Of course when the letter is of a public nature, and actually injures the business

or professional standing of an individual, company, or corporation, the author, sender and publisher are all liable to a civil suit for slander or libel involving damages. With the statement which caused the alleged injury confronting them in court, the implicated parties stand a comparatively small chance of escaping from punishment.

This being a civil procedure, the plaintiff is obliged to prove that *actual* injury has resulted to him before the law can be invoked: this being done, it falls upon the jury to decide to what extent the plaintiff has suffered and for the amount of damages to be paid by defendants.

When Coal Arrived.

THE first discovery of coal as a fuel, is described in the following letter from Judge Jesse Fell of Wilkesbarre to his cousin Jonathan:

"Wilkesbarre, Dec. 1, 1826.

"Esteemed Cousin:

"When I saw thee last I believe I promised to write thee and give some data about the first discovery and use of the stone coal in our valley. (I call it stone coal because everybody knows what is meant by that name.)

"The late Judge Gore in his lifetime, informed me that he and his brother, the late Capt. Daniel Gore (both being blacksmiths), were the first that discovered and used this coal in their blacksmith's fires, and found it to answer their purpose well. This was before the Revolutionary War, and as near as I can collect the information, about the year 1770 or 1771, and it has been in use ever since by blacksmiths of the place.

"In the year 1788 I used it in a nailery, and found it to be profitable in that business. The nails made with it would neat the weights of the rods and frequently a balance over. But it was the opinion of those that worked it in their furnaces that it would not do for fuel, because when a small parcel was left on their fires and not blown, it would go out.

"Notwithstanding this opinion long prevailed, I had for some time entertained the idea that if a sufficient body of it was ignited, it would burn.

"Accordingly, in this month of February, 1808, I secured a grate made of small iron rods, ten inches in depth and ten inches in height, and set it up in my common room fireplace, and on first lighting I found it to burn excellently well.

"This was the first successful attempt to burn our stone coal in a grate, so far as my knowledge extends.

"On its being put in operation my neighbors flocked to see the novelty, but many would not believe the fact until convinced by ocular demonstration.

"Such was the effect of this pleasing discovery that in a few days there were a number of grates put in operation. This brought the stone coal into popular notice.

"I find we have various qualities of coal, but our best specimens are said to be superior to any yet known, and we have it in sufficient quantity to supply the world.

"Here it is—but the best way of getting it to market is yet to be discovered. The market at present is down the Susquehanna River, but great improvements must be made in the river ere it can be a safe and sure conveyance. Looking forward, Wilkesbarre is but eleven miles from Lehigh below the junction of all the creeks you see from Pokono to Wilkesbarre Mountain. This, I suppose, is known, and I believe the principal transport of our coal will in time pass down the Lehigh; but this I do not expect to live to see.

"I am thy affectionate cousin,

"JESSE FELL."

The domestic use of coal prevented the continued consumption of wood as a domestic fuel. The denudation of our forests is today a matter of great national concern, and the state and nation are seriously considering the best means for reforestation and for preventing the cutting of our present forests. In these modern days we have frequently realized to our sorrow the serious effects of the

lack of forest lands at the head of our streams. The people of the Susquehanna valley are acquainted with the effects of floods increased by this lack of verdure. The rain-fall of the country is also more or less depleted by the lack of woodland, and we may well suppose that serious droughts and disastrous floods such as have occurred occasionally in these latter years have been delayed and minimized through the use of coal. Roughly speaking, one ton of coal is equivalent to two and a half cords of wood, for fuel purposes, and the smallest trees or bushes may thus be utilized. We can imagine, therefore, how much greater would have been the destruction of our forests or timber lands if we had all these years been compelled to burn wood instead of coal.

The coal trade had not commenced anywhere at the time of Judge Fell's experiment. In fact, there could be no coal trade before this time, because if the seller could not show and prove to the buyer the economical value of his product, there could be no sale. This was the cause of failure of one of the two attempts from the Lehigh region before this date.

In November, 1803, the records state, a couple of boats of coal were shipped down the Lehigh to Philadelphia, and efforts were made to burn it, but it only served to put out the fire, and the balance of the coal was spread upon the park walks in place of gravel; thus demonstrating the futility of all the early attempts to introduce coal, without sufficient knowledge of the method of burning it.

Most Independent Club Known.

THE following prospectus of a unique Association is from the pen of Eugene V. Brewster, editor of that unique and witty magazine, "The Caldron." The rules are so elastic and at the same time so full of good sense and conservatism, that they will no doubt be imitated in other communities.

"This organization shall have only one officer,—a vice-president.

"It shall have no constitution nor by-laws.

"It shall meet every now and then.

"Its purposes shall be to promote social intercourse; to bring together agreeable people of talent who have done something, or who can do something; to seek truth; and lastly, but not leastly, to encourage early hours—early hours of rising and retiring, and hence early hours for beginning and ending all evening entertainments.

"There shall be no dues, no elections, no formality, and no 'business.'

"Membership shall consist in attendance.

"Any member may call a meeting at any time or place, and all may attend who are invited."

Following are the "House Rules" in cases where the Club meets at Mr. Brewster's own home:

"Guests will please attend as near the appointed hour of opening as possible.

"Send a post card that you are coming, if convenient.

"Buffet supper served at seven. Help yourself. After the entertainment, or during same, if desired, guests may go below and eat of what there is left.

"The ladies may remove their wraps second floor front, gentlemen second floor rear.

"Smoking equipment and some mild fluids for the gentlemen in the 'den', second floor rear. Smoking is also endured in the library after eight, but not elsewhere.

"The freedom of the whole house is conceded to all guests and desired by the host & hostess. The books in the library, the engravings in the dining room, the photos in the hall, the paintings in the drawing room, the pen & inks in the rear bedroom, the piano, the pianola, the guitar, the harp, the portfolios,—everything, are to be utilized. Please don't all congregate in one corner of one room.

"Every guest is required to 'register' in one or more of the albums.

We all should be in bed by twelve!"



December 21—Constructor Stocker reported to the Navy department that he was unable to raise the monitor Puritan, wrecked by explosive tests off Norfolk, Virginia.

Three thousand students at the Women's University, in St. Petersburg, joined in a demonstration against cruel treatment inflicted on political prisoners.

22—The French Government announced measures to prevent strikes, by means of compulsory arbitration.

Two British army officers were convicted of espionage on German fortifications and sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

Fire Chief James Horan and twentytwo men were killed under falling walls at a fire in Chicago.

23—At the opening of the Japanese Diet, in Tokio, the Emperor emphasized the necessity for maintaining peace in the Far East.

Ramon Barros Luce was inaugurated President of Chili.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies passed a measure prohibiting the further creation of religious orders for two years.

24—Eight passengers were killed and twenty-five injured in a train wreck in Northern England.

Three Russian citizens were arraigned in London charged with the murder of three policemen.

General Evaristo Estinez and seventeen other negro political prisoners were released in Havana, Cuba.

26—President Taft approved the expenditure of \$20,000,000 for reclamation work in the West.

Government of China declared its intention of granting constitutional reforms.

Aviator Hoxsey established a new altitude record of 11,474 feet at Los Angeles.

27—Former Premier of Portugal and several other officials of the Portuguese Bank arrested on a charge of using illegal methods.

Two thousand Federal troops marched to surround the rebel forces in northern Mexico.

General Firmin, Haytian Minister to Great Britain, declared a traitor by his home government.

27—Haytian troops battle with Santo Dominicans on frontier.

Expulsion of Jews from St. Petersburg began.

Revolt against German authority, in Caroline Islands.

28—One hundred and fortysix thousand railway employés in Italy threaten to strike for an increase in wages.

French aviator and passenger killed by fall of aeroplane.

Mount Etna, in Sicily, began an eruption.

29—A violent earthquake in the Province of Elis, Greece.

The political situation in Portugal reported as threatening.

Fire swept harbor front in Messina, Italy, and destroyed valuable property.

January 1—President Estrada, of Nicaragua, granted amnesty to all political exiles.

King Alfonso renewed his confidence in the ministry and Cabinet recently organized by Premier Canalejas.

President Taft authorized formal recognition of the new constitutional government of Nicaragua.

2—Owing to unrest in Portugal, entire garrisons were confined to their barracks.

Chinese residents of Peking organized societies to drive the Japanese out of the country.

Several towns shaken and property destroyed in Asia Minor, by earthquake shocks.

3—Two alleged anarchists were burned to death, and several firemen, policemen and soldiers injured, in London, during an attempt to arrest the anarchists.

The United States Supreme Court, by a unanimous decision, dismissed the Panama Libel case.

Two bandits held up and robbed a train near Ogden, Utah.

4—The Institute of France decided against the eligibility of women.

Mexican rebels captured a town in Chihuahua.

The Archbishop of Rheims fined for writ-

- ing a letter forbidding the use of certain text books in the public schools.
- 5—The Government of Venezuela set aside one per cent. of the import duties for a sanitary fund.
- Two towns in Turkestan were destroyed by earthquake.
- Portuguese Government agreed to allow ex-King Manuel to receive the revenues derived from the properties of the Braganza family.
- 6—Explosions in Minneapolis wrecked the electric plants and paralyzed the business of the city.
- President Taft refused to commute the sentence of a man convicted of peonage in Florida.
- Report was made to Brazilian authorities that fortyfive of the mutineers had met sudden death.
- 7—Negotiations for a reciprocity treaty between Canada and United States were begun in Washington.
- Prince Albert of Monaco issued a proclamation establishing a constitutional form of government.
- Oscar S. Straus, United States Ambassador to Turkey, resigned.
- 8—Mobs wrecked the offices of three monarchist newspapers in Lisbon.
- General Firmin, former Haytian Minister to Great Britain, reached Hayti, but was not allowed to land.
- President Davila, of Honduras, resumed negotiations at Washington for a loan from an American syndicate.
- 9—A strong movement was started in Liverpool, England, against Mormon activity there.
- The Standard Oil Company paid \$23,766 in fines into the Federal courts at Buffalo: the first fines ever collected under the anti-rebate law.
- The re-argument of the dissolution suit against the American Tobacco corporations was opened before Supreme Court at Washington.
- 10—Secretary Knox and Senor Parades, Finance Minister of Honduras, signed an important treaty.
- A general pension bill involving additional expenditures of \$45,000,000 annually, was passed by Congress.
- The French Chamber of Deputies organized and elected Henri Brisson President.
- 11—General strike of railroad employes and store clerks was declared in Lisbon, Portugal.
- The mission of Dr. Mendoza, of Panama, who was in Bogota to negotiate a peace treaty with Columbia, failed to accomplish anything.
- National Assembly of China dissolved after a stormy session.
- 12—President Taft sent a message to Congress, asking for \$500,000 to begin work of fortifying the Panama Canal.
- More than twenty men killed in a battle between Mexican troops and insurgents.
- An agreement reached by the representatives of Canada, United States and New Foundland, by which the fishery regulations will be changed to make them acceptable to United States.
- Chili and Argentina declared intention to establish legations at Panama.
- 13—The resolution providing a constitutional amendment for direct election of Senators was taken up in the Senate by a vote of fortythree to seventeen.
- The New York Shipbuilding Company, of Camden, N. J., received a contract to build a cruiser for the Chinese navy.
- 14—The Portuguese railway strikers accepted the concession made by their employers. Rafael Aquilar was appointed Secretary of Interior of Ecuador.
- A complete agreement on the North Atlantic fisheries question was reached by representatives of Canada and United States.
- 15—Three negroes were taken from a jail in Kentucky and lynched.
- Columbia made an endeavor to enter into joint negotiations for an agreement with United States and Panama.
- The Chinese residents of Harbin strongly opposed the methods used by the Russian government in handling the plague; the Government is insuring each foreign volunteer physician for \$20,000.
- 16—A sixteen hour fight between rebels and Mexican troop took place in Coyome, in Chihuahua.
- Steamship lines carrying emigrants from Hungary made an agreement with that Government to do away with existing abuses.
- The rebuilding of Messina in durable masonry was begun. Italian Cabinet officials laying the cornerstone of a group of public buildings.
- 17—Eight men were killed and one probably fatally injured by a boiler explosion on the battleship Delaware.
- Two shots were fired at M. Briand, the French Premier, in the Chamber of Deputies, by a madman.
- President Condra of Paraguay resigned; Col. Jara, Minister of War, assumed the duties of the office.
- 18—Twentyfive men and a woman were sentenced to death at Tokio, for conspiracy to kill Crown Prince and imperial officers.
- Aviator Ely flew from shore to deck of Cruiser Pennsylvania at Los Angeles, and flew back to his starting place. This is the first flight from deck of a ship to shore on record.

- Thirty Turkish battalions embarked to check rebellion at Yemeu.
- 19—Troops were called out to suppress election riots in the island of Mauritius.
- Champ Clark was unanimously nominated as Democratic candidate for Speaker of the next House of Representatives at a caucus in Washington.
- Emperor Nicholas was present at the annual ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva for the first time since 1905, when an attempt was made to assassinate the entire royal family.
- 20—Santo Domingan troops invaded Haytian territory.
- Suffragettes waylaid Cabinet ministers in London and were dispersed by the police.
- Forty Polish coal miners lost their lives in a fire.
- Ecuador declined to arbitrate boundary dispute.
- 21—A number of deaths from the bubonic plague occurred at Peking, China.
- Five persons were burned to death in a fire at Toronto, Canada.
- United States intimated that it would lease the Galapagos Islands for a term of ninety-nine years.
- 22—British and German gunboats landed forces to quell rioting in Hankow, eight Chinese being killed.
- Japan decided to suppress Socialism throughout the empire.
- United States tendered its good offices to bring about a friendly settlement of the dispute between Hayti and Santo Domingo.
- 23—Hayti and Santo Domingo agreed to submit their frontier dispute to Arbitration and withdraw their troops.
- A hundred Mexicans were killed in a battle, having been ambushed by insurgents.
- United States and other governments asked that warships be sent to Hankow, to protect their citizens.

Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY—In New York, January 14, aged sixtythree years. He was born in Lancaster, N. H., and educated in the public schools. He was of the eighth generation of the family that gave to this country two Presidents. He was active in patriotic work, being a charter member of the Sons of American Revolution. He was a member of the New York Board of Education Lecture Bureau for several years—a position he filled with credit to himself and benefit to the public.

BARR, CAPTAIN CHARLES H.—In Southampton, England, January 24, aged forty-seven years. He was born in Gourock, Scotland, and began his career as a sailor when a boy. He came to United States as a sailor, on a yacht commanded by his brother, and became an American citizen. His rise as a yachtsman was continuous, and his successes as skipper of the defenders of the America's Cup gave to him the highest place as a yacht commander in America and Europe.

BUTCHER, SAMUEL H.—In London, aged sixty years. He was born in Dublin, and was a son of the Bishop of Meath. He was president of the British Academy of Letters in 1909. He taught successively at Oxford and the University of Edinburgh, and in 1904 was a lecturer at Har-

vard. He wrote many volumes on Greek subjects.

BYINGTON, AARON HOMER—At Flushing, N. Y., December 29, aged eightyfour years. He was born in Herkimer, N. Y., and educated in the public schools. He moved to Connecticut when a youth and was active in politics, serving as president of State Senate, also as United States Consul at Naples. He was a noted war correspondent, and was first to report to President Lincoln the result of the battle of Gettysburg.

GALTON, SIR FRANCIS—In London, January 18, aged eighty-nine years. He was born in England and educated at King Edwards School, King's College Medical School, and Trinity College. He was a famous explorer, and was on the council of the Royal Geographical Society. He was knighted in 1909, having previously received many decorations.

DANDY, GEN. GEORGE B.—In New York, January 14, aged eightyone years. He was born at Macon, Ga., and educated in private schools and West Point. He entered the army when seventeen years old, and was connected with the service for fifty-seven years. He was brevetted four times for gallant and meritorious services in battle.

DAVIS, ROBERT—In Jersey City, January

9, aged sixtythree years. He was born in Ireland and educated in the public schools of Jersey City. He held many public offices, and was a leader of the Democratic party in his state for twenty years. He had the reputation of being fearless and steadfast in his acts.

DUNTON, ABNER—At Rockland, Me., January 12, aged one hundred and three years. He was born in Centre Lincolnville, Me., and was brother of the late Alvin R. Dunton, author of the Duntonian system of penmanship. He was the oldest granger in United States.

ELKINS, STEPHEN BENTON—In Washington, January 4, aged seventy years. He was born in Perry County, Ohio, and educated at Missouri State University. He took up law as his profession, and practiced in Missouri for a time. He served in the Union army and rose to the rank of captain. He represented New Mexico in Congress as delegate two terms. Moving to West Virginia he became one of that state's most prominent citizens, and was United States Senator for several terms, serving on many important committees. He was a practical and sympathetic gentleman.

ELLIS, JOHN WASHINGTON—In New York, December 28, aged ninetythree years. He was born in Clermont, Ohio, and educated by a private teacher. He was prominent in financial matters and was credited with having done more than any other person to give the national system of banking a start.

HURLEY, EDWARD W.—In New York, January 23, aged fiftyeight years. He was born in Susquehanna, Pa., and entered the service of the Erie Railroad as fireman at an early age, being quickly promoted to engineer. In 1904 he was a delegate to the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and was elected assistant grand chief engineer, holding that office ever since.

LATROBE, GEN. FERDINAND C.—In Baltimore, January 13, aged seventyseven years. He was born in Baltimore, and was a lawyer by profession. He served as Mayor of his city seven times and introduced many reforms and public improvements.

MCCURTAIN, GREEN—At Kinta, Okla., aged sixtytwo years. He was born in Oklahoma and was chief of the eighteen thousand Choctaw Indians. He was

known as "The Governor" and was prominent in the affairs of his people, appearing in Washington in their behalf several times.

MORGAN, CHARLES HILL—At Worcester, Mass., January 10, aged eighty years. He was born in Rochester, Mass., and at an early age showed a genius for mechanics. His inventions are used in steel plants all over the world. He was president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and because of his prominence as an inventor and engineer, he was presented to various sovereigns of Europe.

MORTON, PAUL—In New York, January 19, aged fiftyfour years. He was born in Nebraska City and educated in the public and private schools. He took up railroad engineering in early life, and rose rapidly from clerk to vice-president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. He was Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Roosevelt. He left the Cabinet to become head of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, which position he held at his death.

PARET, BISHOP WILLIAM—In Baltimore, January 18, aged eightyfive years. He was born in New York City and educated at Hobart College. He entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church at the age of twenty-six. He was rector of several churches until 1884, when he was chosen Bishop of Maryland. He wrote many volumes on church doctrines and administration.

PHILLIPS, DAVID GRAHAM—In New York, January 24, aged fortyfour years. He was born at Madison, Ind., and educated at De Pauw and Princeton. He started life as a reporter, and worked up to editorial writer, being for a time connected with the New York "Sun" and New York "World." His great success was as writer of fiction, and as one of the pioneers in the kind of magazine work known as "muck raking."

PITMAN, BENN—In Cincinnati, December 28, aged eightyeight years. He was born in England, and was a younger brother of Sir Isaac Pitman the inventor of the system of shorthand writing, bearing his name. He was the first teacher of that system, and, coming to this country, founded the Phonographic Institute at Cincinnati, of which he was president at the time of his death. He was the original inventor of the electro process of relief engraving.



Forty Doings and Undoings.

There are about 6,000 girls engaged (in lace-making) in Ireland.

Canada takes tenth place among the nations in the world's shipping.

The most modern steel cars will "dump" fifty ton loads in two minutes.

The Philadelphia mint coined 146,000,000 cents last year, and is expected to exceed the 100,000,000 mark this year.

Literature dealing with old court life, especially the courts of England and France, always had a great charm for King Edward.

Kerosene or illuminating oil is rapidly becoming a mere by-product: the profits being made on the gasoline and the fuel oils.

A Cleveland miseres, named Susannah Drum, aged seventyfive, starved herself to death with thousands in the bank—in order to save more.

Dehorning cattle by no means makes them safe: George A. Fuller, of Liberty Hill, Conn., may die from a terrible butting that a vicious bull gave him.

Hatching chickens in a well of naturally hot water, is the latest expedient of a California man, who could not spend the time or money to make an incubator.

A few hundred dollars' worth of English beads bought rubber worth \$2,500,000 of ignorant East Africans: the beads took their fancy, and the rubber did not. There are

"civilized" people who do things just as foolish.

Within the last ten years the Methodist Church in the Philippines has grown to a membership of 30,000, and 500 Filipinos are conducting preaching services.

Aeroplane newspaper-delivery is being tried in California—Didier Masson having carried an edition of a Los Angeles paper to Pomona, sixty miles distant.

Tuskegee Institute, Booker Washington's great institution of learning, has in the last four years reduced the crime in the county where it is situated, by three-fifths: so says the sheriff.

An auction-sale of the library of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker-poet, is going on in New York. It contains a great many valuable autographed books and manuscripts.

The First Battalion, Royal Irish Fusillers, is the only regiment in the British army in which all the officers are bachelors, with the exception, of course, of the honorary colonel, King George.

Senator Elkins' bronze coffin was three inches thick, and enclosed in a case of armor-plate steel. This was of course to guard against the vandals of the highly-civilized country.

The depth of the Hudson River, off Storm King Mountain, has never been ascertained

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES of LIME and SODA IS NATURE'S BEST REMEDY FOR

Exhausted
OR
Debilitated

NERVE FORCE

Containing as it does several of the component parts which make up the human system.

Positively contains nothing injurious, and being free from Oil, Iron, Alcohol and Syrup, renders it easy of assimilation.

The Extraordinary Tonic and Invigorating properties of Winchester's Hypophosphites renders it the most appropriate remedy for Nervous and General Debility, Loss of Vigor, Mental and Nervous Exhaustion, Dyspepsia, Neurasthenia, Weak Lungs, etc.

Feeds the Nerves, Stimulates the Appetite, Invigorates the Nutritive Functions, Augments the Red Globules of the Blood, Restores the Wasted Tissue, and affords the most direct means of supplying Phosphorus to the System, so essential to those who labor with the brain.

Dr. T. J. West says: Dear Sirs: I have used a bottle of your Hypophosphites of Manganese for liver and kidney complaints in my own person and received much benefit. I inclose five dollars and will ask you to send me as much as you can by express, prepaid, for that amount, until we can get it through the regular channels. I am confident it is just what I have been in search of for many years. I am prescribing your Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and am pleased with the preparation. Yours sincerely, DR. T. J. WEST, Aztec, N. M.

Price \$1.00 per bottle. Express prepaid in the U.S.

Send for Free Pamphlet.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 594 Beekman Bldg., New York. (Established 1858)

till now; and has been found to measure 1,330 feet, or over one fourth of a mile, near the east shore.

A Lexington, Ky., woman heard a beautiful quartette from a phonograph, and asked that it be reproduced at her funeral—which was done: the machine furnishing all the music of the occasion.

You can now telegraph from anywhere to New York, and have your communication mailed to Europe or Asia on the first steamer that sails. This, from the Pacific Coast, saves a week's time.

Nine days in a box car without food or drink, drove a Cleveland man half-crazy, and he lighted a match to secure attention, at Kingston, N. Y. He had expected to make New York City in three days.

Express-rates are to be "probed" by the United States Government, and regulated as far as possible. If a parcels post system comes out of the orifice into which the probe went, the public will rejoice.

Among the intellectual games of the University of Chicago students, has lately occurred a mustache-race—the youth who

could grow the most hair on his upper lip in six weeks, corraling a box of cigars.

The largest novels of today are pigmies compared with those published in the seventeenth century. Mlle. de Scudery's "Le Grande Cyrus" ran into ten volumes, the publication being spread over five years.

Senator Lorimer of Illinois has been exonerated at Washington from the charge of obtaining his office through fraud. Perhaps ex-President Roosevelt would dine at the same table with him now, if he had a chance.

From London to Bombay by rail, is the latest cry. The whole route would be a little over 5,554 miles long, and the time occupied in traveling it would be eight days from London and less than a fortnight from New York.

United States now stands third of independent countries, in the line of population—China being first, and Russia second. Rather different from one hundred and thirty-four years ago, when she had just three millions.

Going toward Europe by railroad as far as they can get, is the motto of those who

THE FAMOUS

Rayo

Lamp



The Rayo Lamp is a high-grade lamp,
sold at a low price.

It gives the white, soft, mellow, diffused light, which is easiest on the eye; and you can use your eyes for hours under Rayo light without eye strain, because there is no flicker. The Rayo Lamp may be lighted without removing shade or chimney. You may pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for lamps other than the Rayo and get more costly decorations, but you cannot get a better light than the low-priced Rayo gives.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

are trying to make Montauk, near the eastern end of Long Island, a seaport for ships: and it is prophesied that this will soon be done.

One-cent lunches for school-children have been adopted in some of the Chicago schools. They consist of a sandwich an inch and a half thick, with jam between the slices of bread, a bowl of milk, and a small piece of candy.

Iceland is altogether a law-abiding place. There is only one jail, and that rarely ever has more than two people in it. This to be largely accounted for by the fact that there is not a distillery or a brewery in all the country.

A menagerie of insects will soon be installed in the Museum of Natural History in Paris. Cages of glass, instead of steel, will be occupied by spiders, ants, bees, caterpillars and beetles, instead of lions, tigers, wolves and hyenas.

The only living son of Harriet Beecher Stowe is lecturing on "How Uncle Tom's Cabin Was Written." The Globe Literary Bureau, of New York, under whose auspices Dr. Stowe is lecturing, reports large and enthusiastic audiences.

A multimillionaire committing suicide is a puzzle to many people: but perhaps not to those who have poor health, with pain attacking them every hour of the day. That was the trouble with Philip Medart, of St. Louis, seventytwo years old.

This year's census of the Russian Empire adds another five millions to the population as enumerated in 1908. The Czar's subjects now number 160,000,000 and increase every year by 2,500,000 despite wars, epidemics and internal disturbances.

It was Dr. Johnson who was largely responsible for the bad spelling of the word "despatch." Although the mistake never occurred in his letters and for 225 years the word has been written correctly, it appeared in his dictionary as "despatch."

"All matter is alive, and if we can master the language they used before Noah's time, so as to know how to use titanic science, we can live a thousand years," says W. F. Collins, a Chicago author. When Mr. C. accomplishes this, people will believe it, eh?

The discovery of a process whereby a passable imitation of leather may be manufactured from a vegetable product is announced, which, it is said, owes its introduction to the enterprise of certain London vegetarians who shuddered at the thought of

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I Offer Prompt Relief to Every Sufferer Without Medicine and Without Cost.

Just Give Me Your Address

Don't take medicine for Rheumatism but send me your address at once and you will get by return mail a pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan external remedy for Rheumatism, TO TRY FREE.



FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

These Drafts have truly worked like magic for many thousands of sufferers from every kind of Rheumatism, chronic and acute, muscular, sciatic, lumbago, gout, etc., no matter how severe. They have wrought wonderful cures after medicines and baths and all other means have failed, curing even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. Can you afford to let this offer go by? Don't delay but send at once. Return Mail will bring the Drafts, prepaid. Try them, then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. You decide and we take your word. Address, Magic Foot Draft Co., 282 W. Oliver Building, Jackson, Mich. Send no money—just your address. Write today.



Permanent and Profitable Employment,

with exclusive territory, given to active and energetic agents. Can work at home part or all the time. Easy sales, large commission. Outfit free. Full particulars on request. Address

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EVERY WHERE PUBLISHING CO.,

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

\$3.75 Buys this Handsome Taffeta Silk Petticoat



CO more fully demonstrate the superior quality and style of our petticoats, we offer this garment at a price just about one-half what you would pay for the same quality at retail.

Remember you buy direct from the mills when you trade with us. There's no middleman's profit to pay, and furthermore we pay all mail or express charges when order is accompanied by cash. Quite a saving to be considered.

Petticoat is made exactly like illustration and comes in Black, Navy Blue, Jasper, Brown, Red, Green or changeable shades of Red and Green, Blue and Green, Brown and Black, Red and Black and Green and Black.

Sizes, 38 to 44 ins. long.

A signed registered guarantee with every petticoat.

Better Order To-day

Aetna Silk Mills Co.

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YOUR own common sense will tell you that no man ever made a fortune except by wise investments, in safe and sound companies.

We have investments that are paying as high as 25 per cent. A small investment now would yield a handsome yearly income.

Write or phone us and our representative will call or make an appointment. You are under no obligation to buy unless satisfied.

WHITE & CO.,

Investment Brokers.

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150 Nassau St.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

the number of animals killed annually to keep humanity in boots.

Lady Cook, who used to be Tennessee Claflin in the long-ago Beecher years, and who helped her sister, Victoria Woodhull, to make it extremely lively for the celebrated Brooklyn clergyman, now pays frequent visits to America, and appears at social functions.

Driving a hack, at ninety years of age, is the work of Charles Allen, near the "Old Mill," on Jamaica Bay, Long Island. His wife, who is two months older, sometimes takes the reins, and his son, a septuagenarian, at times lends a hand—or, supposedly, two.

Some of the enthusiastic supporters of the more radical systems of reforestation have figured that two-thirds of every tree cut for lumber is wasted. This estimate has been based on the stumps, branches and sawdust, which usually are burned because nobody wants them.

A famous race-horse has been presented to the University of Chicago—so far as his bones are concerned—they having been mounted as soon as he died. And now the learned curators are puzzled as to how they shall classify him, and into what room they shall put him.

Dealers selling horse flesh in Paris are required to indicate the nature of their business by placing a horse's head in a conspicuous position, so that it can readily be seen by purchasers. Annually, 29,700,000 pounds of horse and mule meat are sold, representing a slaughter of 61,000 animals.

Willing his body to his wife was the queer act of a Hillsboro, N. H., man, named Wm. C. Higgenson, when he made his will. She will have it carefully dissected, so as to see what was really the matter of him—he having been given up to die by the physicians ten years before he confirmed their opinion.

Consciousness of a new lease of life will result from the use of Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda and the Specific Pill, acknowledged to be the most perfect Tonics ever discovered. They will build up, invigorate and vitalize the entire system, restore the appetite, strengthen the organs of digestion, enrich and replenish the blood, and will invigorate the Brain and Nervous System, and specifically indicated for General Debility, Nervous Prostration, Weakness, etc., in fact, all afflictions caused by impaired vigor of the Brain and loss of Nervous power and energy.

For fuller particulars see the Advertisement of Winchester & Co., on page 371.

Are Your Eyes Normal?

If not, the Ideal Sight Restorer will help Nature in a purely natural way to restore their strength and correct the vision.

The Ideal Sight Restorer

The Invaluable Eye Masseur

ITS ACTION

BRIEFLY: *The action of the Ideal Sight Restorer stimulates the eye by restoring the normal circulation of blood; this is all that weak or slightly affected eyes require.*

It also moulds the eye painlessly, yet securely, to its perfect shape, correcting nearsight, farsight, astigmatism and all eye troubles.

If you wear glasses—if your eyes smart or burn—cause headaches—are strained—or become inflamed an weak, send for our free book.



THE NORMAL EYE

ITS SAFETY

The eyes are so delicate, so sensitive, that infinite care must be observed that they be not positively injured by unscientific appliances or treatments which claim to benefit them.

So scientifically perfect, yet so simple is the Ideal Sight Restorer, that thousands have used it with marvelous results during the past nine years, without possibility of the slightest ill effects. Unsolicited letters from them to us prove this to be the fact.

We have prepared an *Illustrated Treatise on the Eyes*, which will be sent you free of any cost and is most interesting. It contains many novel facts and much useful information about the eyes in general; also grateful letters from people of prominence.

Among the many whom the Ideal Sight Restorer has benefited there may be one in your locality who will testify to its unfailing efficiency.

FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE

To show you how much faith we have in the Ideal Sight Restorer and how sure we are that it will correct eye-troubles, we will be glad to send it to you for a 10-day trial.

At the end of that time, if you are willing to part with it, return it to us and you will owe us absolutely nothing.

If we can help you, you want us to do so. If we cannot, we do not want you to purchase.

It cannot do your eyes any harm and it may do them unlimited good—at any rate it costs you nothing to try.

We are willing to take all the risk of offering a trial for 10 days without cost. Are you not willing to write to-day and give us an opportunity to demonstrate the Instrument to your complete satisfaction?

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134 WEST 65th STREET

NEW YORK CITY

DO DRUGS CURE?

Having spent fifty years in the drug business, I have had exceptional opportunities to study the action of drugs on thousands of my patrons. Having filled hundreds of thousands of prescriptions from thousands of reputable physicians, and followed the results of their treatment, I can, with all fairness, state that of all medicines administered, at least 50 per cent. are detrimental to the persons using them, 45 per cent. are of little or no benefit, and 5 per cent. are really a benefit and bring about the desired results.

The majority of ailments are common ailments; that is, common to a great number of people. These common ailments may be helped or cured by using in all cases certain medicine or combination of medicines.

My experience of fifty years has enabled me to select a number of formulas which in most all common ailments will bring about a cure. These formulas I have seen used for many years and have known some of them to have been used a hundred years with success.

Among the preparations from a very old formula prepared by me, and which I have seen work wonderful results is

SAMBUOUS SALVE

For Sores and Wounds

\$1.00 box will last for years. Small box 30c in stamps

W. H. HANNAH, Druggist
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[The Card of Excellence.] Your name, (one line) in any style lettering, Old English—Script—Roman—Gothic or Shaded Lettering. For \$1.00 in cash or M. O. we send 100 of these Favorite Cards postpaid to any place in the world. Order to-day.

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EVERY WHERE

FEBRUARY, 1911.

This Magazine was entered at the Post Office in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 13, 1904, as second-class mail matter under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by Every Where Pub. Co.

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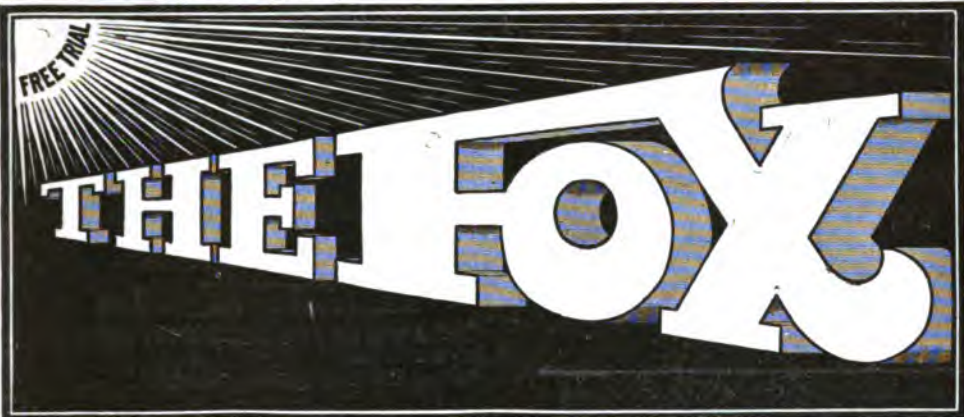
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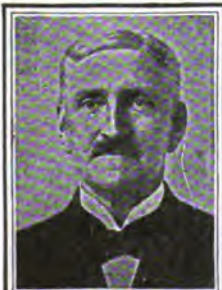
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Philosophy and Humor.

THOMAS' AIRY INQUIRY.

Father—Well?

Tommy—Will I be a monoplane or bi-
plane angel?

IRON-CLAD.

Englishman—Have you any dreadnaughts
in America?

Yankee—Surely. I married one.

LOOKING AHEAD CHEERFULLY.

"What will you do, young man, when girls
have the ballot?"

"Why, I'll help get the vote out."

ART FOR FOOD'S SAKE.

De Friend—What is that picture intended
to represent?

De Artist—Board and lodging for six
weeks.

FACILITIES IN PLENTY.

"In winter I always long to fly to a warmer
climate."

"Unless you keep your feet dry your wish
may be granted."

NEIGHBORLY HELP.

Mrs. Pounder—You have come to tune my
piano? I didn't—

Tuner—I know it, madam. The people
downstairs sent me up.

WILLING TO LEARN.

"Why do you persist in putting water in
your milk?"

"But do you know of anything cheaper,
sir?" the milkman asked.

SANE BY NECESSITY.

"That fellow who tried to kill the judge is
crazy, isn't he?"

"No, he's too poor to be crazy—he couldn't
hire a lawyer to prove it."

A CLERICAL INCONVENIENCE.

"Was he a good preacher?"

"No. His sermon was stupid enough to
make you sleepy, but his voice was loud
enough to keep you awake."

A LINE AT LAST DRAWN.

The New York Tribune says: "Without
being finicky over food, it does seem fitting
to draw the line against eggs in which poul-
try have begun to develop."

JUSTICE DISPENSED.

It was 4 a. m., and Bilkins crept softly into
the house and removed his shoes, but as he

tiptoed up stairs one of the treads gave a loud creak. "Is that you, John?" demanded Mrs. Bilkins from above.
 "No, my love," replied Bilkins. "It's the stairs."

MODERN CRIMINAL CODE.

Reporter—You expelled him, as I understand the case, because he had been bribed.
 Indignant Statesman—Sir, you have been grossly misinformed! We expelled him because he confessed it!

THE COMING OF ALGERNON.

"I am to meet the Duke at the dock."
 "But he has never seen you, girl."
 "For means of identification, he is to wear a red carnation and I am to carry a million dollars in my left hand."

LOOKING BOTH FORWARD AND BACKWARD.

Willie—Did you have an excuse for staying home from school today?
 Earlie—No; but if father gives me the licking I expect, I'll have a good excuse for staying home tomorrow.

FAMILY ARITHMETIC.

Mamma—How many sisters did your new playmate tell you he had?
 Willis—He's got one. He tried to catch me by saying he had two half-sisters, but he'll find out I've studied fractions.

MOTHERLY LOVE AND THRIFT.

Clergyman—Did your mother try to inculcate lessons of thrift?
 Chicago Show Girl—Indeed she did. Many's the time she said to me when I was a child: "Maggie, never live beyond your alimony."

MODERN ENTERPRISE.

He—Before asking you to engage yourself to me, I suppose you'd like to know more about me and my prospects.
 She—Why, my dear boy, long before I asked you to call I had you all looked up.

STANDARDS OF COMPARISON.

Lady (at the jeweler's)—Is this diamond genuine?
 Jeweler—As genuine as your own hair, madam.
 Lady—Ahem—let me see something else.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

"Now, professor, you have heard my daughter sing; tell me what I ought to do with her."
 "Sir, if I told you what you ought to do with her the law would hold me as an accessory."

UNCONSCIOUS THEOLOGICAL HUMOR.

A Western bookseller wrote to a house in Chicago asking that a dozen copies of Canon Readers will oblige both the advertiser

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Within two days he received this reply by telegraph:

"No seekers after God in Chicago or New York; try Philadelphia."

THOROUGH WORK.

First Girl—Was your bazaar a great success?

Second Girl—I should think so. All the gentlemen had to walk home: they hadn't even a penny in their pockets to pay their tram fares.

STARTLED FOR ONCE.

"Are you never frightened when you make a flight?"

"I had one good scare," replied the businesslike aviator. "Some one told me the money they were putting up for the exhibition was counterfeit."

CRIMSY LOSES.

Yeast—"What story did you give your wife for not writing?"

Crimsonbeak—"That my fountain pen wouldn't work."

"And wouldn't it work?"

"The story? No!"

A QUESTION OF TIME.

Stout Gent (to applicant for post as chapel cleaner)—Yes; I like your face. How long were you in your last place?

Applicant—Seven years.

Stout Gent—What were you doing there?

Applicant—Seven years.

BROUGHT HOME HIS PROOF.

Mr. Jawback—My dear, I was one of the first to leave.

Mrs. Jawback—Oh, you always say that.

Mr. Jawback—I can prove it this time. Look out in the hall and see the beautiful umbrella I brought home.

MAMMA'S POWERS OF OBSERVATION.

"Mamma, dear, what is an optimist?"

"An optimist my son, is a poor woman who



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LANGUAGE-LESSONS NEEDED.

He—Why on earth do you allow that Italian fellow to kiss you?

She—How could I prevent it?

He—Very easily, I should think.

She—Why, you silly, jealous old dear, you know I can't speak a word of Italian.

FROM THE MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

Buxom Widow—Do you understand the language of flowers, Dr. Crusty?

Dr. Crusty (an old bachelor)—No, ma'am.

Widow—You don't know if yellow means jealousy?

Dr. Crusty—No, ma'am; yellow means biliousness. ~

SERMONS IN SWINE.

The rector and a farmer were discussing the subject of pork one day and the rector displayed considerable interest in a pen of good-sized Berkshires. "Those pigs of yours are in a fine condition, Tomkinson," he remarked. "Yes, sir; they be," replied the matter-of-fact farmer. "Ah, sur, if we was all of us only as fit to die as they be, sur, we'd do."

SLITHERS' ACQUIREMENTS.

"Did you learn any French while you were in Paris?" asked Bildad, meeting Slithers shortly after his return from Europe.

"Oh, a little," said Slithers. "Not so very much, though. I got so I could say cigarette in French."

"Good!" said Bildad. "What is cigarette in French?"

"Cigarette," said Slithers.

BOLIVAR'S CLASSIFICATION.

Bolivar was very unhappy. One of his cherished schemes had fallen through, and the man he had counted on to pay his dividends had got away.

"Oh, well, never mind, Bolly," said Bunker. "What if Slithers did get away from you? There's just as big fish in the sea."

"That's true enough," groaned Bolivar, "but they ain't all suckers."

PRECOCITY OF A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A noted clergyman was in his study writing, when his five-year-old daughter walked in and asked:

"What are you writing, papa?"

"I am writing a sermon, daughter."

"How do you know what to write, papa?"

"God tells me what to write, daughter."

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After watching her father a few minutes, the little girl said:

"Papa, if God tells you what to write, why do you scratch some of it out?"

LITTLE FRIBLEY'S BREAK.

They were discussing ages with a commendable degree of frankness.

"Well, now that you have brought the subject up, Miss Dobbson," said little Fribley, "how old are you?"

"Oh, I am as old as I look," smiled Miss Dobbson.

"Really?" said Fribley. "I am astonished. You really don't look it, you know."

EVERY WHERE acknowledges obligations for the above jokes to the following contemporaries: *Boston Transcript, New York World, Newark Star, Comic Cuts, Punch, Toledo Blade, N. Y. Tribune, Tit Bits, Washington Star, Hueston Post, Everybody's, Puck, N. Y. Sun, Harper's Weekly, Courier Journal, Detroit Free Press, and Boston Globe.*

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JOAQUIN MILLER.—(SEE PAGE 38.)

Poems by Will Carleton.

A Monologue About Mother.

The Daughter of the House Soliloquizes.

NO, my mother does not look as well as I,
For the days of her appearing well, are by:
She can sew a bit, and sweep a bit, and fry—
But she doesn't look well
When I entertain a swell
In the parlor, and she happens to be nigh.
She is good to meet alone
When the brilliant ones are flown;
When the world seems all in vain,
She can soothe away the pain,
She can kiss away the tear-drops if I cry;
But reluctantly I state
She is not quite up-to-date,
And is apt to set the functions all awry.

No, my mother cannot talk as well as I,
And we often wish she wouldn't even try.
She can give the smartest joker his reply,
But her nouns and verbs, you see,
Do not always quite agree;
And my guests are prone to laugh upon the sly.
When we sit and talk alone,
With her arms around me thrown,
And my head upon her breast
In delicious home-made rest,
No raconteur can a moment with her vie;
But she does not always know
When her words should stop or flow;
And her stories of the past are rather dry.

No, my mother cannot sing as well as I;
She is apt to pitch it low or hold it high;
And her methods all my master's rules defy.
But the time seems very near
When she carolled "Hush, my dear",
As in fancy 'mid the cradle-depths I lie.
And I fell asleep ere long,
Dreaming angels sang the song;
And the loveliest one was she,

EVERY WHERE.

Of the hosts that guarded me;
 And she often talks about it, with a sigh.
 But those baby-days are fled:
 There are other songs ahead,
 And I have to catch the chances as they fly.

No, my mother is not near as strong as I:
 She is nervous; and I often can espy
 That her tears have not sufficient time to dry.
 She has griefs I do not know,
 As the years relentless flow,
 And as one by one her visions fade and die.
 There is sadness in her heart,
 That she keeps from me apart;
 There are sorrows, many a while,
 That she smothers with a smile;
 When she weeps, I cannot always ask her why.
 And I fear—or guess—or know—
 I myself will have to go
 Through the same forlorn experience—by-and-by!

 Lady Bountiful's Triumph.

SHE was modestly winsome, and stylishly fair,
 And the sunbeams had spun the rich skeins of her hair,
 And her eyes were as bright as pure diamonds be,
 And her form had the grace of a zephyr-tossed tree;
 She was "pretty," some whispered, and "handsome," some said,
 And "beautiful" others described her instead;
 And covetous glances were after her sent,
 And flattery followed wherever she went.

And her heart was as soft as her ribbons were gay,
 And she loved all the world, in a general way
 (For the hard jailer Fashion, with all of his art,
 Can not chain up a really generous heart),
 And her white hand was open, to prince or to boor,
 If he only were ragged, and wretched, and poor.

And her husband coined lucre from day unto day,
 And she faithfully struggled to give it away;
 For if he from the world to win gold had a knack,
 She esteemed it her part to pay some of it back!
 And Charity knows very well how it thrives,
 When 'tis zealously managed by rich people's wives;
 There's many a lady, whose alms would ill fare,
 If it wasn't for a selfish old husband somewhere!

And he smiled on her giving (she gave, as he knew,
 A dollar, where he made a thousand or two);
 But his smile had the feel of a good-natured sneer;

For *he* fought with the world, and approached it more near;
And he noticed that all is not Want that complains,
And that Charity often is scorned for its pains;
That the unctuous asking of alms is a gift,
And that Poverty, sometimes, itself, is a thrift;
And that he who will carelessly bounties accord,
Oft is lending to Satan, instead of the Lord.

And the first piteous mortal she happened to meet,
Was a woe-begone beggar, who crept thro' the street;
Face properly sad and form carefully bent,
And a mien that strewed sorrow wherever he went.
And she wondered what terrible lot could be worse,
And gave him such cash as she had in her purse;
And then went home at once, with a face like the sun,
With her husband to share the good deed she had done.
But he laughingly said, when she pictured her friend,
"That poor scamp has a bank-book, and money to lend."
And she wept with vexation; and vowed not to give
To a beggar again, long as Heaven let her live.

And a little while after, it chanced to befall,
That a sad-looking gentleman made her a call,
With late news from her pastor; which bade her extend
To this brother afflicted, the hand of a friend.
And the sad-looking man drew a picture of gloom
Of a sick, wretched wife, in a comfortless room;
Of the bad luck around him accustomed to lurk,
And the way he had worked, that he might obtain work;
And he made her believe, that if help were not found,
He would starve, ere another bright Sabbath came round.
Then he offered for sale—sadly resolute still—
A small one-dollar book for a ten-dollar bill.
And sweet sympathy warmed up her heart, through and through,
And instead of one book, she invested in two;
And she waited her husband's home-coming, to run
And share with his heart the good deed she had done.
But the afternoon paper contained a hot sketch
Of this scamp, whom it called "an unprincipled wretch,"
Informing an oft-told community how
He had swindled for months, and was swindling them now;
And it gave a long history, gloomy with fact,
And a full-length description, absurdly exact.
So her husband she met with a pain-chastened grace,
And a queer look of innocent shame in her face;
And instead of her setting her heart all astir,
He employed the whole evening in comforting her.
And she vowed, if she lived to be ninety years old,
Of no agent again would she buy, and be sold.

And the next case of pity her heart chanced to greet,
Was a hand-organ woman who sat in the street;
Who, old and unfeminine, said not a word,

And played a queer tune that could scarcely be heard.
And 'twas plainly apparent, and hard not to see,
There were two wooden stumps where her feet ought to be.
And our sweet Lady Bountiful's heart nestled near
This sister, so palpably wretched and drear;
And she gave her enough, moved by Charity's call,
To buy the dame out—legs, hand-organ, and all.
And she went home at night with her heart all aglow
With the help she had given to this daughter of woe;

And this sweet-bread of deeds,—like a generous child
She shared with her best friend—who praised her, and smiled;
For he knew all the time, and so, shortly, did she,
That this pauper of streets was as rich as need be;
And had married a daughter, with splendor quite rare,
And had given to her jewels a duchess could wear.
And our dear Lady Bountiful drooped with dismay,
At having been tricked in this high-handed way,
And vowed none again with her bounty to greet,
Unless blessed with the requisite number of feet.

And the next, and the next, and the next, and the next
Of the times she was tricked, made her almost as vexed;
But there came, one dark evening, a gleam of surprise,
From a woman whose heart had a home in her eyes;
Whose words sweetly warmed her fair friend; for they burned
With gratitude true, that had truly been earned.
And she murmured, "To me you are dearer than breath;
You snatched me from sorrow, and suffering, and death;
You lifted a burden my soul could not bear;
You tided me over the rocks of despair.
You saved me my daughter—my husband—my son;
God bless you and yours, for the deeds you have done!"

And the lady's tired heart on this gratitude fed,
For her husband had happened to hear what was said;
And the man of the world—as a tear graced his eye—
Felt as if he had news from the world in the sky;
And he said to his wife, as her gemmed hand he pressed,
"This transaction defrays the expense of the rest."





Ghosts, or Dreams?

BY ERNEST H. HAWTHORNE.

(Continued from preceding issue.)

NEXT day after my experience, real and imaginary, with the old astrologer, I received a telephone-call from an attorney in Boston. Some very important matters had risen there, in connection with my father's estate; and it was necessary for me to be in "the hub" for a few days.

I closed the "spook-house", as it was called by irreverent youngsters, and some equally irreverent oldsters, and left it in the hands of a telegraph-alarm company, who guaranteed to keep everything just as I left it, and respond quickly to any disturbance, which, it was stated orally, as had already been announced in their advertisements, made the house and all that was in it, as safe as if a family were there on the spot, armed to the teeth (whatever that might mean nowadays) against all possible interlopers. "The least disturbance in or about any part of the house, is immediately communicated to our central office. A policeman—one of our special, trusty officers—is there as soon as possible"—etc., etc.

My good friend and tenant-predecessor, Mrs. Paxton, called in, accompanied by her friend Mrs. O'Halligoran, the very morning I left: her object being to know if I had discovered a box of soap that she thought she had left in "moving." I fortunately had found it, that very morning. When told that I was just about leaving for a few days, but should have the house well guarded, she gave it as her candid opinion that she suspected they might keep flesh an' blood out, but

not sperrits. "You see," she explained, "them don't make no noise a-gettin' in, nor after they *do* git in. They just simply *appear*, an' that's all they *do* do. Of course I s'pose they spook 'roun', an' sniff into things, an' pick up all the information they can: but how in the world they kin make any use of it, when they can't talk, is beyont *me*."

"They were, then, all *man*-ghosts—these that could not talk?" asked my bachelor-friend, Prof. Bigglesby, teacher of metaphysics in one of the universities. He had called in, that morning, to discuss the probable effect of day-dreams upon night-visions. "They were, of course, all men—these ghosts that did not talk?"

"I don't know *what* they was," said Mrs. Paxton, not even perceiving the Professor's covert slur upon the volubility of her sex—much less resenting it: "you never kin tell whether one o' them 'ere ghosts is a man or a woman. You see, a man-ghost, he might dress up like a woman, or a woman-ghost, she might dress down like a man. How be we ever a-goin' to tell *what* they be, so fur as the him an' her of it is concerned? I seen a man onct in a show, that hed been circulatin' around like a woman fur sev'ral years, a-pretendin' to be such, an' hired out fur a servant-girl, an' was in some places six months at a time!"

"Good saints alive protect me!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Halligoran, who had not thus far entered into the conversation, except by crossing herself several times,

in a rather ostentatious manner. "I'll niver have another cook or up-stairs gurrul ag'in," she remarked, "unless she first proves to me that he isn't a man."

"You ain't never had none, neither man or woman", replied the good Mrs. Paxton, with her face instead of with her tongue: "you've allers done yer own work so fur."

"The same to yez, Mrs. Paxton, an' it will probably be so hinceforth and forever, till ye die in yer husband's arrums, provided he can stand it to have yez do so", retorted the Milesian lady—also speaking entirely with her face. No angry word was bandied between these two very civil ladies—though each knew well enough what the other's face meant. There are a good many quarrels of this kind, which, happily, result in nothing worse than significant impressions upon the countenance.

The Professor of Metaphysics, meanwhile, saw nothing of this silent conversation: he was preparing for Mrs. Paxton a series of interrogations which were about as intelligible to her, as if they had been carefully framed in the most classic of Japanese. She flung herself out of the house (closely followed by her facially reconciled friend Mrs. O'Halligoran, who continually crossed herself as long as visible). Mrs. Paxton did not even wait to be dead-sure about the soap.

Among the questions that the Professor of Metaphysics put to the indignant lady, was the following:

"Madame, may not these ghosts that you claim to have seen, have been mere pictures or phantasmagoria of living human entities, that had been imprinted upon the retina of your vision, and that thus made an impression upon your brain, which under unusual stress and excitement, may have produced what seemed to you as actual appearances?"

"I never had none of them diseases, nor my family didn't, an' I want it so understood", exclaimed the indignant dame. "Whenever I'm sick, I know what's the matter with me, an' ef I don't I know plenty of doctors what does, an' I don't hev to come to you, nor where you're goin' to be, to find out. So put

that in yer pipe an' put yer pipe in yer mouth, an' smoke it."

"But you know, Madame," insisted the Professor, soothingly, "all intellects are subject to hallucinations"—

"I never hed no helloosenations on my intellec's, an' I want it so understood. Nor did you either, Mrs. O'Halligoran?"

"I'm sure if any one accuses me of that, ther'll be somethin' to pay a good deal worse than the first two syllabuses of the wurrud", replied the lady addressed.—"I don't think it is the best place in the counthry for me to be seen comin' out of is this here, Mrs. Paxton, so I guess I'll go out. I did not come in here for to have a medical examination, but to help this lady to find her soap, in case we couldn't find it."

"Neither did I too", said Mrs. Paxton. Good bye. I am a wonderin' more than my tongue can tell, Mr. Van Nostrand, that you'll have such undermannerly people in yer house, as this person who accuses of diseases we never had."—And, as above-mentioned, they flounced out.

I was laughing at the different occurrences just narrated, half way to Boston. Financially able to occupy a state-room in the car in which I was whirling along, it was fully as comfortable as in my own house—and something of a change. And it was a blessing to be rid of the ghosts for a little while.

"What a chain of homes there is provided, for the traveller who can afford to buy the links as he goes along!" I mused. "This little building, with iron rails for foundations and rolling wheels for pillars, is one of the houses of a city rushing between cities; and I am stretched out upon the sofa of my tiny parlor, almost as independent as if I owned the whole establishment.

"And not a ghost in sight, or likely to be!"—But this was reckoning without the guest.

I was just becoming a little drowsy from the regular motion of the train. I was conscious that there was little or no chance of being disturbed until arrival at the "Hub", when a short, stubby, roly-poly-looking man stood, or rather

slouched before me. How he could come in, through the locked door, was a question: but there he was. He had sandy-colored whiskers, little, mist-covered, skimmed-milk pig-eyes, full of anxiety and apprehension, and bow legs. His head was mostly bald, as if the hair upon it had taken a departure for his chin, and stayed there, not being able to proceed farther toward the center of the earth.

I do not remember, in all my experience of people, seeing a more "sneaky"-looking exhibit than this. Not only his appearance, but his *feel* was that of a most unreliable creature. His every word and motion seemed calculated to give the lie to anything said. Conversation seemed with him like a path infested with strips of concealed ice, upon which, if you stepped, you went down.

"How in the world did you get in here?" I asked, springing to my feet and drawing a tiny revolver, which, I am compelled to admit, I always carry—law or no law.

"There is no 'in' or 'out' to a ghost—so far as physical matters are concerned", replied the little bow-legged man. "I came through the door of your dressing-room here, as easily as you could think through it."

"Where did you get on the train?" I inquired.

"I don't know: stations are nothing to me."

"How exhilarating!—to be able to travel without preliminary negotiations with the ticket-officers and constant ones with conductors!"—

"Ah, if I only did not have to travel!—I am here—there—everywhere.—I am looking for those I have wronged, and there's no rest for me until I confess and make it right!"

"The grocery-man again", I thought. "Have you been selling eatables at short weight, and thus increasing the cost of living?" I inquired, trying to make up for the brusqueness of my words, with delicacy of tone.

The man, or ghost, or whatever it was, looked me for once straight in the eyes.

"Worse than that!" he exclaimed. "I have been robbing live people, over the graves of dead ones!"

This statement was very interesting—though sadly so. It was a strange accusation for a man to make against himself, and I looked at him with new interest.

"You see, it was like this", he explained. "I am an oculist by profession, and have got acquainted in that way with a good many very rich and smart people."—

All at once, the fellow (or ghost of a fellow, whichever it was) seemed to go out of his truthful attitude, and to take the position of a speaker on theological subjects. I could understand (or dream) that his mood just now was a reproduction of one that had often followed him in the earthly life.

"Believe what I am telling you, dear sir, and understand that there is only one way to be saved, and that is by reading this book, which contains my opinion of the Bible, and religion in general. Price one dollar, please."

I was just about putting a hand in my pocket, to buy the little tome, as a curiosity, when, all of a sudden, the necessities of my visitor's present condition burst upon him, with a crushing weight that seemed to allow no resistance.

"This is a *lie* I have just been telling you!" he shouted. "I hate to say it, but I must! I have been a hypocrite all my life! This book is full of hypocrisy. I stole it from other books, and harangued it to crowds, so as to make what money I could from it. I even caused sincere men and women to think that I also was sincere. I was ignorant, but I stole others' ideas, and for a little time made some people think that I was learned. I borrowed money, I stole money, I swindled people out of money—on the strength of my supposed piety."

I began to doubt the sanity—even of this spectre—if it was one. "Can it be," I thought, "that there are such things as *insane ghosts*?"

As if to answer this question in the affirmative, my stubby, bewhiskered, bald-

headed guest vibrated back again to his sanctimonious position.

"This is a great work, sir, that I am accomplishing", he murmured, in a purring voice, that made him seem like some huge house-cat. "I am doing a great deal to draw people to the true faith. I have mission-meetings in Boston every Sunday, when I am in town. There is no telling what good I may do, before I am through.

"But this work, sir, requires money to carry it on. It has to be supported entirely by subscription. Could you not give me—say a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars toward it? The great Master above will reward you, as He has rewarded others who have helped me in this glorious work."

All of a sudden, came again, the other side of the story.

"This is a *lie* that I have just been telling you!" he screamed. "If you subscribe money and give it to me, it will go, not to the holy cause of religion, but into my own pocket! I have all my life been a subscription-robber! I have been a sneak thief among honest and beneficent people! I even robbed my own brothers and sisters of money that they thought was doing good, but which was for my own private financial benefit! I am one of those who ministered in the Lord's name, but whom He knows not!"

Immediately the former habits of the man (if it is not absurd to call him a man) came again to the front. With as suave a smile as he could maintain, he said,

"Mr. Van Nostrand, I have a matter to present, which I am sure will claim your most considerate attention. I was in Iowa not long ago, and found there the grave of a gentleman of your name, and who, as I can show you by documents now in my office, was a relative of yours. He has a good location in the cemetery: but he died poor, and left no family, and has never had anything but a plain marker of wood to identify his grave. He was while living an honest and able man, and he deserves a substantial grave-stone. I have enough money subscribed, lacking only ten dollars, to buy him a plain but

durable monument. If you could only contribute that amount, and hand it to me now, the whole matter could very soon be arranged"—

So persuasive was the creature's voice (perhaps from long practice) and his words and manner carried with them so strong a suction—so to call it—that my hand was gradually gliding into my pocket, to produce the required sum: but before the little financial arrangement could be perfected, his own denouncement sprung to his lips.

"This is all a fake!" he shouted, almost in a scream. "I never found any such grave: it was dug by my own selfishness and dishonesty! I have collected hundreds and hundreds of dollars in this manner: all I had to do, was to appeal to the family pride of those who had money, and I could always get from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of them to contribute.

"The way I got the idea, was by learning the fact that there was really a grave in one of the western states, whose occupant bore the name of our family. I commenced writing to different relatives for money to buy him a tombstone, although, to tell the truth, I cared very little about it. I began with my own sister, writing and telling her that she was no true relative, if she did not do her share toward commemorating the resting-places of our kin. She had a good, sweet heart, and sent me twenty-five dollars.

"This encouraged me very much, and I tried it on my brother. He had had, however, too much experience with me already, and did not care to invest.

"However, there were other people of the name, all over the country, and I succeeded in collecting five hundred dollars for the marking of the grave of our 'distinguished relative', who was really a poor old cobbler that almost everybody in his vicinity had forgotten.

"The devil always helps with suggestions, when we are doing his work, and he boosted me right along. I did have a small sandstone slab put up at the old cobbler's grave, but I soon found that there was no use, in such cases, of going

to even that expense; or even of using real graves. I had various ways of inciting 'relatives of the sainted deceased' to their 'duty'. In the letters which I wrote them (generally under an assumed name) I would say, 'It won't look very well in the newspapers to read, 'The distinguished So-and-so, who has well-to-do relatives all over the country, lies in an obscure tomb in Such-and-such a town, with nothing to mark his place of rest.' It was pretty apt to fetch 'em."

Thus for full an hour, as it seemed to me, at least, did this strange creature or ghost of a creature, alternate between attempted villainies, and confession of villainies already done. "Through what a strange ordeal is Nature putting this man!" I mused. "Was he a lunatic while living?—If so, and if his stories are true, he had a most wonderful store of method in his madness; if sane, he was certainly paying a good large price for his wickedness and hypocrisy."

"Have you told these stories to others?" I inquired.

"I am telling them all the time. I had an idea that when I died, I should go to Heaven, and take up my residence there among the saints: and I often informed my enemies, as well as my friends, that such would be the case. But good-bye: there are dozens of men whom I must see, and to whom I must make confessions, before night."

"BOSTON!" shouted the porter, again and again, knocking lustily at my state-room door. "Really, Mr. Van Nostrand, I was afraid you were dead!" he exclaimed, as I rose and peered out.

These are all the ghosts or dreams that I care to narrate, at present. I have told them as well as I could, and not only told them—but *sold* them. I have been paid for them a fair price, by the publisher of this Magazine, with a possibility of having the whole published in book form, so soon as I have seen enough more ghosts, (or had enough more dreams—whichever it is) to fill up a modern-sized volume.

I still live in the "Spook House", and expect to, for some time. Neighbors at

first were disposed to meddle with me a little, but they now seem resigned to letting me have my own way—noticing that I attend to my own business, and require others to do the same. People write me from all over the country, asking for tidings and information: it is strange how much interest is taken in supernatural subjects.

Two or three attempts have been made, by certain funny people, to frighten me by artificial ghost-craft: but their success has not been encouraging. I have a private shooting-gallery in my cellar, and practice there with a revolver almost every day; and the fact as it becomes known, does not encourage my facetious friends.

Burglars have never molested me. They are said to be a superstitious race, and are not likely to infest a haunted house, or one that is reputed so to be. They are more afraid of bogies than bullets.

Mrs. Paxton has never called, since her interview with the Professor of Metaphysics: although I have discovered in the house several additional articles that she left when moving: I am intending to box them up and send them to her.

Philippe, the garcon, still brings me my breakfasts. He sometimes has the ghost of an interrogation-point in each eye, but never asks any impertinent questions.

One fact puzzles me sorely. I saw a young lady on the street, not long ago, that I would swear, in any court, was Genevieve Gardner. Can it be, that after appearing to me as a ghost, the young lady is still alive? Are there such things as fake-ghosts?

And yet, it may have been nothing but a dream—the whole of it.

I am searching for her, having employed a different set of detectives from those that have been recently looking so assiduously for Dorothy Arnold; and if I find her, I will let the public know, in another series of articles.

Meanwhile, do not believe anything the newspapers say about it.



The Passion Play of Oberammergau.

BY A. ELWOOD CORNING.

IN venturing to lay upon the altar of publicity some impressions of the Passion Play of Oberammergau, I am not unmindful of the task involved. For such was the scope of its action that we cannot define its potency, nor can we determine the extent of its wide and munificent influence.

To picture, in lucid diction, Oberammergau and environs, we would use much the same language as in the description of any other region of exquisite country, save that the villages of Bavaria are less quaint and monotonous than the French, more sylvan and picturesque than the North German, cleaner than the Italian, and more ensconced from invasion than the English; but, to delineate, with the slightest degree of nicety, the singular moral grandeur, the uncommon abiding pathos, and the devout portrayal of so vivid and didactic a representation of the sufferings of Jesus, the Saviour of the world, is beyond the sphere of words.

Indeed, I would fain deter the thought of even suggesting its manifold scenes, for fear of undervaluing their intrinsic worth, were I not solicitous to acquaint the reader with some of the ineffable charms, and seraphic human emotions, that its marvelous production by the Bavarian peasants evokes.

In the first place, few geographical localities of the world are better designed by nature for the unfolding of that sacred drama than the beautiful little Bavarian mountain village of Oberammergau. The great hills that envelop the serene and lovely valley of the Ammer, and the cross-crowned crag which stands like some

spiritual sentinel guarding the peaceful village at its base, seem to call one nearer to the ideal, and admonish the thoughtless of the incongruity of nothing, but mundane success; while the valley itself, steeped in tradition, and the rare union of perfect landscape and fruitful cultivation, rebukes, by its very atmosphere, the apathy of the mind to religious study, and the proclivity to criticism with which some folk approach the things of life; and the people themselves, notwithstanding that countless thousands clamor at their gates for admission every decade, still retain a mystical simplicity, the force of which it is impossible to gainsay or resist.

To walk, therefore, the narrow and winding streets of this unique Bavarian village, whose ordinary population numbers only sixteen hundred, and glance curiously at the white plastered walled houses, with red roofs and green window shutters, and, at the same time to observe the men in their green embroidered trousers, long hair, and feathers in their hats, as they pass beside the Ammer, whose swift flowing waters run parallel with the street—to use the words of Dean Hodges, “like the celestial river of the book of Revelation”—is, to doubt not the similarity, said to exist, between the Oberammergau of the middle ages, and the Oberammergau of today.

In the archaic days, Oberammergau rivaled many another village twice its size because of its location near the great trade belt, which extended from Venice to Augsburg. But this prosperity was broken by adversity, and while the se-

cluded valley of the Ammer endured the vicissitudes brought on by the Reformation and other outside contentions, of late years the inhabitants thereof have devoted much time to the peaceful development of their two principal vocations—wood carving and the Passion Play.

The determination among the modest folk of Oberammergau to render the Passion Play once every ten years was not in itself strictly original. Nor was such a decision made until an overwhelming catastrophe had brought them nearer to their God. To Gregory Mazianzen, belongs the distinction of having produced the first Passion Play; and, as his death occurred about 390 A.D., we get some idea of how long Passion Plays had been in existence. But the manner and circumstances under which the Play of Oberammergau was first introduced, and the duration of its unbroken history, have made it the most widely discussed and renowned of Passion Plays.

It is now over two hundred and seventy-five years since the horrible "black death" raged in the regions adjacent to the valley of the Ammer. This was in the year 1633, during the terrors of the Thirty Years' War. To exempt themselves from infection, the village magistrates caused a cordon, that is, a great wall of rock, to be placed around their valley, that none could enter from without, and of course those within were likewise prohibited from access to the perilous world beyond.

But while the epidemic was at its height, one Caspar Schuchler, a native of Oberammergau, who had been at work in the neighboring village of Eschenlohe, was suddenly seized with a desire to see his wife and children; thus, in a moment of unwary enthusiasm, he climbed down over the wall by night and brought the terrible scourge into Oberammergau.

Three days later he lay dead from the disease, and after some eighty-four had fallen victims of the malady, and realizing that medical aid was insufficient to bring relief, the aggrieved people called upon God to stay the epidemic. In that earnest supplication, we are told they

made a solemn pledge, if God would remove the pestilence, to perform, every ten years, a play which would reverently set forth the life and death of the Redeemer.

The plague abated, and, it is recorded, not a single person succumbed to its terror after the reverential vow was registered. Accordingly, the very next year, 1634, they gave the first production of the Passion Play in the village cemetery, where it was held until a theatre building was erected in another part of the village.

Until 1674, the Passion Play was observed every tenth year. Then, at the suggestion of the authorities, it was thought best to give the Play at the beginning of every decade. Thus, in 1680, 1686, the Passion Play was acted after an interval of but six years: but thereafter, every ten years.

In 1799, a manifesto was issued by which all "miracle and mystery plays" were condemned, and the order went forth that all such must be discontinued. But the peasants of Oberammergau pleaded with the King of Bavaria until he, out of sympathy for its origin, exempted this particular Passion Play from the general condemnation.

While the village chronicle records 1634 as the year in which the first play was given, there is no available data which presents the least information concerning the text of the Play. The oldest known text, however, was written in 1662, and is still in existence.

From this we get some idea of how the old Play was presented. The stage in those days, as I have already remarked, was the open space in the cemetery near the church, and the balconies of the near-by houses served as places for the trials before Annas and before Pilate; while the Last Supper and cognate scenes were enacted on most any near-by available ground; and the way to the cross led up over the hill, on the acme of which the Resurrection took place.

But gradually the Play underwent a change. As the people grew more modern, the Play became more artistic.

But it was not until 1803, however, that special costumes were purchased for the drama. To Josef Alois Daisenberger we owe the Passion Play in its present form. He was the village priest of Oberammergau, and long before his death, in 1883, he labored diligently to have omitted from the text whatever was inconsistent with the plain truths of the gospels. In other words, he aimed to have the puissant story of the Lord's Passion appeal to all kinds of Christians—Protestants as well as Catholic.

The Play as now given consists of seventeen acts, with various scenes to each act, together with a prologue, sometimes spoken, but more often sung. The stage is unchangeable, except in the centre, where a series of Old Testament tableaux are disclosed. These, twentyfive in number, alternate with the spoken scenes, that the spectators may the more comprehend the connection between the acted tragedy and those emblematic pictures which foretell fulfilment.

This part of the Play is worthy of special mention. I do not now recall of ever having seen tableaux that were more skillfully arranged, or so motionless in their duration. It was simply marvelous to see how dramatic art had been so carefully perfected by these lowly peasants; and even the little children played their respective parts so perfectly that it was well-nigh impossible to detect the least movement of their little forms.

Behind this curtain, where the tableaux are shown, is held the Lord's Supper, grouped in accordance with Vinci's conception, and the assembly of the High Council. Here, also, the crosses are raised, and the pathetic scenes of the Crucifixion enacted. But all else—the entrance into Jerusalem, which is the opening scene of the drama; the shouts and indignant murmurs of the crowd as the Christ drives in angry tones the money-changers out of the temple; the parting at Bethany, which, to my mind, was the most pathetic scene of all; the last journey to Jerusalem; the betrayal; the garden of Gethsemane; the arrest; Christ before Pilate, in front of the latter's pal-

ace; the scourging and crowning with thorns; the release of Barabbas; the way to the cross; and the resurrection morn, when the Christ speaks to Mary at the tomb, are all revealed beneath the open sky, and in plain view of the six thousand auditors, who listen in breathless attention, from eight o'clock in the morning until six at night, save the two hours' intermission at noon.

The stage, which has only the sky of the real world for a canopy—the audience part of the building is roofed—is necessarily large, in order to accommodate the cast, which number seven hundred and eighteen. Then, on either side, are the palaces of Annas, the high priest, and Pilate; and in the rear of these, are the streets of Jerusalem, and the green hills of the outer world.

Then, too, there is a realistic feature of this ornate stage setting, which is very unique. The doves, as they are released from their cages, at the expulsion of the traders, seek their nests in the village, and during the day birds come and perch upon the balconies of the palaces of Pilate and Annas.

But this very feature of the beautiful has led not a few critics to declare that the real story is immolated to art. That the hostile people, in front of Pilate's palace, cry in unison, all speaking the same words; that the populace, as they assemble to mock and jeer, as the Christ is led to the cross, are too orderly; that the glory of the sufferer, in His last moments on Calvary, are not sufficiently veiled in humiliation.

From this paradox we dissent. Rather, it seems to us that the reverse is true. When at first Pilate refused to condemn the Righteous One, there was not only facial indignation on the part of the high priests, but their very bodies trembled with rage. Again, when Pilate finds no fault with Him, and is about to release the Nazarene, it is only upon the passionate protestations of the mob, and the vehement threats that his Governorship is endangered—all of which are real in their exposition—that he proposes the choosing between Christ and Barabbas.

Certainly, during this suspense, the soul of the auditor is stirred to the utmost climax of excitement, caused solely by the appeal of human reality. Then the love of the Magdalene is singularly real, as is also the temptation, and before the tragedy, the repentance of Judas. Nor should we fail to mention the scene in the garden, as "the suffering Saviour prays alone—'Not my will, but Thine be done, O Father!'" But most of all, the intense grief of the Mother is so vividly revealed, that at times the sobs of the multitude may be heard.

Of course it is not denied that art is very much exemplified in the Passion Play. We would not have it otherwise; and, while some things might be improved, on the whole it is doubtful whether a more wonderful portrayal of the career of our Lord could be given than is presented every decade at Oberammergau. The spirit in which the humble peasants approach their task is the main reason of their success. To them it is a sacred obligation; and this devoutness is not only revealed on the stage, during the progress of the Play; it is carried into their homes. In short, their only desire is to keep the vow of their fathers; to perform their part with skill, and to surrender the same with keen sorrow, when age and physical inability show signs of approach.

But even though time requires each in turn to relinquish their former role, family names seldom disappear from the cast. For example: though Mayr, who took the part of the Christ in 1871, has long since departed, his family name this year was preserved in the characters of Mary Magdalene and Herod. Johann Zwinck, who was Judas this year for the third time, is the son of a painter, renowned in his day, not only as a conspicuous character in the Play, but also for decorating the houses of Oberammergau with Bible scenes; and Anton Lang, who so splendidly took the part of the Christ this year, also acted the same in 1890 and 1900. This role is a particularly difficult one, and Anton Lang was chosen because of his almost perfect resemblance, in face

and form, to such pictures of the Saviour as the world regards as authentic.

When you stop to think that Lang, in the climax of the last act, is suspended from a crucifix by bandages around his wrists for twenty minutes, you get some idea of the difficulty of the role. He is said to have once remarked that the physical pain which accompanies this particular act is terrific and exhausting.

There yet remains a word with regard to the costumes: the men and women of the chorus appear in brilliant crowns, and garments of purples, yellows, browns, blues, and reds. These are worn throughout the Play, save only immediately after the crucifixion, when they put themselves in robes of black. The Christ is attired in a long cassock of gray-brown, over which is draped a toga of dark red. The Virgin Mary is dressed in blue; Judas in yellow, and the priests and members of the Sanhedrin in the most brilliant robes embroidered with jewels, befitting their official rank.

The Play closes with a Hallelujah chorus, led by the orchestra, which is preceded by the Ascension in the form of a tableau. This strong and beautiful conclusion leaves on the memory an abiding impression. I shall never forget it. While throughout the day the weather had been most perfect, toward the climax the clouds began to gather, while the sun glided beneath their darkened wings. This, indeed, was very appropriate at the moment, for the darkness of the earth was about to occur at the crucial scene of the crucifixion.

But hardly had this last act passed, and the tableau of the Ascension been thrown across the stage, when the clouds that, a moment or so before, had looked so threatening, rolled away. At this moment the rays of the resplendent sun cast its regal lustre across the face of the ascending figure. Words cannot describe, nor thought express, the sanctified spiritual revelation therein manifested; and as the motley crowd filed out into the street, there were few, I doubt not, who had aught on their minds but heavenly thoughts.



Four Great Buildings.

APPARENTLY the completion of the new Grand Central Station on Forty-second street, Manhattan, is not far off. What is the new terminal to be like? Comparatively few who have read or been told about it possess any definite idea of what it will be like. All that is to be seen now is an army of laborers and steam-shovels battering away in the work of excavating.

Yet in a little more than twelve months the work will blossom forth into a magnificent structure, attractive to the eye, and far more interesting to contemplate than the thud of blasts and monotony of the contractor's shifts.

It is difficult to get an impression of what the new Grand Central will be like,

from what is to be seen today: yet it is to be a great structure, containing waiting rooms that will have an area of more than six acres. It is asserted that it will be the greatest railway terminal in the world: more than twice as large as any structure planned for similar purpose by any other company.

It is estimated that if the present plans be carried out, an expenditure of \$180,000,000 will be necessary. The area occupied by the terminal is seventysix acres, of which approximately seventy will be used for tracks. The aggregate length of these tracks is thirtytwo miles, of which eight will be given up to the sixtyseven tracks in the building. On these, there will be a space sufficiently



AS THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION WILL BE.



MANHATTAN STATION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

large to store 1,150 cars, or perhaps more.

In order to facilitate matters in train-handling, there will be two levels, one for suburban and one for express trains. These levels are to be provided with loops, so that the trains may enter at one side of the station, and swing around to the other, ready for departure without the use of turntables. The building is one hundred and five feet at its highest point, and will spread out underground over an area of nearly 358,000 square feet, being 745 by 480 feet. The excavation will be forty-five feet deep.

The area of the waiting-rooms and concourses is practically duplicated for the through and suburban traffic on the two levels, there being a waiting-room and concourse for each class of passengers. The main concourse will be three hundred feet long, one hundred and twenty feet wide, and one hundred feet high. It is estimated that the new station will be able to handle 105,000,000 people a year. It has been figured that thirty thousand persons could stand in the concourses and waiting rooms without serious overcrowding, and that seventy

thousand could pass through them in an hour on their way to and from trains. One feature will mark it as unique among the stations of the world, for no other station has it. There will be ramps instead of stairways. These ramps are so arranged that the crowds of people going to through or suburban trains will never come in contact with each other or with those coming from trains.

The new Manhattan station of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Seventh avenue and 32d street, marks the fulfilment of a long cherished ambition of that company to land its passengers in the center of the nearly six million people that live within a twenty mile radius of the City Hall. It is a monument to the dawn of an era of great promise in the history of New York, and an event in railroading yet unsurpassed.

This immense building, covering more than eight acres, occupies more ground than any other structure ever before built at one time in the history of the world. It is 784 feet in length, and 430 in width. The mean height is sixty-nine feet above

the street, while its highest point is 153. In this depot is the most complete electrical equipment ever installed in any building. It requires about five hundred arc lamps in addition to twenty thousand incandescent bulbs to illuminate it.

The system of signals is so very complex, that it is almost beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind. Through the long length of the tracks and tube, signal-lights are flashed. If an engineer attempts to run his train by one of these signals when it is set, he is stopped automatically by the shutting off of his current. At each signal is a telephone, to which the conductor carries a key, that connects with the main signal-station. Only when the signal station has released the train may it proceed on its way.

The arrival and departure of trains are made known to employes in nine different parts of the building, through the medium of the telautograph.

The trains on the twentyone tracks receive their passengers upon eleven platforms: from each of which an elevator and two stairways lead to the grand concourse. These twentyone tracks converge to the two that extend through the

tube running under the Hudson river. Forty powerful motors will operate the trains over the electrified system. Each one costs three times as much and is twice as strong as a steam locomotive.

The building is fireproof throughout and architecturally complete; and adds in no small degree to the beauty of the Metropolis.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is a very young institution when compared with the museums of the old world. Notwithstanding this fact, it rivals the best of them in the quality and completeness of the departments represented.

The institution was chartered in 1870, a little more than forty years ago, and its home is situated in Central Park near Fifth avenue and Eightysecond street. The original building, to which additions and alterations have been made, was opened in 1880, and cost about \$500,000. It measured 218 by 95 feet, and was constructed of red brick with sandstone trimmings. It was erected by the Department of Parks of New York and is ideally located among the picturesque scenery of a very beautiful portion of the Park.



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.



AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The main entrance is on the Fifth avenue side at 82d street, and is open daily, including Sundays. It is free except Mondays and Fridays, when an admission of twentyfive cents is charged.

It possesses art collections amounting in value to several million dollars. The treasures to be found here by the lover of art are various in character and of most profound interest. Every school or division of art is here represented, and paintings (including the Hearn, Marquand, Vanderbilt and Wolfe collections) are hanging on the walls.

Sculpture of ancient and modern schools, American and foreign, are shown in many fine groups; the collection of sculptures from the ancient Cypriote tombs and cities being of special interest and great value to the student.

Casts, antiquities, arms and armor, porcelains, musical instruments, tapestries, laces, metal work, furniture, and the decorative arts, are all shown in nicely arranged collections.

Foreigners visiting in United States have accused New Yorkers of having little

or no appreciation for art. This may or may not be true, but the throngs of people from all conditions of society who visit daily this museum, certainly bear strong evidence that the charge is false or at the worst is only true in a very small part.

The American Museum of Natural History was incorporated by the Legislature of New York in 1869, and its building was opened in 1887. The structure was erected by the Park Department, which has charge of it and the surrounding grounds. It is four stories high, and its exterior is of red brick with yellow sandstone trimmings. Each hall measures 170 feet in length by 60 in width. It is situated in Manhattan Square at Eighth avenue and 77th street. The entire building is devoted for the purpose to which it is dedicated. To be found here are superb collections of specimens embracing every department of natural history; also some of the allied sciences. The specimens are carefully grouped and placed in the best possible positions to show the habitat and essential points to

be learned in the study of the subjects. They represent the finest product of the taxidermist's art. In addition to the mounted specimens there are fossils and replica of prehistoric monsters of the mammalian and reptilian ages, impressing the observer with a sense of the enormity of the animals that roamed over the earth before the advent of man. The anthropological group occupies a prominent place, and is one of the nearest complete in existence. The Elliot collection of the birds of North America, to which are added the numerous fine specimens from all parts of the earth, makes the ornithological department almost complete. Entomology is represented by an

unusually complete display of insects from everywhere. Among the possessions are many private collections, which have been donated or loaned to the museum. The Veneaux collection of natural history specimens, the Jay collection of shells, the James Hall collection of geological specimens, the Bennett specimens of the stone age of Denmark, the De Morgan collection of stone implements from the valley of the Somme in France, the Squire and Davis collection from the Mississippi Valley, and the entire museum of Prince Maximilian of Neuwied, are especially noticeable. Admission is free at all times. "Something for nothing" is most surely there.

The Valley of Sleep.

HOW blessedly dear is the Valley of Sleep
To the weary and worn of this earth!
'Tis there we find the treasures we prize,
And the joys of truest worth.

For in this wonderful Valley of Sleep,
Is the beautiful Garden of Dreams,
That blooms in beauty for all the world,
And is lighted by heavenly gleams.

There blooms sweet hope for the one in despair,
And faith for the sorrowful-sad,
And for each of the shipwrecked souls of the earth
There's a flower to make them glad.

To the youth there's the gorgeous flower, success,
Blooming far in the future away,
To the old, rue's memory of youth,
And the joys of the long-ago day.

The maiden can pluck from this Garden of Dreams,
The sweetest love-roses of life,
While the lover can gather along its borders
Bride flowers for the some-day wife.

The sinner can cull from this Garden of Dreams
The poppy's narcotic so dear,
That makes him forget all save that innocent time
Of childhood, unmarked by fear.

Thus for all the world there's a flower that grows
In this beautiful Garden of Dreams,
And of all the gifts of God to this world
There could be no greater, it seems.

Aye, there's one that surpasses the Valley of Sleep,
With its Garden of Dreams so prized,
And that is the deep, cool Valley of Death,
With the dreams of life realized.

CLARA COX EPPERSON.



The Hollow Earth and Its Hollow Poles.

By J. E. PAYNTER.

(Concluded.)

FIRST you must acknowledge that in a solid round body, uniform attraction would develop if material had power to develop attraction. Yes, and we find a uniform attractive force exerted in all parts of the earth at the same levels. But if that round solid body be rotating upon its axis, it must then develop considerable centrifugal force, especially at the equator, where it would, to a great extent, overcome the attraction of gravity. And when we consider that this centrifugal force diminishes as we approach the poles, there ceasing altogether, we must conclude that material objects would increase in weight in exact proportion as centrifugal force diminishes: but we know that material objects do not thus increase in weight; therefore our premise was false, and we must look for some other explanation.

We feel sure that the earth rotates upon its axis, for we see the sun rise every morning; and for many other reasons we are satisfied that it is comparatively round: but that it is solid, we have seen to be impossible. Let me quote here, in connection with this subject, the following from Gage's "Physical Geography", Chapter 2, Page 23:

"The density of the globe as compared with materials at its surface has been determined with considerable precision. The average or mean density of the most prevalent rock is about two and one half times that of water, while the density of the whole mass, as determined by most careful calculation, is five and a half

(5.675) times that of water. It is evident from this that the interior of the earth cannot be composed of the same materials that constitute its outer portion: for these, under the laws of gravitation, would be so compressed at the depth of a few miles as to give a greater mean density to the whole mass than the ascertained facts will allow.

"Thus, it has been calculated that water at the depth of three hundred and sixty two miles would be as dense as quicksilver, and that the density of marble at the center of the earth would be one hundred and nineteen times greater than it is at the surface. Either, then, the interior of the earth is composed of materials differing altogether in nature from those known at its surface, or the compression of gravitation must be counteracted by some highly expansive force, such as heat, so as to maintain the mean density which scientific men have already determined."

But even this will not satisfy us: for if we suppose the crust of the earth to be of the same thickness over its whole surface, or approximately so, we will find the same difficulty as when we suppose a solid earth. The passage I have just quoted from Gage's Geography clearly shows that the ascertained weight will not correspond with its known bulk: therefore, it must be hollow.

Now, what laws would produce such an effect? The power of gravity gives matter weight: and having weight and motion, matter desires to travel in a straight

line; so gravity must, therefore, continually draw the earth's crust out of that line, and the energy thus used must lessen gravity to that extent, where that power is exerted. Therefore, I conclude that the earth's crust would be much thicker at the equator than in close proximity to the poles, sufficient to ever maintain that nicely adjusted balance of all matter within the mass.

Again, it is acknowledged that the earth is flattened at the poles; and where this flattening begins, perhaps hundreds of miles from the axis of the earth, centrifugal force will cease to overcome any attractive force, but will act horizontally with the surface of the earth, and at right angles to its axis, therefore always tending to move matter away from the axis, until this action is arrested by the gravity generated by the magnetism occupying the hollow pole; and again the balance is maintained.

When we conclude, then, that such openings exist at the poles, how easily the problems of the north solve themselves. The earth's interior becomes a magnetic reservoir, discharging its superabundance out of the hollow poles, creating the magnetic current which has such an influence over the needle of the mariner's compass. The glorious aurora are thus produced by this same magnetic current striking the cold air of those regions.

I quote the following from the statements of Dr. W. L. Dudley, head of the department of chemistry of the Vanderbilt University, as reported by the press. Speaking before the division of physical and inorganic chemists at the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Dudley showed what he claimed to be the only sample of Neon in this country. It requires tons of air to get a pint of it. He has discovered that the friction of Neon against mercury produces a yellow light. Dr. Dudley concludes that at the poles Neon under high pressure because of the cold is acted upon by magnetic currents producing the Aurora Borealis."

These currents, in fact, ever rising

from the poles with variable power according as the earth is magnetically acted upon by other heavenly bodies and striking the cold canopy of those polar regions, has a wonderful effect on weather conditions, over the whole surface of the earth. Indeed, the action of these currents may be said to be the primary cause of all variations in weather conditions.

Of late years specimens of large elephants have been discovered in the northern ice. These animals are entirely different from any now existing on the earth's surface, yet when discovered they were in a good state of preservation, some even having undigested grass in their stomachs.

Many of these animals no doubt roam the interior of this earth: and these specimens discovered have probably wandered out of the opening in the north, being caught and carried to the south on floating ice. Other animals may pass out of the interior, annually. It is well known that many northern explorers have stated that the polar bear, the wolf, muskox, reindeer, rabbit, etc., come from the north in the spring and return thither in the fall. This would seem to indicate that a warmer climate was reached by them, where they find an abundance of food during the long winter.

The known diameter of the earth is some eight thousand miles; and if we assume the crust of the earth to be five hundred miles thick at the equator, getting considerably less as we approach the poles, it will be seen that the diameter of the interior would be about seven thousand miles.

The land portions might easily be three times as great as all the land of this outer world; and this land may be dotted with lakes, and cut by rivers, much the same as on the exterior. There I would expect to find grass, shrubs and trees, luscious fruits and nuts, and perhaps manna, the food of the Nephthalim. There I would expect to find animals living at peace one with the other, feeding upon those nutritious herbs, fruits and nuts. There I would expect to see the Neph-

thalam or angels in fleshly form eating and drinking, living but never dying, every one of them pure, holy, and wise, so filled with magnetic power or life, that they are a law unto themselves, uninfluenced by gravity or centrifugal force. There I would expect to find a paradise indeed, filled with the song of beautiful birds, bright with the flowers of every hue. The blue life-charged waters would sparkle and dance in the endless light, for "there is no light there." Were you there, my brother, the gentle zephyrs would fan your cheek as the life-giving air moved from pole to pole. And we will enter that home of rest, when this time of ignorance which God has winked at is past, and we may be very near its closing days. A few more years may unlock the door to this land of life. But remember that no abominations can enter there, and nothing that loveth or maketh a lie.

No doubt some of my readers, in an attempt to ridicule these ideas, will say: "Oh, but Peary has been right at the Pole, and it was nothing but a sheet of ice." Your ideas, therefore, are all a myth, but I still insist that both he and Cook were deceived. Both may have got to a point miles apart, which their instruments indicated as ninety degrees north of the equator, but that was not the axis of the earth; and here I beg leave to offer my explanation.

I have before stated that the earth was known to be flattened at the poles, but I go farther and state that the earth turns in at the poles, much the same shape as the stem end of an apple; and this is but the opening to the interior. Get this into your mind, and it will be easy to understand that when Peary and perhaps Cook reached the rim, where the surface of the earth turns in toward the opening to the interior, as they reached the highest point on the earth's surface, the rim of these funnel-shaped polar regions where they stood, the perpendicular being parallel with the axis of the earth, (when making these observations) the sextant would indicate the height of the sun as ninety degrees north of the

equator; but long before they reached that point, the surface of the earth would be falling off to the north. It must be evident that the circumference of the circle they travelled over became less and less, the degrees as marked off by the sextant decreased in length, making the so-called miles travelled, only parts of miles. This, then, accounts for the increased speed the explorers made when approaching the supposed poles.

With the dispute between the two explorers, I have nothing to do, though scientific men have all but succeeded in entirely discrediting the claims of Cook. Still it must not be lost sight of that all these scientists are endeavoring to test their statements of observations by the false premise of a solid round earth. It is evident from the statements of northern navigators and explorers that longitudinal observations are not dependable, not converging as rapidly as they should, in proportion to the degrees of latitude indicated.

Dr. Cook is again criticised in regard to his statement in connection with the first appearance of the midnight sun, scientists claiming that at that latitude he should have seen the midnight sun seven days earlier; and as the advance of the sun over the earth's surface is calculated at some twelve miles per day, they conclude that Cook was at least eightyfour miles further south than he claimed the sextant indicated.

This is a matter in which we should not consider men's motives, whether honest or otherwise. The people of the world want facts they can build upon; and these facts can only be procured by an extended residence in the north, of scientific men possessing an accurate knowledge of all theories respecting the North Pole, the earth, and also, of its interior.

All confusion of thought in the minds of educated men is produced by (perhaps logical) reasoning from a wrong premise; and if the premise be wrong, then the whole structure reared upon that foundation is false.

My foundation is that magnetic energy

and matter are indestructible; that they were uncreated and eternal, the former the life the latter the body of the God of gods; the former the male principle, the latter the female principle which made creation possible: and from these two co-equal, co-dependent principles, came

only one begotten Son, through whom all forms were created. Therefore my conclusion is, that as all things are one in God, even so is truth, or the facts concerning these things, one and undivided. All scientific truth, then, must be co-related and self evident.

The Insurgent Movement in the Schools.

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE.

THE Insurgent movement in politics is everywhere in evidence. It is everywhere fighting to dislodge the political boss, and his master, the unscrupulous man of great wealth. It is everywhere fighting to put in his place a real political leader—a leader of the people and not a tool of their enemies. The followers of the boss follow through fear and greed; the followers of the real leader follow through devotion to the man and belief in the ideas for which he stands.

There is an insurgent movement in the schools and institutions of this country today. It is fighting to dislodge the old fashioned birch rod autocratic school master—the political boss of the school who rules through fear. It is fighting to put in his stead the new fashioned democratic teacher—the political leader of the school who rules by the power of awakened devotion and right ideas. This new type of teacher uses pupil self-government in some of its many forms. Instead of subjecting his pupils to his arbitrary will, he invites them to participate in the management of their own affairs, in so far as they are able.

The present writer is a member of the School Citizens' Committee of New York, which he helped to organize some two years ago, for the advocacy of pupil self-government in the schools and institutions of New York in particular, and elsewhere in general. Practically everyone now knows more or less of the George Junior Republic. We are seeking to have applied to ordinary schools and institu-

tions the principles there applied, in so far as they are applicable, which generally means in so far as they are civic in distinction from economic. Since the children in the ordinary school are not earning their living, there can, of course, be no economic basis.

There are various methods of applying the principles of self-government to the school community. There is the Ray System, devised by Mr. Ray of Chicago. That consists in organizing the school after the manner of democratic Rome. The pupils elect three of their fellows as Tribunes of the People, etc. There is the School City method, devised by Wilson L. Gill of Philadelphia. That consists in applying to the school our own forms of government, state, county, or municipal, in so far as such complex organisms can, with reason and profit, be applied to the much simpler school community. There is also the Brownlee method, originated by Miss Jane Brownlee of Toledo, Ohio, which is like the School City, except that the emphasis is all laid on the development of the character of the individual child, through the power of suggestion and the inspiration of example.

Besides these labelled methods, there are very many modifications of each and all. In fact, there are as many methods of applying the principles, as there are teachers applying the idea in their schools. No teacher can, in fact, successfully apply these principles, unless by a method which shall be particularly adapted to the locality in which his school is situated, to

the particular characteristics of his children; and, last but not least, to his particular temperament. For no teacher who has not enough individuality to individualize the method and make it his own has enough character to succeed with any method of self-government. Now, as the number of schools organized on a self-government basis throughout this country today runs well into the hundreds, it may well be said that there are hundreds of methods of applying pupil self-government.

Some of you may now be saying to yourselves, Why all this fuss and bother? Didn't our children and our country rub along very comfortably for a great many years without any such principles or methods? The purpose may be briefly summarized under two heads: First, the development of character through giving the children opportunity to participate in the conduct of their own affairs, and thereby awakening in them the social consciousness, the sense of collective responsibility, the each-for-all feeling without which no democracy can ever prosper or long endure; second, the familiarizing our prospective citizens in their earliest and most impressionable years with the legitimate operations of democratic government through actual participation in these operations in the management of their own affairs. The second purpose is so immeasurably less important than the first, that I hesitate even to mention it at the same time. A good man or child, however ignorant of civics, may become a good citizen, while a bad man or child, however proficient in civic procedure, may not, without a change of heart.

Some of you may now say these are certainly most exemplary purposes, but why do we need seek to attain them now by these means more than we did one hundred years ago? My answer would be, the application of these principles in our schools would have been beneficial one hundred years ago, but they are now become an imperative necessity to the lasting success of democratic government.

I must at this point deviate into mention of apparently unpardonably hoary

truisms. The home, the church, and the school are the traditional institutions for the rearing and training of citizens. Certainly no one can be so fatuously optimistic as to believe that the immigrant home, however abounding in good intentions, is equipped for the training of citizens for a republic. A certain immigrant mother of numerous offspring was several times haled to court and fined for hurling her ashes into the city street on which she lived. With philosophic submission to arbitrary governmental tyranny she paid her fines and went her way.

Finally, a charitable person explained to her, in her own tongue, why she should not throw her ashes into the street. It then appeared that in the little Polish village whence she came, she and her neighbors had been requested by a local authority to throw their ashes into the road by way of impromptu street building. Certainly, this mother and her kind cannot be looked to as civic instructresses. Now, for an ash story at the other end of the social scale:

I once heard the scion of an old New York family say that when he came of age he asked his excellent father to give him some idea of what might be his duties as a full-fledged citizen of that great city. His father replied: "My son, as a gentleman and the son of a gentleman, all you need know of municipal procedure is, that in order to have your ashes properly cared for, you must bribe the ashman." While this aggressively uncivic type is fast disappearing, their indifferent successors are scarcely better fitted to train prospective citizens. Certainly we cannot look to what Mr. Dooley describes as the "homes of luxury and alimony" for efficient citizenship training.

We must, in short, admit that there are comparatively few homes today that combine both the inclination and the ability to contribute in any large measure to the proper training of children for citizenship.

As for the Church, we need only compare the church membership of the country with its total population to see that, whatever its readiness or fitness, the

Church today is not even given opportunity to contribute in any large degree numerically to the proper solution of this vital problem.

In short, we must admit that vastly the greater part of the burden rests upon the school. It is my belief that no school, particularly no large school, and more particularly no public school, is solving

this problem as fully as it should and could, unless it employs some form of pupil self-government. The pedagogical boss trains tools to be delivered into the hands of the political boss; while the teacher, who is a real leader, develops individuals trained to take their part in the great Republic, of which they are to be free and sovereign citizens.

Wherefore?—By Margaret E. Sangster.

WHEREFORE? we cry in wonder,

What means the Lord of all,
Who knows if from the aerie-nest,
A tiny sparrow fall,
To let such weight of anguish
Such toll of blood and tears,
On famine-stricken nations come
In slow and cruel years?

Wherefore should little children
Scarce more than babies, toil,
Wherefore should drought and hunger
Pinch

The dull reluctant soil?
What means the loving Father,
Such dole and dearth to send?
Why should His people call in vain
On their Almighty Friend?

Alas! we cannot answer!
But though we stand alone,
And in our grief and nakedness
Beneath the sky make moan,
Still from the garnered ages
We gather hope and cheer:
We know that in our sorest need,
Some angel must appear.

For though His face be hidden,
Though strange and dark His ways,
The shield of God's unending love
Is over all our days.

We may not read His riddle:
We may not comprehend
The sorrow that He sends us—
But aye He is our friend.

Some day the clouds will scatter,
Some day the grief and pain
Shall vanish; and the sky be clear
With sunshine after rain.
We cannot doubt our Father,
Nor take from One above
Withholding or denial,
Except as gifts of love.

We long for fuller vision,
And ever as we climb
The rough hill-road, our feet are fain
For beds of moss and thyme.
Yet onward we are faring;
We'll reach the mountain crest,
And in the golden light of God,
The weariest shall rest.

Not here shall be the answer
Our prayers so long have sought.
Not here rewards be given
For what our hands have wrought.
Beyond the day of waiting,
Beyond the strife and din,
To knowledge and to freedom
We yet shall enter in.



"I NEVER seen such work in all my born life," said Mercy Jane, one evening, after supper, as I tarried a few moments to let my frugal meal hev time to perlutely interduce itself to the Regions underneath, before wendin my way to the Department Store. "The way children takes the bits in their little mouths nowadays before their second teeth is fairly started, beats the Dutch before they give up Albany. I say I hev never seen anything like it in my born life. I say I hevent."

Knowin that a positive statement generally hez a concealed interrogation pint on one end of it, I replied as follows:

"Well, you know Mercy Jane, that when it comes right down to the bottom facts in the barrel, no one ever hez heretofore noticed exactly the likes of what is constantly happenin now, in any department whatsoever. All creation seems to hev bought up an entirely new line of goods for the next century's openin sale."

"Yes," says Mercy Jane, in reply to my reply: 'but I spose, even ef the times *does* change, folks is folks yet, and children is children, an one is considble older than the other. But my sakes to all that's out, it seems nowadays as ef the folks was the children an the children was the folks. Jest as soon as a child hez cut enough teeth to brace his tongue against, he begins to talk in parables, an to git off these here what-do-you-call-it epergrams, an to give his opinion on theological questions, an the parents sets back an hollers stuboy, an writes down a report of his sayins an doins, an recites it off to neighbors right before him, an hez another photograph took of him every new moon, an sometimes puts it in the county paper."

"Wall," I says, Mercy Jane, "ef a child does anything that's really smart, or says

anything that's so true that it'll go through a Chinese laundry an come out with the color all on, I don't know why it aint jest as valuable as ef some old bald-headed feller like me said or done it. The young hez their rights as well as the old, an the old hez most of em hed a good deal to say already—leavin out the deaf an dumb asylums; an even they kin jabber with their fingers.

"It says somewhar or other in the good old Book, that babes shall prophesy, an perhaps one of them ere times an seasons, as the Advent preacher over to Hubbardsville calls it, is up to us now."

"But it aint very nice fur em to take up the Conversation at table an walk off with it", says Mercy Jane.

"No," says I, "but nobody likes to pay the expense of havin their children take leven simultaneous studies in school at the same time, an not show off a little when the neighbors come in. As fur walkin off with the Conversation, ef theyre smart enough to do it when there's grown women settin by, they're entitled to it."

"An ef they kin walk off with most of the victuals when grown *men* is settin by, I spose they are entitled to *that*", says Mercy Jane, kind of ominous-like.

"Yes, but the more they talk the less they eat," says I, "an so you see they's no loss but what they's some gain. But the women nowadays—specially them as hez blue eyes—is so attractive, that I like to set an jest look at em, without they're sayin a word."

This Mollyfied Mercy Jane, fur her eyes is a deep violet; an she left that part of the victory with me. But she mediatly went round to the other counter, so to speak, an says:

"Well, even ef they do hev a right to lead the Conversation, they shouldn't be

dressed like dukes an kings an queens a-bein brought up by common people while their real parents was over the sea somewhere. They shouldn't hev a small dry goods an fancy-store woppsed round each one of em, while their parents goes like as not lookin most any way it happens."

"Well, Mercy Jane," I responds, 'it is well known that while they are children they probly look the best they ever will: with the exception of some cases', I says, lookin admirinly at my wife, who glanced modestly to the other side of the room. "They's some folks that grows better-lookin as they age up. But with most of em this, alas, is not true, an it's nice to give em a chance as lookers, fore they git shelf-worn."

"Well, the children hez all sorts of unnecessary presents", says Mercy Jane. It's got so that an ordinary gift don't hev no more effect on a prosperous child, than a clothes-pin flung at an experienced cat. Why, they ain't scacly a thing that growed-up people do, but they've got to hev a chance to play-do the same thing. They kin run their own little steam engines, an lectrical fixins, an toy baby-wagons, an little eder-down blankets to wrap up the dolls in so they won't catch the croup, an Cousin Gertrude Bailey found her little girl an Grace Belmy's little boy on the sofy playin set up nights an spark, they said."

"Well, Mercy Jane," I responded, "children on the whole hez a good deal better time than I hed in them long-gone days when I was nothin but a proposition, an a small one at that, an I ain't a-go in to dispute the bill. When I says once, Dad, can't I hev a fiddle, he says you go out an fiddle up a cord of that wood with the buck-saw, an commence the tune while I am a-talkin, an that'll be music enough for you *today*. When I says Christmas is comin, Dad, he would answer, so am I, an you'd better be get-

tin along with your work, or you'll think its the day of judgment. When I sneaked a checker-board into the house one night, he played the first an last game on it, an run his foot into both kingrows. He was a purty good article of father, though, after all: a yard wide, all the way through, an didn't shrink in washin an doin up. But he was agin playthings, an a Department Store might jest as well shet up its toy counter when *he* was aroun.

"He made jest as big a mistake one way, Mercy Jane, as some of these friends of yours do in another; an I think his was the worst. For, alas, the majority of children never can live to old age; an it's kind of a pleasant little fact that they are hevin a good time while they *do* live; while them that grow up mebbly kin live down a good deal of sorrow on past memories. Ef they die, as oh, dear, a good many of em must, nice treatment here will make em all the more apt to speak a good word, when they git there, fur this old planet, in the Great Land Beyond.

"Besides, they kin always find the very best of toys cheap, at Timotheus H. Shaw's Department Store, where also is kept a complete line of dry goods, groceries, hats, caps, shoes, neckties, an everything else that anyone wants to do shoppin fur the sake of."

Mercy Jane was respirin with abrasion, an lost to the beauties of my speech; an I folded up my remarks like an Arabian Night's Entertainment, an silently stole away to the aforesaid store. An as I went, I softly hummed to myself, in the words of the late P. T. Barnum, the great Poet of Childhood,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

Send thy light hither, there, and thence;
An make the big ones wonder what they are,

An think an feel an look like thirty cents."





Up and Down the World.

How to Be Loved.

XI.

WHEN OUT CALLING.

THERE are few ways better adapted to making yourself adored, than when, a lady, you call on a lady. Of course you two may be assumed as friends, or you would not be entering her house: but there are degrees and degrees of friendship—culminating, possibly, in love.

So as to produce the latter, you must ring the door bell as long and violently as you can: and when the maid comes, scream out the name of the party upon whom you are calling, in a good big loud voice. Put into it a tone that implies that she had better not send word that she is out, if she isn't. Brush past into the parlor, anyhow, and if you carry a small portion of the street that has attached to your shoes, don't worry: the lady of the house will be glad to possess upon her floor a souvenir of your visit, and the maid who cleans it up, will bless you in her invocations.

Do not fail, when once seated in the parlor, to exercise every lovable quality that you may happen to possess. Ask your friend all the embarrassing questions that occur to you, and look hard at her to see that she gives you a good, complete reply, and keeps nothing back. If you think or suspect that there is a skeleton in her closet, do your best to draw it out and drum on its ribs. It will do her good to have her family concerns aired there, right in her own parlor: she needs the discipline, and will appreciate it—with never-ending love to you for bestowing it.

Take a good and scrutinizing look at everything you see in the parlor, and give your candid opinion of it. Candid opin-

ions are always at a premium, and inspire the utmost of affection—especially when not solicited. If you notice anything in the furniture or furnishings that is particularly nice and smart, tell your hostess of another friend who has something nicer and smarter: people always love to hear of something finer than anything they themselves possess.

It will be essential, in order for you to make yourself very dear indeed, that during the interview, you do most of the talking. The hostess is supposed to be strictly receptive, except when answering questions, pertinent and impertinent. If she does start off to make some remark that requires a few seconds of time, do not by any means let her finish it in her own way: of course she ought to realize that you can do that much better than she herself can. The latter part of the sentence should be furnished by you, in every case—accompanied, no doubt, by her deep regard.

After securing answers to all your varied personal questions, start off on your own affairs, and occupy the remainder of the time you are able to spend there, in remarks complimentary to yourself and those most nearly connected with you.

Your life story—so far as it is self-commendatory—will come in well here. No doubt you have told her much of it before, but interesting narrations, when often repeated, have a peculiar charm, and their frequent repetition inspires confidence—especially if they are always told in the same way. If you can unburden a series of choice afflictions, all of which you or your relatives have borne or are bearing with fortitude, it will kindle new fires of devotion in the breast of your friend.

When tired of talking about yourself, that is if you do, give the neighbors a whirl: they will love you, when they hear of it. Leave no current scandal unexploited. You will be thus entertaining, and to be entertaining is to be dear. If you catch a fleeting expression of disgust on the lady's face, be sure it is assumed.

Stay, till you get tired of staying: the time is yours. The lady of the house has devoted all her remaining leisure to your service, and has nothing else to do during the day, than to entertain and be entertained by you.

Next time you call, if the maid says her mistress isn't at home, believe it. She is probably away somewhere, loving you.

Signs Seeking This Generation.

THIS is an era of advertising-signs.

They are above us, below us, to right, to left, and in front of us. Signs of all kinds, like the rats in "Pied Piper" and like Jacob's cattle, in colors, are hung, stuck up and plastered all over the land. Trees, fences, rocks, even buildings, from foundation to roof, fall prey to the sign-artist's amiable but rapacious march.

Signs are in evidence well calculated to impress on the public the particular merits of some kind of merchandise, ranging from rat-poison and man-poison to almost any conceivable thing on top of the earth and even under it—from the good substantial signs, announcing the merchant's name, line of goods and street number, to the craziest production of the advertiser's art.

A fad for the striking and peculiar in signs seems to have gotten hold of many of our business men—from the barber who scrapes your face, to the millionaire automobile-firm that is willing to have you mortgage your home in order to possess a speed wagon.

On his way to lunch every day the writer sees staring at him in letters bold and bright, a sign that to our Prohibition friends would seem to be paradoxical in

the extreme. It reads, "Good Whiskey for Good People."

On another corner, he finds a gaudily decorated sign, whose owner evidently has, thus far, escaped the high cost of living: for it announces, "The Only and Original Square Meal for a Nickel."

On an elevated-train-platform, he finds a sign which is good for almost any case of "nerves." "When you feel like flying, use a certain kind of scouring compound", reads this sedative notice.

At the same station, he notices an announcement that quickens the pulse of a good many boys and girls that read it. It tells us in large characters that "Any school child can win \$500.00, by doing a little work in spare time."

On the opposite platform, he finds a picture of a well-known hero of the diamond, who is proclaimed as best in the field and as wearer of a certain kind of collar.

Rewards of different amounts, awakening fond hopes and causing grand air-castles to be built and then dashing them to pieces by the words tomato ketchup are to be found in various conspicuous places.

On these same platforms, not only does the pleasant-mannered guard remind us to step lively, but a sign tells us that to do so we must purchase a particular one of many kinds of rubber heels.

"Joe the Barber O. K." is the way an East Side tonsorial artisan has of letting the world at large know that he is either physically well, or that his skill is up to the usual barber-standard.

As all parents wish to do right, naturally, when "parents have no right" is placarded in their view, they stop to learn and find that they have no moral or legal right to keep a well advertised breakfast food from their *now starving* babes.

From the train-window, a sign says, "Don't Die in the House": while in the accompanying picture are depicted the horrible evils of not using a certain rat-poison.

According to a generously displayed notice, a product of the brewer's art, of reputed merit, is a friend of everybody from prince to beggar.

Nearly every famous man, or for that matter woman, as well, who has lived in centuries, has had his or her features decorating sign boards proclaiming the respective merits of various kinds of cigars, patent medicines, real estate booms, etc., etc.

The more unusual and freaky the words, the better. Much skill and thought are shown in this class of advertising, and many of the signs have become famous.

It cannot be denied that considerable literary ability is shown in some of these advertising-monstrosities; and there are artists of considerable talent who are not above contributing to them.

The Return of a Hero.

IT will be found very interesting to accompany General La Fayette in the trip he made when he revisited United States, in 1824. In that year, he, "the hero of two worlds", was the guest of the nation which he had helped into being, and all the country buried the hatchet of political differences to unite in doing him honor. Congress had passed a resolution placing a government vessel at his disposal to convey him to America, but he declined, and embarked at Havre, in the packet ship "Cadmus", accompanied by his son, George Washington, and his secretary, M. Lavasseur.

This devoted friend of humanity arrived in New York August 15, salutes from vessels public and private following him from Staten Island to the Battery; for, as he had arrived upon the morning of the Sabbath, in respect for the day he had accepted the invitation of Vice-President Tompkins to land upon Staten Island, and remain his guest until the next day. Flags and streamers waving from every vessel made a brilliant spectacle, such as had never before gladdened the eyes of the citizens of New York. The only steamboat that was undecorated was the Chancellor Livingston, which was to receive the Marquis, and the only flags which adorned her were the banners of United States and New York State. A more delicate compliment to the nation's great

guest cannot be imagined. He found on board a number of old companions in arms, who rushed into his arms, while the bands struck up a then popular French air, "Ou peut-on etre mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" (Where can one better be, than in the bosom of his family?). After refreshments in Castle Garden, he was driven to the City Hall in a splendid barouche drawn by four white horses.

Girls Admired, But Not Loved.

THERE are many young girls, bright and pretty, sweet and witty, who are the jolliest companions imaginable, yet who never awaken in the masculine heart one throb of love.

I have tried my best to analyze the situation, and discover the reason and its cure, for surely there is a remedy for all afflictions. As a general rule, these delightful companions are merry-hearted girls, and are always vivacious conversationalists; and no matter how long a man may know them, they never permit him to have one dull moment in their company. They exert themselves to this end. There are times in a man's life when he enjoys gayety, and mirth-provoking conversation; there are other times when it would suit him equally well to be the entertainer. Some girls do not give a man an opportunity to consider while with them; how then could they expect he would have an opportunity to think of them seriously, or lead up to a declaration of love?

Amusing subjects make a man laugh, but while he is laughing he is far and away from the serious longing for a tender companion for the home nest. He knows that while laughter and merriment are good for him who can ride away when he grows weary of chatter, they would be irksome and unstable for a life diet.

It usually rests with the girls themselves when they cannot win a heart that is casting about for some dearie to love.

It is not an unwise procedure to start a man in with a goodly share of jovial companionship, but it is also wise to slow down gradually, by imperceptible degrees,

and give him the chance to do the talking after awhile.

A coy maiden, demure, coquettish and sweet as a June rosebud, is sure to be quite irresistible, and the silence that falls between her and her companion gives a chance for sweet fancies to creep in, and, if his heart has been touched by love's wand, a proposal is in many and many a case, apt to follow.

There is an art in winning a proposal from a man. Most young girls have this art, without being conscious that they have it, and it is the science of knowing when to talk, and when to keep silent. Many a young girl believes she must talk, keep up the conversation at any cost, to hold a young man interested, and she chatters away at everything and anything like a steam-engine rushing along at top speed, much to the dismay of the young man forced to follow her thoughts through the merry dance she leads him.

Instead of being entertained, he is usually bored, after the newness of her jokes has worn off. She is not a restful companion. It is the duty of a young man to entertain his companion fully as much as it is her duty to entertain him. There are psychological moments, too, when a young man may be moved to speak of love, and times when he is not apt to do so. If he is cross, a few bright witticisms may restore him to good humor. Then it is his turn to take the helm at entertaining. When all subjects fail to draw him out to converse, adroitly lead him to speak of himself; that is a subject he is well up on and can talk on, and always of unfailing interest to him.—[Laura Jean Libby, in N. Y. Mail.]

A Bedtime Thought.

WHEN the sun sinks low and the cricket sings,

All the world in a cradle swings.
The waves rock the ships far out on the sea,
The wind rocks the birdies high up in the tree,

I rock my dollie and lull her to rest,
Then Mother rocks me, held close to her breast.

—Grace E. Mott, in the *Delineator*.

Landlord March.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LANDLORD MARCH hath rooms to rent,
Little rooms in shady spaces,
Larger houses, tight and trim,
Standing out in sunny places—
Hither hasten merry birds:
Build or borrow at your pleasure;
Pay according to your means,
For this landlord waits your leisure.

Landlord March with fuss and flurry,
Stirs the winds to agitation;
He is ever in a hurry:
Storms express his wild elation;
But one day he'll make a bow,
Bidding us a blithe good morning:
Dainty April stepping in,
Scarcely with a wave of warning.

Landlord March is rude and bluff,
But at heart a brave old fellow:
Wears a feather in his cap,
And a vestment red and yellow.
Pay him promptly as you can:
But you need not fear eviction,
For the story of his moods
Is, believe me, mostly fiction.

Landlord March, with note of bugles,
From the North Seas, takes the floor;
In there troop the bonny blue birds,
And the robins at the door.
Presently the breeze grows softer:
Daffodils with smiles appear,
And the greening grasses hasten
To the waking of the year.

Mother's Kiss.

WHEN mother's kiss had power to heal
The sternest wounds that life could deal

(Ah, me, we've been in heaven!)
No troubles then had power to stay,
For mother kissed them all away—
(The air grows chill at even!)

When mother's kiss had power to charm
Away all evil, banish harm
(Youth's morn—the sun is shining!)
We little realized the way
Awaiting us ere close of day—
(The weary day's declining!)

Ah, mother dear, you cannot cure
The bitter hurts we now endure;
(In time we'll all be sleeping!)
Some pains we'd dare not even tell
To thee. How could you make them well?—
(We've stayed beyond your keeping!)
—New York World.

Editorial Comment.

A MARTYR TO REALISM.

NOVELISTS, like Presidents, seem liable to be shot at any time. Tracy Mansfield Walworth, we believe, was killed by a near relative; Paul Leicester Ford by his angry and impecunious brother; and David Graham Phillips takes six fatal bullets into his quivering flesh, from a disappointed dabbler in music and literature.

The two tragedies first-mentioned, were caused by domestic troubles; the last, by literary antagonism and resentment. It seems the half-demented assassin saw, or thought he saw, a resemblance to his own family in one of Phillips' novels, and decided that only death could adequately punish him for it.

If this idea had been faithfully followed during the past, we should have had whole cemeteries full of murdered novelists. It has always been the custom for prose-writers to put into their stories a certain number of real persons, and to describe them pretty accurately.

The historical novels, of course, abound in more or less faithful descriptions—some of them a number of miles from complimentary. Of course, most of these, being dead, cannot revenge themselves upon the novelist: but some of their descendants might do so.

Novelists have always denounced and ridiculed, under a thin gauze of fiction, people that were still living. They have also, half-goodnatureedly, assailed each other. Thackeray caricatured Dickens—or tried to; Dickens made Leigh Hunt's heart sad, by exhibiting him in one of his novels as "Harold Skimpole"; and many novelists of less note have followed similar plans.

Indeed, the author of "Pickwick" and

"David Copperfield" did not stop with people outside his own family, in selecting originals for his characters. He used his own kith and kin for material, whenever he felt like it. The famous old "Wilkins Micawber" was really his own father; and his mother, who seems to have been an exception to the general rule concerning brilliant sons, is depicted by the novelist as a very ordinary woman. He wrote so much and so vividly, that of course some of the resemblances to real persons were accidental: but many of them are unmistakably accurate and authentic.

It is a pity to see so good an intellect as Phillips' thrown down to the bottom of the grave from the height of its mid-career: but whoever battles wrong, or what he deems as such, and succeeds in making his work conspicuous and powerful, must consider himself as a soldier, and look out for his life.

DESTRUCTIVE NEWS.

IF some flippant old spinster or sour married woman, or idle-muscle but busy-tongued man, should gather up an account of all the crimes and misdemeanors that had happened the day before, and go telling them through the neighborhood, that person would be very justly censured. People would generally agree that the telling of all these bad things would do much harm, and little or no good.

It is coming to be perceived by students of ethics, that too much knowledge of crime makes it contagious. Hearing or reading of sin, awakens, in hearts naturally inclined that way, a desire to commit sin. The boy reads of Jack Shep-

pard's wonderful feats in defiance of the English and common law, and if at all naturally inclined toward sinful ways, thinks he could do those "stunts" himself, with better luck. So, he perhaps becomes a burglar, or a petty thief, or a big one. "Claude Duval's" "adventures" have been the making and unmaking of thousands of footpads. "The writer of this" recollects even a schoolmaster who kept copies of those interesting books in his desk at the schoolroom, read them or at least showed them to his older pupils, and finally himself died in states-prison—having, no doubt, left some poison in the minds of such of his pupils as were receptive to it.

The lawless adventures—real or fancied—of boys, in caves, in lofts, in burglarized railroad-cars, and other localities where they ought not to be, have a malign influence upon many of the children that read about them. Numerous boys thus drift away into bad influences, and often to crime and early and disgraceful death. Runnings-away from home are continually caused by vivid accounts of the imaginary good times that imaginary boys had while taking imaginary fugitive journeys. For a time, and until a censorship was established over them, the worse sort of moving pictures did a great deal of harm, although now they are for the most part clean, instructive, and at the same time entertaining.

So much for books and pictures: but how about newspapers? Should *they* be allowed to carry each day into households and homes, full and picturesque descriptions of all the worst crimes committed on our planet? Should not the authorities take cognizance of this situation? Is it not noticeably wrong, that when a man is reformed, they give him perhaps an inch of space, but when he is *deformed*, a column or two?

The good that newspapers do, should be constantly increased: the harm they are doing, should be diminished as much as possible.

A STARTLING VINDICATION.

SEVERAL years ago, a steamer was sailing for Asia, with a number of missionaries on board. Among the visitors to see them off, was "Bob Burdette"—at that time a well-known humorist, and something of a roysterer.

A clergyman stepped up to him, and said, "Good-bye, Brother Burdette: I hope you will be successful in your labors among the heathen"—

"Oh Lord!—I'm not the *good* Burdette!" exclaimed and expostulated the hilarious joker. "You think I'm my brother. There *he* is, over yonder."

The good Burdette had been a clerk in the post-office at Peoria, Illinois. A package of registered letters, containing the tidy little sum of \$3,500, went lost, and he was accused of stealing it. He protested his innocence, but in spite of that, he was finally discharged from his position.

It seemed one of those cases in which neither guilt nor innocence could be positively proved. The Government was not able to fasten the crime upon him, and he could not release himself from the suspicion. The postmaster under whom he had served, believed him innocent, but the man who had lost the money would not take that view of it, and, it is said, carried the matter to Washington, and finally, directly or indirectly, brought about Burdette's discharge.

The young man now gave the world a splendid lesson in heroic endurance, and faith-strewn self-reliance. Rather than be crushed down by this terrible misfortune, he studied in and graduated from a college, fitted for a clergyman, became a missionary, and for two decades "made good" in that capacity.

But during this whole time—full of hard work and gentle Christian deeds—the shadow of a Great Accusation hung over him. The thirtyfive hundred dollars had never been found, and a part of the black mystery enveloped the form of this man who was toiling for his race. The *Baleful*

Fact of his having been charged with a crime that was never disproved, lay still upon him. It may well be believed, that there was not a day of his life entirely unclouded with a recollection of that terrible event. It is said that he never ceased to pray that the shadow might be driven away by the sunlight of truth.

But how could such a prayer be answered? In what way might it be proven where the money went? The thief, if there was one, would not be likely to confess it; and year after year rolling on, made the chance of discovery smaller and smaller.

Finally he left the missionary field, came back to America, and settled down as pastor of a church. Probably no one ever said anything, unless the pastor first introduced the subject, concerning that matter of the registered packages in the mail-bag: but no one need think, for a minute, that it was not known, and whispered about. It was too interesting a matter, not to be a subject of furtive conversation, even among the pastor's friends. There will always arise two parties in a church—one favoring the minister, and one slightly or positively against him: and there is no knowing how often such a subject may be discussed by them—pro and con.

Is it any wonder that the pastor prayed, again and again, for *something* to happen that might clear his name beyond any possible suspicion?

During all this time, the packages of money in question were safely stowed within the lining of the mail bag, where, it seems, they had accidentally fallen. Up and down the country went these silent custodians of a good man's good name—thrown here and there upon station-platforms and in the dingy recesses of cars, and amid heaps of less important mail-luggage—at various points along the line.

At the end of the score-and-a-half years, the old mailbag had "worked out its time", and needed to be thrown away—or at least repaired. And then, came

the denouement—as strange as anything that the most daring novelist ever put into a story.

The money was found, and the clergyman was vindicated! It must have been with a happy heart, that our missionary-clergyman received the glad news for which he had been waiting and praying for thirtyone years: and if the members of his church at Springfield, Mass., do not make him the lion of the town, they deserve that some other church should get him away from them.

NEITHER PEARY NOR COOK "GOT THERE"?

THIS would seem to be the verdict of Mr. Paynter, in the conclusion of his article "The Hollow Earth and Its Hollow Poles", published on another page of EVERY WHERE. Whether he is right or not, may yet be ascertained, in these days of strong steamers and controlled airships.

If, as Paynter contends, and Semmes suggested many years ago, exists another earth, so to speak, within this, there is surely a chance for a second Columbus: and his reward will be greater than that of the long-famous Italian navigator from Spain. And when the air is checkered with highways along which aerial steamers can sail with a reasonable amount of security and precision the round trip may be comparatively easy and safe. Indeed no one could have a much worse time in an air-ship, improved as those will probably be within a few years, than Columbus did in a sea-ship when returning from his first voyage of discovery.

Mr. Paynter's theory has attracted a good deal of attention, and will no doubt attract more. Dr. Cook took great interest in it, when it was read to him from manuscript, and he admitted that there was perhaps much truth in it, and it might account for many of the facts concerning the two attempts.

Mr. Peary's opinion has not yet been received: but as the record of his obser-

vations, as officially decided, indicates that at all events he only came within a mile and a half of the coveted spot, it would indicate that he missed the goal, as truly as if he had turned about and come back when he was a thousand miles from there. This does not lessen his bravery and endurance: but decreases the measure of his real achievement, and the actual accomplishing of that which he set out to do.

If the conclusions of this article are correct, the honor of really discovering the North Pole beyond discussion and reporting all the details connected with it, is still ready for some one to achieve.

Now, Theodore, is your chance!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THIS famous poet, the newspapers say, is hovering between life and death at his home in California. For years he has written poems, and, largely, American ones—containing the most beautiful of word-pictures, and often sentiments that appealed to the sensibilities, if not to the heart. As one of the representative poets of this country, we give his portrait this month the position of frontispiece.

Mr. Miller's real name was Cincinnatus Heine Miller. He was born in Indiana, in 1841, but has lived most of his life in the far west. He has been a lawyer, an express-messenger, an editor, and a newspaper correspondent: in none of which vocations would he probably have achieved distinction.

But in his "Songs of the Sierras", published in 1871, he made his mark—and it was one that will always be visible on the history of American literature. It was full of the great American wilderness of other days, and will no doubt be a part of its poetical history.

After this, he published, with varying success, the books "Pacific Palms", "Songs of the Sunland", "The Ship of the Desert", "Life Among the Modocs",

"First Families of the Sierras", "The One Fair Woman", "Shadows of Shasta", "The Danites in the Sierras", "Memories and Rime", "The Baroness of New York", "Songs of the Far-away Lands", "The Destruction of Gotham", "The Building of the City Beautiful", "The Gold-Seekers of the Sierras", "Chants for the Boer", "True Bear Stories": and he has written several plays, which have been acted upon the stage with considerable approval.

As a man, Miller has always been eccentric and moody, as he had perhaps a right to be, considering his ability, and the peculiar quality of it. He was entertaining in conversation, as one would naturally be, who had travelled much more than half the world over.

During his stay in Washington, D. C., as a newspaper correspondent, he wrote for a large number of papers in different parts of the country, and showed in his letters from the national capital, that he had his own ideas of things, and was not afraid to express them.

Miller's idea of himself as a poet, is embodied in the following lines:

Yes, I am a dreamer. Yet while you dream,
Then I am awake. When a child, back through
The gates of the past I peered, and I knew
The land I had lived in. I saw a broad stream.
Saw rainbows that compassed a world in their
reach;

I saw my beloved go down on the beach;
Saw her lean to this earth, saw her looking
for me

As shipmen look for loved ships at sea.

While you seek gold in the earth, why, I
See gold in the steeps of the starry sky;
And which do you think has the fairer view
Of God in heaven—the dreamer, or you?

ABILITY IN THREE GENERATIONS.

THE article in this number of EVERY WHERE, entitled "The Insurgent Movement in the Schools", is by a grandson of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of the famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and son of Rev. Charles E. Stowe, widely known as the biographer of the famous authoress, and as a lecturer.



"Sensational Revivals."

BY A RETIRED PASTOR.

THERE is considerable talk, nowadays, about less sensationalism in the pulpit, and more conservatism in evangelistic work. It is thought, by some, that the up-to-date methods are too lively and glaring, and that conversion should be a more tranquil and gradual process.

Now I am naturally as conservative an old preacher as there is in the whole United States: indeed, I am as much so, that, oftentimes, I am not welcome in my neighbor-clergymen's pulpits. I am anything but a good sermonizer, or a good exhorter, or a very good "mixer" (as it is now called), among the people: although, notwithstanding all this, I worked hard for a good many years, and, I believe, have done some good in the Great and Only Cause, every year since reaching the age of accountability.

Now I have never been very active in revivals, and can remember that some of my friends and associates have not been, and that they were always saying that revivals were too sensational. For awhile, I agreed with them: but the more I look back on the matter, the more I am convinced that, to a considerable degree, I was wrong.

The most successful revivalists of the past, have always been sensational. Lorenzo Dow was one of these, and he did a great deal of good by his strange and unprecedented methods. Once, while depicting the terrors of The Last Day, he had a boy concealed in a tree with a tin horn pressed to his lips, which he

blew at a given signal, frightening half of his congregation onto their knees, and giving most of them a start that they never forgot. "What do you think will be the effect on you of THE REAL THING, if you can be so scared by a boy with a tin horn?" he asked them, in thunder tones. And it is recorded that many of that grove-congregation remembered the lesson all their lives, and it was the means of establishing in the town, one of the most prosperous churches in all the country about.

The preaching of the most successful evangelists has always been sensational, to a greater or less extent. Whitfield was sensational; so was Finney, the celebrated President of Oberlin College. Moody was more markedly so.

All the old-fashioned revivals were full of sensation: in fact, that is what a revival is. There *must* be excitement in order to jolt people out of the earthy sinner life.

John the Baptist's methods were sensational, when he wandered in the forests and foretold the coming of our Lord. His baptism of Christ was a sensation for those days. All the events narrated as occurring around our Saviour, were calculated to rouse the populace into thoughts and feelings that they never had known before.

If, in the times of the evangelists of the past, there had been such things as phonographs, moving pictures, widely and quickly circulated newspapers, and other means of awakening public interest such as now exist, don't you suppose they would have been used to the fullest

reasonable extent? I know there are some clergymen not naturally adapted to these methods, and I am one of them. I cannot preach an eloquent sermon, and there is not one preacher in twenty that can.

Of course, that does not imply that they are not useful, and sometimes eminently so. Preaching with the mouth is only one of many ways. One of Finney's greatest helps was a man who could not put twenty words together without perpetrating a grammatical mistake, but whose silent prayer, Finney felt, had as much influence in the work, as his own sermons.

Sometimes a clergyman is able to serve the Lord by means of his financial ability: he can collect money to build a church, he can attend to its economical erection, he can see that every cent raised in the good cause goes to the farthest extent possible, he can watch over the temporal affairs of the flock, he can give good sound advice in ministerial councils: but he cannot magnetize an audience.

Sometimes a clergyman is strong in pastoral visitations. His presence in the sick room is a soothing draught. He knows how to reconcile those who have fallen into family feuds. He can be friendly and loving in another man's home, without arousing or deserving jealousy. He can walk with the dying till they come to the great river of death, and launch them, full of hope, on the dark waters. He can illuminate the house of mourning with hope. But he cannot preach a "smart" sermon, or always prevent the congregation from yawning in the very middle of his discourse.

Sometimes a clergyman is strong in athletics. He can keep order in any congregation. He can hold the forests orderly, during a camp meeting. He can even knock over a fighting sinner, and quell a riot. He can play baseball, and win sinners over by his ability as pitcher, catcher, batter, and runner. He can do a wonderful lot of good in that way. But he cannot "preach." Peter Cart-

wright, perhaps, the greatest physical athlete that Methodism ever knew, failed to interest New York church-audiences, until he advertised that he was going to preach a regular backwoods sermon on a regular backwoods plan; and conducted the services in that way. Then the people "listened to him gladly"—out of curiosity, and the love of a new sensation.

So, some preachers seem constructed with the natural ability to make an excitement and draw people to themselves, and afterwards to Christ: and if they can do that, and convert a lot of people, a certain per cent. of whom will hold good, for Heaven's sake, help them do it!

An American-Chinese Baptism.

THE following is an account of a ceremony in China held by the followers of the late John Alexander Dowie, who are conducting missions in that country. The ceremony occurred at a village called Yu Ohien.

"Seventeen believers—ten men and seven women—were baptized in the river a little way from the village. Had only one been baptized, or a hundred, the greatness of the occasion would have been the same and the preparations for it as elaborate. These semi-annual baptismal processions are becoming great general occasions of the place, in which everyone able to walk, heathen or Christian, must have a part.

"Now the procession starting from the Tabernacle at two p. m., marched through the greater part of the principal street, and then out to the river. It was headed by two flags nine feet square, fastened to bamboo poles twenty feet long, the flags being gold, white and blue.

"The gold was in the center, and on it at the top was a large cross, under the cross a large Chinese letter representing the word Zion, and below it the word 'Zion' in English, large and impressive.

Following the flags came two brass gongs with clubs; next, two four-foot long brass tubes to blow it; then came fifteen soldiers of the Chinese Army in

single file, dressed in cream khaki with black trimmings, black boots, a cartridge belt full of cartridges, a black turban in which the queue has been hidden away, and a modern rifle on the shoulder. These were followed by their captain with a broad sword on the back of a red scabbard. Then came six boys with as many flags in various colors. The guest of the occasion, the Zion Elder, in a large sedan chair, came next and was carried on the shoulders of men as he had almost been a curiosity to the crowd. Then followed several other chairs with prominent persons and after them walked the candidates for baptism. Behind them came two more brass gongs, the four Yamen runners with big caps, and close upon them a mixed crowd of people.

"The gongs beating, the brass tubes braying, donkeys giving unearthly sounds, chickens and pigs and dogs and boys running in every direction, and the curious people on both sides making remarks and shouting to each other, added variety and color.

"On arrival at the bridge, we found it crowded with people as well as on both sides of the river. The day was perfect. Only one candidate at a time came down into the water, it being unusually cold that day.

"Yu Chien is only a village but within a circle, having a diameter of ten miles with Yu Chien as center, tens of thousands of people live. It is remarkable how many people China can show up in the rural districts. Within this circle Zion has about 300 families, more or less, touched by the Gospel. These are in various stages of development as to the knowledge of Jesus and obedience to the Truth. Some stand out as bright Christians, others are farther behind, and some are counted in only as members in the families. These 300 families represent over 1,000 people, men, women, and children, very few, if any, having idols left in their homes. Of these about 100 men and women are members of the Church. Little by little the rest will come and new ones will be influenced in the same way that others have been before."

Singular Church-Filling Methods.

THE Christ Episcopal Church, of Port Jefferson, Long Island, is to recruit its congregation by a new plan. So few men attended the services, that the rector, Rev. J. Morris Cour, fell back upon "the goddess Nicotine" to induce them to come.

He invited his church friends to a Sunday evening "smoker", and fortyfive of them came. They sat there until a fairly late hour, discussing religious matters amid clouds of tobacco. He has issued a still larger number of invitations for succeeding Sunday nights.

This reminds us of certain English Sabbath-School superintendents: who, it is said, in order to induce boys to attend, give them cigarettes.

The Church Department of EVERY WHERE will be pleased to hear the views of its subscribers concerning the above methods, and to publish as many of them as possible and advisable.

His Duty As He Saw It.

A CERTAIN venerable archdeacon, says "Harper's Weekly", engaged as a new footman a well-recommended youth who had to accompany the archdeacon on a series of formal calls.

"Bring the cards, Thomas, and leave one at each house", ordered his master. After two hours' visiting from house to house, the archdeacon's list was done.

"This is the last house, Thomas", he said; "leave two cards here."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," was the reply, "I can't; I've only the ace o' spades left."

Ever after, the cards received the deacon's scrutiny before calls were made.

A Doubtful Aeroplane.

SHE (after the service)—You dreadful fellow! Why did you smile during the offertory?

He—I couldn't help it. There was Miss Addie Pose singing "Had I the wings of a dove." The mental picture of a 200 pounder trying to fly with a pair of four-inch wings was too much for me.



Scientific Bathing.

II.

WHILE the accumulation of waste material from the sweat glands, epidermal scales, and oil exuded from the skin, together with external dirt on a filthy person, will not effectually stop up all the pores of the skin like a coat of varnish, still a great many are stopped in this way, and others made sluggish on account of obstructed outlets, and thus the duty of purifying the blood, by carrying off the waste, is thrown upon the internal organs, such as the lungs and kidneys. If these organs are already overtaxed, or are weak, as is very liable to be the case, under such circumstances, serious disturbance is liable to take place.

It is probable that many of the troublesome and disgusting skin diseases, which make so many lives miserable, are due to this cause. If the colon and skin are both kept clean, skin diseases will be prevented and cured. We believe with such conditions it would be impossible for a person to take any one of those nasty, contagious skin diseases, which blemish the good looks of so many people. These diseases are caused by microscopic animal or vegetable parasites, which breed and feed upon dead and decaying matter in the skin or body, but not upon living tissue. If this matter is promptly removed from the system, common sense teaches us there will be no chance for the parasites to get a foot-hold and multiply.

We cannot flush these pores as we can the colon. Nor is it necessary. Soap and water with the vigorous friction of a

coarse wash rag will keep them open and active. Hence the necessity of frequently taking the simple, invigorating, and delightful precaution of bathing, to keep the cutaneous surface in good condition.

Of course everybody knows how to take a bath, but the following is an excellent way, when a bath-tub is not convenient:

Get enough Turkish toweling by the yard (you can buy remnants) to make two pairs of thumbless mittens, just large enough to slip on over the thumb and allow the hand to stretch flat, also a large rough towel and a generous supply of tepid water, and, of course, pure, white soap, and either another towel to stand on or a piece of oilcloth four feet square.

It is very important to have a warm room, so that the body may not be chilled when you doff your garments. After taking everything off, stand on the oilcloth or towel in front of your basin, slip your mittens on, dip them in the water, squeeze the drips from the mittens, soap well and rub the body all over, beginning at the neck and ending with the toes. Take off the mittens, lay them down beside your basin; all the soil of the body will be in those mittens. Take your second pair of mittens, slip them on and go over the body again, rinsing the mittens several times, thoroughly. Take the soap off the arms, then rinse, then to the waist and so forth. Bathing thus rests and strengthens a tired body.

After getting most of the soap off, slip off your second pair of mittens and rinse them out well, then wring them as dry as you can and rub the drips off your

body. The damp mitts will not only dry the body, but it is wonderful the friction they procure and how they open the pores of the skin.

It is beneficial at the same time to work the muscles by grasping, rolling and kneading them, then remove the mittens and pat the body all over with light, sharp, stinging taps given rapidly by both hands. Then dry with a towel by patting the body (not rubbing) all over. It is much more beneficial to have a little moisture on the body and dress immediately than to rub it into a glow with a rough towel as is generally recommended. The rubbing should be done on the wet body either with the mitten above described or a coarse wash rag or the hand. The moisture left on the body helps to the most regular, equal and speedy natural warmth. A bath, especially a cold one, should always be followed by light exercise such as doing chores, household duties or a brisk walk in the open air.

The best time to take a bath is either first thing in the morning or about ten o'clock, or the last thing before going to bed. We recommend the early morning bath as being the most convenient and invigorating. A cool bath taken every morning is a wonderful promoter of health and vigor.

A person in very feeble health should have an attendant to help at the bath and in the rubbing. In such cases the patient should lie on a cot in a warm room during the rubbing, muscle-working and kneading and flesh-patting operations.

Neither eat immediately before or after taking a bath. A full meal should not be taken in less than a half hour after bathing. Nor should a bath be taken in less than from an hour to an hour and a half after eating a full meal.

There is no harm in bathing in cool water when the body is perspiring freely, providing it is not in a state of exhaustion from over exertion, nor the breathing disturbed.

Before taking a plunge bath, where the whole body is immersed, or going in swimming, the head should always first be wet, and in case of weak lungs, the

same care should be taken with the chest.

No person should bathe in cool or cold water when the body is cold. It is far more dangerous than when the body is hot and perspiring. Animation and warmth should first be restored by exercise.

Infants should be bathed daily from birth in water of about the temperature of 72°. After six months or a year, depending on the physical condition of the child, the temperature can be gradually lowered.

The temperature of a bath should be regulated by the physical condition and powers of reaction of those employing it. The very young, the aged, and persons with little vitality, should use tepid water from 72° to 85° only. Others can use the cold bath with great benefit.

What to Drink.

DRINK we must—very often, indeed, on a hot day—or experience discomfort of a most trying variety.

The body asks for a suitable quantity of liquid; but it sensibly rebels when answered with too large a draught of ice-water, or the numerous vile decoctions known as "light" drinks.

Most of these consist of impure water, disguised with bad flavors, which are corrosive in their action, and as bad as alcohol in their effect upon the digestive organs.

Soda, made with pure water and fruit syrups, is not harmful if used moderately; but to the soda-devotee all fountains are alike, and the stomach protests in vain against the frequent appearance of a host of impure five-cent mixtures.

An abnormal craving for very cold drinks indicates inflammation and a disordered system.

Pure water is, of course, the ideal drink, and the temperature at which it should be taken depends largely on the individual. If accustomed to a rather warm supply, a generous drink of cold spring or well-water may affect some unpleasantly, and ice-water cannot be

safely used, even in small quantities, by such persons. Others drink it regularly with no apparent bad results.

The safe plan is to use water as we can secure it by the natural means used in the place where we are located. If pure water is hard to get, weak tea and coffee are good substitutes; the only danger being a careless way of boiling them too long.

The gallons of iced beer consumed every summer in the city by men, women and children, produce evil results that cannot be exaggerated. Aside from the craving for more which the alcohol in the beer brings, its impurities demoralize the whole system.

Certain brands of root-beer are said to have been proved pure and refreshing, but home-made drinks are the only ones on which we can depend. If these were provided regularly, and as much attention paid to suitable drink as to healthful food, the number of summer disorders would be greatly lessened.

Poison "Preservatives."

"**N**OBODY is certain as yet," says Professor Folin, of the Harvard Medical School, "whether the continued use of small quantities of preservatives as are found in foods may not result in cumulative poisoning.

"The principle of preserving perishable organic materials is built as a contribution of the science of bacteriology and became clearly understood during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

"With the advent of that science and the development of the microscope began the battle against the countless hosts of micro-organisms, which were found to invade practically everything fit for human food and which were thought to be also the cause of all disease.

"The investigations which followed brought out rapidly and systematically the potency and relative efficiency of a great many chemicals for destroying the different forms of these new enemies, which made up in number for what they lacked in size.

"The chief use of such chemicals was their application in medicine as antiseptics rather than as preservatives of food materials. Corrosive sublimate, silver nitrate, carbolic acid, boric acid and borax, benzoic acid and benzoates, salicylic acid and salicylates, formaldehyde, hydrogen peroxide, chloroform, iodoform, together with a great many other less familiar substances, became known as antiseptics, or substances possessing the property of killing more or less effectively the various micro-organisms.

"Unfortunately, the application of these new methods for preserving food was not left where it belonged, with critical and disinterested scientific investigators, but was seized upon by alert men, whose chief interest was of the pecuniary kind.

"The outcome might have been foreseen. The investigation along this line, which their interests called for, resolved itself into the simple one of finding the smallest percentage of this or that antiseptic which would prevent the decay of some particular food product, and trusting to luck that the chemical used might prove harmless to the consumer.

"By means of greater liberality with the antiseptics which are cheap, the enterprising manufacturer also succeeded in preparing food products for the market from materials already so decayed as to be unsalable in their original condition."

Don't "Lick" the Stamps.

ONE of the newest diseases is the "postage-stamp tongue." The credit of discovering it is due to a London physician. It appears that the mucilage itself is injurious, and that further, it is an excellent cultivating medium for germs of the worst character. In the ailment called "postage-stamp tongue" the latter becomes sore and covered with red spots. A bad sore throat is likely to follow if great care is not taken. Apart from the specific disease of the tongue, any contagious disease may be acquired through the medium of mucilage. Never lick a postage stamp with your tongue. It shows a great lack of cleanliness and hygienic knowledge.

World-Success.

Criminals Through Ignorance.

III.

A FEW weeks since, an English woman visiting in New York, wrote a short letter to a newspaper, complaining of the prevalence of profanity and coarse language.

That she had just ground for her complaint, there is no shadow of doubt. This unseemly habit has gotten a tremendous hold on the mass of laborers, and even on the so-called upper class. A short walk in almost any section of this country will furnish abundant evidence of the truth of the above assertion.

But how many realize that to swear profanely or use coarse and indecent language is a violation of *human* as well as divine law? Profanity is punishable in all the states of the Union. The same is true of blasphemy and vulgarity.

The idea of punishing profane people, is as old as the Mosaic law. When the injunction forbidding the flippant use of God's name was given to Israel through Moses, profanity and blasphemy became a crime. In scriptural times, and even in comparatively recent years, the church courts passed on this crime, and meted out punishment to the culprit.

The penalty was frequently death. Sometimes exile and banishment were substituted, according to the gravity or persistency of the offence. This was in times when very many of the offences now classed as misdemeanors were capital crimes; but gradually, as civilization advanced, and a real Christian spirit inspired the makers and interpreters of the law, supplanting fanatical ideas of right and wrong, the penalties were lessened.

Penalties imposed by the ecclesiastical courts, were mostly of a primitive nature:

their idea being solely to punish the guilty party—not to reform him. This is just the opposite of modern state-courts, where the predominant idea is to reclaim and save the wrong-doer: not to destroy him.

In England, whose common law is the basis of that in United States, (except in Louisiana, where the Code Napoleon obtains), profanity and vulgar speech are misdemeanors. The first laws passed in England, when the church courts were superseded by state-tribunals, imposed a fine for profane swearing.

This law has a scale of fines, according to the social standing of the offender. It reads: "Profane swearing and cursing is punishable by law; any labourer, sailor or soldier is liable to forfeit 1 s., every other person under degree of a gentleman 2 s., and every gentleman or person of superior rank 5 s., to the poor of the parish."

The various American colonies adopted stringent and severe laws concerning profane swearing, but like all laws with too severe penalties, they soon became dead letters, so far as every-day enforcement was concerned.

These laws are on the statute-books now, and can be invoked any time it is seen fit. But profane and blasphemous speech are such common, every-day occurrences, that the public either ignore or tolerate them.

The modern idea seems to be to leave the offender to answer to that "highest of all courts" before which all will be haled for final trial.

Common law discriminates between profanity and blasphemy: the latter being any indignity offered to Deity in speech, writing, signs or acts. The principal offenders against this law are writers and publishers of vile literature.

They are not treated leniently, like oral offenders, but are very promptly taken care of and properly punished.

The question arises, Why will a sane and religious nation tolerate oral profanity and blasphemy, and punish the writer and publisher of the same thing? Surely one is as guilty by the law as the other. The writer ventures the opinion that it is due to the erroneous sentiment of the general public. A person will utter many things with complacency that he will never write, or tolerate in the writings of another.

Portering in a Sleeping Car.

BY AN OLD PORTER.

A GOOD many people think it is nothing much to porter, but I can tell them different. A good porter has to study almost day and night to do it well and please all the passengers and the conductor and the company. He has to know what to say and what not to say all the time, and be careful how he does everything, and even be careful how he looks at anybody.

The idea that a porter can be mean and uncivil very long and keep his job is a wrong one. The rough, independent ones get shipped quietly the first they know, and only the accommodating, pleasant ones stay on year after year.

A sleeping-car porter has to be careful to keep all his thinking-machinery well covered up, and have it going all the time. The minute a man gets on the car, we "size him up" as we call it, and make up our minds what we think of him. If we have ever seen him before, we are likely to remember just about what kind of a man he is; and act accordingly. If we have not, we ask the other porters on the train if they know anything about him; and they tell us if they do. That is one of the reasons you will sometimes see a porter from some other car walking through yours as if he had lost something.

It is not always the man with the best boots that will give you the most money

for a "tip": I found that out very early in my long career. And it is not always the man that talks the most to you, either; they are very apt to consider that their attention to you is worth all they ought to pay you. Sometimes you are entirely sure from a man's appearance, that he's no good; in which case you pay him no attention whatever that you can get along without, for human nature is human nature. Once in a while you get fooled, though. I did that with one old man on the Baltimore and Ohio Road; for he certainly did not look or act as if he would stand a cent, and a porter named Poindexter, who kept a list of over two thousand passengers with all their peculiarities, told me he had him down fine, and the description was "N. G." (no good). So I did not give him any attention at all, and took pains to snub him a little when he asked me a question or two. He proved to be a rich old fellow, and when he got off the train he asked Poindexter to take his grip into the sitting-room and gave him a two-dollar bill right before my eyes. I was going to whip Poindexter, but he laughed and said the old man had probably got converted since he had seen him.

As soon as everybody gets nicely to bed, and as comfortable as could be expected, the boot-black begins, and I assure you that it takes quite an artist to shine up every man's understanding to his taste. There are more different sorts of leather than you would naturally think of, and they are in all shapes. Sometimes a man may not want us to black his boots at all, and then we have to take them out from under the berth very softly.

We have to be careful in putting them back again in the right places. Twice I have made the mistake of putting men's boots under ladies' berths. One woman, who, I think, was a maiden lady, scolded me for it before all the passengers.

Sometimes a man is going to ride till ten or eleven o'clock next morning and gives orders to wake him just half an hour before his getting-off time. If he lies and sleeps all the forenoon, it keeps the car from looking well, and deprives

us of extra seats in case several new passengers should get aboard. The way to do in such a case is to open or shut a berth next to him several times with a bang that cannot help awakening him. He will thus become restless, and get up with the other passengers.

We depend mostly on "tips" for our salary, and consider them as our regular rights. Our terms are as follows: For one night, twentyfive cents; for one night and one day, fifty cents; for two nights and one day, seventyfive cents. If a man gives us this, we help him off the car politely (unless there should be a big crowd), and set his hand-baggage down in front of the steps. If he pays us fifty cents for one night, we bid him goodbye in full view of other passengers on the platform; bow, and say, "Much obliged, sir." Sometimes he pays us a dollar; in which case we carry his hand-baggage several rods, and in taking leave of him remove our caps and say, "I hope I shall have the honor of waiting upon you again, sir."

In case a passenger leaves us destitute, we say nothing, but learn his name, if possible, and put it down in a memorandum-book. We also feel as coldly toward him as we can, talk quietly about him to each other in his presence and try to make him feel our displeasure with him as he gets off the train. Very often we succeed.

The regular time to get our "tips" is when we "brush off" the passenger just before he leaves. This is partly to get the dust off our "customer" as we sometimes call him, and partly to brush our quarter or half-dollar out of his pocket. I have known a porter who could brush a man and fix him up to go, in a way that would make him feel everlastingly mean unless he gave him a good fee. He can put on a man's overcoat as if he never could have worn it again if it had not been for him; he can glance at his boots which he has recently blacked; and then present him his hat with a bow that has in it an irresistible amount of suction.

I do not suppose this is written very well, for I have not much pen-and-ink

education; but I understand that the commas and periods will be put in where they belong, and any letters that get into the wrong car will be put out and the right ones substituted in their place.

"All Wool and a Yard Wide."

Publisher EVERY WHERE:

IT is something of a satisfaction to tell you what I think of your magazine, after taking it two years and a half. For five cents I can buy all the reading matter I can wade through for a month; but what sort of reading matter is it? The kind that makes me tired, and leads me sometimes to wish I had never learned to read. In EVERY WHERE I always find reading that refreshes me, strengthens me, sets me to thinking, and makes me want to read it over and over again. You are all wool and a yard wide.

Yours truly, H. G. MURRAY.

Not an Isolated Case.

I ENJOY the clean, clear-cut class of literature in EVERY WHERE. It is good for the home, elevating for the children; the Church department a help to the whole family, and gives one a desire to live for better things, after having read the magazine.

Respectfully yours,
M. D. MILLS.

Not for a Year's Price.

MY subscription does not run out till September, but I would not miss a copy for a year's price, and I enclose the money for renewal. Do not miss me a copy, anyway.

HATTIE B. VAUGHAN.

OLD Mr. Nobby
Looked round for a hobby,
And found one at last, he said:
But when he bestrode it,
He scarce ever rode it:
It did that to him instead.



- 24—Austrian budget provided for large increase in the naval and military appropriations, and enlargement of the consular service in United States.
Count Komara outlined the peaceful aims of Japan in a speech made in the lower house of the Diet.
Severe outbreak of bubonic plague in Peking, and many residents fled to Hankow.
- 25—United States cavalry sent to points on Rio Grande to preserve neutrality.
King Frederick of Denmark dined at the American Legation in Copenhagen.
The French Geographical Society refused to honor Captain Peary before he has submitted proofs of the discovery of the pole.
- 26—Aviator Roger Sommer took up six passengers in a biplane, establishing a world's record for a flight with passengers and for total weight lifted.
Railway traffic in North China was suspended owing to the prevalence of the plague.
A Canadian reciprocity agreement was sent to Congress by President Taft, with a message urging its prompt approval.
Glen H. Curtiss made a flight in a specially equipped aeroplane, rising from the water in San Diego Bay and flying two miles, returning to starting point.
- 27—Twentythree officers and sailors, survivors of the Haytian gunboat *Liberti*, were condemned to death for mutiny.
Severe boundary dispute between Peru and Ecuador; both charge invasion.
The Standard Oil Company filed a suit for libel, demanding \$350,000 damages from a writer and the publisher of *Hampton's Magazine*.
- 28—American Charge d'Affaires at Constantinople lodged a complaint with the Porte against the assault and indignities to American representatives at Beirut and Alexandretta.
Honduran rebels prepared to attack Puerto Cortez; United States gunboat *Marietta* expected to prevent fighting within the town.
- A bill to put the reciprocity agreement with Canada into effect was introduced in the House of Representatives.
- 29—The Portuguese government granted a pension of \$3,300 per month to the deposed King Manuel.
Mexican rebels captured two towns.
Eight thousand Russian laborers on Eastern Chinese railway struck owing to fear of plague and the refusal to discharge native laborers.
- 30—The University of Cracow was ordered closed owing to a strike of students because of the appointment of a German professor.
Three hundred persons lost their lives in a tidal wave which followed an eruption of Mount Taal, Philippine Islands.
Americans organized a peace society in Yokohama, Japan.
- 31—The second parliament of King George assembled; Mr. Lowther was re-elected Speaker.
United States Senate passed the river and harbor bill, carrying about \$36,000,000.
Police aided by German cruisers quelled the revolt in the Caroline Islands.
February 1—An English editor sentenced to one year's imprisonment for circulating a libelous report concerning King George.
Advices from Peking and Harbin reported that the ravages caused by the plague are still unchecked.
More than twentyfive persons were killed and property loss of over a million dollars was caused by an explosion of dynamite on a pier in Jersey City.
- 2—The Persian Parliament, in Teheran, voted to engage five American advisers.
The Honduran Congress refused to approve President Davilla's negotiations with the Morgan syndicate for a loan of a million dollars.
A revolution began on the north coast of Hayti, near Cape Haytien.
- 3—United States sent twelve troops of cavalry to maintain neutrality on the Mexican border.
At the request of President Davilla, President Taft proffered the good offices of

- United States toward the restoration of peace in Honduras.
- It was announced at Washington that United States was ready to assist China in combating the plague.
- 4—The Persian Minister of Finance was killed by Armenians in the streets of Teheran.
- Preparations made to defend the city of Juarez, Mexico, from an attack by insurgents.
- Postmaster General Hitchcock announced plans for overhauling of the railway mail service.
- 5—Forces of Mexican insurgents attacked Juarez.
- More than a hundred thousand persons attended the funeral of Paul Singer, the German Socialist leader.
- General Guillaume, a leader in the Haytian revolt, was captured and shot by Government troops.
- 6—Four Europeans travelling from Oran to Melilla were murdered by Riff tribesmen.
- Mr. Carter, acting American Ambassador to Turkey, forced the Foreign Minister to order a cessation of the boycott against American vessels.
- King George formally opened the British Parliament.
- 7—A bill providing for the purchase of embassy buildings abroad was passed by the House of Representatives.
- Mexican federal troops fired on an American doctor, while treating wounded rebels, under the Red Cross flag.
- Conferences regarding proposal for peace in Honduras began on United States gunboat Tacoma.
- 8—The plague attacked the Russian troops at Harbin.
- Six Haytians who were captured by the government forces were shot.
- An armistice between the contending generals of Honduras was agreed upon through the friendly negotiations of United States.
- 9—Great Britain and Austria-Hungary made an agreement providing that differences relating to existing treaties be referred to the arbitration court at The Hague.
- The British Parliament went on record as favoring the reciprocity agreement between United States and Canada.
- Count Apponyi, the Hungarian statesman, visited Congress and made a speech in the House of Representatives.
- 10—A report from Port au Prince said that rebellion in Hayti had been suppressed.
- France adopted a standard time—corresponding to that of other European countries.
- President Taft spoke at Columbus, Ohio, in support of reciprocity with Canada.
- 11—The Senate adopted a resolution designating San Francisco as the place for holding the coming Panama Canal Exposition.
- The body of the Russian Consul General at Ispahan, Persia, was found in a well on the grounds of the consulate; foul-play is feared.
- 12—The Honduran House reconsidered its action granting an iron mining concession to an American syndicate.
- General Navarro, commanding a Mexican federal force, was reported to be advancing to the relief of Juarez.
- Lincoln's Birthday was observed by Jew, Gentile, black, and white.
- 13—Mexican federal troops lost forty men in killed and wounded in a two-days' battle.
- Three sentinels were killed by a series of explosions in Managua; the family of the President of Nicaragua was escorted to the American consulate and martial law proclaimed.
- 14—The House of Representatives passed the Canadian reciprocity bill by a vote of 221 to 92.
- Fighting that lasted four days was reported from Albania.
- President Taft vetoed a bill authorizing him to reinstate nine cadets dismissed from West Point for hazing.
- 15—General Navarro placed the town of Juarez under martial law.
- Honduran Minister to the United States signed contracts with American banking houses for a loan of \$7,500,000.
- Francis B. Loomis declared before the Pan-American Commercial Congress, that the last links in railroad communication between New York and Panama should be completed in five years.
- 16—Russia notified the Powers of her intention to make a military demonstration against China because of violations by that country of the St. Petersburg treaty of 1881.
- 17—The fatalities in Manchuria from the plague are estimated to be 65,000; the deaths from famine are believed to be 10,000.
- The Archbishop of Canterbury appointed the Dean of Winchester to shorten the second, fourth and tenth of the Commandments.
- General Navarro's forces made a sally from Juarez, to engage the rebel forces in battle.
- 18—It was officially announced at Berlin that the German Emperor and Empress would visit England in May next.
- Two Hondurans and two New Orleans men were indicted by a Federal grand jury on charge of filibustering.
- The revenue cutter Androscooggin made a daring rescue of a Gloucester fishing vessel which had been eleven days over due and adrift.

Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

BONACUM, BISHOP THOMAS—In Lincoln, Neb., February 4, aged sixtyfour years. He was born in Ireland and came to United States in infancy. He studied in various schools in America and University of Wurzburg, Germany. He was consecrated bishop of Lincoln in 1887. He was noted for his liberal and patriotic views.

CHAMBERLAIN, HENRY R.—In London, February 15, aged fiftytwo years. He was born in Peoria, Ill., and educated in the public schools in Boston. At eighteen he entered upon his career as a newspaper reporter for "The Boston Journal" and made a reputation as a police reporter. He was the London correspondent of "The New York Sun" for nearly twenty years, and author of some works of merit.

CRONJE, GEN. PIET A.—In Kierksdorp, South Africa, February 4, aged seventysix years. He was born in Transvaal and was identified with that country's growth and struggles for liberty. He was known as the "Lion of South Africa" and the "Leonidas of Africa", on account of his skill and bravery as a leader of his countrymen.

ELVERSON, JAMES—In Philadelphia, February 10, aged seventythree years. He was born in England, but was educated in United States. He started life as a telegraph operator and held many position of trust during Civil War. His late years were in the field of journalism, in which he was a prominent figure. At time of his death he was editor and proprietor of "The Philadelphia Inquirer."

ENGELS, LIEUT. HUGO F.—In Boston, February 5, aged seventythree years. He was born in Silesia, Germany. He served with honor in the Franco-Prussian war. He was official interpreter during negotiations leading to the treaty of Portsmouth between the Japanese and Russian envoys.

HITCHCOCK, DR. EDWARD—At Amherst, Mass., February 15, aged eightythree years. He was born in Deerfield, Mass., and educated at Amherst and Harvard; also studied in Europe. He planned the first actual gymnasium ever built in United States and was professor of hygiene and physical education for more than fifty years, at Amherst College.

JANEWAY, DR. EDWARD G.—At Summit, N. J., February 10, aged seventy years.

He was born in New Jersey and educated at Rutgers College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He served as Hospital cadet during Civil War. He was connected with many hospitals as curator and consulting physician, and was considered an authority on diagnosis of mental diseases and tuberculosis.

KILDARE, OWEN—In New York, February 4, aged fortyseven years. He was born in New York and started life as a newsboy and after a varied career he wrote "My Mamie Rose" which was based on his own life. He was known as the "Bowery Kipling."

ROTHSCHILD, BARON ALBERT DE—In Vienna, February 11, aged sixtyseven years. He was born in Austria and was head of the Austrian branch of the Rothschild house. He was a patron of arts and a philanthropist, as well as a banker. He was said to be personally unpopular because of his extremely reticent disposition and his unsympathetic manners.

RYAN, ARCHBISHOP PATRICK JOHN—In Philadelphia, February 11, aged eighty years. He was born in Ireland, and educated in Catholic schools. From his boyhood he displayed a talent for oratory. He came to United States after his ordination in 1852. He was identified with the growth of Catholicism in this country; consecrated bishop in 1872, and archbishop in 1884. He was an authority on church dogma, and famous as a pulpit-orator.

TUTTLE, HIRAM A.—At Pittsfield, New Hampshire, February 10, aged seventyfour years. He was born in Barnstead, N. H., and began his business career as a country store clerk. He served in the State Legislature and Governor's Council and was elected Governor of his State in 1890. He was a public-spirited man, and his benefactions were many.

WEBB, GEN. ALEXANDER STEWART—At Riverdale, New York, February 12, aged seventysix years. He was born in New York and educated at West Point. He served through the Civil War, and received a Congressional medal for distinguished bravery at the battle of Gettysburg. He was appointed a major-general by President Grant in 1864, but at his own request was discharged, his wounds having made him unfit for duty. He was president of the College of City of New York for several years.

Forty Doings and Undoings.

About 3,000 people per month are emigrating from Ireland.

"The Flying Circus" is now the term by which aviators name their public show.

A black fox in captivity, caught in a steel-trap, is a rarity owned by a Maine farmer.

The largest paper factory in the Far East is in the Hokkaido, Japan. It cost \$3,500,000.

The mosquitoes of Yucatan are the largest in the world and are the most voracious as well.

Revising the Ten Commandments is the latest feat proposed by theological Bible-workers.

We produce one third of all the cocoanuts in the world—through our Philippine possessions.

About 600,000 penguin eggs are gathered from nearby islands and sold in Cape Colony each year.

Three millions of dollars which he had "overlooked" bob up serenely in Andrew Carnegie's funds.

Only half the people of Turkey can read and write, and not one in twenty of the children attend school.

The Paris Louvre has more money at its disposal for acquiring new pictures than any other gallery in the world.

Besides Great Britain, the countries which

have old age pensions are Denmark, France, Belgium, Germany, New Zealand and Australia.

Cold storage plants of the United States have a total refrigeration capacity in excess of 200,000,000 cubic feet.

Crime is rarer in Japan than in most countries—the thin paper walls of houses making it more easy to detect.

China has at last progressed so far as to have an exposition. It was at Nanking, a lively town of 300,000 inhabitants.

A very expensive effort was made by Spanish capitalists about forty years ago to popularize bullfighting in London.

Machines are used in Sicily for extracting the oil from lemon-rinds. Each machine is capable of dealing with 8,000 lemons a day.

Roman coins were made of silver mixed with copper, and six hundred of them with Julius Caesar's profile on them, have been found near Perpignan, Italy—buried in an urn.

Telephone-wires in the coal-mines, have at last been introduced, and people who are "digging dusky diamonds" can communicate any trouble to headquarters at the surface, and if necessary direct the work of rescue.

"George Washington never mentioned such a thing as Woman Suffrage", says one of the papers. Neither did he mention telegraphs,

Brains and Blood Will Tell

All men and women of sedentary occupation require a preparation that will Feed the Brain, Quiet the Nerves, Restore the Wasted Tissues, Stimulate and Invigorate the Nervous System, and Strengthen the Nutritive Functions, thereby producing Pure and Healthy Blood.

Such is Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

Positively the Best Brain, Nerve, and Blood Food and Tissue Builder known to Medical Science. Free from Oil, Syrup, Iron, Alcohol and all injurious ingredients.

For Neurasthenia, the Hypophosphites are our mainstays.—Dr. Jay G. Roberts, Phila., Pa. I can certify to the extreme purity of your Hypophosphites.—Dr. L. Pitkin, New York.

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**150 NASSAU STREET
NEW YORK**

Readers will oblige both the advertiser

telephones, automobiles, aeroplanes, or trolley-lines.

It would take nine and a half days for the armies of Europe to pass a given point, marching five abreast, fifteen inches apart, at an eight-mile gait. Let us have peace.

London developed from a legionary camp, occupied in force at the very outset of the Roman conquest, and possibly later by legions on the way to the front, but soon given over to a civil population, which rapidly made it the leading commercial city of the province.

One of John D. Rockefeller's boyhood schoolmates still keeps school in Ulsterville, Ulster County, N. Y.—although eightythree years old. He is six feet three in height, and straight as a soldier—suffering, however, now and then, with a slight attack of rheumatism.

"He was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the judge's deepest tones", says a recent newspaper-paragraph. Which shows how funny the omission of a comma can make the English language sound: for no matter how deep the Judge's tones were, he no doubt could escape.

By far the largest map in the world is the Ordnance Survey Map of England, which covers 108,000 sheets. The scale varies from one-tenth to an inch to ten feet to the mile, and its preparation, including both surveys and office-work, cost, approximately, \$1,000,000 a year for twenty years.

A former circus-man who could drive twelve horses abreast, turn somersaults over half a dozen elephants, and perform other dazzling feats that earned him large salaries, was recently trying to borrow a dime in New York. "When a circus-man is out, he is out for good", the poor fellow moaned.

Wife-beating has been punished at the whipping-post in Oregon, but now the Legislature has abolished the statute, on the ground that "it is a blot on the state." Blots on women's eyes, however, will now probably be more common. Meanwhile the custom has been resumed in Maryland.

The bubonic plague has killed 169,000 people in the last fourteen years in the city of Bombay alone, the highest mortality being 20,000 in 1903, and the lowest 5,000 during the past year. The reduction of the mortality can be traced very largely to the number of rats killed in the city, who are the industrious carriers of the disease.

Since laws have been established in China restricting the sale and use of opium, many Chinese have taken up the use of cocaine. The usual way of taking it is by snuffing. In the absence of an efficient coast prevent-

and us by referring to **EVERY WHERE.**

tive service, there is no country where it is so easy to smuggle goods or drugs as China.

When Caruso was a blacksmith's boy, singing evenings in the streets of his native Italian town to help out his scanty wage, an uncle urged and helped him to go into opera. This relative has just died in New Jersey. The famous tenor frequently sent him money, and has cabled to have no expense spared at his funeral.

A good part of the farm work in Portugal is performed by the women, who see no reason why they should regard digging, hoeing and ploughing as the work of men alone. The man who owns a few acres of land will often leave its cultivation to his wife and daughters, while he labors as carpenter, stone mason, or cooper.

The Russian Ministry of Agriculture has established fourteen schools in different parts of the country for the training of instructors in the "koustarni", or peasant industries. These lines include weaving, carpentry, coo- perage, wood carving, sculpture, pottery, tan- ning, fur dressing, making agricultural imple- ments and carriages, metal working and var- nishing.

New Zealand has for some years past been engaged in carrying out an extensive scheme of afforestation to provide against the depletions caused by the growth of the saw-milling industry. For a portion of this work state prisons are employed, camps controlled by jail officials being formed near the sites of the various nurseries and planta- tions.

A furniture dealer in Paris is showing what, to all appearances, is an ordinary bed, but the weight of the body upon it sets a clockwork in motion, and this operates a music-box, which gives forth soothing melo- dies. The lullabies which it plays are sup- posed to induce sleep. An alarm-clock is connected with it, which plays rag-time melo- dies out of tune.

The "shillelagh" is no raw limb of a tree. It is almost as much a work of art as a well- balanced cricket bat. The old shillelaghs were as carefully looked after by their lov- ing owners as is a rifle in the wilds. Cut from the sturdiest of young blackthorns, and showing as little taper as an ebony ruler, it was weighted with lead or iron at the end nearest the grip, so that its centre of gravity was about four-fifths of the way from the hitting end.

The oldest two people in the world today are Frau Dutklevitz and another old lady

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A QUIET RESTFUL NIGHT'S SLEEP
ABSOLUTELY ASSURED, WITHOUT
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REST YOUR HEAD
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HOP PILLOW

AND SECURE A MOST REFRESH-
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Tires, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogues and offer. Write now.
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They are a perfect imitation of Nature's handwork.

Our ARTIFICIAL LIMBS defy detection. Will last a life-time.

Perfect in mechanical construction. A remarkable reproduction of natural models.

Send postal for free descriptive booklet and testimonials from grateful and satisfied patrons.

LAWRENCE & BROS.

187 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

named Babavasilka. The former lives at Posem, in Prussian Poland, and was born on February 21, 1785. She is, therefore, 125 years old. The latter, however, is nine months her senior, having been born in May, 1784. She is still a fairly hale old woman, and for nearly a hundred years worked in the fields. Her descendants number close on a hundred: and they support her handsomely.

Pearly teeth are not the fashion everywhere. Firms of artificial-teeth manufacturers who have an export trade have to keep in stock molars of every shade of color from white to black. There is a steady demand for black teeth in Siam, Java, Batavia, and Burma, where the natives chew the betel nut, which blackens the teeth. Recently an order was received from Bhavnagar, in India, for some bright red and blue artificial teeth.

Lady Stout, wife of Sir Robert Stout, chief justice of New Zealand, says that the infant death-rate is lower in her country than in any other place in the world except Victoria. Lady Stout also says that before the granting of equal franchise to the women of New Zealand and Victoria, the birth rate was very low. For the first few years after, the decline continued: then the birth rate took an upward turn, which has continued ever since, until now it is higher than that of England and Wales.

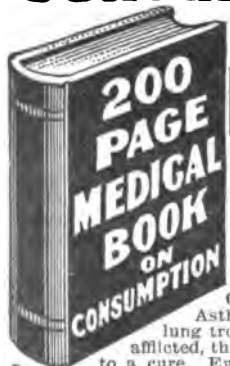
A locomotive has been presented to the engineer by the Erie Railroad, which always has been noted for doing queer things. The presentation is a little like the old "Johnny's colt but father's horse" method—the engineer (or "driver" as it is called nowadays) Alexander Larkin, to possess it only as long as he remains in the employ of the company. He plies between Cleveland and Youngstown with the fast express, and has been an Erie Railroad man for forty-nine years. Here is another odd thing: most of the companies would have waited for the half-century mark.

Useless "accomplishments" still abound. M. Dupont, of Gourdon, is the champion nut-cracker, having broken 2,844 in sixty minutes. A Mr. Clooks, of London, holds the record as potato peeler. His achievement is preparing about thirtyone pounds in seven minutes. Herr Ludwig Wolging, of Berlin, has smoked nineteen cigars in two hours without drinking. His antithesis is Loys Bollaest, of Brussels, who can make a cigar last for two hours. Mr. Lowney, an American, is credited with opening 104 oysters in four minutes. Mme. Duple, the queen of sandwich makers, prepared 2,007 in nineteen hours.

Consumption

Book

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This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 4557 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.



YOU can have Earlier and Better Garden or Sweet Peas than any of your neighbors Use Farmogerm

High Bred Nitrogen Gathering Bacteria

If you want to grow peas earlier than your neighbors and have them all summer long—if you want sweet peas that will grow 6 feet tall and be such a mass of blossoms as you never had before, you need to inoculate the seed with **Farmogerm**. The poorer the soil, the better the result can be seen. You can grow peas in coal ashes by using **Farmogerm**. If you expect to plant your lawn, don't fail to use some clover seed inoculated with **Farmogerm**. You will see the wonderful results both in the clover and the grass.

If you want to see one result of the scientific study of soil fertilization, carry on an experiment with **Farmogerm**. This method will build up the fertility of your farm land and cut your fertilizer bill in half.

It is a pure culture of nitrogen gathering bacteria now made practical for the farmer and the gardener. Anybody can use it and if you follow directions, good results must follow.

We dare not advertise some of the results attained by the use of **Farmogerm**. But many farmers get from 100 to 200 per cent increase, depending upon soil conditions.

READ THESE LETTERS

E. A. PEARCE, Webb, THOMAS ALLEN, J. C. HERZ, Union
Ala., says: Rockaway, N. J., Course, L. I., N. Y.,

"The peas that were treated with your Farmogerm bore for three weeks after the untreated plot were dead. The peas tested were the dwarf or early variety. I used Farmogerm on all the tall or late varieties and never before saw such luxuriant vine, and for the first time in my life had garden peas until I got tired of them."

"This spring I received from you Farmogerm for peas and beans, and I must say that I was surprised at the difference between those that I put Farmogerm on and the seed that there were none on. I have never had thick and regular. The inoculated seed was able to germinate and the rows were sparse and irregular and the plants did not grow as large and strong as in the inoculated rows. The inoculated peas were picked for the first time on the 23d of June and the uninoculated beans on the 28th of June. The uninoculated peas and beans that were planted two days later were ten days later in maturing. The yield from my inoculated peas and beans was much heavier and was much prolonged than from the uninoculated."

"My results from the use of Farmogerm on spring plantings of peas and beans have been entirely satisfactory. The inoculated seed came up very quickly and the rows of plants were thick and regular. The uninoculated seed was slow to germinate and the rows were sparse and irregular and the plants did not grow as large and strong as in the inoculated rows. The inoculated peas were picked for the first time on the 23d of June and the uninoculated beans on the 28th of June. The uninoculated peas and beans that were planted two days later were ten days later in maturing. The yield from my inoculated peas and beans was much heavier and was much prolonged than from the uninoculated."

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Acres size, \$2.00. Garden size, 50 cents. Send for our booklet G giving full details about FARMOGERM and its uses for farm and garden and letters from experiment stations and farmers. Mention this magazine.

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Finely Printed, Handsomely Designed, on
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We have had so many inquiries for Will Carleton post cards that we have manufactured a set of eight, each one having a gem of verse or prose from this famous author.

They have a portrait of Mr. Carleton with his autograph printed underneath. They are the most distinctive cards made. New, unique, and characteristic.

The set includes: "A Chapter on Words", "Song of Thanksgiving", "Matrimonial Suggestions", "One and Two", "A Chapter on Advice", "A Chapter on Fools", "Will Carleton's Birthplace", "Advice to Beginners."

We will send them, postpaid, as follows: One card five cents, three cards ten cents, eight cards 20 cents, twenty-five 50 cents. You may select them as desired. Write the names of those you want and the number of each kind.

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For one dollar we will send you EVERY WHERE for one year and send you two complete sets of the above cards.

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NEW YORK

EVERY WHERE

MARCH, 1911.

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We receive thousands of literary contributions in the course of a year, but can accept only those peculiarly well adapted to the general trend of our Magazine. They are all carefully examined and returned if not used, when accompanied by a postpaid envelope bearing the author's address.

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Sent on **FREE TRIAL** to anyone—anywhere—at my expense—to be returned if not better than the best of other makes. If purchased, you can pay me a little down—after trial—and the balance at the rate of 20 cents a day—no payments on Sundays and Holidays.

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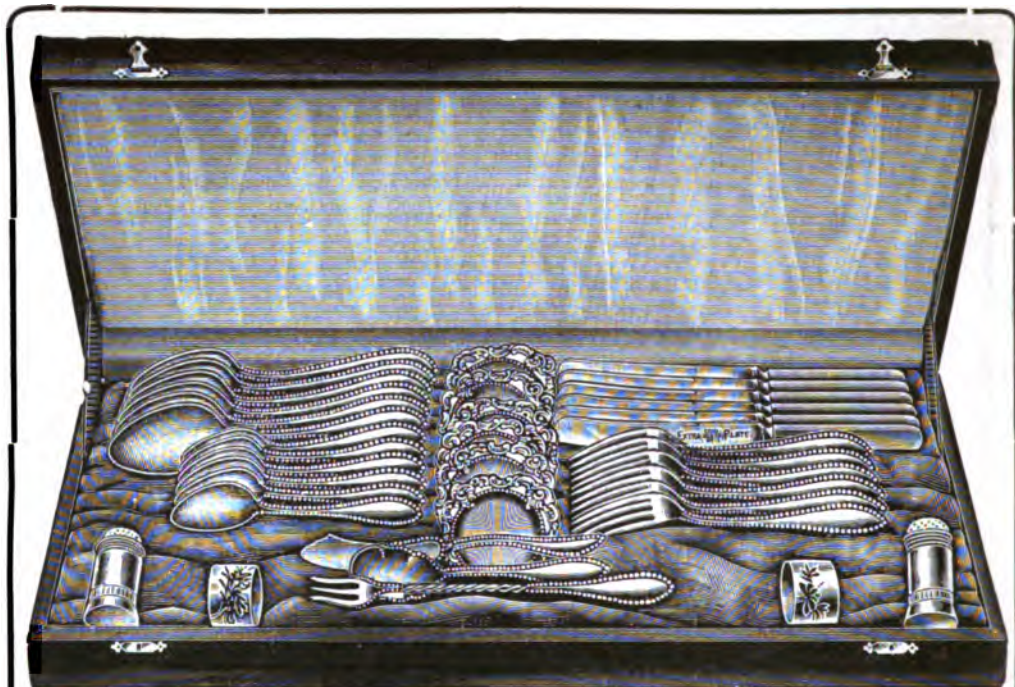
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A Complete Outfit for the Table

Made by the famous Rogers Bros. Guaranteed in every way. They make a choice addition to your own table: or a very handsome and luxurious present. They are contained in a fine leatherette case, itself an ornament. The picture gives you an accurate idea of them, although every article is full size.

This set contains the following articles: Six Extra Coin Silver plate Knives; Six Medium Forks; Six Tea-Spoons; Six Table-Spoons; One Sugar-Shell; One Butter-Knife; One Pickle-Fork; Six Butter-Plates; Two Napkin-Rings; One each Salt and Pepper. Every piece is guaranteed best silver plate, and will last a life-time.

We will send them to you for ten yearly subscriptions at One Dollar each; or twenty new six-months' subscriptions at 50c. each. Packing and shipping 40 cents extra. Or we will send them without subscriptions, on receipt of \$7.50.

Sample copies and subscription blanks furnished on request.

PREMIUM DEPARTMENT

EVERY WHERE PUBLISHING CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Philosophy and Humor.

A FOND WIFE'S PRIDE.

When Casey lay in his coffin, a neighbor looked long at his face and then said to the widow, "He was a good man, Mrs. Casey."
"He was that," she replied. "It always took more than two cops to handle him."

AS SHE IS SPELLED.

A miss sat alone with her beau
For hours, the light turned down leau,
When he said he must geau
It affected her seau
She wept and exclaimed: "Eau neu neu!"

HIGHER EDUCATION.

"What has your boy learned at school this season?"

"He has learned that he'll have to be vaccinated, that his eyes aren't really mates, and that his method of breathing is entirely obsolete."

ELEPHANTS, TOO.

"In all this destruction," said Noah, as he stepped off the ark, "I see only one consolation."

"What is that?" asked Shem.

"There are no customs-inspectors to hold up our trunks."

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

John—One of your creditors wishes to speak to you, sir.

Master—Well, say I'm away from home.

John—All right, sir, and I'll just light one of your best cigars: he'll be more likely to believe me then.

NEW MALE CARRIER.

"I wonder why Amy is so long answering my letter?"

"Why, you know she's married now."

"But she could write just the same."

"Oh, she probably did write—and give the letter to her husband."

AFTER THE LECTURE ON GRAMMAR.

"I did enjoy your talk ever so much, and I agree with you that the English language is decaying something awful. Hardly no one talks proper nowadays, and the land only knows what the next generation will talk like if nothing aint done about it."

REAL NAME, O'FLOOD.

Old Pete Flood was the attendant in the Franklin Cemetery some years ago, and it became the custom to ask him how business was just to hear his reply. It came in a hearty bass voice:

"Aint buried a living soul today!"

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If You Have Money You Want to Invest

WHERE It Will Be Safe,

WHERE It Will Earn the Largest
Possible Amount Consistent
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BROOKLYN

NEW YORK

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HIS DEAREST THIEF.

"Had every cent taken last night. Woke up hearing someone in the room. Reached under the pillow for my revolver but didn't shoot."

"Why didn't you?"

"I'd probably be a widower if I had."

STAGE SAFETY-VALVES.

"Have you ever noticed how a poor actor can get laughter and applause by using a cuss word?"

"Oh, yes. What's the reason?"

"I've found out, I think. The audience has been wanting to swear, but is too polite."

GEORGE COULDN'T DO IT.

"George," said Mrs. Youngfather, "here's a story of a New York policeman who all alone stopped a band of howling Anarchists. Could you do that, George?"

"Who, me?" cried Mr. Youngfather. "Why, I can't even stop a howling baby."

And he resumed his walk.

TACT IN ART.

"I sort of like that picter," says the visitor to the studio, tugging at his chin whiskers and exhorting successfully into a Roman vase. "What do ye call it?"

"That is 'Sunrise in the Alps,'" answers

the artist, trying hard to disguise his hope of making a sale.

"Pshaw! I want a sunset picter."

"Certainly, Mr. Hogrich. That is simple. This is a convertible picture. Looking at it in this direction it is a sunrise, but changing it around to the west it is a sunset. One thousand dollars. Thank you."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN.

The following simple and explicit directions are posted up in a hotel on the Nordfjord:

"The fire escape! Directions for use. The one end of the rope is to be fixed at the hook in the window frame, the other is to turn out of the window. The plaited snorter, which is fixed at the log of wood, is to be put under your arms, whereupon you may safely let yourself slide down. You may regulate the hurry by keeping the rope under the log. If more persons are to be saved you have to pull up the contrary end of the rope, fix this at the hook and go on so till nobody is left."

LION—AND LIONESS.

The circus man was conducting us through the realms of romance and mystery.

"There is Signor Scario, my lion tamer," he announced.

Signor Scario scarcely looked the part.

ARE YOU PLEASED WITH YOUR**Ink and Office Supplies?**

IF NOT, WRITE

NATIONAL CHEMICAL CO.

Independent Manufacturers.

Superior Writing Inks, Adhesive Mucilage, Liquid Glues, Etc.

FOR COMMERCIAL AND EDUCATIONAL USES.

NOTA-BENE

Perfected Writing Ink Powder,
Six Bright Permanent Colors,
Black, Red, Blue, Green,
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SURPRISE

for those who send 10c (to pay cost), package Nota-Bene, full pint. Any color good Ink easily made in a moment.

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National Chemical Co.

**HOLYOKE,
MASS.**

**ESTABLISHED
1904.**

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to **EVERY WHERE**

He seemed decidedly anemic. "Still, he must be possessed of great courage," we mused.

"Tonight he is going to sleep in the cage with his lions," announced the circus manager.

"What a brave man!" we exclaimed.

"Brave nothing!" snorted the circus man. "He's had a scrap with his wife and he's afraid to go home."

A SOUTHERN CRADLE STORY.

Rastus was the strongest man of either color, in the state of "Kaintucky." A cargo of anvils having arrived at Louisville, he was employed to carry them ashore, at three cents each. There were no trucks needed when Rastus was around: he took an anvil in each hand, and walked off the boat, to the great astonishment of captain and crew.

But on one of his trips, the gang-plank broke, and he went down into the water and disappeared for several seconds. He rose twice: and, the second time, he shouted up,

"Say! ef some o' you fellers don't sling a rope under my arms, I'll—I'll—jest drop these yere anvils!"

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR OF EVENTS.

A spectacled bear up at the New York Zoological Park—vulgarily called the Bronx Zoo—is reported as having a bad temper. Even bears shouldn't see too much.

A pastor who got an oyster with a large bank note in it is authority for the statement that reports about the unhealthy qualities of bivalves are baseless, idle and piffing rumors.

A coffin salesman knew so much about his own line of goods, that he arranged to have himself cremated and widely scattered.

Now that Ray Gaul has sued for a divorce, naming the man he sued for alienating his wife's affections, the man says Ray's first name should have been Pure.

CHINA AHEAD.

Born in China and educated at Yale, the editor of "The Chinese World" of San Francisco was long known as a wit and humor-

"Washclean Washes Clothes Without Rubbing"

LADIES: Greatest Labor Saver ever invented. Non-tearful to clothes or hands. Send 10 cents for trial package. Postpaid. Dept. 20. NIXON-BROSIOUS CO., BOONVILLE, MO.

WANTED—Young Men everywhere. Mail Order Business \$15 per week. Sample and full particulars 12 cents to cover postage. Oesterle's Novelty Co., Astoria, N. Y.

AGENTS \$35 TO \$75 A WEEK INCOME. New invention. Scrubs, takes up water. No wringing, no cloths. Sells everywhere—big profits—exclusive territory. Write today. Special terms. **PIRRUNG MFG. CO., Dept. 06, Chicago, Ill.**

Free Book on Hypnotism

YOU MAY BECOME A HYPNOTIST

Not a Natural Gift. Anyone of Ordinary Intelligence Can Master This Wonder-Science



It takes but a few hours' time and the study is both easy and fascinating. Learn to control others. The surest passport to health, wealth and happiness. Hypnotism cures all cases and bad habits and is unequalled as an entertainer. If you learn Hypnotism you can do hundreds of amazing things that others cannot do and surprise all your friends and make yourself famous. As a professional Hypnotist you can make big money giving entertainments and teaching the art to others. Investigate NOW. Success sure. Very low cost. Write for free illustrated booklet on Hypnotism, Magnetic Healing, Personal Magnetism, and other occult sciences. Address M. D. BETTS, Dept. 61 JACKSON, MICH.



60 YEARS HAIR SPECIALIST

Dr. JOHN AUGUST, Hair Rejuvenator

MADE ABSOLUTELY FROM HERBS

The oldest and most reliable treatment in the United States. Promotes the growth of the hair, removes dandruff, stops hair falling out, cures itching of the scalp, and prevents grayness.

Office and Laboratory

374 Central Park West, New York

AND

56 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Sale by the Hegeman's and Rikers' drug stores.

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**ONE MONTH'S
TREATMENT BY
MAIL, \$5.00**

French Method of Developing the Bust

Mdme. DuBarrie Explains How the Bust May Be Developed 2 to 8 Inches in 30 Days.

"I am explaining for the first time to the ladies of America", says Madame DuBarrie, "the French method of developing the bust. It is much more effective, the results appear much more quickly, the breasts become more firm, plump and symmetrical, the method is more simple, the effects more lasting, and



altogether beyond comparison with the results produced here.

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"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was a passin' de Big Fo' depot."

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**"AND WITH HEART BOWED IN SADNESS."
(SEE POEM ON OPPOSITE PAGE.)**

The Long Lent-Tide.

BY WILL CARLETON.

SHE sat in the parlor, a maiden once more—
Uncrimped, and unrouged, and ungloved:
But her sweet face a frown of anxiety wore,
As she gazed at the man that she loved.
“Oh what can I do to my soul to be true?”
She was murmuring, over and o’er:
“I would suffer in ways for the dear Lenten days,
That I never have suffered before!

“I have banished the sweetmeats that shortened the day—
All the gems of the palate I shun:
And my pearls and my diamonds cower away,
From the light of the lamps and the sun.
And the thrill-haunted halls and the plays and the balls
And the opera’s voices of flame,
Are as nothing to me: or at most they must be
On the doubly-locked door, just a name!

“But I do not as yet feel that I have attained
What the spirit of sacrifice meant;
That my soul in its fights with my body has gained
All the discipline offered by Lent.
I depend upon *you*: tell me something to do
That of sacrifice true is a part!”—
’Twas the maiden’s request, of the man she loved best,
And the one she had robbed of his heart.

Then he smiling said, “That which you love best, my dear,
Aside from your family ties,
You should fling from your life for a week and a year,
If on wings of the soul you would rise.”
And she said, “That is *you*! and ’tis only my due,
That you go, till the drear time is spent!
If you love me, dear, now help me keep the strange vow!”
And with heart bowed in sadness, he went.

Impertinent Parodies.

I.

OH where will be the cats that yawl—one hundred years from now?
 And dogs that in the night-time call, "Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow?"
 We do not know: we only know that Time sometimes is good,
 And Death may do a lot of things bad language never could.

Oh where will be the fellow-man—whatever he deserves,
 That whistles in the railway-car, and rasps our trembling nerves?
 We do not know: we only hope that ere a century goes,
 His improvised and doleful tune may reach a blessed close.

And where will be the gentle maid who strikes our fancy dumb,
 By wagging up and down her jaw around the sizzling gum?
 We do not know: posterity however, yet may hope
 That her descendants will espouse another kind of dope.

And where will be the dear small boy, an hundred years to come,
 Who, when his neighbor wants to sleep, exploits the festive drum?
 The sweet and guileless little scamp—the innocent young rogue—
 May be in lands where harps are used, and drums are not in vogue.

Oh where will be—if this is not a query brusque and raw,
 In what world of the future—this deponent's motherinlaw?
 For in whichever one she ends her strenuous earthly race,
 He wants to make some inquiries about the other place.

The Boy O'er the Oliff.

T'WAS in a rural village, with great hills
 And mammoth cliffs surrounded; and each child
 That sported o'er the modest schoolhouse green,
 As deftly came to be a mountaineer,
 As children, fishermen along the sea.
 They climbed the rocky steps with reckless tread,
 And hung above the edges of the chasms,
 As if some friendly fate had lent them wings
 To fly across the deeps that sought their life.
 And many a mother prayed, at night and morn,
 That her loved ones might not, in youthful glee,
 O'er-step the bounds of safety, and be brought
 Back to her stricken heart, crushed, bleeding wrecks.

Bright rose the sun on the first April morn
The year had known: from rock, and brier, and tree,
The frost-work glittered like a diamond robe.
The village lads their wonted haunts had sought,
To spend a holiday; and sweetly high
Rang out upon the air their shouts of glee.

Long time they gambolled—till the sun had climbed,
With silent, lingering step, half way mid heaven,
And in their childish joyousness forgot
One frowning precipice; when a wild youth,
In the exuberance of some swift game,
Marked out his headlong course toward the cliff,
And on a sudden shrieked and disappeared!
And for awhile, the startled children gazed,
Then on a sudden turned and, frightened, fled.

Like wildfire in a gale, th' alarm was spread
Soon to the hamlet's e'en most distant verge;
And every cot, and every humbled shed,
Gave forth into the street its stated train,
To question who was lost.

It was a widowed mother's only son:
And every heart in sympathy went out,
When she, the stricken, from her home rushed forth,
And, wailing, sought the cliff.—The hurrying crowd
Pressed close upon her track, with hooks and ropes,
Preparing as they went, that they might bring
Back from the deep abyss a mangled boy:
Sad consolation for that broken heart!

They reached the cliff: and by a mother's tears
Led on, made ready for the dire descent
Down that dark precipice: when suddenly,
Peering above the rocks, the widow's son
Cried, "APRIL FOOL!"





Retiring from Business.

MR. SIMONDS had succeeded in pulling in a very nice competency, and concluded to bar work for the remainder of his life.

"Stay home and get acquainted with family, and all *that* sort of thing, you know", he remarked, to his associates. "Isn't any use of being a cart-horse all your life. Nothing like a gracefully placid end to one's career." And so forth and so forth.

As for Mr. Simonds' being a cart-horse, it was generally understood that, in business matters, he was, instead, a driver; and so far as his family were concerned, they were already pretty well acquainted with him.

They were much more so, however, ere the first week of his retirement had themselves gone into the back numbers. His active, impetuous, business-like nature began asserting itself in the house.

"What does all *this* mean?" he exclaimed, rushing into the kitchen, where substantial old Bridge, as they called her for short, was industriously cooking—partly according to Mrs. Simonds' directions, and partly according to impromptu recipes of her own. "This will never do. You are practically *wasting* most of this stuff, Bridge!"

"Would you be afther lettin' me be the judge, sirrh, whether a cook who has been in your family eight years comin the nixt wake afther Aisther, wastes your substance or not?" retorted Bridge, with culinary dignity breathing from every square inch of her surface. "It would be betther, sirrh, if you stayed in your own place of business, an not come inthrudin here, like an ould hen!"

This was the first time Mr. Simonds had been classed as poultry, and espec-

ially of the female gender, in his own house; and it surprised him so overwhelmingly that he could not think of anything to do but retire from the kitchen back-foremost, as people do from kings and queens.

"I will discharge her!" he muttered to himself: "She shall go without warning! *I'll* see if things are going to be wasted here in my own house, and I be called a feathered biped for remonstrating. *I'll*!"

But he didn't. By the time he had found Mrs. Simonds, in order to tell her what he was going to do, Bridge had already penetrated to her, and intimated an "intintion" of getting her valuables and unvaluables together for immediate departure.

"We can't do without Bridge any more than we can without our heads—or, rather, our mouths", laughed Mrs. Simonds. "What would become of our party of friends at dinner this evening? How would the Bixbys get anything to eat when they come tomorrow to spend three days and a half? How—but never mind; she'll stay: I've raised her wages."

"Gracious!" thought Mr. Simonds: "I guess I'll retire from running the kitchen, too." And he wandered into the guest-room, which the Bixbys were to occupy, to see if everything was all right there.

"Why, this never will do!" he shouted, to one of the up-stairs servants, who happened to be present. "Never in the world! This bed isn't made right, and these curtains are all askew. And that picture yonder!"

He paused, for there was no one to hear him. The up-stairs servant had flounced out of the room, carrying only a part of her employer's last sentence.

"Probably gone to get her store-can-vas to sail off in"—thought Mr. Simonds. "Well, I'll go to my 'den', and see if I can run things *there*."

On his way, he passed the open door of his eldest daughter's room. She happened to be writing a letter to the dearest, sweetest, best, smartest, loveliest young man that Fate had constructed, up to date.

"Why daughter, what stationery!" he exclaimed, walking in upon her suddenly. "It's entirely out of taste! And you don't write *at all* like ladies used to. How can you bear to use such a coarse hand? And this isn't the way to commence a letter. You should be more formal. You should"—

But the letter was out of his hand in a second, and the daughter had fled, half-crying, to regions unknown. There were about two dozen terms of intense affection in the document, that never were intended for the focus of Mr. Simonds' dear old spectacles.

"Well, well, well!" he mused, standing alone in the midst of the vacancy he had produced. "I don't seem to have been of much use, so far, anywhere. I will hie to the den."

But his hieing was not crowned with pleasure. It was cleaning-day, and a scrub-woman was using up more water there than he ever had supposed could be carried into one room.

"Jerusalem!" he shouted, starting for the cellar.

There he found Silas, the furnace man, who had run in to throw five shovelfulls of coal on the fire, at a dollar and a half a week. The state of things there did not look quite right to Mr. Simonds, and he ventured some suggestions to the dispenser of the "dusky diamonds."

Silas did not say anything about leaving his position, or show temper of any kind whatever: he sat down on a barrel, projected a consignment of tobacco-juice through the pneumatic tubes of the atmosphere into a neighboring ash-box, narrowly missing Mr. Simonds' trousers, and argued the case.

The furnace-man's method of discus-

sion was of the monologue variety, and left no interstices for the placing of replies. Mr. Simonds tried several times to imagine he was in his counting-room, and talking to one of his clerks; but with conspicuous failure in each case.

"I'll talk it over with you some other time, Silas", he was at last obliged to say, as he clambered up the cellar-stairs, followed by another invoice of the juice that cheers and does not ornament.

"Well," mused Mr. Simonds, as he lay down to rest that night, "I'm 'getting acquainted' with the people here, but I'm afraid I'm not going to bear acquaintance. I must let 'em run the house to suit themselves, and do my own work, in my own room."

The next morning, he went at it. He had long held in contemplation a scheme to write an article for one of the leading magazines on "The Pricelessness of Leisure"; and had really composed several paragraphs of the same, when it struck him as being rather ridiculous, having 'retired' from one kind of work, to go to doing another. "No: the way to retire is to rest", he mused. "Now for a good long rest." And he threw himself on the sofa of his "den."

He stayed there full five minutes. "No: the way to 'retire', is, after all, to amuse one's self", he decided. "I must play games, and have a good time."

So he started out through the house, to find somebody to have a game of something or other with him; but everybody except himself, seemed to be at work. "Surely the Bixbys will have leisure to play a game of whist with me", he thought.

But the Bixbys, having secured the vantage-ground of guestship at Mr. Simonds' house, were touring the city and calling upon other friends that were not able to entertain them nights; having promised to be back at seven o'clock or a little later, to dinner. So Mr. Simonds was left practically companionless. "I'll go and take a look at the world outside", he exclaimed.

And he did; but somehow, wherever he went, he felt strangely out of place.

Nobody seemed to need him in his old business haunts; all the matinee and continuous-performance people cared about was his money; the very boys on the street looked at him as if they wanted to guy him.

A month of this sort of life followed; and Mr. Simonds grew thinner, more nervous, and more irritable, each day. The same could be said of his family: they were often driven to distraction by his fault-finding and irritable methods; and Bridge had to have her wages raised twice more, in order to rally enough endurance to stay.

But one morning Mr. Simonds, who was no fool, even after having retired,

ate his breakfast in a hurry, and started off in still more of a one. "Shan't be home till six", he muttered, as he started out.

"Why?" inquired Mrs. Simonds, her kind eyes dilated a little with wonder.

"Going to business", replied the retiree. "Bought in again. Shall retire next time just three days before the funeral." And he was gone.

"Thank Heaven", mused Mrs. Simonds, as she drew a long breath and settled back in her chair.

"If yez plaze, Mum, I will shtart it at the ould wages again next wake", exclaimed Bridge, who had overheard the interesting conversation.

The Song of the Auto.

BY STEPHEN HENRY THAYER.

I'M the courier on the highway,
 With a tilt that defies the guard.
 I forge ahead—by motor sped—
 Like the rhyme of the hero-bard.
 The wheels of my steed have a desperate speed,—
 They sneak with instant flight;
 The hoot of the horn in my throat shall warn
 The laggards to keep to the right!

I've the tameless tread of the wanton,
 And my reckless charioteer—
 In spite of the law—with a merry haw-haw,
 Sends me on my careless career.
 Though the victims may moan, the game is my own;—
 I'll halt at no man's will,
 As away and afar I shoot like a star,
 While I kill and kill and kill!

And the courts may fine forever!
 Whosoever the blood that's shed,
 I have come to stay; and the great highway
 Is mine, in spite of the dead!
 So clear the road, (afoot or a-load),
 I'll smite as the lightnings smite;
 Is't a mile a minute?—I'm in it, I'm in it,
 And I don't care a rap for the right!



The First Open Air School of the West.

PERSONS passing by a public school-house in Fruitvale, that agreeable suburb of ample trees, perpetual flowers and singing birds, situated a few miles inland from San Francisco bay, usually stop, stare a moment, then exclaim: "Why, look! that schoolhouse hasn't any wall on one side."

It hasn't. It was expressly stipulated in architects' and contractors' plans that there shouldn't be any. And, of course, there's a reason: one of the best in the world. That wall has been left out, that the children in that particular school might learn to breathe.

Sounds queer, doesn't it? One somehow thinks that breathing comes naturally, like seeing and hearing. But it doesn't; at least, according to the ideas of the Oakland school department, and its teachers of hygiene, who say that more than half the children in the schools never take a real breath. They don't know how, and so they breathe in the most superficial manner, merely letting the chest rise and fall gently, and thinking they are getting all the air they can. What is the result in many of these cases? Backwardness in school work, heavy eyes, dull brains, and a general air of having something the matter with them, one doesn't know what.

It is a charming sight—this school-house without a wall. The playground, with its rolling slopes, stretches away until the street is reached, the trees which sprinkle the spacious square are thick with blossoms in the springtime, the soft green of the stiff box hedge rests the eye, and the faint incessant twitter of birds accompanies the children's recitations with an occasional little humorous chirp

of approval. The delicious odors of valley and hill mingle with the keener tang of the distant sea, and that most exquisite of all scents—that of dew-drenched, sun-warmed grass—floats in and over and through the school-room like a gracious atmosphere. In winter, the soft rains fall and swirl about it without penetrating the interior, and the children, many of whom wear cotton skirts and garments the year round, listen to the splash and drip of water from the eaves, their little bodies warm and glowing, even under the torrent of raindrops which sometimes whirls their way, covering them with a rosy shower when the sun breaks forth suddenly in the midst of a passing storm.

The school, known as Fruitvale School, No. 2, stands in the center of a wide playground. The principal entrance is on the east, which is the side where the wall is lacking, and a short flight of steps runs up to the porch, which is merely an extension of the school-house floor. The wainscoting on this east side is the sole indication that the wall has been purposely omitted, and above this low bulwark, about four feet high, the naive, curious faces of fifty children peep, like nodding flowers topping the hedgerows of a country lane. When they are formed in line in the playground, they march directly into their class-rooms without any tripping over door-mats or jostling each other through swinging doors.

The open air innovation is not, however, the only thing that makes this school "different." Each child sits at a desk of simple construction, with ample space between it and that of his neighbor, in a seat of normal height, which can be raised or lowered to suit the necessities

of each occupant, and which has a back so shaped as to afford a perfect support for the back of the child. These desks are capable of instant removal for hygienic cleansing and fumigation purposes, and wide aisles to permit sufficient space for the calisthenic drill, which the classes perform twice a day—morning and afternoon. The calisthenic system is unique in the West, being the plan of Professor Pfund, superintendent of physical culture in the Oakland school department, one of the most ardent advocates of open air teaching on the coast. Regarding the success of the open air school, allied to correct methods of breathing, Professor Pfund declares that there are pupils in several classes who have increased their chest expansion from two inches to seven and a half in less than two years, and more than one hundred who can compass six inches, while the majority can boast an expansion in varying degrees of over four inches.

"Some of these pupils can exceed my own chest expansion," says Professor Pfund. "The theory of the system is justified in this statement, for we have



TO STRENGTHEN BACK AND DEVELOP LUNGS.

worked on the idea that, in order to produce a chest expansion of unusual degree, the subject must be taken when a child.

"It is a good thing to undertake this work in high schools and colleges, and it should be kept up in these institutions; but to wait until a child is of high school or college age, is needless waste of time. The Oakland children are started when they are in the fifth grade, the result being that there are now about 20,000 pupils in the Oakland schools who are taking regular breathing exercises daily, and the effect of this early training is seen in the actual measurements. The average chest expansion in the Lincoln, Garfield, Cole, Bay, Emerson, Peralta, Grant, Durant, Lafayette and others is 4.17, 4.06, 3.93, 3.93, 4.09, 4.13, 4.15, 4.11 and 4.12 respectively, gaining this from a previous expansion of about 2.60 inches."

Professor Pfund, together with Dr. N. K. Foster, director of school hygiene in the Oakland schools, expects to see the open air class-rooms a feature in the systems of school construction of the future. He is, however, unwilling to wait until new schools can be built to carry out his theories, and so he is, at present, striving to have walls of the present buildings removed so as to leave one entire side open to light and air. It is not his idea that such schools shall be a place where tuberculous children may be treated, nor is it the idea of Mrs. L. M. Hollingsworth, assistant to Dr. Foster, who makes the unqualified statement that the school now in operation is for the up-building of the backward or delicate child. "Our open air class-rooms," she said, when asked the primary motive of the plan, "are not school sanitariums for consumptives; but any child who differs in any way from the average pupil, whether it be weak sight, dull hearing, glandular or tonsil trouble, or just general backwardness, is placed under the open air treatment and the results noted. There are numbers of such children in every public school, and it is for these cases that this experimental school was established. Its purpose, first of all, is to



A FINE CHEST-EXPANSION.

tone up the general health of the child by giving him quantities of fresh pure air to breathe, to cultivate resistance to disease germs in his physique, and to observe the effect of this open air life and study on his mental development. It might be called a preventive school, since children of delicate or weak constitutions may be rendered practically immune to tubercular and other germs."

In one of these open air class-rooms the children of five grades, ranging from the third to the seventh, are gathered together under the instruction of Mrs. L. G. Beeler, a teacher of wide experience in the East, who is closely in touch with all matters pertaining to dull or backward pupils. "There is no doubt," affirms Mrs. Beeler emphatically, "that the children's minds seem to work faster, more accurately, and for a longer period, than they used to do in the ordinary school. Of course the novelty of the plan was disturbing at first, but anyone who has ever gone into a closed-up school-room in

the middle of the afternoon, and observed the heavy eyes, the lack-lustre looks, the dragging answers and general air of lassitude of the pupils, must admit the marked difference in the pupils who are practically all day in the open spaces. Their eyes are bright, their chests thrown out, their cheeks reddened by sun and wind. They answer quickly, comprehend readily, and on the whole show more interest in the aptitude for the various subjects in the school curriculum. The smaller children seem to realize the benefits very quickly, and to see them in session is one of the prettiest sights in the world."

When a pupil enters the third grade of the open-air school, the work of chest expansion is commenced. Professor Pfund finds that in nearly every instance the girl is weaker in chest expansion than the boy, but he also finds that this holds true only in the beginning of the term. At the end of three months, the girl has probably outstripped the boy; the reason being that the bones of girls are naturally softer and yield more readily to the pull than do those of boys whose bones and ligaments are hardened by severer use. The girls seem to understand the necessity of a fine chest-expansion, and work with much intelligence. In view of the fact they are the "little mothers" of a future nation, the advantages are obvious.

So plain are the varied and increasing benefits to be derived from a school day in the open air, that Dr. Foster and his assistants, backed by the Oakland school board, are actively considering the feasibility of making the open air class-room a compulsory resort for delicate and dull pupils. Dr. Foster believes that many of the discomforts and much of the apparent stupidity of children of school age is due to unseen physical causes. Take a child afflicted with adenoids, for instance, and Dr. Foster says:

"It is as necessary to have adenoids removed as it is to have the arm scraped and vaccine infused into the blood. On the one hand, vaccination is a preventive measure, not a cure, while the removal



THE SCHOOL IN THE YARD.

of adenoids and other mushroom-like growths means not only prevention of disease development and its possible outcome, tuberculosis, but absolutely restores the shaky nerves, retarded circulation and general health of the child. A child, suffering, perhaps unconsciously, from adenoids, is a pitiful sight, and is often an abused little soul. He is backward in his studies; he cannot concentrate his mind, he is nervous and very often irritable, and if permitted to grow into his teens without attention, is certain to become deaf and be subject to almost any kind of disease. Adenoids inflame the eustachian tube, which runs from the nose to the ear, thus causing deafness, perhaps slight at first, but forcing the child to appear stupid. If placed in an open air class-room, and no improvement was perceptible after a few days, he would be examined by the school physician, taken in charge by the school nurse, and the cause of his physical trouble removed. Then his general health could be built

up, while he applies himself to his studies in the midst of vitalizing sun and air."

The number of school-children needing health-building is astonishing to those unacquainted with the facts. In one year, out of 1,965 Oakland pupils examined by the school physicians, 1,868 were referred to the parents as needing aid. The defects were principally those of sight and teeth. In vision, 641 pupils were found deficient; unsound and imperfect teeth were discovered in 635; 369 suffered from mouth breathing; inflamed glands claimed 327; adenoids, 290; 283 had defective hearing; malnutrition was the trouble with 87; 20 were found to be suffering from skin diseases; nerves, 11, heart 7, lungs 7, and palate 4. Those with but one defect numbered 711; with two, 739; with three, 336; with four, 62; with five, 16, and with six, 3.

One hears a good deal about the California woman—her superb physique, her large and vivid beauty and her climatic

immunity from many ills. But in all the Oakland schools, Professor Pfund has found less than a score who measure up to the standard of absolute perfection. A fifteen year old school girl, however, Miss Ruth White, is considered to be a flawless specimen of health and loveliness. The reports of her physical examination give her a perfect working system of healthy glands, and she is marked 100 per cent. in sight, hearing, nerves, lungs, physical activity, mentality and proficiency. She has not been trained in athletic sports, has received no special attention as regards her development, and never gives her own fine physical constitution a thought. Yet she has a chest-expansion of six and one half

inches, and, according to Professor Pfund, will have reached the marvelous expansion of seven and one half inches within the space of sixty days.

There is a well-known proverb that the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease. The application of that purest and simplest of remedial agencies, fresh air, to the cure of these embryonic diseases, is a long step on the road of both the preventive and curative policy. And when the east, west or south side of every school-building in Oakland shall be thrown wide open to the tonic breezes, the warm sunshine, the cool patter of the rain and the scent of "green things growing", the Ultima Thule of school authorities will have been achieved.

An Easter Hymn.—By Margaret E. Sangster.

TO Thee, dear Lord of death and life,
 We lift our joyful song today.
 Victorious in the utmost strife,
 Thou art Thyself our strength and stay.

We bless Thee for the comfort sweet
 That comes with every thought of Thee.
 Our praises cling around Thy feet
 Where yet the cruel nail-prints be.

For us was borne the shame and loss,
 For us the scourge, the jeer, the thorn;
 For us the darkness of the cross,
 For us awakes the Easter morn.

We stand beside the open tomb,
 The stone we dreaded, rolled away.
 Once more for us the lillies bloom
 Upon the Resurrection Day.

O Lord of life and Lord of death,
 We worship Thee this Easter Day.

All love, all faith, all hope, all breath,
 We bring to bless Thy conquering way.

With Mary we would hear Thy voice
 Amid the garden's cloistered calm;
 With her our hearts would fain rejoice,
 Thy love for every wound a balm.

O King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 Who stooped to wear our mortal clay,
 Earth joins with heaven in the chords
 That hailed Thee Conqueror today.

Though tears may fall like Summer rain,
 Though sorrow linger for a night,
 Thy sweet compassion easeth pain,
 Beneath Thy smile the world is bright.

To Thee, dear Lord of death and life,
 We lift our joyful song today.
 Victorious in the utmost strife,
 Thou art Thyself our strength and stay.



The Robin.

THE Robin is a bonny bird, as merry childhood knows,
Although he wears no gaudy crown, and dops no dainty hose;
Although no sun-hues paint his wing, or play about his crest,
One ruddy flush of beauty burns upon his buoyant breast!

The Robin is a sacred bird, by Nature's nameless charm:
Romance and song have hallowed him, and shielded him from harm:
The school-boy, as he roams about, on mischief bent, or play,
Peeps in upon his callow brood, but takes them not away.

The Robin is a gentle bird: for, so old legends tell,
The babes within the forest wide, he guarded long and well;
He made for them a winding-sheet of fragrant leaves and flowers,
And sang a daily dirge for them in dim cathedral bowers.

The Robin is a tuneful bird; how oft at shut of day
With his familiar music, he disturbs the dewy spray!
With song so quaint and querulous, and yet so sweet and wild,
That Age leans on its trembling staff and listens like a child.

The Robin is a social bird, that loves the kindly poor;
He scorns the palace porch, but comes to haunt the cottage door;
For bit or crumb he is not dumb, nor insolent, nor shy;
He sets his thanks to melody, and bids his friends good-bye!

The Robin is a patient bird, for in the sternest hour,
His grateful anthem gushes forth with most consoling power,
And though a touch of sadness seems to mingle with the strain,
'Tis such as suits the pensive ear, and gives the heart no pain.

The Robin is the Poet's bird; poetic is his name,
And mortal minstrels, not a few have linked him with their fame;
Poor Robin Bloomfield spake his praise, as eke did Robin Burns,
And Redbreast sings a requiem above their honored urns.

The Robin is a welcome bird; when frost is creeping round,
When snow-wreaths wrap the ghostly trees, and clothe the stilly ground;
But woe to them who have no heart to love his simple lay!
For birds, like flowers, are pleasant things that never lead astray.

Then from the Robin let me learn some lessons good and wise;
Firm faithfulness, sweet cheerfulness, beneath the sternest skies;
A hymn of praise, an upward gaze to Him who guides and gives,
Who moulds and moves, sustains and loves the humblest thing that lives!

J. C. PRINCE.



The Actors' Church.

THE moral and religious status of actors has always been something of a puzzle to the world at large—even to those who were in the habit of attending the theatre and seeing them in their plays. Many good people have expressed surprise when learning that it is not uncommon for an actor to be a member of a



WHERE THEY CONGREGATED.

church, in good standing. Many a good citizen has thought that because he did not attend plays, the actor-people did not attend church; but that is a mistake.

One reason why actors are considered in certain minds as necessarily immoral, is, that such of them as do make any decided deviation from the paths of rectitude, are widely exploited in the newspapers; which find in them peculiarly picturesque and interesting subjects—eagerly read about by the people. Moral delinquencies enough can be found in any profession or occupation; but they are not so widely known, and do not sink so into the public mind, as when an actor errs.

The pastor of a fashionable church on Madison Avenue, New York, found that he had made the mistake of his life in refusing to allow a dead actor to be buried from his place of worship—simply because he *was* an actor. Joseph Jefferson, famed as the impersonator of "Rip Van Winkle," was told by this pastor that there was a little church around the corner where they did such things; and the ceremonies were therefore held at the Church of the Transfiguration, on 29th Street, just off Fifth Avenue.

In saying the words "Little Church around the corner," the somewhat particular pastor did not suspect that he was coining a phrase that would become famous, and be used for many a year. Jefferson immediately replied, "God bless the little church around the corner then," and that sentiment was echoed all over the country—not only by actors and playgoers, but by people of all classes. The newspapers were full of it, and contained long editorials with it for a title; poems by the dozen were written about it; and Dr. Houghton, the pastor of the church, found himself famous in a very unique manner. Gifts were showered upon him and his society from all over the world by grateful actors; several leading ones became pewholders; and Dr. Houghton's church, while abating nothing of its dignity and high character, became to a great extent, "the actor's church."

When the worthy pastor died, his funeral was one of the most pathetic ever

held in New York—by reason of the number of actors present—whose grief and reverence were certainly not acted.

We give here a view of this famous church.

Recompense.

THE peasant sowed, unrecompensed, in pain;
An army rode and trampled down his grain;
Another year,—behold the harvest's yield
Sprang rich and golden from the trampled field!

The miner delved in darkness and despair;
His tears concealed the trove his hand laid bare:
His orphaned child, years after, found the gem,
And, lo, it glorified a diadem!

The friar sang a vesper, sweet and clear;
Without his cell a monarch paused to hear:
The friar slept, nor ever dreamed that he
Had sung to kings and sweetened history!

The brave knight rode, fameless and all alone;
The brave knight fell, and none reared him a stone:
His faithful sword, borne by another's hand,
One day brought joy and freedom to the land.

The great man lived, lonely and poor and scorned;
The great man died, and but a beggar mourned:
A thousand years,—and lo, in twilight's gloom
Ten thousand pilgrims kneel beside his tomb!

Faint heart, be brave and banish thy despair;
Look to the past,—find vindication there:
Our little lives make God's rewards seem late,
But recompensed are they who work and wait.

Easter Hymn by Fanny Crosby.—“Christ Hath Risen.”

Air, “Mary to the Saviour’s Tomb.”

STILL and silent as the night,
 Holy angels robed in light
 Came and rolled the stone away,
 From the tomb where Jesus lay.
 Backward, trembling, pale with dread,
 Lo, the arch-deceiver fled,

Jesus lives the world to save:
 Where thy triumph, boasting grave?
 Death is vanquished, bound in chains;
 Christ, our Lord, forever reigns!
 On this bright and glorious day,



HE IS RISEN.—BY PLOCKHORST.

When the Prince of Life arose,
 Mighty Conqueror o'er his foes!

Strike your harps, ye saints on high!
 With your anthems fill the sky!
 Ye who sang “a Saviour born”,
 Hail His resurrection morn!

When the faithful meet to pray,
 Bring the Easter lilies fair,
 Nature's gems of beauty rare.
 Let the organ's lofty strain
 Thrill our raptured souls again;
 Christ hath risen from the tomb,
 Clothed in Heav'n's immortal bloom!



The Burning of the Dead.

[REMEMBER a few years ago stepping off the cars at a Pennsylvania station, surrounded by a pretty village of only a few thousand living people. It was early in the day; and for several hours, I wandered "incog." about this quaint capital of a Pennsylvania county—doing a little quiet United States touring.

It was a steady-going old place—not exactly the sort of town where one would expect fame to be achieved; and yet within it an obscure old country physician had in a few months made himself a theme of conversation, wherever men and women could talk the English language.

This village was named after the Father of his Country, and the famous rural doctor was called Le Moyne. For fifty years he had plied his useful and honorable vocation among quiet neighbors, and become known up and down the little valley as an awfully good man to have in the house when sickness was already there.

But as he grew older, he began to ponder more and more concerning what ought to be done with his patients after they had perished. The question haunted him night and day—should the dead be allowed to kill the living?

He made himself a close student of the miasmatic influence of a mere body upon a body and soul—the effect of a graveyard upon a dooryard—the way in which houses of death treated houses of life. He wondered whether the "great majority" would want the small minority of the living made still smaller by means of their cast-off cerements. He finally concluded that the only proper use to be made of the bodies of our loved ones

after they have died, is to follow the example of certain ancients, and BURN them—thoroughly and relentlessly.

Having so decided, he immediately went at it to get and make his own private bonfire ready; for he was a man of resolution, and meant not only what he said, but what he thought. He created a crematory—the first one in America—on a hill near the town, in full view of the handsome and expensive cemetery; and invited his friends to share the blessing, bring their dead to him, and bury them in hot and consuming fire.

The effect of this action, upon the steady, quiet country village, was very much in the earthquake line. They who had always treated their dead so tenderly and reverently—to be asked to spring suddenly to the other extreme! If the old doctor had not been personally one of the most popular men in the locality, he would have experienced rough treatment.

A bill was actually introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature, to forbid the practice. This, however, was soon laughed down, in the spirit of a short satirical address which was sent the members, and which most of them read in private, although there is no record of its having been given to the clerk to declaim aloud during a session. Some of the lines in it, I remember, were as follows:

"Men have been cooked for conscience-sake,

Ere yet their souls went flying:
He should not have too much at steak,
Who roasts them after dying!

He does not say what should be done
With your post-mortem treasure:
He'd see you buried—every one—

No doubt, with keenest pleasure,
 And let a monument arise,
 Some new-found virtues crying,
 And pointing out, to curious eyes,
 Where it and you were lying."

The excitement spread all over the country, and the world, too—when it was known that a genuine baron (De Palm) was to be the first patient to take the doctor's fiery prescription. Visitors came from all parts of the country; and it was not long before many people brought their dead.

Finally, the old doctor himself was gathered—not to his fathers, but by his sons, from the floor of the furnace he had built; and when I clambered to the top of the hill on that bright, sunlit morning, I found a small recumbent slab just in front of the doorstep of the little brick building, stating that Le Moyne's ashes had been deposited there—in a miniature grave.

The little building was about twenty by thirty feet in size, divided into furnace-room and reception-hall. The latter contained some of the doleful bric-a-brac of death—fragments of a coffin, and one of the grim iron biers upon which bodies were burned. It was a sad, dispiriting sight—like that of the scene of a blackened conflagration after extinguishment; but no worse than the inside of a grave.

Away down in the valley smiled the pretty village, where were the living, and on the neighboring hill a beautiful cemetery, where were *buried* dead. The furnace had no ghastly fuel, that day; and in spite of my somber curiosity, I was half glad.

At Fresh Pond, Long Island, within a few minutes' ride of New York, is a successor to Dr. Le Moyne's iron effort for reformation according to his views of the same. A company was formed in New York to follow up this cremating of the dead—systematically—profitably—continuously.

They do this cruel-appearing work for twenty-five dollars: for which they will change, in two hours, the dead body of one you love into from four to seven pounds of white dust, and the various

gases that have gone flying into the free air. The iron cemetery requires a death-certificate from some physician; there must be present at the swift ceremony, relatives of the deceased, or their representatives; the coffin must be burned, too; and the next day all that remains on earth of the loved one, after passing through the fiery ordeal, "will be delivered at the office of the company, in a receptacle provided for it, entirely free of charge."

The building before which we stand, is in the form of a miniature Grecian temple, and is a comely little edifice. Near by is a cemetery—needless to say, no relation! It possesses considerable dreariness, for a place within half an hour's ride of Broadway; short stretches of bleak country are around it, and one of the most ingeniously-wretched eating-houses within our recollection is kept a few rods away, by a wild-eyed and unkempt old German.

The interior of our little temple has a small chapel, its walls filled with niches, of about the size in which one would place a bust. There are four rows of them all around the room—and the highest is very near the ceiling. Most of these niches have within them urns, filled with human dust.

You can buy a lower one of these diminutive tombs, for forty dollars; then you can buy a vase, at whatever price you please (probably from ten dollars to a hundred); then if you like you can buy a glass-paned door for the niche; and then you can come whenever you like, and keep the sacred dust surrounded with flowers and other ornaments, and, perhaps, think as deeply and lovingly of the dear departed as if you were hovering near the ashes of decay instead of fire.

Some of these urns are very expensive: that one of Anton Seidl, the great musical conductor, is especially so. Some of them have photographs of the dead ones; and these are mournful object-lessons.

Up-stairs is another large room, also filled, as to the walls, with expensive vases, or niches waiting for them. Away

down stairs, below all else, is still another room, which may be called the potter's field of this cemetery-above-ground: and here, in huge rude pigeonholes, are common tin boxes containing human dust that alas! has never been called for.

Ah! a funeral is coming: a hearse, and two carriages. Bearers tenderly lift the coffin—a rather cheap one, since it is to be burned instead of buried—a few mourners follow them, and enter the little chapel. The small company sit silently down—awed and frightened at this new kind of funeral ceremony held, it seems, in obedience to the loved one's command. There is prayer, followed by a few remarks: the real funeral was held at the house, this morning. Then the lid-door of the solemn coffin is opened, and the silent member of this party receives his friends for the last time on earth. The leavetaking is terribly sad, and should bring tears to any human eyes. The

parting seems so much more terrible and emphatic than that at a burial!

The casket-lid does not close again. The tired-out body is gently lifted up and placed in a rough, coffin-shaped receptacle, made of small rods of iron. Snowy muslin envelops it, like a simple shroud. Sobs of anguish fill the air—now that the time for the terrible parting has really come. Two short hours, and nothing will remain of this figure, looking almost life-like—excepting dust.

The furnace-door is thrown open, a sense of most appalling heat rushes out into the little room, the white-robed burden is once more tenderly lifted—and it is gone forever.

"This is the third one since morning," says an attendant. "Scarcely a day but we have more or less of them. Many thousands have been incinerated since the opening of the crematory and the number of cremations increase each year.

How Birds Protect our Farms, Orchards and Gardens.

BY DR. E. C. FORD.

WHILE it is true that birds frequently do much damage on the farm or in the orchard, yet in almost every case they are far more beneficial than injurious. Some species of our feathered friends live almost exclusively on insects, while many others make insects a large part of their diet. Certain kinds of birds destroy large numbers of small mammals, as mice, gophers, and rabbits, and in so doing serve a most useful purpose in protecting various kinds of farm and garden crops from serious damage. Still other birds are exceedingly valuable as scavengers in removing putrid and offensive matters, which, if left to accumulate, would greatly endanger health and life.

One of the most valuable of the insect destroyers is the quail. Professor Bruner, of the University of Nebraska, says:

"Perhaps no other bird that frequents the farm pays higher prices for the grain it eats than does the quail. Living about the hedgerows, groves, and ravines, where insect enemies gather and lurk during the greater part of the year, this bird not only seizes large numbers of these enemies daily during the summer months, when they are 'abroad in the land,' but all winter through it scratches among the fallen leaves and other rubbish that accumulates about its haunts, seeking for hibernating insects of various kinds. Being a timid little creature, the quail seldom leaves cover to feed openly in the fields, and therefore does but little actual harm in the way of destroying grain. In fact, it only takes stray kernels that otherwise might be lost. The bird is one of the few that feeds upon that unsavory insect,

the chinch-bug; and the number of this pest that occasionally are destroyed by it is really astonishing. No farmer or fruit-grower should ever kill a quail himself, nor permit another person to hunt it on his premises."

There are some birds that live largely on grain, but it has been found by repeated examination of their stomach contents, that the good done by them in destroying the seeds of noxious weeds, more than pays for the harm they do as grain eaters.

The United States Department of Agriculture has made a careful investigation of the food habits of hawks and owls. The results of these observations show that, with few exceptions, these birds are the farmers' friends, and not his enemies. The Red-shouldered Hawk (*Buteo lineatus*) and the Red-tailed Hawk (*Buteo borealis*), both of which are commonly known as the Hen Hawk or Chicken Hawk, live very largely on mice and other small mammals, reptiles, and insects. Only two of our common species of hawks feed largely on birds and poultry, and are therefore unworthy of protection. They are the Sharp-shinned Hawk (*Accipiter velox*) and Cooper's Hawk (*Accipiter cooperi*). Their slender bodies, long tails, and long, thin legs, will aid in distinguishing them. In order to avoid killing the wrong kind, however, it is best for the farmer to shoot only those hawks that actually visit his poultry yard.

There are various species of hairy caterpillars that frequently become serious pests to trees and other vegetation, and inasmuch as there are but few birds that make these creatures a large part of their diet, those that do should be well protected. Prominent among these few are the cuckoos, for which reason they are of much service to man.

The woodpeckers are especially serviceable in destroying the larvae of wood-boring insects. When we remember that one borer will often kill an entire tree if left to itself, we can understand that these birds do a large amount of good, even if they destroy only a small number of insects.

One of the most common woodpeckers in many of the States, is the flicker. It lives largely on ants, which seem to form about half of its diet. It has been proved, also, that it destroys many of the chinch-bugs. The stomach of a specimen killed near Lincoln, Nebraska, was found to contain nearly one thousand of these bugs. About one-fourth of its diet consists of fruit, but this is usually furnished by nature, and not by man, the bird seeming to prefer the wild fruits to the cultivated.

The kingbird, sometimes called the bee bird, is often justly accused of destroying bees, although the bees that it destroys are chiefly drones, so that very little harm is done. On the other hand, about sixty per cent. of the kingbird's food consists of injurious insects.

The crow is almost universally considered a thief and an outlaw, a black-coated vagabond, hovering over the fields of the industrious, and fattening on the labors of the farmers. His character is not so bad as it is usually thought to be. He destroys myriads of worms, moles, mice, caterpillars, grubs, and beetles. A thorough investigation made by the United States Department of Agriculture has resulted in the conviction that even the crow does more good than harm.

The English sparrow is usually considered a pest, and deserving of death; but there is undoubtedly heaped upon his head more blame than he merits. At any rate, it has some beneficial traits, as well as those that are injurious. It seems to have an intense hatred for the periodical cicada, or seventeen-year locust, as it is perhaps more commonly called. Dr. J. B. Smith, one of the highest authorities on economic entomology, says that "wherever the English sparrow has been introduced, the periodical cicada is doomed." Where the sparrows are numerous, entire broods of the insect are destroyed, being attacked and pulled to pieces in the most ruthless manner.

It is probable that much of the evil work of which the English sparrow is accused is the result of the bluejay's depredations; but we should be careful

about condemning any kind of bird until we have a thorough knowledge of its habits.

In the red-winged blackbird we have a friend that we little dream of when we see the large flocks gathering about our corn fields during late summer and early fall. During the rest of the year it is engaged most of the time in waging war on various insect pests, including such forms as the "grub-worms," grasshoppers, cut-worms, army-worms, beet caterpillars, and various other insects. Even when it visits our corn-fields, it more than pays for the corn it eats by the destruction of the worms that lurk under the husks of a large per cent. of the ears in every field.

Various birds are often accused of destroying fruit. However, if dishes of water were placed in the orchard or vineyard, where the birds could drink without fear of cats or small boys, the injury to the fruit would be much less than it is.

Among our most common birds are the meadow-lark, the brown thrasher, the cat-bird, and the robin. The first of these, the meadow-lark, is one of the most valuable of the insect-destroying birds. The others also destroy many insects, but are more or less destructive to fruit; although extensive investigations have proved that they are all worthy of protection, and they pay a high price for the fruit they eat.

The annual loss to the agricultural interests of the United States caused by insects alone, as estimated by leading entomologists, amounts to at least two hundred million dollars. Were it not for the birds, the loss would be much greater; in fact, agriculturists would be unable to resist the vast armies of insects, vegetation would be entirely destroyed, and the world would become uninhabitable.

Little does one realize, who has not made a special study of the subject, how much the birds are doing for us. During the summer season, when insects, mice, reptiles, and other pests are most numerous, many species of birds are doing their part to protect our farms, gardens, orchards, and forests. When the day-flying species retire, the night-hawks, whip-poor-wills and others take up the chase, and

destroy large numbers of moths and various nocturnal insects, which escape the day-flying species. All winter long some birds remain with us and destroy the hibernating insects, their eggs and larvae.

Birds are nearly everywhere guarding the interests of man. In the atmosphere above the earth they pursue their prey. On the earth they feed upon innumerable forms of terrestrial insects, and destroy many mice, reptiles, etc. In the water, many insects which pass their early stages or entire lives there, are destroyed by aquatic birds. In the trees birds carefully examine every inch of bark for insects and for their eggs and larvae, and even excavate the wood to get at the ants and borers that they apparently are able to hear working within. They search the under side of every leaf of tree and shrub for insects which may be lurking there. They even flutter among the small flowering plants, and pick the insects from leaf and blossom.

The Little Tear.

HOW populous is thy sphere,
Thou marvelous little tear!
There, fairies glide about,
And shimmer in and out!
And bearded, aged men are there;
Gnomes and witches, and ladies fair!
Grim Misery, with all her cares,
And Love, with his enticing wares!
All keep their State;
And vassals wait
At Passion's gate,
With praise, or hate.

Thou microcosmic view
Of all that's old and new
Within the human brain,—
Thou sun! thou snow! thou rain!
Elements of good, or bad, or worse;
Thou concentrated Universe!—
Thou show'st all that man contains;
His brightest thoughts,—his darkest stains!
There, on a cheek,
You plainly speak
A language clear,
Thou little tear.

CLEMENT HOPKINS.



The Bishop and the Plaster.

THE Underhills went traveling a great deal—mostly for their health—that is, Mr. Underhill's health. The good lady of the house (or of the rooms, more properly speaking, for they lived in hotels a large part of the time), was a person of more than usual vitality and vigor; and it was generally thought that she daily infused a great deal of this into her husband's somewhat unreliable nerves.

She also applied a good many mustard plasters to his cuticle—feeling sure that it always did him good, whenever anything was the matter. For something less than a hundred times, he objected; but at last yielded to the inevitable, and became quite accustomed to those little labels of distress upon different portions of his anatomy.

One afternoon they were on their way from San Francisco to Los Angeles—in a train of the Southren Pacific Railroad. Mr. Underhill was very cheerful that day, for he had a long conversation with Bishop Ceramic—a stately, clerical gentleman from the East, between sixty and seventy years of age.

The Bishop was a good deal such a man as Mr. Underhill liked: his impressive manner soothed and quieted him. But the good wife stood a little too much in awe of him to make his presence an absolute enjoyment: feeling that he was upon the whole too impressive for her to be absolutely at ease with him. "If he only weren't quite well," she mused, "I think I could get along with him and enjoy his company a good deal better than I do. I am somehow more used to invalids."

There was no dining-car upon the train, and the three alighted at a hotel-station, and took supper together. At this little wayside function, Mrs. Underhill was

much impressed with Bishop Ceramic's colossal dignity, and wondered how in the world he managed to eat his supper in twenty minutes and conduct every motion in such a perfect and regular manner.

After supper, they reoccupied seats in their sleeping-car, and the train sped merrily along, but Mr. Underhill did not enjoy life as well that evening as he had done during the day: he complained of a slight back-ache, which apparently grew less and less slight as the train sped on.

Mrs. Underhill believed to the bottom of her heart that a mustard plaster was just what her good husband needed upon his back, to make it perfectly well and easy; but when she hinted it as delicately as she could, there came such an agonizing expression upon his countenance, that she hesitated about pressing the matter any farther at that time.

Mr. Underhill retired early into his berth, leaving his good wife and Bishop Ceramic conversing on some abstract question or other, in which the lady felt utterly prostrated before the wisdom and dignity displayed. "If he had happened to be my husband, I should never have dared to lay a finger upon him", she mused.

At this juncture, the Bishop rose and excused himself. "I must soon retire, Madame," he explained, "and will now go into the preceding car and give directions to the porter to make up my berth. I must also bid you good-bye, as I have already done to your husband, as I must get off the train tomorrow morning, before you will have risen. I trust your husband will be better, after his night's rest."

Mrs. Underhill sat for a long time, after the Bishop had left her, thinking

about one thing and another; but her mind would occasionally come back to her husband off there in the other berth. "He looked so tired and sick", she kept thinking. "He really *did* need that mustard plaster. It might just as well now be getting in its work during the night. It is not too late to prepare it yet."

So, with the materials she always carried, she soon had the sticky little medicament all ready, and was just starting for the berth, to awaken her husband, and apply it gently to his suffering form.

At this moment, the train stopped, and in the glare of the station-lights, Mrs. Underhill spied a very pretty little girl on the platform, with some beautiful roses, which she evidently had for sale. Now that species of flowers was Mr. Underhill's delight, as she well knew; and she stepped down (while the locomotive took some invigorating draughts from the station water-tank), with the plaster in one hand and some money in the other; and bought the flowers.

She walked up and down the platform two or three times talking with the little girl, whom she found very interesting, and then at a sharp "All aboard" from the conductor, she climbed on the train again, and took her seat a little while for rest, before taking her husband the plaster and the roses.

When she came to the berth, the good man lay on his face asleep; with very scanty covering indeed over the upper part of the body.

"It would be a pity to waken him", she thought. "I will apply the plaster as he lies there, without telling him about it. He'll find it out soon enough. And I'll leave the roses here by his pillow, as a peace-offering." Then, after reaching into the gloom and accomplishing her humane mission, she glided back to her seat, and immediately commenced thinking again.

It was quite a little time after this, and she was just about calling the porter to make up her own berth, when she heard the most agonizing cries, and saw Bishop Ceramic dancing up and down the aisle in his habiliments of slumber. It was the first series of undignified movements that she had ever seen him make.

"Porter! porter!" he was shouting: "somebody's been tattooing me with a confounded needle, or scorching me with a red-hot iron, I guess! And here's a lot of thorns stuck in my neck out of one of those blasted bouquets. What has broken loose, for Heaven's sake!"

The poor woman rushed out of sight, and soon learned that in the hurry of stepping aboard again at the station, she had clambered into the wrong coach, gone to the wrong berth, which was in the same relative position as her husband's, and applied the plaster to the back of the slumbering and unresisting bishop.

She never knew exactly how the porter explained the matter to the stately victim; but always dreaded the possibility of meeting him again.

The Proof.

THAT an artist I am I would prove to you, dear,
 But you will need vision most subtle and clear
 To discover the pictures my brushes shall trace,
 Since the canvas and pigments I use have small place
 In the folios of art and of cunning and craft,
 While the sketches are rude and imperfect I draft.

Thoughts, I must tell you, are the colors I spread
 With the brushes of fancy and longing, as led
 By Love's rapid hand; and the warm, living heart
 Is the canvas I paint on;—my dear, is that Art?

SERAPH MALTBY DEAN.



Up and Down the World.

Peace and War.

I.

[The Temple Janus was one of the most significant and impressive of all the numerous structures of ancient Rome. It was erected by the Emperor Numa Pompilius, as "an index of peace and war." When closed, it was a sign that the Roman nation was at peace with all the countries of the earth; but when open, it meant that the nation was at war; and the heart, mind, and soul of every citizen was expected to join in the conflict.]

AT last the nation, tired of strife, as conqueror reposed:
The temple of the god of war with shout of joy was closed;
For many blessed days the camp had blossomed as a home;
The dove of peace was brooding o'er the seven hills of Rome.
Not now the frenzied call "To arms!" fell on the startled ear—
Not now in every street was heard the clash of sword and spear.
For many calm and peaceful days—the first of thousands known—
A laborer could earn his bread, and share it with his own;
A maiden wandered through the dusk, and heard her lover's vow,
And did not fear she soon must bind a helmet on his brow;
A mother kissed her babe in joy; and though it were a son,
She did not grieve lest he be killed before his youth was done;
For many blessed days the world rang glad the tidings out,

"The men of Rome are all at peace with all the world about!"

Those tranquil times from Comfort's lips threw kisses, near and far;
And everything was brighter, from a flower unto a star;
And every swinging blade of grass, and every towering tree
Seemed hoping then that war was dead, and ever thus would be;
The shepherd fed his dappled flocks, the farmer stored his grain,
Nor said "This humble wealth may swell a foeman's bloody gain";
The cottage walls were ivy-grown, and fenced with peace around,
And did not look for foemen's fire to burn them to the ground;
And many thought the gods above had listened to their plea,
And Peace was ruler of the land and ever more would be.

And still the solemn temple stood, with rusting walls of brass.
The tomb of War; whose bolted doors not e'en its ghost could pass.

II.

But one dark morn, the hooded priests along the streets did glide—
The brazen doors with sudden clang were opened free and wide;
And War came forth, and Peace was gone, with all her cherished charms,
And once again through all the streets came loud the cry "To arms!"
And then the breathless multitude were told the truth aright:
"No nation long can dwell in peace that has not learned to fight";
The star of peace, that gentle hearts are yearning for,

Is brighter when it comes at last from
out the clouds of war;
The gods defend a righteous cause, when
stalwart arms are nigh,
And nations that would live must teach
their subjects how to die.
Now this was how it was at Rome, long
centuries ago;
And even now—events would say—'tis
very largely so;
And will be, maybe, till the sweet mil-
lennium comes its way,
And shuts the massive gates of war for-
ever and a day.

The Mysteries of Mexico.

MEXICO generally is an old-looking country, but it is older than it looks. This appearance of age is increased in the winter, when the hills and fields are mostly brown, and thick dust covers the vegetation. But besides this, it has almost everywhere, especially in the south, the appearance of a land long cultivated, long inhabited, worn by the travel and labor of long generations, of one civilization following another. The seven historical tribes which occupied the valley of Mexico two centuries before the appearance of Cortes, at which time the Aztecs had become the dominant tribe, were preceded by older races, called Toltecs, or whatever you will, who left their mounds and great pyramids, and evidences of a long and considerably developed civilization. And back of these were the builders in Yucatan and at Mitla. We speak glibly of the Maia race that are supposed to have built the temples of Palenque and great cities in Yucatan and Guatemala; but who are they? Are the present inhabitants descendants who have forgotten the traditions of their great ancestors? All the nine leagues from Oaxaca to Mitla I was impressed with the great age of the country, as one in Egypt.

At Mitla are found some clay images, mostly miniatures, doubtless of gods, but some of them no doubt portraits; and some of these bear a striking resemblance to the little heads found at the pyramids of the Sun and the Moon in the valley of

Mexico; that is, some of them have the slant Oriental eyes, and other Ethiopian features, very different from any races we now know in those regions. The ruined temples of Mitla are covered with stucco which was painted Pompeiian red. On these surfaces is still seen picture-writing in lively colors. There is a pyramid also at Mitla, and there are some elaborately wrought sepulchral chambers. The ruins are in a desolate place, not far from the brown hills, but close to them is a charming hacienda, owned by Don Felix Quero, who is a sort of feudal lord over the neighboring peons. Enclosed in high walls, with many open courts containing flowers, trees and fountains, with singing birds and discreet monkeys, this picturesque hacienda is one of the most pleasing places of entertainment the traveller will find in Mexico. How old are the Mitla ruins? Considering the nature of the material of which the temples were built, it seems probable that they date well within our era. But the inscriptions teach us nothing. They are a silent mystery.

Easter Celebrations in Roumania.

“**C**HRISTOS a iniat”—“Christ has risen”—is the greeting of high and low, young and old, on Easter Sunday; and you reply with piety, “Adevarat a iniat”—“He has risen indeed.”

To answer in any other way would stamp one as the most sacrilegious of heretics.

They are a religious people, indeed, these Roumanians, in their little land, full of quaint and interesting traditions, brought down intact through many centuries. To prepare them for Easter their church rituals impose a long and severe period of purification of soul and body, so that their mental participation in the Saviour's sufferings and the joy over His resurrection may be pure.

For seven weeks the pious Roumanian will not touch any kind of meat; neither will he partake of milk, eggs, nor will he even use dishes that have been contaminated by them. All this time he lives on

fish and vegetables, and in the last week before Easter Sunday it is even considered sinful to eat fish. What wonder that on Sunday morning, when the bells announce Christ's resurrection, the people should run home as fast as they can, and devour with avidity the good things which have been prepared for the long-awaited feast!

As descendants of Trajan's legions, who conquered the land, ancient Dacia, in the year 103, the Roumanians of today speak one of the most Latin languages, and naturally have many of the Latin characteristics. They are very proud of being Latins. Nevertheless, they are not Catholics, like all the other Latin nations, but belong to the Greek Orthodox Church of the Orient.

The Orthodox Church originated with the great schism of the year 1054, when Pope Leo IX. of Rome sent his excommunication to Constantinople, then the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire.

Ever since a sharply defined antagonism has existed between the two churches.

Unlike the Roman Catholic, the Orthodox Church, among many other rituals, prescribes triple baptism, long fastings and other external formalities, which are rigidly enforced. It dismisses the doctrine of Hades, the confirmation, confessionals, etc., and permits the priests to marry. It sanctions mural paintings in the church, but banishes all sculptural images from it.

A Romance of St. Bernard.

AT the massive gates of the Hospice court-yard, shading his eyes with his hand, a monk stands gazing out over the Alpine snows. The prospect is the same upon which he has gazed for the past fifteen years. Ice, mountain peaks, and snow that vie with the sky in color; to the east Mount Velan, raising its mass of snow and ice to the west Pointe de Dronez, towering among its neighbors of the Pennina Alps.

Within the hospice is fire and warmth; without, desolation and dreariness. The wintry wind plays with the Father's gown,

now gently idling with its folds, now madly striving to make as grotesque a figure of the silent form as possible.

Mutely inquisitive, impatient for work, Bernardo thrusts his cold nose into the monk's hand and raises his eager, questioning eyes to the unresponsive face. The action rouses the Father and stroking the noble head as the dog stalked beside him, the pair pass indoors.

A lithe, well-knit figure had Fra Angelica, the youngest of the Bernardine monks, a face youthful even to boyishness, a pair of earnest gray eyes, a hearty laugh, and a grip of great good-fellowship.

Fifteen years had he lived the self-renunciating life of the Brotherhood. Fifteen years had he done penance for imaginary sins. Fifteen years had he with the noble band of Brethren rescued perishing travelers from a death in the snow-covered wastes and wilds of the Bernese Alps.

As true and generous a heart as gown of Augustine monk ever hid, yet a heart throbbing with pain, distraught by strange fancies, tormented by maddening impulses.

"Just such another day," mused the Father. "The wind whirled the falling snow in just such a mad, frolicsome fashion. The clouds hung in the same heavy way, yet I blessed the storm, for it brought her to me."

For a few brief moments, those rare moments that embrace eternities, the dainty delicate form had lain helpless in the monk's arms. Then softly a deep shuddering sigh ran through the slender frame. There was a faint answering pressure to the Father's hand. The lips trembled. The long lashes quivered, and a sigh that was half a sob burst from the parted lips.

A slow convalescence. The innermost recesses of a young girl's heart unconsciously exposed. An answering throb in the Father's breast, then—remorse, sleepless nights, penance the severest, agony intolerable.

Day by day the pale face became more pale. Day by day the spark of life seemed expending its fire in the glowing

eyes, yet day by day the self-inflicted torture became more severe.

Two lives there were that ended on the self-same day, two souls that ascended to their Maker. One amid the comfort and affluence of a city residence, surrounded by all that wealth could procure, the other in the midst of a blinding snow-storm on the Bernese Alps, with none but Bernardo's watchful eye to see.

Attached by a silken cord to the neck of one was a tiny carven cross; fastened in like manner to the neck of the other was a lady's glove, wee, scented, soft, still warm from the heart beats of him who lay stark and cold with face irradiated with a heavenly glow.

Of the one they said as her face lighted with joy unspeakable. "She sees her Father"—of the other "The Holy Mother Mary receives him."

Who can tell? Perchance hereafter they may understand.

Village Chronicles.

[From the East Centerboro Intelligent.]

THE East Centerboro Independence says: There is great activity in the Woman's Friday Club, whenever they meet: but three mouse-traps have been procured for the use of the same.

Mr. Jasper H. Starr has been offered a free ticket to the gold-mines in New Mexico, as soon as he has bought and paid for 100 shares of stock in the same. It would be a nice trip, and many of Mr. Starr's acquaintances are desirous that he should go, and perhaps make his permanent residence there.

For the first time in the history of our beloved town, one of its daughters is to marry a Duke. He is a relative of the well-known tobacco-manufacturer of that name, but does not himself as yet smoke.

Mr. James H. Jones had his corn-barn nearly destroyed by fire on Wednesday evening. Among those present was every one living in this village, excepting eight people who were unperturably sick, and could not attend.

Mrs. James Alchin recently lost her mother, and felt very badly at the obsequies of the same. Mr. Alchin bore up bravely during the entire exercises, and is entitled to great credit for concealing his emotions.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos R. Stickney will give a debuttante dance for their daughter Melvina Minerva Stickney, next Friday evening. Only the four hundred of East Centerboro, of whom there are only seventeen, including the editor of this paper, will be present at the same.

Odd Occupations.

AS civilization gets more and more complicated in its desires and achievements, more and more new occupations are constantly cropping out. People of ingenuity are all the while discovering them—inventing them—creating them. For instance: An Englishwoman, for a consideration, furnishes appropriate names for children. She proclaims in the newspapers her willingness to select for the modest sum of 25 cents a suitable name for any baby of high or low estate.

A country girl saw poverty's cruel hands stretched out to draw her to its pitiless bosom. "I love arranging flowers," she said. "I see them hideously used in many houses where they are left to servants to arrange." She called on a lady of rank who knew a little of her parents. Tremblingly and hesitatingly she asked for employment. The lady smiled at her eagerness, and handed her a basket full of hothouse exotics and bade her go and set out the dinner-table. It was a joy to her even to touch such blooms, and the table looked as it had never looked before from a floral point of view. That girl now lives in a pretty flat, has her own little hired cab in the season, and has more to do—going from dinner-table to ballroom to decorate—than she can get through in a day.

Another way by which a girl earns a nice sum for pocket-money—even if it may never develop into a living—is by playing games. She has a happy knack

of amusing children, and in the large town in which she lives she is very often employed to take charge of a children's party, receive the little guests, invent plays and games, set the timid ones to work to enjoy themselves, and check the noisy, excited children.

Another idea is a "visiting dressmaker," who is sent for and consulted as to renovating, remodeling and generally freshening up old, or as to buying new wardrobes, trousseaus, etc. She needs to be well up in the latest fashions, full of resource, intimately acquainted with where to go for the best bargains, and must possess plenty of taste and tact. She never puts a needle into anything, nor does she interfere with the family dressmaker.

Not long ago there was an advertisement in a London paper which ran as follows: "Wanted, two bright little girls to come two or three hours a day to amuse a sick cat."

"Window gazing is a profession in London. A couple of stylishly dressed ladies pause before the window of a merchant, remain about five minutes and audibly praise the goods displayed inside. Then they pass on to another store in their long list of patrons.

There is said to be one woman wheelwright in the United States—living in Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I do everything a hostess doesn't want to do in the preparation of an entertainment," says a bright young lady, "and sometimes she doesn't want to do anything. The other evening I arranged a dinner, of which the woman who was giving it saw nothing until she entered the dining-room with her guests. You see, women have so much to occupy them that many of them are only too happy to be relieved of what used to be one of their chief duties."

The professional trunk-packer has made his and her appearance in some of the cities, and frequently saves ladies and gentlemen several degrees of nervous prostration.

Amateur bookbinding is a new species of employment suggested to those who

are weary of fancy work. It was recommended by a physician as an employment that would occupy the patient's mind without overtaxing her strength. The girl describes her work as follows: "I have had several pupils and have found them nearly all fully as enthusiastic on the subject as I am myself. We are always on the lookout now for suitable books to put into pretty covers. The old Tauchnitz editions have been unearthed and made beautiful forever, or at least for a much longer time than if they had fallen into the cheap binder's hands. My binding is done in a simple fashion, in my own morning room, with no tools save a sharp penknife, a steel foot rule and a wooden T square.

"If there is no linen press available, I must add to this short list a press of some kind, though I have seen one or two very presentable books that have had no pressure but that arrived at through dumbbells, flatirons, etc. A good strong press, however, is really necessary. If it is important to reduce the expenditure as much as possible, it is easy to pick up a secondhand iron press, such as is used in copying letters. There is always endless work to be found in making tidy volumes of our music and magazines and in renovating the books on our shelves. Of course one could not expect, without years of experience, plenty of appliances and probably special aptitude, to turn out such specimens as an expert workman."

People who must "pull up stakes" and "move," this spring, may not know that the professional house-hunter, if they can find him or her, will save them any amount of running about, will examine, compare, ascertain, and if need be, determine for them.

A Western woman has adopted a novel way of earning a living. She has become a professional companion for women whose husbands are away. She will spend a week in the absence of the head of a house for \$5, and when her services are needed by the lone woman for only one night she gets 75 cents.

The professional marketer is not one of the least of the blessings of young

married couples, who have not as yet learned how to successfully meet the tricky and guileful dealer upon his own ground.

Certain men make good livings by singing, declaiming, preaching and holding imaginary dialogues in front of a phonograph. Dealers in the cylinders thus produced pay them well; for it is not every voice that is adapted to this sort of work.

The gatherer of cigar-stubs is sometimes encountered in the streets and upon the walks; but few people suspect what is the case—that he often makes considerably more than a good living by it.

Fern-picking has developed into a regular industry, and good gatherers can earn from \$4 to \$6 per day, if they know some establishment that conducts the business.

There is a man in Boston who, for \$75 to \$100, will build you a miniature one, two, three or four-story dwelling, according with your desires and tastes, and enable you to see just how your future residence will look before building.

How the Spiders Spin.

THE silk thread is formed only on its exit from the insect's body. As soon as the paste reaches the air it dries and becomes solid, and the spider expels it through two or three pairs of spinnerets that are situated at the lower part of the abdomen. The extremity of the spinnerets contains numerous small apertures, and to each of these corresponds a very small open tube.

It is through these tubes that the pasty matter makes its exit. These various jets, still soft, unite and form but a single filament—the spider's thread. This thread is therefore made up of a large number of threads. The slenderness of the latter may be judged when it is considered that the compound thread itself is the emblem of tenuity.

The role of the spider is not limited to the production of the raw material; like a skilful spinner, it finishes and polishes the crude thread, and then directs the

filament thus prepared, in order to form the net or web. It draws everything from its own resources; it is both a spinning and a weaving machine, and it carries with it the raw material, the mechanism, and the machinist.

The extremities of the spider's feet are true combs, some having fine and close teeth, and others strong and distant ones. It is interesting to watch the insect at work, turning aside the thread with one leg or guiding it through its teeth.

The spinnerets are not all grouped in the same way. Some are arranged in bundles and others in clusters. It is quite natural to conclude from this that the thread has not the same qualities in these various cases, and that its diameter, tenacity, elasticity and flexibility must vary with its form, according as it is more or less twisted.—[*Harper's Weekly*.]

Flogging in London Prisons.

FLOGGING, claimed by some to be a survival of barbarism in England, is given credit by others of being the most potent factor in ridding London of petty criminals and assuring public safety. Many criminals become so familiar with the prison routine as to lose all horror of it. In fact, life is so wretched for certain classes of undesirables in London that they would commit petty crimes as a means of gaining entrance to a prison, were it not for the wholesome fear of floggings.

The cat-o-nine-tails used for the floggings has been deprived of its knots and is not laid on as strenuously as in the old days, while with young offenders the birch rod is brought into play. A physician is always on hand to stop the flogging should the culprit evince signs of fainting. Although the flogging punishment has thus been mitigated, it does not seem to have lost its effectiveness.—[*Popular Mechanics*.]

NO odds how great a man may be—
Adorned with ermine, sword, or crown—
Still, servant of the fates is he:
A vagabond can shoot him down.

The Aftermath.

AFTER rain
The earth is purified anew,
The sky is tinted a bluer blue,
Diamond dewdrops the leaves bestrew,
After rain.

After pain
The heart is sanctified anew,
The mind holds only the good, the true,
The soul to God its vows renew,
After pain.

After tears
The eyes are given a clearer view:
For memory's rosemary and rue,
Will strength for the future our hearts imbue,
After tears.

CLARA COX EPPERSON.

Ten Assertions.

Only one person in hundreds can really sing.

There are few good things more disagreeable than an egg out of place.

Stimulus is a guest that soon goes and leaves the house dark and wretched.

When we find out "What is truth?" we will still have to find out what *that* is.

A big bank in the hands of the wrong men, becomes a land-slide of ruin to the community.

If a man has ever succeeded in any calling, he usually sooner or later tries to get back to it.

No matter how much brain a man has, if he have not enough to start his brain from its moorings.

The ancients did not shave: and when Samson had his hair cut, he was sorry that he didn't leave it on.

No doubt any man can "stop drinking when he wants to": but the trouble is that he soon gets where he doesn't want to.

Mr. Roosevelt has been preaching mod-

esty to the negroes down South—having, perhaps, learned it during last autumn's elections.

Wires for Aeroplanes.

THE arrival of the aeroplane has given us a new industry, or rather a modification of an old one—namely, that of manufacturing aviator cord and aviator wire. The Roeblings have devised a special kind of wire aviator cord to be used for stays on aeroplanes. The cord consists of a number of fine wires of great strength stranded together. The strength of the different sizes runs approximately from 2,000 to 2,300 pounds. For steering gear a more flexible cord is provided, composed of six strands of seven wires each, with a centre of either cotton or wire. The aviator wire differs from aviator cord in that it consists of a single wire instead of a number of wires twisted together. The wire is made in twelve sizes, with a breaking strength that varies from 2,000 pounds to 175.—*[Scientific American.]*

A Growsome Home.

A WIDOWER on Long Island has fitted up like a living room the vault where the remains of his wife repose. It is furnished with tables and chairs, bric-a-brac is given a place, a clock ticks on a shelf, a canary sings in its cage, and a squirrel spins around on its wheel. An empty coffin is ready for its occupant in the course of time. The widower spends several hours there daily. But it is said that the cemetery authorities are likely to interfere with the invasion of their customs.

GRIEVE not if suddenly a friend has gone
Whom you have aided:
If he evades you, he is just the one
To be evaded.
Oh, he will help you at the task!—but when
Once more he needs you,
Then marvel not, if smilingly again,
He intercedes you.

Editorial Comment.

FREAK MARRIAGE-CORRESPONDENCE.

THERE is a general and very natural feeling among girls, that they must and ought some time to be married—rather and perhaps considerably more so than among men. They may not admit it, they may claim that they prefer to be “old maids”, or nuns, or “bachelor girls”: but in such an hour as they think not, the matrimonial bee always in their bonnet may turn into a queen-bee, and engage in the business of manufacturing hymeneal honey.

Fishing for husbands is a much more elaborate and well-managed industry than most men imagine. It is one of the most interesting psychological studies, and may easily be classed among the legitimate trades and professions.

Must men do all the courting?—No indeed: and they do not, by any means. Women have an equal right to woo—so long as they do so in a womanly manner. Feminine courting in a masculine way, is horrid: feminine courting in a feminine way, is delicious.

For instance, a girl is a good musician, and knows that the masculine object of her attack is reasonably or unreasonably fond of the soothing notes divine—either vocal or instrumental. She studies his auricular tastes, knows about what musical repasts he likes, and gives them to him every time. Many an orange-blossom has been hung on the rounds of two or three or more octaves.

Another girl finds out just what her lover or desired-lover cares to eat. She ascertains that his palate is a susceptible one, and plays upon it with innocent but crafty ingenuity. The hackneyed proverb concerning the road to a man's heart becomes her creed, and she paves the

way with the best eatables that the market can furnish. In such cases the prospective mother-in-law frequently lends a helping though perhaps invisible hand, and who can blame her or either of them?

Fine stationery and beautiful and stylish handwriting also have an effect, and are among potent factors of feminine courtship. Some girls can write much better than they can talk, and a nice letter from a nice girl conveying nice sentiments in nice language, often charms a susceptible young man into a nice little proposal of marriage.

Who can blame the girls for all these delicate little attentions?—Certainly, no one who is willing to “live and let live.”

There are some young ladies who, not contented with such matrimonial fish as they see swimming around them, cast their lines into the great (to them) unknown sea of human nature. It is such as these that put dainty notes into the interior of chickens, turkeys, and other unfortunate animals that are to be exported into foreign markets, and thus invite any lone bachelor who may chance upon reading it, to write them a letter, and get acquainted. This interesting though venturesome way of striking up a semi-sentimental friendship, sometimes results in marriage—more or less happy.

It is pertinent to the subject of this article, that the rather prosaically-named Joel Jones, of East Hampton, Conn., recently found, in an English walnut, imported from Europe, something in this same line, that surprised him, whether it interested him or not. He had bought the little hard-rinded fruit, along with others, of a grocer, also prosaically named, and was placidly about to eat the

mild luxury, when he found that some one had dextrously tucked into it a tiny piece of paper, nicely perfumed. It seems to have come from a Mademoiselle Ferritant, and in it she stated that she hoped some one would find it and write to her.

Mr. Jones, having already bestowed his doubly alliterative name upon a lady, apparently knows better than to correspond with women otherwise than his wife, and, instead of replying to the missive, he has very properly and wisely turned the matter over to his bachelor friends, who can do as they like about it. So can the unmarried man readers of *EVERY WHERE*: the lady's address being St. Jeans Hospital, France. Whether she is a directress, a nurse, or a patient, we cannot say. There will be no use of writing in French, as English translators are plenty on the Continent.

Humorists are advised not to say anything in the letter, about the question being "a hard nut to crack", "getting at the meat of the affair", "the whole matter in a nutshell", or anything else that would savor of a cheap and easily-made pun.

How many St. Jeans Hospitals there are in France, we don't know: but the letters (of which there ought to be, following usual precedents, a few hundred at least), will probably reach her safely.

ARMED OVERTURES.

THE main reason United States cannot let Mexico alone, to settle its own troubles, but must send an army down there, at a great expense, to stand around and referee the fight is, of course, that there are private interests in that country, to be watched and guarded. American money has been invested in Mexico, and America must take care of it for the investors. It would seem that if these capitalists wanted their Mexican interests guarded, they might hire their own police-

men, and not expect the tax-payers of United States to furnish them in military uniform.

The *New York World* illustrates this side of the question, in the following poem, by Mr. Richard Linthicum:

Now Uncle Sam is on his way,
His musket in his hand;
He's marching South to save the day
Down in manana land;
He's gathering his boys in blue
To meet at "San Antone,"
While Wall street hopes he will prove true
To that refunded loan.

Behold them march, the Nation's might,
Their duty there to do;
For principal, if need be, fight,
And for the interest too.
All others must the rights respect
Of Morgan, one J. P.;
In times like this we must protect
Kuhn, Loeb and Company.

On high our patriot cheers we blend,
Our hearts with joy elate,
The interests now we shall defend
Of Harriman's estate;
So while we praise each patriot scion,
As is our wont betimes,
We'll stand by Thomas Fortune Ryan,
Also the Guggenheims.

"E Pluribus" we put aside—
It's "Mexico or Bust";
No insurrecto shall divide
The Aldrich Rubber Trust.
So with a patriotic shout
That tells of our chef d'oeuvre,
We'll turn the U. S. Army out
For a Wall street manoeuvre.

But there are other considerations, that interest both capitalist and non-capitalist. It is not a nice thing to have a civil war going on right at our many gates, without some one to watch them. It would not be pleasant for us to see a new little republic (or monarchy) established in Lower California, to bother us in that region. It would not be pleasant to see other nations coming over to protect *their* investors, and taking the Monroe Doctrine out of our hands, because we neglected to enforce it.

Having taken charge of the Western Hemisphere, we must stand up to it!

HEART-INCONSISTENCY.

THE lively manufacturing town of Bayonne, N. J., was, a few days since, roused to a very keen sense of humanity: a cat was perching on the cross-trees of a lofty pole, and could not get down. She had been chased and frightened up there, by a dog.

Forthwith, rose a great frenzy to get her safely down again. She was freezing, it was declared, on that cold perch, and might die thus: her whole nine-fold life seemed at stake.

A portion of the fire-department was called out, and the hook-and-ladder men set at work. The attitude that the feline had attained in her frenzied flight from a natural enemy, was a considerable one, even for them: but they "negotiated" it, and a brawny warrior of the fiery element at last held up the rescued animal, amid the wild applause of the impromptu audience.

But of all that crowd, it would be interesting to know how many would have been glad to see a spirited set-to between the said cat, and the dog that frightened her to her airy perch. Some of them would have thought so little of her suffering, or that of her combatant, that they would have spurred them on to mortal combat, and been glad to see one of them killed.

A Michigan freight-car was, only the other day, switched on a siding, by a tender-hearted railroad-management, so that an old mother-sparrow who had chosen to make her nest in the vehicle, could keep her callow children together and make aeroplane-excursions to get them food, without being left somewhere—until she could teach the miniature bird-rascals to navigate the air for themselves. Scarcely one of the human angels that participated in this human act, but would have willingly shot the old feathered biped, if he had happened, while having a gun in his hand, to encounter her childless.

This inconsistency of sentiment extends all through humanity. You have to touch the heart at a certain angle, in order to make it respond.

IGNORANCE OF THE LAW.

SPECIAL attention is invited to the series of articles now appearing in *EVERY WHERE*, with the subject "Ignorance of the Law."

It would be interesting to know how many men and women are in jails and prisons, for crimes against the law, that they did not know were such when they committed them.

There is no doubt that if there were more intelligence, there would not be so much misery; and if there were more knowledge of what crime is, there would be less crime.

A PECULIARLY FREAKY FREAK-BILL.

SOME member of the Illinois Legislature named Murphy has introduced a measure intended to regulate, to some extent, the apparel of lovely and unlovely woman. To be sure it does not stipulate as to what they shall wear: but he mentions things that they must not.

"Hobbles" upon the skirt, measuring less than one and one half yards and not more than three yards at the bottom, are to be strictly and sternly prohibited. As to the recently-exploited "harem skirt"—that is strictly forbidden, and no girl or woman can wear it upon the street.

The penalty for these supposed outrages of public deportment, is to be a fine of not less than ten or more than fifty dollars for each exhibit.

Perhaps Mr. Murphy has his own wife and daughters under control, and can dictate what they are to wear: but when it comes to other men's wives, daughters and sweethearts, he will find that he has gone wandering up against an entirely different proposition. When the original

mother-woman was sent out of the garden of Eden, you may be sure that her purely-vegetable costume was arranged just about as she wanted it, and that Adam, if he tried to dictate in the matter, was very promptly squelched.

Mr. Murphy will probably be in a minority of one on this question, as Mr. Bennet with only one "t" was a few weeks ago when he tried to set Congress at work annexing Canada to United States, during the present year or thereabout, and merely succeeded, like Dogberry, in writing himself down as an ass.

Smashing the autonomy of a powerful empire would be a small "stunt", beside that of dictating by law as to what style of feminine dresses the divine feminines should wear.

EDUCATIONAL CATS.

ONE of the Eastern colleges—Wellesley by name, has begun raising, for dissecting purposes, its own cats. Soon upon its advertising-literature may appear the line, in the manner of hotels upon their bills of fare: "Cats for the anatomy-class, from our own special garrets and gardens": and this will certainly be better than for the students to be stealing other people's pet mousers.

There used to be an eccentric individual, living in the immediate vicinity of Wellesley, named William Emerson Baker, who could have helped the college out in this respect, had he been disposed. He was a wealthy retired-merchant, and apparently had nothing to do but gratify his own whims. He kept bears as pets, and held funerals over their remains when they died. He loved all sorts of animals, including cats, and would have been glad to harbor any sort of feline in his extensive gardens. Perhaps he loved them too much to kill them, but a certain percent. of them would naturally die every year, and after the funerals that he would perhaps have held over them, no

doubt he would have donated their defunct cadavers to the institution near by, for the benefit of humanity. Perhaps the artificial hills and dales, and avenues and grottoes that he constructed, may still be in existence, and can be utilized for the purpose by the rich corporation that conducts Wellesley.

In that case, we may see a cattery that surpasses even the famous one at Florence, where there are so many of them as to constitute a perpetual cat-show.

A PROPHET OF RETROGRESSION.

IN the possession of Rev. Frederick Rowland Marvin, author of "The Companionship of Books" and several other delicious volumes of essays, is an old letter written by "a gentleman of the olden time", which Mr. Marvin describes as follows:

"He remembers the completion of the Erie Canal, October 26, 1825, and how, when the last workman threw down his tools at Buffalo, the news was conveyed from that city to New York by the discharge of cannon in just one hour and twenty minutes. There was a cannon stationed every ten miles of the distance, and over that great chain, three hundred miles long, there rolled a continuous thunder of glad triumph. But the completion of the canal failed of infusing into the old gentleman a progressive spirit, for in this very letter, which bears date of May 25, 1833, we find him denouncing the little railroad that ran into Schenectady, as "a most dangerous contrivance." He congratulates himself and the good friend to whom it is addressed that "it is quite unlikely any more railroad experiments will be made." He much prefers the Thorps and Sprague stages, and thinks them marvels of convenience and luxury. He also recommends the coaches of Parker & Co., of Utica, and has a good word for the Cleveland stages that start from Rochester."



§ A Secular Sermon.

"He who goes up like a rocket, comes down like a stick."

THIS may seem rather a singular text for a sermon, but all the subjects in this series are perhaps a little odd. The purpose is to impress more strongly and deeply the lessons our discourses are designed to teach.

It must be admitted that a rocket, on its way up, and, to some extent, on its way down, is a very handsome object. It is like a fountain of fire on its way to the clouds—a reversed though more leisurely bolt of lightning. What a graceful curve it makes through the air! What a sharp, swishing sound it gives, vaulting up into the blue!—often starting at first with a report like a small cannon. Indeed, to a novice in such matters, it would look as if yonder star just in range of Sir Rocket's direction, had best look out for itself, if it does not wish to become a heap of rubbish in the sky.

The street-lamps—gas or electric—look quite humble. If there is a cottage near by with a light in the kitchen or the nursery or the parlor, it is for the moment almost eclipsed!

After a while, the aerial excursionist seems to lose upward-tending power: the conditions of earthly environment begin to have their effect upon him. The force that started him on his journey cannot be renewed: he is away up above it, and it could not get to him anyhow. Gradually he sinks downward: his glory is on the wane; although it may be and often is the case, that he makes one supreme

additional effort, and explodes, exhibiting all the remaining splendors within him in a minute and—then falling, "like a stick."

What a lesson! We see it everywhere. There are business sky-rockets. They get a little start, through the aid of relatives, or money left them by their fathers, or by borrowing and mortgaging their lives and—up they go! They seem like wonderful successes. How they shine! The quiet men walking along with their lanterns looking for honest ones whom they can trust, are quite thrown in the shade. The lights in cottage-windows are nowhere. Everybody is gazing at the rocket. But, look! it wavers, droops toward the earth, explodes! and—down comes the stick—a stick forever after.

There are, my friends, rocket Christians in the world. Their first experience "goes off with a bang", so to speak. They are the happiest of the happy, for a while. They exhort everybody they see, to come with them, and be as happy as *they* are: a very good impulse, if it were only permanent. They fairly scintillate with obtrusive piety for days, weeks, or months; they look with pity upon "the lower lights", burning modestly but steadily beneath them.

Then, after awhile—perhaps when summer weather comes, and there are no more evening meetings—perhaps when business perplexities arise and take a good deal of their attention—perchance when some other member of the church offends them—these sky-rocket Christians often begin to flag in their zeal and devotion; and sometimes

"backslide." They have started with the wrong incentive; instead of the serene and lasting grace of God as their trust and stay, they have been charged with mental and magnetic enthusiasm, which, being human-born, perishes as does everything purely human; and, indeed, it is a large part of all good clergymen's tasks, to go around gathering these convert-sticks, and try to relight them with the fires of pure Christianity.

There are sky-rocket preachers. We often see one of these doing his hardest and most brilliant work at the very outset of his career. He views before him an immense field, and he feels within him an immense ability; and all his sermons and ministrations are for a time of the pyrotechnic order.

Older clergymen are always partly amused and partly grieved at such performances. They see the young, earnest, and, probably, honest preacher, luxuriating in his first successes. They know that his youth, his briskness, his enthusiasm, win for him now little triumphs that he may not be able to duplicate after he personally "gets to be an old story." They know that when that time comes, he must for success depend upon true piety, never-failing zeal, straightforward common sense, and never-ceasing study. They know that if he has all these, age will but make him the more useful and attractive to his congregations; if not, it is only a question of time that he, stick-like, comes down to failure and insignificance.

Pulpit Methods.

A BISHOP came to visit a church where a colored minister was presiding. Loudly and with much gesticulation the preacher proclaimed salvation. When he had finished he approached the Bishop and asked how he liked the sermon.

The Bishop answered: "Why, pretty well. But don't you think you spoke too loud?"

"Well," said the preacher, "it's this way. What I lack in lightning I tries to make up in thunder."

The Pastor.

THE pastor of a struggling church was lying in his bed; three months' arrears of salary was pillowing his head; his couch was strewn with tradesmen's bills that pricked his heart like thorns, and nearly all life's common ills were goading him like horns.

The deacon sat beside him, as the moments ticked away, and bent his head to catch the words the parson had to say:

"If I never should arise from this hard bed on which I lie, if my warfare is accomplished and it's time for me to die, take a message to the janitor before I pass away—tell him fires are for December and the windows are for May. Tell him when he lays the notices upon the pulpit's height to shove them 'neath the cushion, far out of reach and sight. And when he hears the preacher's voice, in whispers soft expire, that is the time to slam the doors and rattle at the fire.

"And now the deacons—tell the deacons, too, through all the busy week, to hang their boots up in the sun to make a Sunday squeak. With steel shod canes to poke the man who comes to church to snore, and use the boys who laugh in church to mop the vestry floor.

"There's another, too; the woman who talks the sermon through; tell her I do not mind her buzz—my listening days are few. Tell her to leave her mouth at home some Sunday for a minute, and listen to a text, at least, without a whisper in it.

"And tell the board of trustees not to weep with bitter tears, for I can't be any deader than they have been for years. And tell half my congregation that I am glad salvation's free, for that's the only chance for them, between the desk and me.

"And a farewell to the choir! How the name my memory racks! If they could get their voices up as they get up their backs! Why, the stars would join their music and the welkin would rejoice, when the happy congregation could not hear a single voice. But tell them I forgive them, oh! tell them that I said I

wanted them to come and sing above me—when I'm dead!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse, but it gave a laughing break, a kind of gurgling chuckle as a minister might make. But the deacon rose up slowly, and sternly he looked down upon the parson's twinkling eyes with most portentous frown. And he stiffly said, "Good morning," as he walked out in his ire, for the deacon was the leader of that amiable choir.—*[Robert J. Burdette in Religious Review of Reviews.]*

The Benediction Hymn.

EVERYBODY has sung or heard sung the four great lines, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow", but how many can tell who wrote them? Thousands of ambitious people would give a great deal of money to have been that one, and to be recognized as such.

Mounted on the sure-footed tune "Old Hundred", this little giant of a stanza has closed more religious services than any other in the world. Others have, so to speak, tried to replace it: but they have not succeeded. "God be with you till we meet again" is a beautiful hymn, and is a good second to "Praise God": but it is longer, and not so well calculated to close up and summarize a long and in some cases exhausting service.

The man who wrote this more-than-famous stanza, was Thomas Ken: born in 1637, and died in 1711. He was an Englishman, and at one time chaplain to Charles II. He resisted the tyranny of James II., and, like Bunyan, was for a time imprisoned. He wrote many hymns, including the one that follows, and which the renowned stanza closes. It is entitled "An Evening Hymn", of which the following are the strongest stanzas:

All praise to thee, my God this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings!

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

The faster sleep the senses binds,

The more unfettered are our minds.
O may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil—
Stop all the avenues of ill.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Cathedral as A Theatre.

FEW people know that plays in England, Germany, Italy and France were fostered for religious purposes by the Church centuries before they were taken up as a separate secular business. Moreover, few visitors to St. Paul's Cathedral in London realize that that church during Elizabeth's reign, and the first years of the reign of James I., set aside one of its adjacent buildings for use as a secular theatre. Its little stage was famous, and the company of choir boys as actors presented many of the great plays of Shakespeare's time. They acted from about 1598 to 1608 under the management of Edward Pierce, their great master in music, who as church almoner had business control of these adjacent buildings owned by the Church.

The Retort Hymeneal.

A PROMINENT rabbi of Pittsburg met recently at a dinner a priest, whom he had known intimately years before. During the meal the conversation took a bantering turn, and the father, turning to the rabbi, inquired: "My friend, when are you going to begin eating pork?" Instantly the rabbi replied, "At your wedding, sir."

Additional Biblical Insight.

"I KNOW now," said a guest at a dinner, "why there is such a sweet and contented look in the prophet's face when the lion is about to devour him: he knows that there are to be no after-dinner speeches."



Hygiene of Vocal Organs.

By DR. H. L. CAMERON.

YOU cannot overestimate the advantage of a strong, mellow, flexible voice: and yet there are few who take the proper means to possess it. But think for a few minutes what an important thing it is!

It helps in conversation—whether social, business, or casual. It is as advantageous as a good appearance. It smooths away differences of opinion, and persuades when words without it might fail to do so. The salesman finds it one of his best assistants, if he happen to be fortunate enough to possess it. The physician can use it to soothe the patient, and inspire confidence, and compliance with directions. The society man or woman is more fascinating and successful, for its possession and use. The lover finds it one of his most potent “go-betweens.”

When it comes to professional life, there is no end to its helpfulness. The well-voiced clergyman has a great advantage over his weak-voiced associate—no matter if they may have equal quantities of brain and heart. The lawyer who can purr to juries in a sweet voice, often wins his case with it. Singers sometimes carry fortunes in their larynxes. Many a politician would give sundry thousands of dollars, for a good set of never-failing vocal tones. If Bryan had been hoarse on the day that he delivered the “cross-of-gold” speech that caused his first nomination to the Presidency in the Chicago convention, he would probably never have had the world-wide fame that has at least given him a fortune. And so on, and on, and on.

Now—how to possess and keep this great treasure—a fine voice?

First, recollect that the machinery with which the sounds are produced, is very intricate and delicate, and that nothing can properly take care of it excepting Nature, with all her deft and inimitable ways. The hundred-and-one “remedies”—the “troches”, the “cough-drops”, the “lotions”, the “operations”, etc., etc., are mistakes. The only thing you can do in the matter, is to KEEP THE MACHINERY FREE FROM OFFENDING AND OBSTRUCTING SUBSTANCES, and let Nature do the rest.

You cannot “run” an electric engine, a steam locomotive, or even a household sewing-machine, unless you keep well cleansed the bearings of the mechanism. How are you going to operate the voice—so long as there is foreign matter constantly gathering in the parts of the body that produce it, and often clinging there and making the obstruction permanent?

Now Nature is all the time trying to set the machinery of our bodies right. She will remedy everything—slowly, perhaps, but surely—if you give her a chance, clear the way, and do not let any more obstructions gather.

These obstructions are generally caused by legitimate matter that should pass along its way in regular order, as most of the substances of the body do: but on account of some accident or carelessness, they get their lodgment, and the trouble begins—and accumulates.

What can safely and surely remove these obstructions, when they occur in the vocal organs?—I have never been able to find anything that could do it, excepting AIR. It is the natural cleanser of pulmonary organs, and when you are hoarse,

the more of that great fluid you can put into them, the better.

After the machinery is clear and ready for work, the matter of practice comes to the fore. You must learn how to use the voice, carefully, frequently, and temperately. Reading aloud—sometimes to those who wish to hear you, sometimes to yourself—is an excellent plan. Be as precise as possible in all your modulations and inflections, and if reading alone, be just as careful as if there were an audience present.

When training for public oratory, be careful and not overdo the voice. Do not try to make it strong all at once. Do not strain it, on any account: one such indiscretion might put you back a year—or, perhaps, forever.

When Garfield, in his salad days, was training to bring his voice where he needed it for the addressing of large public assemblies, he went into the fields, and posted a fellow-student as far away from him as he could be easily heard—speaking without difficulty. In a day or two, he slightly increased the distance; then more and more from time to time, depending upon the reports of the fellow-students as to how he was progressing; and thus, by constant and careful practice, he acquired a voice of such carrying power, that he could be distinctly heard by the largest of audiences, out-door or in-door, and recognized his voice as one of the greatest aids to his success and prosperity. His speech at the Chicago Republican Convention in 1880 was one of the potent causes of his nomination to the Presidency, when it was found that General Grant must be defeated. That speech looked very well in print: but it would not have had much effect upon the convention that was doing the nominating, if it had not been delivered with the grand sonorous voice which Garfield had cultivated when a student in the fields of Ohio.

The muscles that produce the tones of the voice, are like the other muscles of the body: the more they are used (if discretely and sensibly) the stronger they are, and the stronger your voice will be.

A voice should in a way resemble the

heavy triphammers we sometimes see—that can drive a pin or a tack, or an iron wedge, or a pile—according to the wish of the one that has the due and rightful control of it.

Greedy Abstainers.

MANY eaters' methods are a succession of extremes: and as soon as they find out or believe that one of these is injurious, they straightway rush to the other.

For instance, some one makes up his mind that meat-eating is a damage, and resolves to acquire a purely vegetable diet.

He does it "with a vengeance." He attacks with his teeth everything that grows in field, garden or forest. He somehow acquires an idea that if vegetation is a good thing to eat, the more one devours of it the better. If he likes nuts, he wants to take them in the same way as the well-known mule did the peanuts on the steamer's deck—by a large fraction of a bushel. He forgets that indigestion can be produced by eating too much vegetable matter, as well as by anything else.

There are some who eat meat, and nothing else; there are others who have the uncooked-food mania; and all these are prone to excess, in whatever direction they go.

The more moderate and sensible eating-student, keeps his appetite normal, eats what he relishes, and observes the fact that it is not so much *what*, as it is *how*.

How to Oling.

THE germs of all sorts of skin disease may nestle within the straps hanging from the roof of a street-car. When obliged to cling to them so as to stand steadily, do not put your fingers confidently within these straps, as most people do, but grasp them from the outside. You will thus doubtless escape many a microbe danger.

Substitutes for Drugs.

IN not a few cases patients have gone the rounds of many physicians, have taken medicines of many kinds, and have received little or no benefit. The question then arises, is there anything further they can do?

The answer is that they can visit a good sanitarium where it is the custom to employ many measures entirely outside the range of drugs. Many of the results sought by the use of drugs are obtained by the use of electricity, by the use of hydrotherapeutics, or by the use of hot and cold water in various forms.

In such institutions instead of strychnia and other cardiac stimulants they use the cold applications or perhaps the alternate hot and cold as the needs may be. These applications rightly used may be made to act both as a heart stimulant and also a sedative, and that too, almost instantaneously.

Calomel is considered by the profession at large as an efficient cholagogue, but such institutions regard the hot and cold alternate application to the area over the liver as more efficient than the calomel and much less dangerous. They also recognize the specific action of certain fruits and use them as occasion may indicate.

The saline laxatives and other drugs are used to induce movement of the bowels, but nurses at these institutions have learned to value the enema as more desirable in many ways. Also they are trained to diet for the same results, and, as a consequence, benefit not only the bowels but the general health also.

Nux vomica, hydrastis, arsenic, etc., are supposed to be fairly good stomachics, but some physicians regard the fruit acids, as grape fruit, limes, etc., as superior, without the attending danger. But as a genuine gastric tonic nothing aside from food can at all compete with the alternate hot and cold applications to the epigastric region.

Morphia and other drugs are considered good nerve sedatives, but these people only resort to them in extreme emergen-

cies. For a nerve sedative it has been found that hot applications to the spine and massage give excellent results. Again, there are no ill effects from their use, but rather benefits accruing rapidly.

There are various medicines used as anodynes, but we find in our simple tissue-relaxing hot applications pain-relieving effects powerful enough to relieve most aggravating pains.

Acetanilid may be a specific headache remedy, but it is found that headache may usually be relieved without resort to this remedy. Headache is usually relieved by a common hot foot bath, and may be entirely cured by finding the cause and removing it. The cause for many a headache may be found in intemperance at the table. Hence the removal of the cause and other means will entirely cure the troublesome headache. Drugs cover up the ache—rational remedies remove it.

Salol and phenacetin are used freely as an antithermic agent, but the better antipyretic is found in the judicious use of hydrotherapy.

The difficulty of substituting many of these things for drugs, is that skill and experience are required to use them. One can learn about them best by spending a short time at a good sanitarium.—
[*Healthy Home.*]

Less and More.

SOMEBODY gives the following antithetical advice: "Drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more; preach less, practice more."

Always; If You Can Only Assimilate It.

MICROBES everywhere and always
Bringing sickness and distress,
And I wonder if they'll ever
Find the microbe of success?

—S. E. Kiser.



World-Success.

How to be Loved.

XII.

AS A STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR.

GO through the door of your little empire upon wheels, with an understanding that the whole establishment belongs to you. Do not tolerate for a moment the idea that the Company that built it, the public who support it, or even the driver who controls it, have any claim upon it: take right hold and be the whole thing.

When a passenger steps into your car, do not wait for him or her to get both feet aboard: give the bell two jerks and have the car started anyway. In order to be sure that you will really get your passenger's fare, and not leave his or her mangled remains, accompanied with clothes and portmonaie, on the street, slap your good nice large dirty hand on his or her back or arm, propelling the object of your solicitude more-or-less safely on to the platform of the car, and through the door. You have no idea how the women will love you for giving them your autograph on their wrappings or shirt-waist sleeves—while the men, who also wear clothes, will bless you, in various languages, for touching up and improving the texture of the same, with acids from your perspiring hands. In this way, you see, you can set people to loving you, the very minute you get them into your car.

When you go along down the aisle collecting the fare, don't allow any nonsense in the matter. Give it to be understood that you know they are all trying to dodge paying that nickel, and you'll have it out of them or maim them in the attempt. Give them to understand, by every look

or motion, that you know they have the money concealed in their mouths, in one of their ears, or down their necks, and it will be largely worth while for them to dig it out right while you're talking. Your delicate compliment to their "sleekness" will be lovingly appreciated.

Do not collect your nickels in too mild a way: only the mollicoddle conductors do that. Yell "Fares!" at every single passenger: for it will set him or her to loving you on account of your importance. Everybody is fond of important people. Whenever you yelp the blessed word, you inspire thrills of admiration all through your little audience.

If you approach a passenger from the rear, or if he has not happened to catch your stentorian tones, give him a good hearty little hunch in the shoulder, or a poke in or near the spinal column. People like to be nudged in the shoulder or punched in the back—oh, so much! it makes them feel that they are acquainted with you and you with them, and may open up a friendship that will be cherished through life.

If any one tells you at what street he wants to get off, don't take any particular pains to remember it. You are not supposed to attend to everything: let people care for themselves, after paying what they owe you for their rides.

When your car is crowded, and passengers are standing up and packed so closely together that they can not move an inch without pushing each other half over, you get a particularly good chance to show your importance as a herder of humanity. If a new customer gets aboard, yelp out at him and order him to "step lively"—whether there is any place for him to step, or not. Frequently admon-

ish your victims to "stand up there in front"—even if in doing so they have to walk through each other.

In making your way through a crowd to collect fare at the other end of the car, you have a particularly good chance to make yourself loved. Ram your way among them as if there were a conflagration over there where the driver is, and you were the only one that could put it out. Do not mind who is in the way—they have no business there, anyhow—they might have waited until another car came along, in which there were plenty of seats. Bang them, push them, nudge them, elbow them, mash their toes, until you get that nickel; and then slash your way back again. Accompany the trip with as surly a scowl as you know how to construct. The beautiful image of your facial appearance will remain in the memories of your passengers, for many and many a day, and they will always take your car when they can't help it.

You will know some conductors who are kind and gentlemanly, and who will not adopt the above-mentioned methods: but how can they expect to be loved?

Criminals Through Ignorance.

IV.

UNCONSCIOUS TRESPASSERS.

UPON the statutes of the various states are laws that make the rights of a property owner or lessee sacred and inviolable. The infractions of these laws are easy and frequent. No one has a right to enter or occupy the premises or buildings owned or occupied by another. Any one so doing is liable to a suit for trespass.

In law the most minute invasion of private right is trespass. In the more restricted sense which modern jurists use, this offence is used to designate any entry on land or property without lawful authority by either a person, his servants, or his domestic animals.

In order to invoke the law and maintain an action for damages, the plaintiff must have actual possession of the prem-

ises. The quantum of possession to enable him to bring such action is a question very difficult to decide. In nearly all cases of this kind a tenant can bring suit, while the reversioner cannot. While trespass is primarily a cause for a civil suit to recover damages, it may become criminal if carried far enough, and be prosecuted as a nuisance, or in aggravated cases it may constitute an assault. Cattle allowed to enter and roam on the property of another render their owner liable for damages, but if after notice or warnings, the animals continue to trespass, then they constitute a nuisance, and their owner becomes at once liable to a criminal prosecution.

The continued and persistent forcing of one's presence on another, after due warning, renders the doer liable to a charge of assault. The fact of the defendant in the above case having been subjected to criminal prosecution does not free him of the liability to trespass suit. He is doubly liable, as both are actionable.

In many cases where the injury inflicted by the trespasser is trivial, the damages are nominal. On the other hand, they may be heavy, if circumstances of aggravation be present.

In addition to damages, an injunction may be granted by the court. This power to grant injunctions against threatened or apprehended trespass, has been extended in recent years in all the states. Instances of extra judicial remedies sometimes arise, such as distress damage feasant of cattle trespassing and removal of trespasser without unnecessary violence.

"Every man's house is his castle", is often quoted as a legal maxim. It is true only so far as it relates to civil matters, having very little if any bearing on criminal cases. Any locked door may be legally forced to apprehend or arrest a criminal. An officer of the law has no right to abuse his authority, and in case he does, his action goes back to his entry, and he becomes a trespasser for all the time of his being on the property. He is treated as a trespasser *ab initio*.

Trespass may be justified by the exercise of a legal right, as to serve a warrant, or by the permission or invitation

of the owner to enter or occupy the premises. It may also be excused by an accident or inevitable necessity, as deviation from a public highway which was impassable.

Honesty Really "Counts."

"**A** CHANCE to prove myself capable is all I ask," sighs an ambitious young fellow, impatiently waiting an opportunity to enter business life.

"Honest worth doesn't seem to count in these days of hustle and push to make money, but if I get a good start, I expect a brilliant success!"

But the responsible position is to be maintained only by patient, faithful effort, and many capable young men make only "brilliant" failures, and never approach the success of which they so confidently dreamed! They tire of what they term the steady grind, and begin to enjoy life, in a way that soon causes them to forget that honesty is still the best policy, and folly too costly to be called pleasure.

Young men in the mercantile world, whose honesty is vouched for by a "security company," do not realize the risk they take when they begin in a small way to bet their cash, and more than their own, on the races, or to spend a large share of their time in stageland.

Those companies which derive their profits from guaranteeing the honesty of young men holding positions of trust, not only vigorously prosecute defaulters, but employ detectives to watch their clients in a way that would make them shun temptation, if they knew.

Their spies frequently accompany a young man in his search for "fun," but take mental notes of the number of wine-bottles he opens, and the conversation which touches on his business life. And if the facts are sufficiently damaging the employer is notified, and the bond made by the company cancelled.

When the theatrical season begins, these detectives are particularly active; and young men who hold salaried positions of responsibility would do well to remember that while outside influence

may sometimes help to secure a valuable position, only honest worth can hold it for them, and insure their success.

Saving Seconds.

TIME, down to its minutest fractions, has become so precious to the American business man, that those who have any hope of keeping up against the tide of competition find it profitable to invest money in devices that save time in the least important incidentals of daily traffic. A mechanical envelope-sealer which seals 6,000 envelopes an hour is the latest, and the postal authorities are being implored from every quarter of the country to print stamps in long strips instead of blocks, so that a machine may also be employed for stamping letters. In the letter-sealing apparatus, the lower end of the metal roller dips in a water-tank. The letter is picked up by the moistening rollers, dampened, passed through the sealing rollers and dropped into a basket by the mere turning of a crank.—[*Chicago Tribune.*]

A Letter Trunk.

MAIL is not lost on its way, half so often as after it arrives. It is sometimes peeped at, surreptitiously opened, and frequently lost altogether, by those in whose care it may be sent.

Now an invention has been made, by which a slot can be inserted in any trunk, and the mail be inserted there—to await the coming of its owner. This is such an obvious need and simple invention, as to arouse wonder that it has not been sooner discovered and exploited.

Progressive France.

FRANCE is systematically reforesting its barren places to revive the soil, abate floods, mitigate droughts, provide employment for workers, and furnish raw materials for her factories.



February 19—Civil war is feared in Portugal, owing to demands of naval officers, supported by the extremists, for the reinstatement of a former captain.

Several provinces were shaken by earthquakes in Italy.

A Russian soldier who returned from Manchuria was stricken with plague.

20—The United States Supreme Court announced the decision that a railroad cannot accept anything but money in exchange for transportation.

Severe battle in Mexico; ninety rebels being killed.

21—President Taft sent to the Senate a new treaty with Japan, in which the restrictions on immigration are eliminated.

22—The Russian Foreign Office announced that China's reply was satisfactory and that no further steps toward coercion would be taken.

The British House of Commons, by a vote of 351 to 227, passed on first reading, the bill curbing the power of the House of Lords.

23—The entire population of a village in Manchuria was discovered dead from the plague.

The government of Hayti advised the State Department in Washington that the revolution is practically at an end.

The governor of a province in Russia expelled 219 Jewish families, marching them through deep snow-drifts.

24—The Senate ratified the new treaty with Japan.

Canada decided to bar negro immigrants from United States.

General Navarro took the field in command of the federal forces in Mexico.

25—Three hundred native dwellings were burned in Tondo, a suburb of Manila.

The British Minister at Hayti cabled to Jamaica for an additional cruiser.

It was announced at Buenos Ayres that another revolution had started in Paraguay.

26—Great gratification was expressed in Japan over the ratification of the treaty with United States.

The trials of two Americans were opened at Juarez, Mexico.

27—Premier Briand of France and his cabinet resigned.

A bill aimed to prevent disclosures of national defense secrets passed the Senate without debate.

28—Plague and famine continue their ravages in Northern China.

Senator Monis was asked by President Fallieres of France to form a cabinet.

The Premier of Australia mentioned United States as a leading example of the evil of trusts.

March 1—The House of Representatives approved the constitution of New Mexico.

Dr. Battle y Odenez was elected President of Uruguay.

President Taft nominated Representative Henry S. Boutell, of Illinois, for Minister to Portugal.

2—The British House of Commons by a large majority passed the second reading of the Veto Bill.

Agents for the trans-Atlantic steamship lines declared their vessels would be forced to leave New York if longer docks were not provided in Manhattan.

3—Emperor Nicholas declared his intention to carry out his grandfather's plans to liberate the serfs.

The bill to make Captain Robert E. Peary the Arctic explorer, a rear admiral was passed by the House.

4—The sixtyfirst Congress expired by operation of the law.

A jubilee over the emancipation of the serfs was celebrated throughout Russia.

President Taft called a special session of Congress to meet on April 4.

5—Lieutenant Bagge made an over-sea flight of 125 miles, establishing a new record.

Fear of Russian aggression, owing to steps taken to check the plague in China, is increasing.

Severe fighting reported from Chihuahua, Mexico, in which the rebels were twice repulsed.

- 6—The Secretary of War, after a brief hearing, granted permission to the International Marine Company to extend its piers in the Hudson river.
The Grand Vizier of Turkey assaulted an Albanian Deputy for having insulted him in the Chamber of Deputies.
- 7—The most extensive movement of troops and vessels of war ever executed in United States in time of peace was ordered by the President, to mobilize both forces on the Mexican border and in adjacent waters.
The resignation of Secretary Ballinger was accepted by President Taft, and Walter L. Fisher of Chicago was appointed his successor.
The German Chancellor warned the Vatican against issuing decrees affecting that country without previous consultation with the government.
- 8—The Canadian House of Commons favors reciprocity by a majority of fortytwo.
China declares that she fears aggression from both Russia and Japan.
The Mexican Consul at El Paso declared that intervention by United States meant war.
- 9—The first Chinese envoy ever sent to Salvador arrived at San Salvador.
The British naval estimates provide for an increase of \$19,000,000 over last year.
China, in a reply to Russia, affirms her intention to abide by the treaty of 1881.
- 10—The International Peace Bureau sent a circular letter to all powers concerning the limitation of armament, as proposed by United States Congress.
The government of Argentina proclaimed martial law in province of Parajua.
The Mexican Ambassador in Washington stated that his government had no doubt of the good faith of United States.
- 11—The Mexican government suspended the constitutional guarantees in the republic, establishing a mild form of martial law.
Marquis Katsura, Premier of Japan, gave a dinner at Tokio for Ambassador O'Brien and staff, in honor of the conclusion of the new treaty.
More than twelve hundred national guard officers accepted the government's invitation to assist in the military operations in Texas.
- 12—Talesmen summoned for jury duty in the trial of the Camorra, in Italy, feared vengeance and fled to foreign ports.
It was stated at El Paso, Texas, that conditions bordering on panic reigned throughout Northern Mexico.
An eruption of Vesuvius accompanied by earthquakes was reported.
- 13—Thirteen federals and thirty rebels were killed in a battle in Mexico.
Peace was declared in Honduras, the insurgents agreeing to lay down their arms.
The Supreme Court of United States handed down a decision upholding the corporation tax feature of the Aldrich-Payne tariff law.
- 14—France announced her intention of largely increasing her military force of occupation in Morocco, to protect commercial interests.
The naval patrol of the Mexican coast is to be abandoned at the request of the Diaz government.
The President of Chili and four members of his cabinet paid a visit to United States battleship Delaware, at Valparaiso.
- 15—A jury to try the Camorristas indicted for murder was finally obtained at Viterbo, Italy.
President Barros of Chili gave a dinner to Captain Grove and other officers of United States battleship Delaware, at Valparaiso.
- 16—A New York banking firm announced the listing of stock of the first American company to gain admission for its shares to the official market of the Paris Bourse.
Sir Edward Grey and Arthur J. Balfour moved the adoption of President Taft's suggestion for arbitration.
- 17—Danish Foreign Office accepted the invitation of the American government to appoint a commission to promote arbitration among nations.
Russia reported to be mobilizing large forces on frontier of China.
High officials in England praise the utterances of President Taft concerning universal arbitration.
- 18—The Roosevelt storage dam, second largest in the world, opened in Arizona.
Senor Limantour, Mexican Minister of Finance, crossed the international boundary at Laredo, Texas, on his way to Mexico City.
Great sympathy expressed in Paris with the negotiations for an Anglo-American treaty of arbitration.
- 19—The Italian Cabinet resigned.
Mr. Taft's proposal for Anglo-American arbitration was welcomed in hundreds of churches throughout Great Britain.
Secretary Meyer and party sailed from Washington on the Dolphin to witness the tests on the San Marcos in Chesapeake Bay.
- 20—M. Stolypin, Premier of Russia, resigned and Emperor Nicholas accepted his resignation.
Five persons were arrested as spies in Hamburg, charged with watching the construction of German warships.
Monarchists of Portugal are reported active in distributing money among the divided republicans.
- 21—M. Kokovsoff, Russian Minister of Finance, accepted the Premiership.
Immigration officials at Winnipeg objected to the entrance into Canada of 165 negroes from Oklahoma.

Some Who Have Gone.

A Child in the Churchyard.

SHE bounded o'er the graves
 With a buoyant step of mirth;
 She bounded o'er the graves,
 Where the weeping willow waves,
 Like a creature not of earth.

*Her hair was blown aside,
 And her eyes were glitt'ring bright;
 Her hair was blown aside,
 And her little hands spread wide
 With innocent delight.*

*She spelled the lettered word
 That registers the dead;
 She spelled the lettered word,
 And her busy thoughts were stirred
 With pleasure as she read.*

*She stopped and culled a leaf
 Left flutt'ring on a rose;
 She stopped and culled a leaf,
 Sweet monument of grief,
 That in our churchyard grows.*

*She culled it with a smile—
 'Twas near her sister's mound;
 She culled it with a smile,
 And played with it a while,
 Then scattered it around.*

*I did not chill her heart,
 Nor turn its gush to tears:
 I did not chill her heart—
 Oh, bitter tears will start
 Full soon in coming years!
 J. Caroline Gilman.*

DIED:

ASHLEY, DR. EDWARD F.—In New York, March 21, aged thirtyeight years. He was born in Waterbury, Conn., and educated at Yale and College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was a prominent bacteriologist and was assistant to Health Officer Dr. Doty. He rendered excellent service in checking the recent cholera epidemic. He contracted cerebro-spinal meningitis, while in discharge of his duty at New York quarantine.

BLOXHAM, EX-GOV. WILLIAM D.—At Tallahassee, Fla., March 15, aged seventysix years. He was born in Florida and educated at William and Mary College. He

was a planter and took great interest in politics. He served in the State Legislature and was Lieutenant-Governor and Governor. He fought on the Confederate side during the Civil War.

BODWITCH, DR. HENRY P.—In Boston, March 13, aged seventyone years. He was born in Boston and educated at Harvard. He served in the Civil War, retiring with rank of major. He was well known in medical circles in France and Germany as well as United States. He was a professor of physiology at Harvard for many years and was considered a scientist of high rank.

BRUN, GENERAL M.—In Paris, February 23, aged sixtytwo years. He was born in France and at time of his death was Minister of War. He was a personal friend of President Fallieres and had an honorable record as a soldier and statesman.

CARRERE, JOHN M.—In New York, March 1, aged fiftythree years. He was born in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and educated in Europe, completing a course at Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in Paris. He was one of the leading architects of the world and was identified with the construction of very many of the finest buildings and monuments in this country. He was recently appointed special lecturer to the Harvard Architectural School.

CARROLL, JOHN LEE—In Washington, February 27, aged eightyone years. He was born at Homewood, Maryland, and was educated at Georgetown College and Harvard. He came from the famous family of Carrolls of Carrollton, and was a grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was State Senator and Governor of Maryland.

COOK, CAPTAIN HIRAM—At Verona, N. J., March 7, aged eightyfour years. He was born in New Jersey and was the last surviving member of the engineer corps of Hooker's Army of the Potomac.

CRALL, LEANDER HOWARD—At Camden, S. C., March 6, aged seventysix years. He was born in Harrisburg, Penn., and was educated in the public schools. He was one of the founders of the Republican party and a journalist of note, having established the "Cincinnati Daily Chronicle" and formed the company that started "The Chicago Inter-Ocean."

CROFTS, ERNEST, R. A.—In London, March 19, aged sixtyfour years. He was born in

Yorkshire, and while young, gave evidence of his talent as an artist. His work covered a wide range, dealing chiefly with military subjects. He was a member and officer of the Royal Academy.

CURZON-HOWE, ADMIRAL ASSHETON

GORE—In Portsmouth, England, March 1. He was born in England and served in the navy fortyeight years. During that time he commanded many of the best known ships, and saw a great variety of service. In March, 1910, he was made commander-in-chief at Portsmouth with the rank of Admiral.

FOGAZZARO, ANTONIO—In Venice, March 7, aged sixty-nine years. He was born in Vicenza and studied law, but soon took up the profession of letters. He was considered the foremost Italian novelist, and his writings were noted for their liberal views and were placed under the ban by the Catholic Church, although he was a devout Catholic.

FWLER, HENRY H., VISCOUNT WOLVERHAMPTON—In London, February 25, aged eighty-one years. He was the son of a clergyman and entered politics early in life. He was formerly Secretary of State for India, ex-Lord President of the Council, and held many other high public positions.

GIROARD, JUSTICE DESIRE—In Ottawa, Canada, March 22, aged seventy-five years. He was born in Quebec and educated there. He was a member of the Canadian Parliament for many years. He twice refused Cabinet appointments. He became a member of the Supreme Court in 1895 and was senior judge at time of his death.

HOLLY, BISHOP JAMES T.—In Hayti, March 19, aged seventy-eight years. He was born in Washington, D. C., and educated himself while working as shoemaker. He was ordained to the Protestant Episcopal ministry and preached in New Haven for a time. In 1867 he went to Hayti, taking 140 negroes as colonists. He was consecrated Bishop of Hayti by Bishop Williams in Grace church, New York. He was the first negro consecrated by the American Episcopal Church.

LORE, JUSTICE CHARLES B.—In Wilmington, Del., March 6, aged eighty years. He was born in Delaware and educated at Dickinson College. He studied law and practiced until appointed Attorney General of his state in 1864. He was chief justice of the Supreme Court of Delaware for fifteen years.

LOWELL, JUDGE FRANCIS C.—In Boston, March 6, aged fifty-six years. He was born

in Boston and educated at Harvard. He served as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature and thirteen years as federal judge. He was a member of the Harvard Corporation and a cousin of President Lowell of that institution.

MOFFATT, DAVID H.—In New York, March 18, aged seventy-two years. He was born in Orange County, New York. He received very little education and was a self-made man. He left home at twelve years of age in search of work and obtained a place as messenger-boy in a bank. He worked his way up, and at his death was considered one of United States' leading bankers. He was identified with the growth of Colorado and neighboring states.

PARKER, JUDGE WATTS—In Lexington, Ky., March 13, aged sixty-three years. He was born in Kentucky and was probably the oldest criminal jurist in point of service in the country, being Judge of the Twenty-Second Judicial Circuit of Kentucky for many years.

PULSIFER, PITMAN—In Washington, March 6, aged fifty-eight years. He was born in Auburn, Maine, and came to Washington thirty years ago with Senator Hale. He was compiler of the Navy year book, index of public documents, and for many years clerk to the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs.

SWANSTROM, J. EDWARD—In Brooklyn, February 15, aged fifty-five years. He was born in Brooklyn, and after a public school education, worked his way through the Law School of New York University, winning a first prize. He was president of the Board of Education and Borough of Brooklyn for a time, and was identified with many financial interests.

VAN'T HOFF, JACOB HEINRICH—In Berlin, March 2, aged fifty-nine years. He was born in Rotterdam, and was educated at Delft, Leyden and Bonn. He was of a scientific turn of mind, and devoted his entire life to the study of chemistry. His works on that subject are standard. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws at Harvard in 1900, and the Nobel prize in 1901.

WORK, Frank—In New York, March 15, aged ninety-two years. He was born in Ohio, ran away when nine years old and grew up in New Orleans. He came to New York when a young man and amassed a large fortune. He was famous as an amateur horseman and noted for his kindness to dumb animals, as well as his works of charity.



Forty Doings and Undoings.

China is spending \$200,000,000 on the rehabilitation of her army and navy.

Cork was known to the Greeks and Romans, and was put to almost as many uses as at present.

As a result of government irrigation-work, land values have been increased by \$105,800,000.

There is an inexhaustible supply of salt in Austria, almost the entire country being underlaid by deposits.

A married man or woman, say physicians, has thrice the chance of a good long life as a bachelor or a spinster.

The great volume of China's book printing is still done from stones and blocks on thin paper and on one side only: but they'll learn.

It is again thought that a cure for leprosy has been found. Now will some one discover a "prevention" that the doctors will accept?

Few suspected until late years that the gulf coast of Mexico had great possibilities as an oil-field: but so the geologists now declare.

Kansas city announces an innovation in Police equipment. It has provided its motorcycle police with first aid to injured kits and is awaiting results.

A final attempt is being made by the New Zealand government to obtain specimens of the huia, a bird which has been practically exterminated by the vogue for its feathers

among the Maoris. It is a jet black bird, with a white band at the extreme end of its tail feathers.

Another dumb animal has been found that likes tobacco—the camel: and Moroccans make the animal tractable by letting them inhale the odor of a cigar.

Herodotus, "the father of history", ascribes the "invention" of coins to the Lydians, about nine centuries B. C., and there is no satisfactory evidence that coins were known prior to that date.

Philippine internal revenue collections in 1910 gained 30 per cent. over 1908. The increase in the value of goods sold on 1910 was \$79,117,350 over the sales of 1908, or 46½ per cent.

A new substitute for butter has been placed on the market in Bohemia. It contains no animal fats, but is manufactured from coconut oil, the yolk of eggs and a small proportion of cream.

The palace of the future Chinese Parliament at Pekin, on which work has been begun, is modelled after the buildings of the Belgian Parliament. The star of empire takes its way eastward.

In France there are 6,000,000 smokers. Of every 15 there are eight who smoke cigars, and only two addicted to cigarettes. Still, these comparatively few smoke 800,000,000 cigarettes a year.

The thimble is a Dutch invention, and was first brought to England by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington in

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1695. Its name was derived from the words "thumb" and "bell."

In most cantons of Switzerland men and women may be punished not only for what they have actually done in the past, but also for what may possibly result in the future from what they have done.

There are now fourteen Protestant church buildings in Rome: Three English Episcopal, one Presbyterian, two Methodist, four Baptist, one Waldensian, one German Lutheran, and one of the Free Italian church.

"Caused by a cigar or cigarette-stump carelessly thrown away", is the coroner's-jury verdict concerning the terrible Jersey City explosion that killed a large number of people and destroyed millions-worth of property.

"For sale to negroes only", is the sign a white man has put on his house, in one of the fashionable New York streets. There is some trouble between him and his neighbors, and it is thought that he is "striking back" at them in this way.

Increased motor boat traffic in China is helping to develop international trade. The boats are of Chinese make, built chiefly in Hongkong by a Chinese shipbuilding firm under plans drawn by English shipbuilders, says a consular report.

The production of platinum in this country is small, for all that is obtained comes as a by-product in working the gold placers of California and Oregon. The metal is gaining favor as a mounting for precious stones and as a material for watch chains and necklaces.

Intentional blinding to escape conscription for the army is still met in Egypt. The means employed are either the placing of a hot needle on the cornea, or a puncture often involving the lens, or by the introduction of lime or an irritant vegetable juice in the eyes.

The Manchester (England) Ship Canal Company on acquiring the Brigewater canal in 1887, drew a check for £1,710,000, or eight and a half million dollars: and it will be remembered that it exhibited it in the city of Manchester as the biggest that had been drawn to that time.

Swiss voters go to the polls on Sunday. In some districts the elections are also held for a few hours on Saturday evening. In a few of the cantons the voting is obligatory, and returns of from seventy to eighty per cent. of the voting population are the result.

Among the most extraordinary head-dresses to be found in the continent of Africa are those worn by the women of the oasis of Agram. Their hair, though very kinky, is

plentiful and is carefully arranged in coiffures that excite the wonder of the traveler. Some of these have much the effect of a Roman helmet.

The hippopotamus is a sort of floating island which inhabits the African rivers. He weighs five tons, is fat and flabby, covered with a reddish skin adorned with bristles, and has a broad, flat head as wide as a small dinner table. His mouth is another of nature's African extravagances.

In Bosnia many old-time customs have survived. Among these is the method of threshing grain used in Biblical times. The rough-coated mountain ponies are driven around in a space enclosed by primitive wagons, in which the harvest of barley is brought to be spread over the threshing-floor.

The richness of its soil is what makes Cuba one great sugar plantation. The area throughout the world for the growth of sugar-cane is, of course, limited to tropical or semi-tropical lands. Cuba happens to have more of the conditions which favor the cane than other tropical countries that raise sugar.

Sand and gravel cost \$13,000,000 in America last year, and ranged from 10 cents to \$20 per ton. Prices for grades used in making concrete run as high as \$1.50 a ton. Grades for certain kinds of glass cost as much as \$20. It is selection, washing, drying and screening that makes the cost mount up.

Until 1883 the bean was believed to have originated in Asia. Researches among the flora of ancient Peruvian sepulchres show that it was known in antiquity in Peru. No fewer than fifty different species have been found in the old burying places and forty-nine of the fifty were distinctly American.

The first ink used by the ancients was probably some sort of soot or lampblack, rendered fluid with gum water. An ink of this sort is more or less flowing than the ink now in use, and not so well adapted to rapid writing: but it has the great advantage of being a solid body of one color, and not changeable.

The social grosbecks of South Africa live in large societies. They select a tree of considerable size and literally cover it with a grass roof, under which their common dwelling is constructed. The roof serves the double purpose of keeping off the heat and the rain, and 400 or 500 pairs of birds are known to have the same shelter.

An Oriental has a superstitious regard for bread and will not suffer a single crumb to fall to earth or be trodden upon. Should a crumb fall he has a little ceremony to go

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through with—bowing low, lifting it to his lips, touching his forehead with it and so on—before placing it on a wall or other safe place where the fowls of the air may secure it.

Lace-adorned waistcoats are said to be the latest thing in England. "Introduced by a Derbyshire lace manufacturer," says a correspondent, "they are being made for both morning and evening wear—one design of morning waistcoat consisting of purple cloth, trimmed with black lace, while an evening waistcoat is of white lace over sea-green cloth.

The Hessian fly is so called from the fact that it was brought to this country in straw, used in 1776, when the Hessian cavalry was imported to fight the Americans. It made its first appearance on Staten Island, near the stables of the Hessian troops, and soon traveled over Connecticut, spreading throughout New England and the west at the rate of twenty miles a year.

In certain districts of Siam the girl who at an uncertain age has failed to find a husband becomes a "daughter of the King." The King undertakes to look after these adopted daughters to the extent of providing each with a husband. The royal method is quite simple. Any prisoner in a Siamese penitentiary can secure a pardon and liberty by marrying one of this class.

There are monuments in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, but one that is really unique is that erected in a river. It stands in the Parramatta River, New South Wales, a stream known the world over for the rowing events that have taken place upon it. This monument, which is in memory of the world-famed rower, Searle, is also unique for the fact that it has been used as the winning post for many of the races for the world's championship, and is still used as such for local events.

In certain parts of Holland births, marriages and deaths are frequently announced by the windmills, instead of in the newspapers. When a miller gets married he stops the mill with the arms of the wheel in an oblique position and the sails unfurled. His friends and guests often do likewise with their mills, in token of the ceremony. To indicate a birth, the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage, and with the two upper sails unfurled. Should a miller die, the sails of his mill are all unfurled, and the wheel is turned round until the arms assume an upright cross, in which position they are left until after the funeral has taken place.

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"Pa, what's a metrical romance?"
"This month's gas bill."

FROM MISSOURI.

"Are you sure he married her for her money?"
"Absolutely.—He showed her to me."

QUICK ANSWERED.

"I hear she is to be married. Who is the happy man?"
"Her father."

PREDESTINATION.

Ted—You know money is your best friend.
Ned—Yes; and the trouble is that the best of friends must part.

AN AMIABLE INQUIRY.

"At the charity performance the other night I was cheered to the echo."
"Oh! a part of the charity?"

FIRST OF MAY GRAMMAR.

"How do you conjugate the verb 'move'?"
"I move, thou movest, he or she moves; we swear, you swear, they swear."

GETTING ALONG SOME.

"Has the doctor a large practice?"
"So large that when people have nothing the matter with them he tells them so."

A PREDECESSOR.

"Jane has a new engagement ring. Do you know the man?"
"Guess so. Anyway, I know the ring."

SILLICUS AND CYNICUS.

Sillicus—You must remember that Justice is represented as a woman.
Cynicus—Yes, but she is blindfolded.

ETHEL'S ONE HORN.

Maud—What a long hat-pin! Surely you don't ever use it?
Ethel—Only when I go bargain-rushing.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Minister—Johnny, do you know where little boys go, that fish on Sunday?
Johnny—Sure. Follow me an' I'll show you.

A MEDICAL MISTAKE.

The old family physician being away on a much needed vacation, his practice was intrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned the youngster told him, among other things, that he

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AN OFF-DAY.

Sunday School Teacher—Is your pa a Christian, Bobby?

Little Bobby—No'm. Not today. He's got the toothache.

SIMKINS RECEIVED HIS.

"Did Simkins get any damage in that assault case?"

"Did he? My dear fellow, you ought to see his face."

HIS PART OF IT.

Mrs. Allway—Oh, John; I had a dream last night that all your money was gone.

Allway—How much did the dress in the dream cost?

KINDNESS OF A TRAMP.

The motherly-looking woman produced a nickel and said to the tramp:

"Now, I want you to understand that I am giving you this not because I think you are starving, or from any foolish notions of

charity, but simply because it gives me pleasure to do so."

"Well, mum," he replied, "if you look at it in that way, why not make it a dime and have a real jolly good time?"

PRACTICAL TOURING.

Friend—And were you ever in Venice?

Mr. Richquick—Yes. Slowest town I was ever in. The sewers were busted all the time we were there!

ANOTHER DEGREE.

"He's just an ordinary drunkard, isn't he?"

"No, he's an extraordinary drunkard. Why, he doesn't even think he can stop any time he wants to."

POMOLOGY.

She—They say that an apple a day will keep the doctor away.

He—Why stop there? An onion a day will keep everybody away.

AS SENSIBLE AS MANY NAMES.

A young woman in Central Park overheard an old negress call to a piccaninny: "Come back, Exy, Exy!"

"Excuse me," said the young woman, "but isn't that a queer name for a baby, Auntie?"

"Dat ain't her full name," explained the

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old woman, with pride; "dat's jes' de pet name I call her fer short. Dat chile got a mighty grand name. Her ma picked it out in a medicine book. Yessum, de chille's full name is Eczema."

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Wife—John, John, there's a burglar going through your clothes.

Hub (unconcernedly)—Oh, you two fight it out between yourselves.

WAITING FOR A DROUGHT.

"I say, old man, you've never returned that umbrella I lent you last week."

"Hang it all, old man, be reasonable—it's been raining ever since."

PROBABLY LAME AND BLIND.

"Pa, are there any miracles nowadays?"

"Yes. I heard of one last night. A young man who had inherited a million decided not to go to New York to spend it."

INFORMATION PROMPTLY FURNISHED.

"What's the hardest thing about roller skating when you're learning?" asked a hesitating young man of the instructor at a rink.

"The floor," answered the attendant.

HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS.

"What became of Butts's educated goat?"

"He had to dispose of it."

"What was the trouble?"

"The animal began to take in washing."

SHE HAD HIM DOWN, YOU SEE.

"I don't see any difference between you and a trained nurse except the uniform," said her sick husband.

"And the salary," she added, thoughtfully.

A FORBIDDEN DAINTY.

Edith is being trained in the way she should go. She is sometimes rebellious, and the day she was five she returned from her outing in the country with renewed determination.

"Mamma," she began, breathlessly, "nurse

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took me to see real cows; and what do you think—they were chewing gum!"

SOME SCOTTISH THRIFT.

An old Scottish farmer, being elected a member of the local school board, visited the school and tested the intelligence of the class by his questions. The first inquiry was:

"Noo, boys, can any o' you tell me what naething is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy arose and replied:

"It's what ye gi'e me t'other day for haudin' yer hourse!"

LITTLE THOMAS EXPLAINS.

"Tommy, this is the last piece of mince pie you can have.

"There was a little boy like you, and he ate mince pie, and he ate mince pie, and finally he burst. Yes, he burst from too much mince pie."

"No," says Tommy: "there's no such thing as too much mince pie."

"Then," says his mother, "why did he burst?"

"There wasn't enough boy."

THE WIFE'S DEVOTION.

A school teacher was endeavoring to convey the idea of pity to the members of his class. "Now, supposing," he said, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim, and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife, knowing his peril and hearing the screams, rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?" There was a pause and then, "Please, sir, to draw his insurance money."

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE SYSTEM.

A rural resident, upon his first visit to the city, obtained employment as a motorman for the street car company.

Every night, when he put up his car in the barn, the conductor quietly slipped him a couple of dollars.

This kept up regularly until a day or two after pay day. When he failed to come after his pay check, the manager sent for him and inquired the reason.

The unsuspecting motorman replied: "Why, the conductor has been paying me off every night."

EVERY WHERE acknowledges obligations for the above jokes to the following contemporaries: *Boston Transcript, Punch, Newark Star, Boston Globe, N. Y. Tribune, Toledo Blade, Puck, Hueston Post, Tit Bits, Everybody's, Judge, Phila. Record, N. Y. American, Detroit Free Press, Life, Boston Post, Courier Journal, and Ram's Horn.*

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VOLUME XXVIII

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NUMBER III

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HIS "QUEEN OF THE MAY."

In Mexico.—By Will Carleton.

PESSIMIST, Pessimist, high and low,
What did you find in Mexico?—
Nothing novel in act or word,
More than I ever have seen or heard;
Men are yet as they long have been:
Saints or sinners—whiche'er will win:
Brother with brother and race with race,
Bartering blood for power and place,
Strong men dying by night and day,
So the living could have their way.
Thus it has been and is ever so,
Where the pleasures and passions grow.

Dreamer—delver in long-ago—
What did you feel in Mexico?—
Shades of the Toltecs lingered there—
Aztec conquerings filled the air;
Cortez striking with greedy fangs—
Guatimozin in torture-pangs;
Star-flags greeting in bloody fray,
Cerro Gordo and Monterey.
Small Napoleon's empire-boast,
Maximilian's unhappy ghost;
All seemed wandering to and fro
There in the hills of Mexico.

Patriot, seeking the sunrise-glow,
What did you love in Mexico?—
Heroes teeming with bravery grand,
Fighting for God and father-land,
Still in the faith of duty strong,
Whether their cause were right or wrong.
Still did they suffer, toil, and fight,
Still did they seek with brain and might,
Something perhaps they could not see,
But that they hoped was yet to be.
Thus with their blood there yet may flow
Future blessings for Mexico! *Alas!*



Moving Pictures of the Sky.

HERE are the constellations that will be visible at nine o'clock on the evening of May 15, in the longitude of New York City, where EVERY WHERE'S home is. If you live 500 miles east of New York, the map will serve at about half-past eight; if 500 miles west, at half-past nine; if 1,000 miles west, at about ten; and so on, at the rate of about an hour for each thousand miles. This is not strictly exact, but near enough for amateur observation. Notice also that this same map is good for other evenings of the month—four minutes later for each preceding day, and four minutes earlier for each day succeeding. Thus, on the first of May, the map is good at ten o'clock; on the 30th of May, at eight.

If you look at a map of the earth, you hold it between you and the earth: if of the sky, you must hold it between you and the sky, or imagine you are doing so.

You will at first have more or less trouble in tracing some of these constellations, but gradually you will learn, and know them whenever you see them. One young man, having once become interested, has procured all the books on the subject that he could buy or borrow, and studied them; although he admits, jocularly, "There is quite *some* of the science that I do not yet know." This will always be the case—with everybody, and that is one of the charms of the study: you keep finding out new things. "Why!" this same young man says: "I didn't even know that we had different stars in summer from those that we had in the winter:—and, in fact, I didn't know *anything* about the stars! Now, when I am out driving in the evening, I am never alone,

even after taking my girl home: for I find company where once all was solitude."

We hope other members of the Family will imitate this student of the skies, in reading all the works on the subject that they can find.

Our famous Ursa Major, or "Great Dipper", which we mentioned in March, is still in sight, and will be, every fair night of the year: and the North Star, to which its two outer stars point, as already described, is, to all appearance, a part of the "hub" of our northern sky.

The Dipper, like other constellations, has been called various names, according to the fancy of different people who viewed it: such as a ladle, a bear, a plough, "the Northern Car", etc. In some parts of England they call it "Charles' Wain": because they fancy that it looks some like a wagon drawn by three horses in tandem. In Tennyson's poem, "The May Queen", you will remember the poor little girl says when upon her sick-bed:

"We danced about the May-pole and in
the hazel's copse,
Till Charles' Wain came out above the
tall white chimney-tops."

Ursa Minor, or the "Little Bear", is famous for its ownership of the North Star. The name of this star is Polaris, for the reason that it so near the North Pole of the heavens: varying but very little, as it swings round once every twenty-four hours. It has not many conspicuous stars: even Polaris is of second-class size, or second magnitude. But this constellation, by means of its peculiar position and its usefulness in giving the lati-

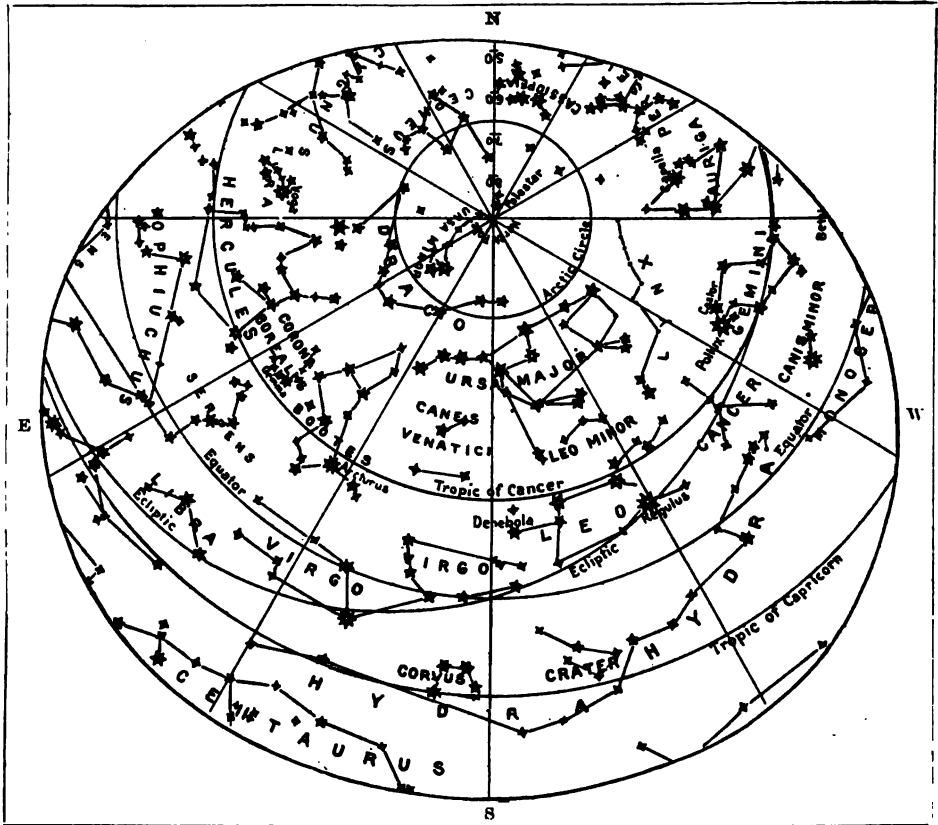
tude, has always been more observed by sailors than any other.

Draco, or the dragon, which is near it, contains eighty stars: two of the second magnitude, three of the third, and sixteen of the fourth; but none of the first. Several stories are told about it in mythology, agreeing only in the matter of its being a dragon.

Cepheus, to the eastward, was named

In Bootes we find another first magnitude star—Arcturus. Notice that while Vega is of a bluish tinge, Arcturus is almost red. In Auriga you will find Capella—of a creamy white color. These stars are the Big Three of the northern sky.

Corona is a pretty but not grand constellation; it has six stars, forming a sort of circular figure, which may be imagined to resemble a crown.



after a king of Ethiopia, and Cassiopeia, near him, is his queen.

Cygnus is supposed to represent a swan, and Lyra, south of Draco, a harp; containing one of the most conspicuous stars in the northern heavens (Vega). (Notice that on this map, stars of the first magnitude have eight points; of the second six; of the third five; of the fourth four; while those of the fifth are represented merely by a dot.) Trace the pretty little triangle that Vega makes with two smaller stars.

Notice Hydra (or "the water-snake") reaching almost from Canis Minor to Libra. It contains sixty stars: one of the second magnitude, three of the third, twelve of the fourth, etc.

Do not try to learn all the constellations at once. Do not be discouraged if you cannot trace them readily at first: study them in every way possible: in books, and by observation, both with the naked eye and such glasses as you are able to afford; consulting meanwhile with friends. Do not be in too much of a

hurry: what you cannot learn one night you can another: you may be sure that the stars will always "keep."

There are many marks and references on our map that we have not space to explain, in this article; and there will be

some things in the sky on the evening in question, which do not appear in the map. Venus will be flaming near the western horizon; and the moon may perhaps interfere slightly with some of your observations.

A Home Problem.

SOMETIMES, when a daughter has blossomed and grown
Till womanhood's many-hued charms are her own,
It seems to the parents her heart goes astray,
And its close-clinging tendrils flings out the wrong way.
Her eyes rest on eyes that are base, to their view;
Her hand seeks a hand that they think is untrue.
The hearts of the parents are heavy and grieved,
For the sake of the heart that is being deceived;
The problem then comes, Is this grief to endure,
Or if not, from what means shall we look for a cure?

The course to pursue, when such evils betide,
Is a problem that cautiously they should decide;
Remembering this: that no genuine heart
Can safely be kept from its true mate apart;
But the nearer false hearts to a true one are brought,
The sooner the black crime with which they are fraught,
Is seen and discovered.

There once was a case
Where a flippant young fellow secured a fond place
In the heart of a girl who was better than he;
And the parents, distressed that such mating should be,
Instead of forbidding the rascal their home,
E'en treated him kindly, and bade him to come!
He came, and he came; at the morning's first ray,
And at noon, and at night, and all through the day;
And he came, and he came! and so often he came,
And true Love's course, forsooth, ran so tranquil and smooth,
The young lady began to consider it tame;
Began to see faults she had never suspected,
And many a meanness she had not detected;
And soon he was told, to his great consternation,
That if he should insist on a prompt "resignation,"
The move would succeed, from the time he commenced it;
In fact, that *there would not be one vote against it.*

But tell a young lady *she shall not* do so,
Ten to one she'll be sure to do't, whether or no!



The Mothering of Frederic.

BY KATHLEEN CLARK TUFTS.

BARBARA tossed wide-eyed on her hospital cot. It was after midnight. Sounds of hurrying feet came to her through the open transom—moaning—and then a woman's hysterical screams. Instinctively Barbara *knew* and lay quiet—her sympathy going out to the sufferer in that other room.

* * * * *

Less than a year before she, too, had become a mother. But how great the reward had been—*would be* for this new mother—after all the pain!

When the small bundle had been laid in her arms, later, the head misshapen, the eye bruised, she had loved it all the more. How she had listened to the faint regularity of its breathing, uncovering the small wrinkled face every now and then in order to make *sure* that it was still there!

Her little daughter! How much she was going to mean to her in the close companionship of the years! The responsibility of motherhood!—She trembled with the awe of it—the sacredness! She herself had been *motherless* so many years! She wanted to put into this new life all of the mothering that had been lacking in hers.

The doctor had come again later in the day. He and the nurse examined the baby carefully, talking together in low tones. Then they had called her husband into the kitchen. A sudden panic seized her! The mother ears were unusually acute. She bit her lips and, with clenched hands, waited. When the physician came in again, she said quietly:

"Doctor, I want the truth." He eyed her a moment, then acquiesced.

"Well, Mrs. Lake, I'll not deceive you. Your child had a pretty hard time of it. She doesn't seem to have much vitality. Her head is badly bruised. I don't like that wheeze when she breathes, or the way that left jaw-bone protrudes.

"The nurse has her in a warm nest close to the fire, now, packed in hot water bottles; and is keeping her up on sugar and brandy. There's a chance for her, but it's *just* a chance. Don't build too much on keeping her." Then he went out.

Barbara had lain back with eyes shut. There were no tears. The fighting blood of her ancestors was surging in her veins.

"I won't give her up!" she said. "*I will not!*" "Dear God," she had prayed, softly, "If you'll only let me keep her, I'll be a good mother to her. I'll try to make amends in the mothering of her, for all my misspent years." She kept her eyes closed for a time; then—a great peace came.

After that, when her baby was brought to her, she gave of her courage with her milk; gently massaging the misshapen jaw the while, and brooding over the tiny bruised head with unspeakable love and tenderness. So the child had grown stronger with the passing hours, and the battle had been won.

And now her life was so full, so rich, so complete in its motherhood and wifehood! It was as if she had never really *lived* before.

The slight surgical operation through which Barbara had recently gone necessitated her absence from home for a time; but the days of separation were passing

quickly. She had so much to get well for!

* * * * *

During the succeeding days of her convalescence, Barbara thought often of Frederic's young mother in the room beyond.—The nurses had told her the baby's name.—She liked to fancy her in the first wonderful days of motherhood. Once she sent her a couple of magazines containing articles about the care of young children.

"Tell her," she said to the little nurse who answered the bell, "that *another* baby's mother sent them." Even as she spoke, she heard Frederic crying. Somehow, he cried a great deal during those first days.

Once, as Barbara sat in her wheel chair on the sheltered porch, the door opened and another wheel chair appeared. In it reclined a very beautiful young woman.

"Mrs. Lake," said the nurse, as she turned to go, "here's Frederic's mother to keep you company a while."

"Oh!" Barbara smiled a warm welcome. "I've thought of you so often! It's a *boy*, they tell me. *Mine* is a *girl*."

The newcomer smiled back at Barbara. Her golden hair hung in two great shining braids over her shoulders.

"My, how you're going to enjoy him!" Barbara continued: "bathing his little body, dressing him, watching him grow and develop—" She chatted on enthusiastically, telling of her joy in her own small daughter.

Frederic's mother still smiled sweetly, fingering the silken folds of her kimono. Her answers were rather vague until Barbara hit upon another topic. Then she spoke freely: told how her mother—"muzzer", she called her—came every day at one and stayed with her until eight in the evening; told of her Persian cat, Dandy, at home—how he went about miaowing all the time—he missed her so; spoke of her Kentucky thoroughbred, which she enjoyed driving everywhere; told of a severe case of appendicitis she had had two years before; spoke of all these things pleasantly, but not *once* of Frederic!

The nurse reappearing just then, the

young mother nodded a bright farewell to Barbara. As she was being wheeled through the doorway she called back gayly:

"Muzzer's going to take me home to-night."

"What a child!" Barbara thought, as she waved her hand at the receding figure. "What a pretty child!"

Late that night, hearing Frederic crying disconsolately, she wondered.

"I thought Frederic's mother was going home tonight", she said, when the nurse came in with her medicine.

"*She* did," answered the girl; "but the *baby* is here still."

"Frederic here still?" exclaimed Barbara.

"Yes. His eye isn't right yet. It's bruised. The mother said she would leave him here for a few days so that the doctor could see to him."

That was all the nurse said; but her eyes were troubled. Barbara, feeling her reticence, asked nothing further.

The next night the same nurse, having occasion to pass the door with Frederic in her arms, obeyed a sudden impulse and came with him to the bedside, drawing the blanket away from the small face as she did so.

"Oh, you dear!"—the mother heart of Barbara went out to him. "What a fine big fellow he is! Such cunning hands!" She crooned over him as is the way with women.

"He doesn't seem to do very well," the nurse said. Again the troubled look came into her eyes. "I think it's his food. He's always been fed on a bottle, you know. We use modified milk, too, and follow the formula carefully. But he cries so much of the time!"

"Yes, it may be the food," said Barbara. Then, a note of sharpness coming into her tone, "What he needs most, though, is *mothering*!" The other nodded assent, as she carefully wrapped the baby again in his blanket.

For some time after she had gone, Barbara's brows did not straighten. She was puzzled and resentful. As for Frederic—the nurse had other duties—he wailed long into the night, *alone*.

The next day a probationer was dusting in Barbara's room, when the sound of the baby's crying reached them.

"Poor little chap!" said Barbara. "Isn't his mother going to send for him pretty soon?" The probationer was not as discreet as the older nurse. Her eyes flashed.

"Take him!" she blazed. "She never intended taking him! Leaving him here awhile was just a blind. The doctor could have looked after that child just as well at the house. She *doesn't want* her baby!"

Sudden horror froze the blood in Barbara's veins. The thing she had not dared to voice, even to herself, had been put into words. "Oh, she couldn't!" She choked as she recalled the sweet smile, the beautiful face, the throes of motherhood through which the young woman had recently gone.—"She *couldn't* do that!"

"Couldn't she?" The probationer gave a vicious push to the dresser drawer which was partly open. "H'm! She never paid any more attention to that baby than as if it weren't hers! Never wanted it in bed with her! Why, sometimes the nurses would keep him out of her room a day and a night if he was

fretful, so she wouldn't be disturbed; and she never even *asked* for him!"

During the rest of that day, whenever the baby's crying reached Barbara, a wave of anger would sweep over her. But then, she reflected, Frederic's mother was *young*.

It was her mother who was responsible for this act—who in her own mother love was trying to save her daughter's name. A mistake had been made *somewhere*. *Someone* must pay, the world would say. So why not Frederic? Frederic, left to the care of strangers in the ward beyond, wailing as if for his lost rights—a mother's arms—a father's name. She thought of the years stretching out before him.

"O God!" said Barbara.

That night the corridor was very quiet.

When the probationer came again with her dust rag, Barbara remarked:

"I didn't hear Frederic crying last night."

"No." The girl compressed her lips to a white line. "Some one from the Orphanage came early in the evening and took him away." She paused, then, her eyes meeting the other's comprehendingly.

"A precious lot of *mothering* he'll get *there!*"

Twice-Born Sailors.

BY CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.

BORN in the state of Maine, and receiving my early education there, I grew up with a love of the sea that cleaves to me to this day; but it is a love of the sea as I knew it in the days of real sailors and clipper-ships, and not coal-heavers and greasy mechanics, afloat in ill-smelling steam-driven hulks.

Early in the spring of the year eighteen sixtyfive, I sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool, in a magnificent clipper-ship of over two thousand tons. Freights were high, and we had one of the largest cargoes of grain that had ever been shipped from that port. As was the custom of the

time, most of the crew were carted down to the wharf, when we were ready to tow down the river, dead drunk, and hoisted aboard like so much pig-iron. Two men, however, were an exception to the general rule, came aboard the day before, perfectly sober, and were as fine specimens of English sailor-men as I had ever set eyes upon. In a bloody fight that we officers had that evening with our ugly half-crazed crew, they were of the greatest assistance in restoring order.

When we got out into blue water, and the men sobered down to their work, we found we had as fine a lot of sailor-men

as ever manned a ship. They had been decoyed into various dens, drugged and robbed of all they had, and then shipped off to sea by the very miscreants who had robbed them.

The story of one poor fellow affected me deeply. He came to Philadelphia on a brig from a South American port, was paid off with two hundred dollars or more, and meant immediately to start for Portland, Maine, where he had a wife and two children. He had written his wife that he was coming, and posted the letter. He remembered walking down Shipping Street, and being accosted by a man who claimed to be an old shipmate, and whom he accompanied to a saloon, where they took a drink together. Then all was a blank till he woke, with a splitting headache, to find himself aboard the "Kate Davenport" of Bath, bound for Liverpool. Money, clothes, everything he had was gone, and his advance pay had been given to the rascals who robbed him, they claiming that he was in their debt.

Such was the life of the common sailor forty or fifty years ago, when I went to sea. It is better now: for these evils have gone with the old sailing-ships and their tarry-handed crews.

Most interesting is the story of the two young English sailors who came aboard sober. They were very earnest Christians, and brought with them quite a library of religious books, and tracts; and immediately began to do personal work that was very wise, loving, effective, and fruitful of great good. As a result there was a true, deep and wonderfully genuine revival of religion among the men. There was not a person on that ship who was not reached, and I then received my first religious impressions. I could not deny that these men had been truly born again, and were new creatures in Christ when I learned the story of their wild, wicked, reckless lives.

One told me of his mother in England, whose heart he had broken. She was a loving, gentle Christian woman who had never ceased to pray for him that he might come home to God and to her. She had tried every fond endearment to keep him at home; but he at last com-

mitted a crime and fled from justice. For two years he roamed the world as a common sailor, and came to this country and joined the Northern army during the Civil War. He deserted, and enlisted under another name, for the sake of getting a bounty—which he squandered in shameful dissipation. He was arrested and condemned to be shot. In the military prison he was converted, through the exhortations and prayers of a young army chaplain. He was pardoned and from that time he had given himself to Christian work. His companion was a man whom he had converted, and who became his efficient fellow worker.

I had met many earnest men and women who had tried in vain to interest me in religion and failed. They either bored me or made me hate the whole business.

In my secret heart I felt that there was something unmanly, weak, and contemptible, in much of the talk I heard in prayer-meetings and religious assemblies. I felt that the whole thing might be good enough for little girls and old women, but that there was nothing in it for me. I was a great mimic, and studied preachers and prayer-meeting exhorters to gain material for side-splitting histrionic exhibitions of mock-religious ceremonies that I used to give for the amusement of my numerous friends. But when I came to know these men, I for the first time felt myself in the presence of a soul-inspiring reality: and took off my hat.

I well remember just before we hauled into dock in Liverpool, an old German sailor said to me: "Ven I kum here to Liverpool before, I tink 'Now you have sum fun, you go see die girls, get drunk, raise hell, an' all dat.' Now I tink I go right to Hamburg an' find my old mutter. She bray for me sometimes, always, and ven I kum home an' tell her how I find Jesus, she yump for yoy, she be so glad."

Well, how long did it last when poor Jack got ashore among the women and the rum? The Lord only knows. Yet one thing I do know: with all my faults I've been a better man all my life because of the words, life, and example of those two twice-born sailors.



The Greatest Retreat in History.

BY SAMUEL G. PRESCOTT.

DARIUS NOTHUS, King of Persia, had died, leaving two sons to dispute the right to the throne; the older being known as Artaxerxes, and the second one as Cyrus the Younger. Cyrus determined to fight for the throne, and knowing the fame of the Greek soldiers for courage and address in war, engaged one Klearchus to hire Ten Thousand under the pretext that he was about to enter into a war with a local enemy. In the spring of 401 B. C. Cyrus set out from Sardis, the capital of Lydia, on his march to Babylon.

When they reached Tarsus, (later to be the birthplace of the Apostle Paul) they began to suspect that some important enterprise was on foot and were inclined to revolt; but realizing that they were now far from home and being promised good pay, they decided to continue, with the 100,000 Asiatics that formed the bulk of the native army. More than five hundred miles beyond, they reached Cunaxa, where the anticipated battle took place. Cyrus was killed in the first engagement, and his native troops fled to a camp eight miles away, while those Persians who had been attacked by the spirited Greeks, ran away at the first onslaught, and the Greeks, pursuing them, did not know until sunrise the next day that Cyrus was no more, that their companions had fled, and that they were alone, without a leader, and without provisions or money in the heart of the enemy's country.

The Persian conquerors invited the Greek officers to a conference, and as soon as these were all in the tent, they were assassinated. The treacherous Persians then called upon the body of the

Greeks to yield their arms and obedience at once to the victors. With this demand ringing in their ears they went supperless and discouraged to bed.

And now Xenophon, philosopher, military commander and historian, who had accompanied Cyrus rather in a civil than a military capacity, began in the quiet watches of the night to ponder the serious situation. He felt that he was younger than many others of his fellow-victims and so hesitated to take the initiative; but finally Zeus sent an encouraging dream, after which he said to himself that he would certainly never be any older if he gave himself up to the enemy that day, and therefore he called, in the darkness, a consultation of officers, suggesting that if they all kept together, and held true to each other, they would probably be able to fight their way through this the country of their inefficient foes and eventually reach home territory. His words met an eager response, and he was urged to assume the leadership, which he finally agreed to do upon the pledge of all the soldiers that they would maintain unity among themselves and loyalty and obedience to him. This they readily promised, as they realized that in such unity and obedience alone lay their safety.

The army having been carefully organized and officered was put in motion in the form of a hollow square, with the baggage in the center, Cheirisophus leading the van, Kleanor with other officers on the flanks and Xenophon and Timasion leading the rear guard. They forded the river Zab and the first day made very little progress, being harassed by the Per-

sians under the Satrap Tissaphernes, with several hundred cavalry and bowmen, who were skillful with arrows and javelin. The Greeks profited by this experience, and during the night the leaders organized a small body of fifty cavalry, with two hundred Rhodian slingers, which did good service the ensuing day, when Mithridates attacked them with 4,000 horsemen and darters, these being valiantly repelled. At the end of the day the retreating army reached the deserted city of Larissa, with its walls twentyfive feet thick, one hundred feet high, and seven miles in circumference.

Although this once magnificent city was not inhabited, the surrounding country contained many villages which furnished provisions, lead for bullets used in slings, and strings for the bows. For several days they continued their march, continually annoyed by the attacks of the enemy, and to better meet the difficulty they reorganized the arrangement of their men, so as to better withstand their foes.

Day after day they thus proceeded, resting, however, at one place, to attend to their wounded, for three days. The Persians invariably retired each nightfall to their camp, which they always made about seven miles distant from the Greeks, being afraid of a night attack, as their horses were always tied by the leg without saddle or bridle. As soon as they had each evening, given up the attack, the Greeks would resume their progress, advancing so far in the night march that their stupid pursuers would not overtake them until the next day or the day after. New problems would arise as the character of the country offered new difficulties. Sometimes a gorge or ravine or precipice would have to be crossed, or the manoeuvres of the foe from a mountain height be circumvented. Rivers had to be forded and every step taken with more or less doubt, as they had to trust to the honesty of guides, or prisoners who might deceive.

Finally these determined men reached the mountainous region of the Karduchians, a free region, which was, however, surrounded by the territory of the Great

King. They decided to make their way through this dangerous country to the rich Persian satrapy of Armenia. Making due sacrifices to the gods, they began their march a little after daybreak. They tried to make terms with the natives as they passed through, but often these would flee from their villages without giving opportunity for parley, and thus the hungry travellers would have to help themselves to refreshments but doing as little damage as possible. The Karduchian slingers used bows of unprecedented size, three cubits in length, with arrows of more than two cubits, which, when captured, the Greeks used as javelins. They had many difficulties in making their way through the rugged mountains, beset as they were by the enemy. For seven days they experienced suffering, fatigue and peril.

They had lost several men in their various struggles with their Karduchian foes, and now tried by negotiation to obtain their bodies that they might give them the required burial rites. So eager were they to do this, to thus secure peace to the souls of the departed, that they surrendered their guide in exchange for the bodies of their comrades, though this meant that they must continue their march blindly in a strange country.

Glad they were to at last reach the Kentrites river, on whose further side lay the plains and low hills of Armenia. So fearful were the natives here, of onslaughts from the savage Karduchians, that in their country for a breadth of fifteen miles on their side the river, dwelt no people, and no villages were built. So they did not welcome the unknown Greeks with much hospitality.

The Greeks tried to cross the stream in the face of armed Armenians on the other side; but the stream was deep, extremely rapid, and with a bottom covered with slippery stones, so that they could not hold their shields in position to protect them from the arrows of the satrap's troops. During the anxious night, however, Xenophon had another auspicious dream, and in the morning when the generals offered sacrifice, the omens were favorable; soon after, two young Greeks

ran in with news of a good ford further up the stream, and immediately the grateful Xenophon had libations offered to the gods for their two favorable revelations. By a clever stratagem they finally succeeded in crossing, with little or no loss.

The passage through Armenia presented new troubles, although the country itself was of even, undulating surface. But it was of great height above sea level, and the climate was very cold at this season, which had advanced into December. Snow and cold, cold and snow, made their sufferings great. The plain was covered sometimes six feet deep with snow, and the north wind was piercing. Many of the slaves, beasts of burden and soldiers perished. In their wretchedness they only wished to die, and it required all of Xenophon's exhortations, threats and pleadings to urge them forward. When they were at last able to repose, they spent a week quartered among some villages which they entered uninvited but where, according to the plan with which they had first set out, they did little or no lasting injury to the inhabitants. They passed through the territory of the Taochi and here the people, not understanding the really pacific intentions of the Greeks, had sought refuge on some all but inaccessible heights; but when the Greeks did finally succeed in scaling these, the women flung themselves and their children over the precipice, the men following their example; almost the entire village thus perishing. The next seven days were consumed in passing through the country of the Chalybes, who wielded spears fifteen cubits in length, with courage and address. Crossing the river Harpasus, they found themselves in the land of the Skythini, where they rested for three days.

Four more days brought them to the first large and flourishing city they had seen in many days—the city Gymais, where they were received in a friendly manner, and where a guide was furnished who promised to bring them in five days to a hill, the Theches, whence they could see the sea. On the fifth day Xenophon, who was repelling an attack of the natives

with his rear-guard, heard shouts from the van which they did not understand, thinking they were perhaps attacked in front by unexpected foes. As the shouts grew louder and more excited with the advance of more and more men, Xenophon grew anxious and at last galloped up to the front to learn the cause of the excitement. "Thalatta! Thalatta!" he heard. "The sea, the sea!" Such a moment as it was! Their old friend, their beloved sea, at last greeted their eyes once more, and the long-tired soldiers wept and embraced and spontaneously began to heap up stones into a monument, upon which they laid such simple trophies as they possessed—sticks, hides and wicker shields, recently captured from the natives. To the guide who had thus fulfilled his promise, they gave a horse, a silver bowl, a Persian costume, and fifty dollars in gold.

But they still had many a mile to traverse, opposed by inimical men, before they reached the end of their long march. Finally, however, they reached the Greek city of Trebizond, where hospitality and kindness met them, and near which they rested for a month. To Zeus the Preserver, Herakles the Conductor, and various other gods they offered sacrifice, and then further celebrated their successful pilgrimage in the usual Greek way, by festival games.

When mustered soon after at Cerasus, the wanderers numbered 6,000 foot-soldiers, besides bowmen and slingers.

After in vain trying to secure vessels for passage home by sea, the army was forced again to resume the march by land, of which method of progress they were now heartily tired. Only the women, the sick, and the wounded, and the baggage, were sent home by water.

And now as they approached home, and began to feel more secure, it became more difficult to maintain discipline; tired, discontented, the soldiers and officers forgot their promises of loyalty and obedience. Dissensions arose and were fomented by men jealous of Xenophon, and at last things grew to such a pass that he was obliged, in an eloquent and able speech,

to defend himself from calumny, and to insist that he, himself, and other officers, should have open trial for the offences of which they were accused and thus be enabled to explain their actions and defend their conduct. He was completely exonerated of the charges brought against him, and had more influence than ever with the army which was obliged to acknowledge to themselves his superiority, justice and good judgment. On more than one occasion he saved them from rash and disastrous procedure by his matchless persuasion, eloquence and wisdom. After many further adventures, which bring them in time to Byzantium (now Constantinople) and then through Thrace, where they hire out to its ruler Seuthes, as mercenaries, but are not repaid according to promise, they cross again to Asia, where Xenophon

is so reduced in finances that he is obliged to sell his horse, at Lampsakus, where the army, now numbering only 6,000, landed. But upon making proper sacrifices to Zeus the Gracious, fortune smiles upon him again. He conducts the army through the Troad, and at last at Pergamus he takes leave of the men who have decided to cast in their fortunes with Sparta, which had just declared war with Tissaphernes and Pharnabazus, the Persian satrap of northwestern Asia Minor, and was anxious to obtain the services of her fellow Greeks, who had proved their mettle under so many trying circumstances.

Here we will leave him, after an absence of two and a half years, soon after to be made very sorrowful over the death of his beloved master, Socrates.

The Coming of May.—By Margaret E. Sangster.

BLUE of the sky that's above us, green of the grass at our feet,
 Breezes that kiss us in passing, just to be living is sweet:
 When Spring has come back to the meadows, and buds in the garden unfold,
 And the thrall of the Winter is broken, gone like a tale that is told.

Birds in the tree-tops are singing, birds are at home in the eaves,
 The thrill of the life that is waking stirs under the whispering leaves.
 Not a brook but is merry to madness, not a river but sings of the sea,
 And old hearts grow younger in May-time, and prisoners long to be free.

Ah! how we remember the May days, when first we looked up to the sky,
 And watched our dream boats as they floated far over those spaces on high:
 Ah! how we remember the dear ones who heard in the morning of May,
 The call to a service beyond us, who slipped from our vision away!

They answered the roll-call of heaven, ere earth to their eyes had grown dim;
 The Master had need of their presence in the place that was nearest to Him,
 And oft as the May-time returning is here with its music and light,
 We listen again to their voices borne down from some crystalline height.

The children are glad in the May-time, the baby laughs out in her glee;
 We weary of counting the blossoms as white as the foam of the sea.
 Wherever we turn there is beauty: wherever we look there is love:
 And green is the grass in the May-time, and blue is the heaven above.

Pilgrim whose faith has been halting, O heart overburdened with fears,
 God sendeth thee strength in thy weakness, a rainbow to shine through thy tears;
 Each May-time that comes is a token, a gift from the Father Divine,
 Who holdeth this earth in His keeping, who guards it in shadow and shine.



Switzerland.

IT is one of the signs of the times, that there occurs now and then among the inhabitants of Switzerland a wish to have that attractive little country become one of the United States. At times, so intense is this desire, that it has found expression in newspapers there.

Our anti-annexationist readers need not apprehend that Switzerland will be admitted—at least, not this year; but it is interesting to study over what we would really get, in case the “deal” should ever take place—and at the same time glance at one of the most attractive countries on the globe.

We should get a state 216 miles long, and 137 wide; and about half as large, so far as square miles on a flat surface are concerned, as Maine. But what a lot of land to the acre? We should have several groups of Alps, with which all the world is more or less familiar; lakes and rivers by the score; and no less than 471 glaciers.

The glacier, as many of the EVERY WHERE Family know, is really a frozen river. Large colonies of snowflakes accumulate on the lofty mountain tops, where it is too cold for the sun to melt them, even in midsummer; and slowly the new arrivals crowd the other ones down into the valleys.

Thus many a great ravine becomes a natural ice-house, which would delight the souls of a modern “trust”, if they could control it; but constantly moving—though so slowly that the motion is imperceptible to the eye—toward a part of the valley so far down that the sun will melt it.

These rivers of ice and snow are sometimes as much as 600 feet deep, twenty miles long, and two miles wide. Their rate of progress varies from 250 to 550

feet per annum. They have their currents, the same as any river, which move considerably faster than the other portions. In the picture we have the Glacier “Mer de Glace”, near Chamonix. The people whom we see making their way from one little crag to another, have taken the precaution to don woollen stockings, so as not to slip; and are careful to lean upon their alpen-stocks as they pick their path across. One can realize by this picture how rough and precipitous are some of these frozen waves.

In case Switzerland should join us, we would not acquire Mont Blanc, second highest of European mountains—as it forms the boundary between France and Italy; but it would be ours so far as the constant daily seeing of it was concerned. Numerous other glorious mountains would be ours—many of which would be seen from Berne—which would become the capital of the state.

Berne is on the Aar River, which washes it upon three sides, and makes a city-peninsula out of it. It is the finest city in Switzerland, and has 47,000 inhabitants.

The word “berne” means “bear”, and the inhabitants, with a sentimental love for the animal after which their town was named, keep a bear-pit just outside the city limits, at the public expense.

Switzerland would be the oldest state in our Union: its history goes back to a time long before Christ. Its first known inhabitants came down upon it from the northeast, and were called Helvetians. They had the usual experience with Rome, which for many years appropriated everything in sight; although the early Switzers were able to give their Roman lords and masters an occasional

very handsome and no doubt richly deserved drubbing.

Gradually, however, the great Roman Empire, with its preponderance of money and soldiers, brought them into subjection, and for several years Switzerland was a province. For centuries the Romans made that little country a mere section of Rome, and brought into it their laws, customs, and language.

But when the great Italian empire was thrown upon its death-bed, its dependen-

Allen combined. At Altorf (which many of our readers have visited), it is said that Gessler, a bailiff of the King of Austria, placed upon a pole his cap, and ordered all who passed that way to bare their heads to it. Tell was unable to see the propriety of this custom, and seems, whenever he passed the petty tyrant's chapeau, to have pulled his own a little more firmly upon his head.

Gessler, who probably was more of a spectacular dramatist than a politic ruler,



CROSSING THE MER DE GLACE.

cies began to suffer; and during the Middle Ages, our little hill country had all sorts of broken-up experiences, and it is tedious even to follow its different vicissitudes.

New Year's of 1307 found Switzerland threatened with incorporation into the kingdom of Austria; and in this year begins the history, or legend, of William Tell, who, if accounts are true, was a kind of miniature Washington and Ethan

turned the case into a Schutzenfest, and informed Tell that he would be released if he could shoot an apple off his own son's head. This the mountain hero managed, and the place where he stood and where the boy stood are accurately pointed out at Altorf to this day; although a building has been injudiciously erected between the two points, which the imagination has to pierce in following the flight of the arrow.

Afterwards, Tell found an opportunity of shooting at Gessler without any apple to distract his aim, and killed him.

There is more poetry than truth in the above story; and some have gone so far as to say that there was no William Tell, as some now aver that Barbara Frietchie did not wave the flag "at Frederick town."

Indeed, William Tell, the archer *par excellence*, he who brought the light and life of freedom to his country, has been claimed as a sun-myth hero by many students of legendary lore. They regard him

that would pay them. It was the faithful Swiss body-guard that defended to the last, the unfortunate family of Louis XVI.; and Swiss soldiers form the present guard of the Italian king. The history of the little mountain-nation is a harassing one, full of petty wars, until in 1803, Bonaparte reorganized Switzerland, and, to his credit, made it into a kind of republic, which grew into the present government, which was established in 1815, and had nineteen cantons. All the "Powers" of Europe declared that this new confederation should be neutral with and inviolable



CITY OF BERNE.

as a kind of Swiss Apollo, the destroyer of evil and darkness; the restorer of good to the sons of men.

But in 1315, three cantons (which would be counties, if Switzerland were one of our states), formed "a perpetual confederacy"; in 1332 another one joined it; and others came in until eight were in the combination.

In 1444 the young little nation had learned to fight, to considerable purpose; and conquered away considerable territory from her old enemy, Austria. From that on, Switzerland seems to have been for a good while a kind of soldier-nursery: and furnished fighters to any cause

from, the others. She has continued practically an independent nation ever since—much of the time the only republic in Europe, and the only one at present, excepting France. For many years the victims of religious and political persecution in other lands have found a haven here.

As before stated, we are not to apprehend that the coalition with United States so desired by many of the Swiss people, will take place soon, if ever; but the fact remains that it would be about as logical as several additions we have made to the country of late years, and it is at least an interesting subject for the imagination to contemplate.

Impertinent Parodies.

II.

I'VE just been back to Frogtown, Jack: I've stood beneath the shed
 Where Father used to thresh me till my cuticle was red.
 I vowed it was a savage deed, but when I look it o'er,
 And see how childhood acts today, I think I needed more.
 I could not be the model man that greets you now, you know,
 If 'twere not for the lambastings of twenty years ago!

I stood before the schoolhouse door near where we had a fight,
 To see which one should ramble home with Jane Jerusha White;
 I thought she was the dearest dream!—but t'other day we met,
 While walking on the village street—the nightmare lingers yet!
 Still, deem I not that I myself am any beauty-show—
 My facial coast-lines having changed, since twenty years ago.

You also recollect a tree, I also cut a name
 With my old William Barlow knife, you also did the same:
 Not in the sculptor's highest art, by any sort of means—
 Those Indian hieroglyphics that we scratched there, in our teens.
 And now the whole tree is divorced from where it used to grow—
 Just as that one whose name took mine—'bout twenty years ago.

You recollect our teacher, Jack? our second dad, besides—
 Who taught us through the long, long days—and often through our hides?
 I saw his grave—the dear good man—but could not help but feel
 I'd like to have it out with him, on one athletic deal.
 But when the resurrection comes, the hurrying to and fro
 Won't warrant any settlements—no matter when ago.

The fam'ly record's ruined, now—like things of greater worth:
 The girls have torn it up to hide the glad day of their birth.
 The furniture has disappeared, to city homes afar
 (The older chairs and tables look, the more they worshipped are.)
 And Uncle Jim has hocked his farm to buy an automo.,
 And Satan certainly has thrived—since twenty years ago.

Ah Jack! those days have come and gone—those days of long ago!
 And I for one am not inclined to have it other-so.
 In these new years we are not blind, we are not deaf and dumb,
 And in the youth of our old age, we still are "going some."
 When Time another score of years relentlessly may flow,
 We still will stand and gravely brag of twenty years ago.

W. C. Carlston



Miss T'seu: A Tea-Taster's Story.

“I WAS listlessly watching a party of maskers, who were posturing for the amusement of some, to me unseen, ladies, in the court-yard beneath the windows of the apartment in which I was nominally a prisoner,” said the Tea-taster, “when I heard the pit-a-pat of a small-footed lady in the corridor leading to my room.

“My curiosity being excited, I turned from the window and peered down the passage, but, seeing the place quite deserted, thought no more of the circumstance, and, throwing myself upon my matted couch, began to ponder over my position. Any hindrance to progress in travel is annoying, but mine was particularly so. I had been despatched by my house to our Chinese agents in Fokeen, with orders to buy up every *picul* of the new crop of black teas harvested in that district, and my *chop*, or passport, directed all officials to see that I was not delayed or molested by turbulent spirits; yet His Excellency, Kee-Foo, Vice-Lieutenant-Governor of Min Shau-u, had taken the responsibility of placing me in one of the rooms of his Ya-mun, ostensibly on the pretence of protecting me from the rioters. It is true that the Chinese are somewhat demonstrative during the time of their New-Year festivities, but the fact was, a rival house in Hong Kong had despatched an agent with a heavy bribe to Mr. Kee-Foo, and the latter gentleman knew full well that, ere I reached the Woo-e Hill, my competitor would have purchased every *picul* of tea in the district. In vain I wrote to the unmoved official “that my orders were to proceed without delay”; but he merely pencilled, “Impossible; the people are in arms, and I am responsible for your head”, across

my memorials, and I was forced to submit. True, I could not complain of my accommodations, and, the ladies of the house were evidently interested in my fate, judging by the presents of fruit and flowers I received morning and night; but since the moment that I was introduced to my prison I had only seen one person, the servant who waited upon me, and he was a deaf-mute.

Opposite to the wing in which my room was situated was a portion of the palace that was always kept closely screened. From the tone of the voices which proceeded from this part of the Ya-mun whenever the maskers did anything particularly amusing, I concluded that the ladies' apartments were situated there, and my surmise proved to be correct.

I was wishing that some one would take pity upon me and pay me a visit, when I again heard the pattering noise in the corridor. Cautiously rising, I crept to the open door, when I beheld a sight which at once astonished and delighted me; for there, laughing like a wayward child, just escaped from its nurse, stood a lovely girl about sixteen years old.

She was of medium height, slender as a bamboo shoot, with an exquisitely formed oval face, straight nose, rosebud mouth, and dark, full, liquid eyes, that pierced your very soul in their innocent earnestness; her charming features being crowned with a profusion of long, raven hair worn *en queue*. Her lower dresses were of colored satin; each garment shorter than the one beneath, the outer being profusely embroidered with golden chrysanthemums, and her upper robes, of soft tinted crepe, were covered by a long jacket of pale blue brocade, so thickly embroidered as to almost hide the beaut-

ful fabric. The nails of her tiny, dimpled hands were each three inches in length, and cased in jeweled sheaths, while her doll-like shoes shone from beneath her robes like golden foot-notes on an illuminated manuscript.

Instead of screaming or fainting, this charming vision, with imperturbable comic seriousness and grace, opened her coral lips and inquired, in Chinese:

"Are you the honorable Fanwei?"

As this meant, "Are you the foreign white devil?" I felt exceedingly amused, and could hardly retain my self-possession as I replied:

"*Mei jin*,* I am that humble, never-to-be-too-much-execrated animal!"

Advancing, at first somewhat timidly, yet gradually, assured by my respectful manner, and growing more confident as she neared me, she gazed innocently into my eyes and faltered:

"Tell me all about—yourself!"

This was said so naively that I was completely "conquered, and, although I knew it was totally contrary to Chinese etiquette, I placed my arm around her lithe form and drew her toward me. Instead of repelling my advance she nestled closer and, looking archly into my face, said:

"There was a rent in the mat which covers our window, and, my mother being below amusing herself by looking at the maskers—I—I came here! Now tell me about yourself. Do you eat human flesh?—No!"

"Certainly not!" I quickly replied. "We are not tigers, as they represent us to you, nor do we treat our ladies as your men do theirs. In my country, America, women rule everything, and we almost worship them when they are as pretty as yourself."

"Worship them!" she queried; "how is that possible?"

"Yes, we are their slaves, and do their bidding! Tell me your name, *mei jin*!"

Opening her bright eyes, and laughing at me with them, she shyly answered:

"Why should I tell you my name? When you go back to Mee-lee-kee you forget it!"

I protested "that as long as memory held", etc., etc., I should never forget her, and that I was really and truly in love with her! Not having a Chinese term by which to describe what we call *love*, I used the word *worship*, when she solemnly shook her head, saying:

"To the gods, to your parents, to the spirits of your ancestors, to your superiors, you burn incense and pay worship, but not to young girls! O you *seen jin*, I would like to go to Mee-lee-kee!"

The look and the proximity of her cherry lips completed it, and I whispered, in English—for they never use the salute in China, and consequently have no word to express the action:

"Kiss me, *ching neu*!"*

"Ke-e-es?" she queried.

"Yes—kiss me!" I cried, suiting the action to the word.

She sprang from my arms like a frightened child and ran from the apartment. Fearing that I had offended her, I was about to follow and endeavor to explain her mistake, when she stole softly into the room, and, standing before me, gently clicked her lips, as though she had partaken of something delicious.

"Are you angry?" I asked.

"For what did you do that?" she gravely inquired. "I feared that after all you were a man-eater, but when I found that—I was not injured—I thought you only did it to try my courage!"

"If you tell me your name, I will explain the mystery!" I replied.

"My worthless name is Ts'eu!" she demurely said. "It is an odious appellation!"

As Ts'eu means, literally, "a star", I told her that she had a charming name.

"If you like it so much, tell me about the rite of *ke-e-es me*!" she shyly observed; adding: "Ke-ess-me! ke-e-ess-me!"

"It is thus performed, little Ts'eu! In my country, when a man wishes to show how much he *worships* the lady of his choice, he places his arm around her—thus—she looks at him—just as you are doing at me now—you darling—then he pouts his lips—as I do mine—and you

*Beautiful lady.

*Innocent one.

are doing yours—and he presses hers—so—!!! That is the American rite of kissing!”

Miss Ts'eu received the fervent tribute with evident delight, but immediately after sobered down, and, looking sorrowfully at me, pleaded:

“O, *seen jin*, I do not quite understand! I cannot learn such a difficult rite in one lesson!”

I again pressed her sweet lips, and this time the kiss was returned; however, the pause which succeeded the performance did not augur a repetition of the exercise, but after a few moments she seemed to awaken from her reverie and murmured:

“Tell me again what you call that?”

“Kissing—little Ts'eu!”

“We have no such ceremony in our Book of Rites! We have no name for such an act! For thousands of periods we poor Chinese women have been ignorant of this delightful rite—O, *seen jin*, teach me, that I may become perfect in this!”

I repeated the charming task, but soon

in magnetic tenderness of expression and delicate sweetness my pupil became my teacher. We felt like children stealing honey. After some moments Miss Ts'eu looked slyly up, and, quoting from an ancient song, chanted:

“*To lew ying fung.*”*

“That is what I call ke-e-esing!” she added; then, after glancing round, in order to ascertain if any one were watching, she gently raised her lips to mine and whispered:

“Ke-e-es me some more, *seen jin* Mee-lee-keel!”

The sound of her mamma's voice roused us from our dream of happiness, and, after exchanging one long, delicious salute, the fairy Ts'eu vanished from my sight forever.

I have often wondered if she was wondering who and what and where I was; and if our parting left the same queer little loneliness with her that it did with me. Joy go with her wherever she be!

*“The delicate willow meets the breeze.”

Br'er Walker.

BR'ER Walker all time singin': “O, make de gospel fly!”

En durin' de collection—when de hat is gwine by;
But how de gospel gwine ter fly, is fur beyond my sight—
Kaze Br'er Walker never see de hat—his eye shet tight!

But still he keep a-singin': “O, make de gospel fly!”
He shake de roof en rafter—en almos' skeer de sky!
But when de preacher call fer cash, ter help de gospel fight,
Br'er Walker never see de hat—his eye shet tight!

Too deaf ter heah de jingle er de dollars—soon or late;
Too blin' to see de steward, w'en he hol' de hat en wait!
Dey starts ter take collection, en den he shet his eye,
En drown de yuther's singin' wid, “Make de gospel fly!”

I sorry fer Br'er Walker, de way he gwine 'long;
Kaze all he give de gospel is des dat hooray song!
En what is mo'—I sorry fer de churches roun' terday,
Ef de gospel what dey preaches should fly Br'er Walker's way.



Memory.

SOME dog-eared little reading books; some laboriously written exercises; some very dirty, very disreputable looking figures supposed to represent "zamples"; some drawings marvelous in the extreme, both in conception and execution, but considerably labelled; some withered flowers and a memory—are all that are left to me, and if mine, his teacher's, heart grows so very full at sight of these little childish mementoes, what must be the thoughts that fill the heart of her who knew him better even than his teacher?

He came to me on the opening day of the spring term, a chubby little fellow, radiant in the glory of his first pair of trousers, his innocent baby-face shedding its rays far and near.

I said his first pair. I must be exact as I know he would wish me to be, and he *did* remark to me, confidentially, "Miss Marion, I can't zackly call these my very first pants, 'cause I used to wear pants like these under my skirts, but I can say these is my first uncovered pair."

One of his earliest trials was why a 'g' and a 'q' should be "zackly alike 'cepting the tails," and with the most comically serious look upon his baby face he would bemoan the original sin in the figures 3, 4, and 9, that always compelled them to face the wrong way.

I would see him intently scanning his completed examples, and presently a look that boded ill to the luckless figures would over-shadow the little face as down upon them he would pounce. By the time he had looked over the whole slate and had turned all those dreadful figures in the opposite direction they were generally right, but the anxious, worried look would not leave his face till all had been

examined and commented upon, in the interval carrying on such a musical little under-toned monologue. "I don't know if that 6 is right or not, I hope it is, I fink it is, but I don't know if it is or not." He used to tell me that he didn't know what he would do when he got to be a man, he would be so "'shamed" to have to look over his papers and turn all his 4's, 6's, and 9's, around.

Life was indeed a problem, an earnest problem to our Young Person, and no question was too trivial to be weighed carefully before announcing the decision.

One warm day a big buzzing bumblebee sailed majestically through the window and proceeded to take possession. It was fun for the children and fun for the bee, but the lesson did not progress very rapidly, so I told one of the larger boys to catch the vandal and throw him out of the window. It was done and the lesson proceeded.

In the afternoon the same bee, with a commendable thirsting after knowledge, made his appearance. I said: "Mr. Bumblebee, I thought we settled you this morning in Language class," and again we dispatched him. I noticed a thoughtful look upon the face of our Young Person, and presently his eyes brightened, and I knew a conclusion of some sort had been reached. Then a grimy little hand went up, and as I nodded permission, he tiptoed across the room and whispered, "Miss Marion, I don't fink we settled that bumbly bee this morning, 'cause Bert frew him out the window, p'raps he did settle, but I didn't see him settle, an' I don't fink it was in Language class, I fink it was in Spelling class, I don't know if it was or not, but I fink it was." It was too funny delivered in that musical, gurgling

little undertone, suggestive of nothing so much as a gentle breeze among the popular leaves.

On another occasion I was staying after school correcting examination papers when I heard a pattering up the stairs, and our Young Person made his appearance, flushed, and very much out of breath, with the information that he had forgotten his dinner-basket.

I expressed my sympathy and inquired how far he had got on his homeward way before missing it. He answered: "I got to the cross-roads and then I saw that I didn't see it, and I comed back, good-bye," and the little feet clattered down the stairs. Then there was silence and I resumed my work.

Presently a clear little voice called up from its perch on one of the lower steps, "Miss Marion!" I answered "Well, dear?"

"I didn't get *quite* to the cross-roads when I comed back for my basket, I finked I got to the cross-roads but I didn't, I fink it was the second telegraf pole from the cross-roads, I don't know if it was or not, but I fink it was—good-bye"—and home he went.

Another of my cherished possessions is his first composition, which I here produce word for word. The subject is supposed to be "Dogs." "Dogs does bites. Girls is afraid of dogs. Boys isn't. Dogs has tails. Dogs is wicked. Dogs does bites."

He was such a bright little fellow, and got along so remarkably well in his other studies, that I thought it would be well to let him come into my oral Geography class, and listen to the "wisdom flowing mightily."

I had intended merely to have him listen, but to my surprise he had learned the names of all the States and their capitals, long long before he could spell them out letter by letter, with his chubby little forefinger for a pointer.

There were children from several different States in school, and these he would religiously endeavor to imbue with an idea of the glory and dignity attached to the capital of such a State as Pennsylvania, and the reverence with which the

word Harrisburg should be pronounced, which, considering that he did not come from a political family, neither had aspirations in that line himself, was little short of startling.

A short time after entering the oral Geography, between recitations one day, there came a rap at my class-room door. I opened it and there stood our Young Person with a Geography borrowed from one of the advanced class. It was all he could do to hold it, but he hung on bravely as he said: "Miss Marion, I don't like to 'sturb you if you'se busy, but I want to show you some things that worry me dreadful." I smiled and wondered what was coming as I sat down beside him and watched him carefully turn the large leaves. A weighty subject was under consideration, that I knew by the wrinkled brow, the clouded eyes, and the despondent attitude. Over and over he turned the pages. Past the map of North America, past South America, past the large double map of United States, past Europe, past—but no, at Asia he came to a halt, turned the map towards me that I might better appreciate the dreadful disclosure he was about to make, and looking up into my face said in an awe-struck whisper,—“Miss Marion, what will I ever do when I get to the map of Asia, I can never, never, never say those big words, n-e-v-e-r!”

The Physiology class, too, was a source of much amusement to him, and one day he startled me by asking me if diaphragm ever killed anybody, for he thought he had one.

Our Young Person also used to think that his grammar could be "proved." I, myself, used to think it would be rather difficult to "prove" some of his remarks, but as he meant "improved" we let it pass.

For instance, one afternoon there were two pencil marks in his reading lesson, and I asked which mark terminated the lesson. He replied, "I take down to *that there* mark, Miss Marion." I said, "Why, why, is that the way my Language-class talks?" Instantly a contrite look passed over the little face as he leaned upon my knee and looked up into my eyes. "Deed,

Miss Marion, I forgot, I didn't go to say that, 'deed I didn't, I meant *this here* mark." That removed the dreadful accusation and his sunny face resumed its wonted tranquil look.

But our Young Person's temper was not always cherubic. Indeed, I distinctly remember several instances where it might have been called anything but that.

One day a mischief-loving boy provoked an evil spirit within him by asking whether his mother didn't send word to Miss Marion to put him to bed on the closet-shelf for a nap every afternoon. This was too exasperating, coming as it did right upon the heels of his first successful game of marbles with "the other fellows."

Instantly his ire was aroused, and one tiny foot encased in a tan shoe went flying skyward in the direction of his tormentor. Needless to say, he struck nothing, but the larger boy limped away, holding his sides and giving vent to the most blood-curdling groans.

Holding himself very straight in his righteous indignation, our Young Person marched around the school-house, and throwing himself down under the shade of a tree, wept bitterly. And there I found him three quarters of an hour afterwards, a very limp, very dejected little figure, but repentant.

He apologized to his tormentor, who also had some apologizing to do, and the affair was amicably settled, but our Young Person told me afterwards that he cried a good deal of course, about being so naughty, but he cried "an awful lot" about stubbing his tan shoes, and when I suggested that an hour was a pretty long time to cry, he smiled knowingly as he replied, "Well, Miss Marion, I wasn't

'zackly crying all the time, part of the time I was rubbing my shoe, but I fink I was sniffing all the time, yes, I'm pretty sure I was sniffing all the time."

At memorizing he was particularly good, and his Friday afternoon recitations were my pride and the delight of the whole school. The last poem he recited was "The Poppy-Land Limited Express," by Edgar Wade Abbott, but what was my surprise upon hearing him rehearse one afternoon to find the following interpretation put upon the last verse:

"Take care of the passengers, Lord, I pray,

For to me they are very dear,
And especial ward—oh gracious! Lord!
O'er the gentle engineer."

Investigation revealed the fact that he had been surreptitiously "coached" at the hands of some of the older boys, and had learned his lesson well.

Our little one experiences now the loving care of

"Him, who took on his knee
The children in kindness great,"
and He has taken

"Care of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight."

"Oh, what is the fare to Poppy Land,
I hope it is not too dear?
The fare is this—a hug and a kiss
And it's paid to the engineer."

But the gentle engineer has received her fare for the last time, and her heart, and the hearts of the train crew, are very, very sad. The brakes are all unheeded, the hand on the lever trembles, and the eyes of passengers and crew alike are dimmed with tears.

MARION KENT DOUGLAS.





Wanted a Clear Understanding.

A WESTERN clergyman, having decided to enter the lecture-field, actually issued the following comic circular:

"It affords pleasure to me, and I hope the same to you, to say that I expect to appear in your city soon in the role of a lecturer. The only explanation I can make of this is that a few of my friends who knew me but slightly (and I am proud to say that some of my best friends are those who know me least) suggested that I should enter the lecture field; but for a good while I felt that the suffering of the people was already as great as they could bear, and refrained from doing so. Besides, I thought it a greater honor to remain off the lecture platform and have some one occasionally invite me on rather than to get on and have them unanimously invite me off. For my great fear—as would be natural in a modest youth—was that I should fail. But my friends insisted that it would be impossible for me to do worse than I had in other callings, and therefore, after reaching that heroic age of life at which a man is not satisfied unless he becomes a martyr to some worthy cause, I yielded to their mild entreaties and entered the lecture field.

"I have since filled engagements in a number of States, and without a single exception have not been prohibited from speaking, even after arriving on the ground. At some places there were less than a thousand people in town who failed to attend, although I confess that in no city I have visited did everybody come. Many more would have come, however, except for one thing: they did not want to. Of course I was not respon-

sible for that. Even where the audiences were small I have felt in no way to blame, as there was plenty of room in the house for others. Sometimes there have been strong counter-attractions the same evening, no lesser light than Buffalo Bill attempting in one instance to compete with me for an audience. It is a significant fact that he has not since ventured to repeat the experiment. The weather has frequently been bad, which kept some away; but I think where a few have feared a wet spell outside, there were many more afraid of a long dry spell inside. Some were sick and unable to come, and some who came have been taken sick since. At one place a man committed suicide the very day the lecture was to be given. I do not know how many have done so since, as I left town as soon as possible after the lecture was over. In fact I always do that. I remember the crack tenor who sang so long and loud that he carried the entire audience with him. (They chased him with a rope until three o'clock the next morning!) I speak of these things because of wishing to be perfectly honest with you. I shall not hold you responsible, however, for my personal safety, nor am I willing to be held responsible for yours, in case it should become known that you attended the lecture.

"It may not be amiss to say that in addition to some anecdotes and illustrations with which my lecture is embellished, I have borrowed—regardless of cost—several original attitudes and facial expressions; to say nothing of an occasional nasal twang, all of which I take with me and use without extra charge. I have also secured a very choice variety

of the latest gestures, which I am willing to distribute through the lecture or to give them as an introduction or conclusion, whichever the audience may prefer. My entire collection of attitudes, gestures and facial expressions are used on every occasion. There are some who think they never saw such things before—and never wish to again; while others declare that these things alone are worth less than the price of admission.

"N. B.—If you attend the lecture please do not fail to read the press comments before coming. You will thus discover that some have regarded the lecture slightly humorous in its nature. If you neglect to read the comments and then fail to discover this fact I shall not be responsible. They are distributed to assist you in making this discovery. This is the more necessary since I not only have no one employed to go before me

and arrange for places to deliver my jokes, but cannot promise that any one will follow after and explain them after they are delivered. Nor shall I do as the sleight-of-hand performers—deliver them one night and explain them the next.

"P. S.—Please do not allow my being a stranger to you to prevent you from attending. It is wholly unnecessary to do so. One of the largest audiences I have had was in a city where I was known to but one man, and he left town the very day I arrived. I know not how many were afterwards sorry they had not done the same.

"Another P. S.—In case you should not be satisfied with the lecture I am willing to guarantee that your money will be refunded to you at the door, provided of course you return to me the lecture, gestures, etc., in as good condition as you received them."

An Unspoken Word.

THIS quill from a bird, the unspoken word
Of some tiny life, falls soft at my feet
From high overhead where leafy boughs spread,
With a message unutterably sweet;

Of songs one may hear in skies bending near,
Of sunbeams that gleam round a nest,
Of vast fields of air, of a mother-bird's care
In the home where love's fledglings rest.

An unspoken word! yet the thought by it stirred
Throbs within my soul like the breathing
Which wells from the throats of birdlings, and floats
Midst clouds that the blue skies are wreathing.

Yes, even this quill without thought or will
Speaks of wisdom, beauty and power;
Of sunshine above, of infinite love,
And protection through life's little hour:

So Thought, too, has wings and in the sky sings,
When the heart by its presence is stirred,
And to some soul speaks of the joy that it seeks,
Without need of the spoken word.

LEE PARKER DEAN.



Up and Down the World.

Friends' Meetings.

BY NELSON A. JACKSON.

AMONG the many religious sects of our land, there is one which might be said to be non-aggressive. Yet, this same sect is extremely loyal to the tenets of its faith, and abounding in good works. Its works of charity and missions are done quietly and effectually, without any attempt to call the attention of the world to the deed, as is so often the case with man and church alike. These people do not believe in war or conflict, and their influence has been potent in bringing about the modern movement for arbitration. They speak of themselves as Friends, and were formerly called Quakers.

The Society of Friends in United States is divided into two main bodies, the Hicksite and the Orthodox branches. In general, the Orthodox Friends are more liberal and adopt more readily the modern forms of worship; while the Hicksite are conservative and cling more tenaciously to the ideas of worship practiced by their forefathers.

There are today some Friends' Meetings, where the form of worship is practically the same as that found in any Protestant church. From this liberal idea, you will find the practice varying in various Meetings, until you reach the other extreme—the wholly silent Meeting. The majority of Friends' Meetings now hold First-day schools, corresponding to the ordinary Sunday School. Many of the Meetings in and about the large cities also have the Young Friends' Association, corresponding to the Christian Endeavor and other young people's societies.

They never speak of their individual

organizations as the church, but as the Meeting; and their building as the Meeting-house. Sunday is First-day; Monday, Second-day, etc. January is First Month; February, Second Month, etc.

The fundamental idea of Friends' worship is, that the members of the Meeting, and others if they wish, should assemble on First-day morning at the Meeting-house and spend the time in silent meditation and thought. Should any one feel moved to speak or offer prayer, it is his privilege and duty to do so; if not, the entire time will be spent in silence. To one unaccustomed to this form of worship, it seems strange and almost useless; but after attending several Meetings, the opinion is changed. The quiet, reverent spirit which pervades the Meeting is conducive to noble thoughts, and fills one with a desire for better things. It truly seems as if you were in the House of God. It would be a good thing for all of us rushing Americans, if we would spend a little more time in silent meditation concerning things spiritual.

Two or more of the elders sit on seats, usually raised above the others, facing the Meeting. As a signal for dismissal, or as they say, for breaking Meeting, these elders shake hands. Their Meetings are usually from one-half to three-quarters of an hour in length.

The Friends are especially active in educational work. Considering the smallness of their number, they support a surprisingly large number of schools. These schools are well equipped and are second to none in United States. There are strong day schools in some of the largest cities, boarding schools scattered throughout the country, several leading colleges, and missionary schools in the South.

Many of the Friends' Meeting-houses are very old, as we speak of old things in America. They are landmarks, which are known for miles in the surrounding country. They do not in many instances bear much resemblance to a modern church building.

Especially subject to this description, is the Matinecock Friends' Meeting-house, situated in the town of Oyster Bay, near Locust Valley, Long Island, N. Y. This Meeting-house was built in 1725. It is kept well painted a dark, wood grey, which soft tint harmonizes with its natural surroundings. The roof is resingled from time to time. These are about the only changes made: it is practically the original structure. The side shingles are made of oak and the siding beneath is also of oak. The shingles and laths were all made by hand and were so hard that all the nail holes were bored by an awl before the hand-made nails could be driven in. It was honestly and well built. The interior is timbered with hand-hewn lumber. The seats are board benches, to which cushions have been added as a modern improvement. There is a gallery on both sides of the building, although it is not used at present. There is a movable partition extending across the building, which was formerly used when it was desired to have the men's and women's Meeting separate.

One who lives among, or comes in contact with the Friends, soon learns to respect their beliefs and to admire the people. A prominent man recently said to me, that if all people believed as Friends believe, and lived as they live, there would be no need for missionaries in this land of ours.

Mathematics From Ohio.

OUR logical contemporary the Cleveland "Plaindealer" opines:

"A New York centenarian attributes his age to his habit of playing with children for one hour each day. Of course, if he had done it for two hours he would now be twice as old."

Events at East Centerboro.

[From the East Centerboro Intelligent.]

THE firm of Samuel H. Anderson and Sons, dealers in family groceries, was obliged to fail on Thursday evening last. No mention was made of the fact for three days, in order, as Mr. De Lancy Anderson informs us, that there should not be any financial embarrassment among New York business men, where they owe some eight or nine hundred dollars. The firm hopes to pay its debts in the course of time, and Howard H. Anderson, one of the Sons, has stopped smoking to that effect.

We are informed by the able principal of our public schools, Prof. Spencer, that any one who wishes to come in while they are speaking pieces on Friday afternoon, will be welcomed. Any one that has a piece that he wants spoken, can hand it to Prof. Spencer, and he will see that one of the scholars learns and speaks the same. Mrs. Jane Esther Sample has already handed in seven pieces, all of her own composition.

A great many of our subscribers wish us to change our paper to a monthly, and two or three propose it shall be a quarterly, to be published only four times a year. Due notice will be given if we should conclude that such is likely to be the case.

A lady named Mrs. Julia L. Fordyce arrived here on Monday last, who offers to read the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayvan to the people of East Centerboro, at twentyfive cents each. She states that no community can be considered a cultured one unless it has had the same read to it, and a movement is on foot among our citizens to that effect.

Philetus Davidson, who spent last winter in California as overseer of a goldmine, has returned home, and is now boarding with his father once more, at Davidson Corners, where he expects to find employment, as soon as the warm weather sets in, in the cheese factory of that place.

Mrs. Worthy L. Stewart is under the care of a physician, but gradually getting better.

Queer Surnames.

A GOOD surname often leads its bearer a considerable way toward success; while an outlandish one is something of a handicap, and has to be illuminated with considerable straightforward effort, before it ceases to be a laughing-stock. Few, like Longfellow, can make a ridiculous name into one that is admired and revered. Whoever finds himself at the beginning of life with a cognomen that ridicules him whenever it is pronounced, is justified in asking the Legislature to change it for him.

In perusing the columns of the daily newspapers, how often one comes across a name that seems too fantastic or grotesque to belong to any family that ever descended from original Adam! How came the founder of the family by such an ungodly name? For instance, when, why, and wherefore came the family name Flyshaker or Armbuster, and whatever induced the first Tinkelpaugh to have such a ridiculous name? Who can imagine any dignity existing in a family named Grubb or Bump, or any good thing coming out of a Pagan family? Can a Pilgrim ever be content in this vale of tears, or a Barefoot ever attain opulence?

Some foreigners bring along truly comical names with them, as, for instance: Tjerk, Swackhammer, Bobo, Schlernitzsauer, Dinkelspeil, Frickhausen, Guggenheimer, Krumbhaar, Popoff, Villavicenzia, Rolloff. A lady named Rachel Stillwagon recently distinguished herself on Long Island by living over one hundred years, and a firm name in Otselic, N. Y., used to be Fugle & Bumpus. The firm name of Fogg & Fayerweather is vouched for in New York. Googin, Goggin, and Clapsaddle are truly unique, while not far behind are Butterbaugh, Fishback, and Sawmiller. Strange, indeed, are the names Goldfogle, Greenfinch, and Bullfinch, and one lurid family in Utica bears the startling name Brimstone. Whelpley, Woglum, and Murgittroyd are familiar names to the writer, scarcely less so being Tackaberry, Zugg, Blee, and Fake. Lizzie Booze was shot in Norwich a short time ago, and Mr. Blizzard was gathered

to his fathers a while since in Ohio. There are Startups in Middletown, and Inskips and Entwistles in Oneida County. Crams and Crawleys are too numerous to be strange, and a very dark complexioned tribe in Plymouth County, Mass., is called Pink. William Hornblower came near being a Judge of the United States Supreme Court, and who has forgotten Gen. E. Burd Grubb, of New Jersey? Quiggle and Quirk are short crisp names, as is also Liddle, and Huddup, Bugbee, Bottom, and Redhead are comical enough. Mr. Drinkwine very appropriately conducts a saloon in Syracuse and Rev. Mr. Nestle preaches the gospel in Rome. "Ed" Waterhouse is a prominent member of the Taunton, Mass., fire department, Mr. Smallwood was a very large "cullud pusson" in Oneida and Mrs. Scarlet was a pale-faced little lady in Oswego, while Andrew Oilman once resided in Knoxville, N. Y.

Imitating their Husbands.

THIS not very encouraging news from Boston, occurs in the press-despatches:

"Members of the — Club, one of the largest women's clubs in the world, situated in the heart of Boston's Back Bay, may be served with a cocktail, highball, or any other sort of "bracer" that they may desire, after the first of May, if the License Commissioners see fit to grant it the license it has asked for.

"Mrs. —, a Vice-President, said today that she was confident the license would be issued. She said the members could not expect to serve their male friends merely with ginger ale.

"But there isn't to be a regular bar at the club—at least, not for some time. The drinks are to be served on trays by waitresses.

"Women may smoke in the club, now. They have no regular smoking-room, but the members and their men or women friends who desire to do so may puff a cigarette or fragrant cigar in the roof garden. Only cigarettes are sold in the club.

"The list of membership comprises

some of the most fashionable women of this city. There are 450 resident members and 100 non-resident."

This is a very interesting milestone in the progress of our esteemed and growing country, and indicates that the woman portion of it are "going some." But is it in any where near the right direction?

Ought not one of the sexes, at least, to try to hold matters steady? Ought women, too, to turn in and help the whiskey-dealers get richer?

And what about the children of these women?—Have they anywhere near an even chance to grow up as respectable and desirable citizens?

What effect is all this sort of thing to have upon the world-success of our country—to say nothing of its moral and *religious* success?

A Railway "Expejunt."

THERE were two excursion-trains to the United Order of Mutual Protection picnic: one was to return at six p. m., and one at six-thirty. The six train was all ready to start, and most of its passengers were aboard; but the six-thirty, in "making up," had the misfortune to run its engine off the track, and smash things up just enough to delay its starting—probably till near midnight.

At this, the passengers in this second section jumped out of the coaches, and crowded on the train that was ready to start. They filled the aisles and the platforms, the tops of the cars, and some of them boarded the locomotive.

The conductor of this train, Theodore Avery, was one of the quietest, pleasantest men on the road. (He has since progressed quietly and pleasantly into the assistant superintendentship of the whole line.)

On this occasion, he saw plainly that his train could not proceed with such a weight of people upon it; that, although the locomotive could draw them, it would be at the imminent danger of many lives; and he stood on the small embankment opposite, and smilingly contemplated them. Then he made a little speech;

for, though not a large man, he had, an excellent voice.

"Gentlemen," he said, in clear, even tones, as soon as he got them still, "it is impossible to carry you all. We cannot proceed with passengers hanging on the steps, clinging outside the windows, and leaning up against the smokestack of the locomotive."

"Never mind! Go ahead!" shouted the crowd. "We must get home. Hurry up! Start her off!"

"It is not fair to crowd the passengers who already have seats," persisted the conductor.

"Start her up!" yelled the crowd, some of whom had more Mutual Protection in their stomachs than was pertinent to such an occasion. "Push on with her! Let her go!"

"Gentlemen," shouted the conductor, in return, "it would not be safe. I cannot allow the engine to proceed under such circumstances."

Two brawny men stretched their necks up out of the locomotive tender.

"Look-a-here, Theodore," one of them yelled, "we know how to run an engine, an' if the reg'lar engineer can't do his duty alone, we can make shift to help him."

The conductor saw that there was really danger of this being done, if he did not yield to the excursionists' wishes; but he looked none the less good-natured. He even laughed, very genially.

"Oh, there's no resisting you people," he shouted. "You're bound to have your way. If I must humor you, I must; but we may as well go comfortably. Get into these coaches on the side-track."

These were two cars that belonged to an accommodation-train that was to be made up early in the morning, and Avery had really no right to take them with him; but he seemed willing to run the risk.

So did the crowd; for they rushed from the train to the vacant coaches, all anxious to get the best seats; and in a few minutes the two cars were full, and the occupants happy, and paying the conductor the compliment of saying that he was sensible, after all.

"Hitch on, and let's be off, now, old fellow!" shouted one of the threatening engineers from the tender—each of which had secured a good seat by one of the windows. And the train was soon backed up to the other coaches.

"You are quite sure that you are all ready, gentlemen?" shouted the conductor, cheerily.

"Yes, sure; certain! Go ahead!" replied the crowd.

"Then gentlemen," returned the conductor, "all we need is a coupling pin; when you get one, send me word. Good-bye, and a pleasant journey!"

He gave the signal, and before the crowd knew what was happening, his train was half a mile on its way, leaving the two coaches where they were, while the crowd within them sat in silent bewilderment.

"I never knowed any one to get ahead of Theodore Avery," finally grumbled one of the threatening engineers. "He's al'ays full of expejunts."

How to Act in a Fire.

ALTHOUGH I have only been through one fire experience, I can most certainly advise regarding the escape of people from a burning building, with which they are reasonably familiar. Unless the elevator shaft is filled with flames—and the modern hotel is so built that nothing inflammable is associated therewith—make a try for that. If the stairways are only filled with smoke and are not inflammable, they furnish the safest exit. Before leaving your room, take the largest towel available (a bath towel, preferably, because it will hold more moisture), saturate it with water and thoroughly envelop the mouth and nostrils. Then, using only one eye at a time and resting it as soon as it becomes affected by the smoke, make your way to the stairs with a rush. Descend as rapidly as possible, and crawl to each landing thereafter, keeping your mouth as close to the floor as possible, where will generally be found a stratum of almost pure air. Make your second dash on the stairs and repeat the quad-

rupedic experience thus, on each landing.

One of my close friends escaped from the top story of the Lindell Hotel in St. Louis in this way, when many guests were either burned to death or killed by jumping from windows. It is a terrifying spectacle, from the outside, to see human beings springing from high-up windows; but the terror that develops in the breasts of the most courageous people inside a burning building, is such as to carry the ordinarily calm man or woman completely off their balance.

Hysteria is the chief bane with women. I have seen firemen bring women down ladders from burning buildings at the imminent risk of their lives and that of the rescued, because the frantic women would fight, struggle and scream in their madness. No man ought ever feel justified to strike a woman, except to save her life in the water or to render her tractable when an attempt is making to rescue her from a burning building.

Human terror is akin to that of the horse. That animal cannot be led from a burning stable, unless his eyes are covered. I remember to have seen a stable destroyed on East Fifty-third street, near Fifth avenue, Manhattan, that contained eight or ten valuable horses, not one of which could be dragged therefrom. The owner stood in the street and offered \$1,000 to anybody who would save two of his pets. The top of the structure was afire and the animals could hear the crackling sound, the purport of which they appeared to fully understand. They could see, through the open door, the glare of the flames reflected from the facade of the house across the street. They would not be rescued, and when the roof fell in they died in their stalls.

They died for an idea. They were dead wrong; but they thought they were dead right. Anyhow, they were dead.—
[*Julius Chambers in the Brooklyn Eagle.*]

Advice to "Kids."

*If you, O youth, are prone to scoff
At old age, looking meekly back,
Yell softly: for you soon enough
Will limp along the selfsame track.*

Editorial Comment.

CONCERNING SUPREME COURTS.

IT is the opinion of our only ex-president (who is now on a tour of the country, giving his views on various subjects), that supreme-court judges should be criticized freely by the people when it is necessary, and recalled by state-legislatures or Congress when they are believed to be unjust in their decisions. This view of the case, he "champions", according to his own admission. (Mr. Roosevelt, by the way, never merely advocates anything in which he takes an active interest: he always champions it.)

There is no doubt that there ought to be some way of getting at a supreme-court judge who has been elected "for life or good behavior", and turning him out into the world again, to give his opinions concerning matters unofficially, the same as the rest of us do. For instance, he might be "bought up" by some wealthy individual or corporation; he might go insane, from the pressure of his duties, or other cause; he might encumber old age with childishness and feebleness of judgment.

In such cases as that, he should of course be removed: but not by party votes either in state legislatures or in congresses. He should be first given an opportunity to resign, and if he does not do so, a quiet pressure should be brought upon him to produce the desired action; and if this does not serve, proper and dignified action should follow.

The Executive or his predecessor appointed him, and he should have the power to appoint his successor, for good and sufficient reasons, which he should state, at length: for a judge's discharge from his position is, of course, an attack, and a severe one. These reasons should be published, and discussed by the coun-

try at large, before the Senate acts upon them—which it should do after taking full and sufficient evidence.

Until a supreme-court judge is proved malicious or inefficient, he ought to be treated with respect and deference.

Americans ought certainly to have *some* authority of which they stand in awe—even temporarily.

HAVE WE A THOUSAND-YEAR PLANET?

ASTRONOMERS are beginning to hint that before long a planet will be discovered that, so far as size is concerned, transcends everything of the kind already known. It is said to have its tramping-ground away off beyond that of Neptune, and to keep, on an average, about nine hundred and fifty million miles from the sun—ten times as far as we are. It is estimated that it takes a thousand years for it to go once around the center of our solar system.

If this planet proves to be something besides a huge fragment of imagination, it will constitute another case of the power of mind in discovering matter. Neptune was found in a mathematical problem, before detected in the sky: Leverrier told people who had good telescopes where to look for it—having noted, in the published records, its influence on the motions of another planet—Uranus—and ciphered out its position therefrom; and the processes in this last attempted discovery are somewhat similar.

Only, in this case, the body which is influenced by the great unknown planet, is not another planet: it is an occasional comet. When any of these travelers from one solar system to another approaches a certain point, it is deflected from its course by some unknown influ-

ence or other: this is shown in the records, and will probably be demonstrated by future-coming comets. If enough of these records can be gathered to locate this influence, *there* will be the place to look for the new planet—which improved telescopes, or present telescopes, or that stolid and patient detective, photography, may find.

So, by circumstantial evidence, science may come into possession of a new and ultra-immense planet: and what a magnificent property it will be!!

A QUERY CONCERNING BEVERAGES.

WELL, here are some more drinking-statistics: the year 1910 has given an account of itself, so far as liquid traffic of the worser sort is concerned.

It used to be "a billion of dollars per annum, spent in America for intoxicating liquors": but last year, it was *one billion, seven hundred and fortyfive millions*.

There is no use of telling over again all the good that might have been done with that money: or all the evil that *was* done with it: these sad details have been told over and over again.

The question is, How long are we, as a nation, able to stand that sort of thing? Will it use us up? Will we be able to fight the next great war, upon brandy-and-water? Will we be able to conduct very long the never-ceasing war of commerce, that is waged around the world, with injurious stimulus? Can we spend in one year for intoxicants, sixteen dollars for every man, woman and child of our population, and still survive?

STEALING AND MAIMING THE DEAD.

THERE is, of course, very little left of the body, after a soul gets through with it; but the living ones that stay behind cling to it and the place where it is laid, as a keepsake. It is natural for us to still love the hands that we have clasped, and the lips that we have kissed.

The idea of having our cherished ones exposed to the view of indifferent medical students, and cut apart as one might the leaves of a text-book, is a terribly repugnant one.

But often the facts are, that when a body is put tenderly into the grave, with however many caresses and tears, there is no certainty of its staying there, unless within bolts, bars, and the heaviest of masonry. It is very probable that grave-burglars may have their eyes upon it, and are all ready to capture and sell it to some medical university.

Evidence is constantly accumulating to show that people should guard their dead as carefully as their money.

Some people remember the stealing of President Benjamin Harrison's father; how the grieving son pursued the ghouls, and found the body at last in the dissecting room; and how the reproachful letter that he wrote upon the subject to the college authorities was one of the masterpieces of his pen.

To steal from the dead is a terrible crime; to steal the dead is a worse one.

POSSIBLE RATES OF SPEED.

THE fact that an automobile has attained the speed of a hundred and fifty miles per hour, leads one to estimate and conjecture what could be done with a railroad-car, using the same sort of motor, and fully and undoubtedly protected from leaving the track.

The automobile has not the solidity and security of the locomotive, and few people that have not made their wills and selected burial-sites, would care to ride very far or very long in one, at thirteen and a third rods per second.

But on a track laid in grooves, reasonably free of curves, and shielded from all sorts of accidents, a safe speed of even three hundred miles per hour may possibly be reached. That would take us from New York to Chicago in three hours, and to Boston in one.

DRASTIC REFORMATION.

FEW young women are as sensible as is Cecilia Wilson, of Hartford, Conn., when it comes to dealing with dissipated sweethearts.

Her young man grew less and less abstemious, and Miss Wilson (who is of Scotch descent), instead of marrying him under those conditions, or deserting him on account of his frailty, made up her mind to reform him.

In view of a rest-trip to Bermuda, she did not care about taking him along—not knowing the exact bibulous capacities of the steamer's alcoholic-saloon, and his facilities for making a guy of himself to fellow-passengers: and so she went to the nearest Judge, and bound him out to the State Farm at Framingham, where, it is promised, he will be nicely cared-for, habits and all, until her return. Then, if he has become a marriageable proposition, the wedding-bells will be jingled.

Miss Wilson was surprised when she learned that an account of the transaction had been published: but with true Scotian thrift, she immediately turned the matter to advantage. "I'm glad it's oot," she exclaimed, in her North-land dialect. "You ken, the pooblicity will be part of his discipline. There's naething better to make folk stop doing what they ought not, than to let the neebors know about it.

"John maybe will curse a little when he reads it, but the printing o't all will be part o' the cure. Girls are trifled with too much, and keep it to themselves, but I will tell it, an' help the papers tell it.

"He's a good lad, is John, but he's weak when I ain't aroond to help him. We will be married some time, I believe, but when he comes oot, he goes on to probation, an' stays there till he's man enough to let 'booze' alone. I must have a hoosband, and not a saloon on legs."

If Miss Wilson sticks right to this young fellow, and makes a man of him, she will set a shining example that ought to be followed from all over the country.

We would suggest, however, that Mrs. Wilson White should, after the nuptials have taken place, keep in the house where she and not others can get it, a very strong but thin blanket, a ball of the most tenacious waxed twine, a huge darn-ing-needle, and a first-class never-to-be-forgotten rawhide.

Next, we would suggest that upon the first occasion when he comes home drunk (if he ever does) she soothe him gently to sleep—whatever of him is not already so—sew him up securely in the blanket, call in the neighbors, and with them await her inebriate-consort's return to normal consciousness.

As soon as this phenomenon occurs, we would suggest that she assist John to behave himself thenceforth, by giving him one of the best threshings known, even in the ingenious State of Connecticut. If the first application does not prove efficacious, another and another should be made, until the bibulous husband has enough of it.

Plenty of neighbors should upon each occasion be present: and they will no doubt attend to the publicity department of the discipline—which, as above-mentioned, Miss Wilson considers important.

MALTREATMENT OF JURIES.

ONE of the most strenuous bits of scholarship in the world, is that of being on a jury—if the incumbent means to keep his oath, and render a verdict according to the facts as he understands them from the evidence.

He is generally not a student, never has been a real, systematic one, and has little or no discipline to fit him for his task. He has perhaps not been accustomed ever to keep his mind down steadily upon one subject very long at a time. He is confronted with all sorts of contradictory evidence, all sorts of conflicting statements from different attorneys, all sorts of influences brought to bear upon him in different ways. At the end of the trial, he

listens to two summings-up by the two opposite attorneys, in which opposite views are taken, and in which he is exhorted to give two different and entirely opposing decisions.

At conclusion of all this, comes the "charge" of the Judge—full of ifs and ands and various legal verbiage plentifully stocked with words which the unlucky juryman does not understand—although he tries to think he does, and to look as if he did.

But all this is not the worst of it. The incidents above-narrated are, to a considerable extent, unavoidable: the incidents to follow are not.

Often, after the trial is over, the jury are packed into a room together, and kept there until they come to a decision. There they argue, scold, quarrel, nag each other, tell stories perhaps as broad as the trial was long, catch fragments of slumber whenever they can camp down, and lead a kind of miserable dog's life generally, until at last they agree upon a verdict, or develop a decided inability to agree.

What ought to be done, after a long and important trial, is something like this:

Each juryman should be taken from the box, given a good, cleanly bath, a light dinner or supper, if desired—and put to bed. There he should remain until he has had a good long refreshing sleep: and then it will be time to bring him into the jury-room, and let him tell what he thinks about the case.

A decision given while the head is hot and encumbered with all sorts of conflicting ideas, is not a real decision, but an escape from a nightmare. The only true verdict that can be rendered of an important case, is after the sub-conscious mind has had some leisure and opportunity to get itself in order, and to think calmly and quietly over the whole subject. This method would cause a little delay: but it would result in more correct verdicts, less reversals of judgment, and would save time in the long run.

In order to realize the difference in the two methods, remember your old school days. You often toiled and "mulled" over a lesson half the afternoon and all the evening, went to bed with many matters unsolved or unmemorized, and—awoke in the morning with the whole line of details clear and well-ordered in your mind. The little sleep-vacation did the latter and essential part of the work.

And men are, largely, boys.

A trial in court is one of the most solemn things on earth: but the decision that follows a trial, is still more solemn. Everything possible should be done to ensure justice, and nothing that can in any way impede it, should be allowed.

LAW'S INJUSTICES.

THERE is a great big reform necessary in the matter of holding prisoners that are awaiting trial.

For instance, a man is arrested, charged with murder—which in most, if not all States, is not a charge upon which bail is allowed. He is placed in jail, even before a grand jury indicts him, and kept there till its action is taken; and this is, of course, a necessity.

If he is indicted, he is kept in jail until his trial is completed; and this, of course, is also a necessity.

If it is not convenient to have the trial take place immediately, he is kept in jail days, weeks, months, and sometimes years, until the time comes for it: an outrage.

When the man is arrested, he is innocent before the law. When he has been indicted, he is still innocent before the law. Not until he is legally convicted is he legally guilty; and if, as is often the case, he is finally acquitted, he has lost all that time waiting for the authorities to get evidence enough to punish him.

In case he is pronounced not guilty, he should at least receive damages from the state—or, rather, payment for the damages he *has* received.



Hymn—Opportunity.

(Tune, "Old Hundred.")

BEFORE this truth be bared each brow—
The infinite is here and now!
As sacred as the stars, the sod—
As near to Heaven, as close to God.

Call nothing common or unclean,
Nor deem thou any service mean;
Forevermore this faith be thine—
All days, all duties, are divine.

E'en now, at thy reluctant feet,
The seed-time and the harvest meet;
"The morrow in the moment lies",
Heed well the Voice; awake! arise!

He, only he, is free indeed,
Who in his heart holds fast this creed—
(A fadeless wreath for every brow),
The infinite is here and now!

REV. BENJAMIN COPELAND.

A Sermon From a Secular Text

*"It takes one to lead a horse to water,
and two to make him drink."*

THIS is what might be called an equestrian text: but that is nothing against it. The Bible is full of them: sacred writers always have found the horse a good and spirited medium for illustration.

It is easy enough to lead or to drive a horse that has been well broken. He has been taught, after, perhaps, a severe struggle, or series of struggles, that, however lofty his ambition or intense his desires, he is a slave; and must obey the two-footed animal that has him in charge.

So, when you take his halter-strap, and walk suggestively toward stream or tank, he as a matter of course goes along; and you probably do not have to call any assistance, unless he feels particularly frisky that day, and is bent upon frolicking about a little, with his heels in the air.

So that one only is necessary to get him to the water; but another is required, to make him drink—and that other is—*himself*. And if he is not thirsty, or does not like the taste of the water, it is very little of the liquid that you will get down his throat.

Of course, you might tie him in the stall, where he could not move, and hold his head, and *pour* water down his throat; but it would do no good. That voluntary action of drinking without which water is of little account, cannot go on without his cooperation.

You can lead a man to the stream of belief; and he may go along with you because he is in the habit of doing so. He has become, perhaps, little by little, the servant of your opinions; and goes with you. He may say that he thinks as you do; he may even at times *think* (or think he thinks) that he does; but when it comes to that action which requires the welcoming of a belief into the very soul—it takes much more than you can furnish—the cooperation and free will of the man himself.

How often do we see people "persuaded"—all but the persuasion! How often do we see them "convinced", all but the convincing! Sometimes they even act, to some extent, against their better judgment, under the force of a

strong will; but the real drinking in of the belief is never done, unless the self-consciousness of the individual first gives the word.

There are many who, under the influences of powerful preaching, are led to the penitent's bench, are all ready for the great and solemn but gladsome change in their lives, and of their own choice and volition take the sweet draught of religion into their souls. Such have been prepared for this change; they are "thirsting after righteousness."

But there be others who are coaxed, driven, threatened, and dragged, or, mayhap, peacefully and coaxingly led, to the altar, and get no good whatever by the going. They come away unsatisfied and discontented, or stay and stay, and wonder why they do not feel like drinking in the waters of life.

What is the trouble? Those around may not know; but ten to one they themselves do. There is something, in their inmost consciousness, perhaps, that stands between them and the real desire for this blessed change. It may be some secret enmity—some unfortunate wrong—some darling secret appetite—some forbidden or half-forbidden pleasure—some lingering doubt—some fear of criticism or ridicule—any one or more of these—may stand or crouch in the way, and must be removed, as removed they can be—by the help of man and the grace of God.

That is the reason so many apparently "fall from grace": they never really ascended into it. "My bredren an' sisters," said an old colored clergyman, "I hear a good deal in this church about 'back-slidin';' but I don't think dere's as much of it as you 'uns let on. The fact is, that a good many of you never *fore-slid*!"

Value of a Name.

THE new pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church is to live at No. 24 East Sixtyfourth street, a handsome house into which he will move as soon as his effects arrive from England. The church, it is said, will pay a rental of approximately \$10,000 a year for it. An

automobile has been offered Dr. Jowett by the trustees for use in his pastoral work.

Considering that the good Doctor receives \$10,000 per annum as a salary, this would seem as very good pay for saving (and entertaining) sinners.

A good many clergymen, not devoid of talent themselves—would no doubt be glad to get the salary without either the house or the automobile. But they must go on and "get a reputation."

Church Criticisms.

PREACHING HETERODOXY AT ORTHODOXY'S EXPENSE.

WE pay our pastor some several thousand dollars a year for his services, besides wedding-fees and many other styles of perquisites. We give him plenty of vacations, and when he wants to preach somewhere else for a Sunday, we find no fault and do the best we can in his absence.

This is all right enough: we make no complaint. But here is where some of us *do* find fault, and think we are just in so doing.

Our church doctrines are very strict and pronounced—are set forth in black and white—are presented to every candidate for admission, and must be endorsed by that candidate before he or she is admitted to fellowship. We hired our pastor, presumably, to preach these doctrines—or, at least, expected him to preach nothing antagonistic to them.

But he is all the while using his pulpit—our pulpit—to call attention to himself and advertise himself by denying and jumping over our doctrines. One Sunday it is one thing; another Sunday it is another; another Sunday he practically repudiates about everything we profess to believe—afterwards qualifying it so as to be able to "back out" if necessary. I have no objection to our pastor, or any one, believing as he wishes, or can; I am willing any one should advertise his belief or lack of belief and get himself talked about in the papers if he deems it necessary; but I think it is dishonorable and

dishonest, if a clergyman is going to step outside the creed of his church, not to step outside of the church first. J.

BEHAVIOUR OF CHOIRS.

Mr. Editor: It seems to me that there is a good deal to do in the matter of the behavior of choirs. Some of its members are salaried, and all are expected to help rather than hinder the service. But what do some of them do?

They flirt, write notes to each other, giggle, laugh, whisper, criticise the congregation in detail, eat lunches and drink various refreshments behind the organ or in any other obscure place, read novels, and do many other miserable things—some of which are observed by certain members of the congregation, and some not.

I do not, of course, say that *all* members of choirs do these things: many of them are ladies and gentlemen in church, as well as out, and conduct themselves in a proper way. But too many of them do just as I have been describing.

What would you think if the deacons, or assistant pastors, or even the ushers, did that way—in full view of at least part of the congregation? C.

Hymn By Fanny Crosby.

FROM STAR TO STAR.

(Tune, "Shall We Know Each Other There?")

THERE are voices—happy voices—
And our hearts with joy they fill,
When our faith is looking upward,
And the busy world is still:
How we listen to their music
From our Father's home afar,
Where on Love's eternal mission,
We shall roam from star to star!

There are voices—gentle voices—

And we hear them in a dream
Like the carol of a birdling
Or the murmur of a stream:
And they draw our spirits nearer
To the pearly gates afar,
Where among the just made perfect,
We shall roam from star to star!

There are voices—kindred voices—
And they call from yonder shore
Where our golden harps will waken
Songs we never knew before:
Oh, the rapture that awaits us
In the glory-land afar
Where together and forever
We shall roam from star to star!

Joseph Cook's Epitaph.

HE was accustomed to say that he wished the following put upon his tombstone:

Choose I must, and soon must choose
Holiness or heaven lose.
If what heaven loves I hate,
Shut from me is heaven's gate.

Endless sin means endless woe,
Into endless sin I go,
If my soul from reason rent,
Taken from sin its final bent.

As the stream its channels grooves,
And within that channel moves,
So should habit's deepest tide
Groove its bed and there abide.

Light obeyed increaseth light,
Light resisted bringeth night.
Who shall give me will to choose,
If the love of light I lose?

Speed, my soul, this instant yield,
Let the light its sceptre wield.
While thy God prolongs his grace,
Haste thee to his holy face.





Dialogue Between a Mind and a Body.

MIND—Well, Body, I should be very much obliged if you would give me some little peace. You are causing an immense amount of trouble. When I first consented to become your partner, you were a very different affair from what you are now.

Body—Certainly: Change writes his autograph upon everything. But will you kindly tell me wherein I have disappointed you?

M.—Disappointed? Why, you have constantly disappointed me ever since. You grew and developed—for awhile, and that I liked; but you have also been deteriorating.

B.—In what respect, please?

M.—Well, you started out a vigorous and healthy child: you are now a sickly and decrepit old man.

B.—Well, do you suppose you had anything to do with the change?

M.—I do not quite see how you are going to make *me* responsible for any of it. Of course I couldn't help your growing old: that is the custom with everybody. But I find that you begin to fail me in a hundred different and unexpected ways.

B.—If your Majesty could mention one at a time, please, and let the other ninety-nine rest while we have that?

M.—Very well; or, rather, very *ill*. We had toothache yesterday, till I couldn't think of anything else. Now I was trying to compose an essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination. How can one write anything on such a subject as that, when

he has the toothache? You spoiled my whole day.

B.—Yes, *I* spoiled it. But what spoiled *me*, in the first place? Who made me eat soft food, so that he could enjoy the flavor of puddings and soups? Who sent that tooth crashing through poisoned confectionery and other harmful dainties, till any self-respecting molar would have retired from business and joined the decay-contingency? Who had so much to think about, that he couldn't get time to drive me to the dentist and have that tooth protected before the nerve was laid bare?

M.—Well, it may be that I was a little careless about that one matter; but I don't see why you should be so nervous and fidgety, all the time. You interrupt my deeper thoughts, by your jerking.

B.—If you had put some of your deeper thoughts on regular hours and steady habits, I should myself have been steadier. I supposed, for instance, when we went into partnership, that I was to be given regular hours of sleep. But no! I have been granted just what happened to be your own immediate convenience or fancy.

M.—Well, of course, I had a good deal of midnight oil to burn, in furthering my mental projects—

B.—Yes! and whoever burns midnight oil without turning off the daylight soon afterward and making up his sleep, "burns the candle at both ends," and delays rather than furthers his mental projects.

M.—Well, that's no reason why you should have the rheumatism. How could I do anything when our joints were ach-

ing as if a knife were pried in between them?

B.—How could I keep the obstructions out from between my bones, unless you took means to have the blood pure? You knew *how* to do that; you knew very well how not to make it impure in the first place.

M.—There's your indigestion, then. No one can half think, when he has the indigestion. All owing to you.

B.—Eating too much, drinking too much, and exercising too little. Done to gratify you.

M.—Then you have a cold, half the time.

B.—All owing to your not letting me breathe enough air.

M.—Well, there's one consolation: it won't be many years, before I will get rid of you. Of course, death isn't the most welcome thing in the world; but it's preferable to living with such a body as you are.

B.—And I am aware that when you leave me, or I leave you, I shall gradually disappear, and be taken back into the earth, the air, the sunshine, and the trees. And I had rather do so, than stay with a mind that can't appreciate me, and does not know how to take care of me.

M.—Oh, well! let's not quarrel! I hear that it is generally understood, nowadays, that the mind can do a great deal toward making the body well—just by its own quiet influence, and I'll look into the matter at once, and see what I can do for you.

B.—I have no doubt there is a good deal in what you say, but you must remember this: it is impossible to recover health after it is lost, or retain it when possessed, except at the price of labor and activity. I have no doubt you can learn how to do a great deal for me without the toil of moving a single one of my muscles; but if you undertake to do it all that way, then no matter how bravely you seem to be succeeding at first, you will some time have a rude and calamitous awakening. In order to create and preserve health, Mind and Body must cooperate.

M. (Lazily).—Well, I'll think of it.

How Bryant Lived Long and Well.

THIS great poet and editor was a well-preserved man at eighty-four; and, it is said, might have lived some years longer, had he not been carelessly allowed to walk some distance in the hot sun, instead of being protected from it in a carriage, by a party who had invited him to his house. Bryant's statement of how he managed to keep so well is embodied in the following extract from a letter to a friend:

"I promised some time since to give you some account of my habits of life so far, at least, as regards diet, exercise, and occupation. I am not sure that it will be of any use to you, although the system which I have for many years observed seems to answer my purpose very well. I have reached a pretty advanced period of life without the usual infirmities of old age, and with my strength, activity and bodily faculties generally in pretty good preservation. How far this may be the effect of my way of life, adopted long ago and steadfastly adhered to, is perhaps uncertain.

"I rise early, at this time of the year about 5.30; in summer half an hour or even an hour earlier. Immediately, with very little incumbrance of clothing, I begin a series of exercises for the most part designed to expand the chest, and at the same time call into action all the muscles and articulations of the body. These are performed by dumb-bells, the very lightest, covered with flannel; with a pole, a horizontal bar and a light chair swung around my head. After a full hour, and sometimes more, passed in this manner, I bathe from head to foot. When at my place in the country, I sometimes shorten my exercises in the chamber, and, going out, occupy myself for half an hour or more in some work which requires brisk exercise. After my bath, if breakfast be not ready, I sit down to my studies until I am called.

"My breakfast is a simple one—hominy and milk, or, in place of hominy, brown bread, or oatmeal, or wheaten grits and, in the season, baked sweet apples. Buckwheat cakes I do not de-

cline, nor any other article of vegetable food, but animal food I never take for breakfast. Tea and coffee I never touch at any time. Sometimes I take a cup of chocolate, which has no narcotic effect and agrees with me very well. At breakfast I often take fruit, either in its natural state or freshly stewed.

"After breakfast I occupy myself for a while with my studies, and then, when in town, I walk down to my office, nearly three miles distant, and, after about three hours, return, always walking, whatever be the weather or the state of the streets. In the country I am engaged in my literary tasks till a feeling of weariness drives me into the open air, and I go upon my farm or into the garden and prune the trees or perform some other work about them which they need, and then go back to my books. I do not often drive out, preferring to walk.

"In the country I dine early, and it is only at that meal that I take meat or fish, and of these but a moderate quantity, making my dinner mostly of vegetables. At the meal which is called tea, I take only a little bread and butter, with fruit if it be on the table. In town, where I dine later, I take but two meals a day. Fruit makes a considerable part of my diet, and I eat at almost any hour of the day without inconvenience. My drink is water, yet I sometimes, though rarely, take a glass of wine. I am a natural temperance man, finding myself rather confused than exhilarated by wine. I never meddle with tobacco, except to quarrel with its use.

"That I may rise early, I of course go to bed early: in town, at ten; in the country, somewhat earlier. For many years I have avoided in the evening every kind of literary occupation which tasks the faculties, such as compositions, even to the writing of letters, for the reason that it excites the nervous system and prevents sound sleep.

"My brother told me not long since that he had seen in a Chicago newspaper, and several other western journals, a paragraph in which it is said that I am in the habit of taking quinine as a stimulant; I depended upon the excitement it

produces in writing my verses, and that, in consequence of using it in that way, I had become as deaf as a post. As to my deafness, you know that to be false, and the rest of the history is equally so. I abominate all drugs and narcotics, and have always carefully avoided everything which spurs nature to exertions which it would not otherwise make. Even with my food I do not take the usual condiments, such as pepper and the like."

Sleeping-Sickness.

THE course of this disease is an extremely slow one. The first stage is said to last a year or more, and the cause of the disease may be in the blood long before any symptoms whatever present themselves. The patient has occasional fever; indeed, a disease hitherto called gambia fever has recently been recognized as the first stage of sleeping-sickness.

It is said that the swelling of the lymphatic glands of the neck is a characteristic early symptom. This was known in 1803 to Dr. Winterbottom, who states that slave traders, recognizing the symptom of a fatal disease, would not buy slaves who had this glandular enlargement. The patient feels well and strong, and is able to go about his usual occupations.

The second stage is indicated by a distinct change in the appearance of the patient. His expression grows heavy and dull, he becomes apathetic, lies around a great deal and cannot exert himself. With the progress of the disease these symptoms become more marked: walking and speech become difficult and finally impossible.

During the last week the sufferer lies in a state of complete coma, from which the illness derives its name. Often during the second stage of the disease the brain becomes affected, and some of the patients try to run away into the forests or swamps, where they die of exposure or starvation. To prevent this the relatives of a sufferer frequently chain him down until the time comes when he can no longer move.—[*McClure's Magazine.*]

World-Success.

A Song of Hope.

THO' graves of dead hopes lie behind you,
And your long cherished visions so fair
Have fallen, as leaves fall in autumn,
A brave soul will *never* despair.

You have the far future before you.
Though Fortune is frowning today:
To-morrow you'll find she'll be smiling:
Each April is followed by May!

Then up like a man to Life's battle!
The bugles are sounding. Away!
And while cowards rearward are skulking,
Fight on thro' the thick of the fray.

If you win, rich will be the repayment.
If you fall in the struggle, what then?
"He was faithful and true"; higher tribute
Can never be spoken of men.

ERNEST NEAL LYON.

Criminals Through Ignorance.

V.

HOW many are yet aware that being heedless or careless under certain conditions renders a person liable to criminal prosecution? The law presumes that every individual must exercise diligence in the pursuit of livelihood, and the neglect or omission of this diligence is an injury to society and consequently may constitute a crime. The courts in dealing with this class of cases make very frequent use of the term negligence.

Negligence as a legal term is exceedingly difficult to define. This is true because it is used not only to denote a state of the mind, but also the consequences resulting from a mental state. It is practically synonymous with heedlessness or carelessness, not taking notice of matters connected with the business in hand, which notice could and ought to have been taken, *e. g.*, the omission on the part of a

physician of that skill which it is his duty to exercise.

Accidents probably contribute more examples of negligence than any other cause. An accident is not in itself a crime, unless it can be proven that it was in any degree caused by negligence.

Take for example the case of a hunter who upon hearing a noise discharged his gun in the direction from which the noise came and injured or killed another hunter. He is guilty of criminal negligence, inasmuch as he ought to have made sure of the object at which he fired before doing so.

The owner of a runaway horse or horses, if negligent in any manner, is responsible for all damages that may occur, in addition to his liability to criminal action. If a person enter a barn or pasture of another, without wrong motives, and is injured by a vicious horse, bull, or dog, the owner of such premises may be punished, provided he cannot show that he used all ordinary and reasonable means in care of said animals for the safety of his neighbors and help.

Nearly all states have a sort of rule by which cases of negligence are governed, and as these agree with each other in essentials, it is necessary to cite but one. The standard in New York by which negligence is tested, is the prudent action that the average citizen ordinarily bestows in acting in his own concerns. Any one failing to attain this standard, does so at his peril.

The intention of the person accused is legally of great importance, but it is extremely difficult to state in exact words just what this importance is. As a general rule it may be said that what is manslaughter where there is negligence becomes murder where there is intention.

Indeed, in some cases, negligence may be of such nature as to lead to the presumption of legal malice.

Cases are on record where the negligence appeared to be of such a wilful nature, that the defendant was presumed to be guilty of fraud. The phenomena of dishonest intention and negligence are so often similar to such an extent, as to cause the court to consider them as the same. This action is taken to facilitate matters, as the legal consequences resulting from them are identical, and cannot possibly result in unjust punishment.

There are not and cannot well be any arbitrary rules by means of which cases involving negligence may be decided. Each must depend upon its own merits; and it is for the jury to say, subject to the established rules of evidence, whether a particular defendant has in this particular case fallen below the standard of the average citizen. Probably in no other kind of trial by jury, is there greater opportunity for the jurors to exercise common sense, and for this qualification they should be selected.

"Paging" by Megaphone.

ECONOMY of employes' wages is used more and more by the various establishments. Some of the railroads, at their terminal depots, connect their telephones with megaphones, so that one man can announce the departure of a train to hundreds of people in the fraction of a minute.

Since the installation of this system a new use has been found for it. It has been used to page persons supposed to be waiting somewhere in the station. It is a characteristic of the device that the sound emitted from the various distributing points seems to come from nowhere in particular, and several persons have been startled by hearing the sudden request:

"Will Mr. So-and-so please step to the information booth, where Mr. Somebody-or-other is awaiting him?"

So great has been the demand by travelers and those waiting for them to have

the belated ones paged in this way that the regular use of the device as an announcer of trains has been made of secondary importance in the eyes of the traveling public.

Of course, it might be that Mr. So-and-so would not particularly care to have his name coupled with Mr. Somebody's, in connection with a suggested interview; and Mrs. Somebody might not care to be publicly called upon by Mrs. So-and-so. But railroad companies do not care so much for the feelings of their patrons, as they do for making or saving now and then a dollar or two for their stockholders.

Self-Nominations.

THE idea of suggesting one's self as a candidate for office is often done, even by advertisement in the newspapers. "I announce myself as a candidate for the office of sheriff", or "of alderman", or "of town-treasurer", is an advertisement frequently found in country papers; though the more important and illustrious places are generally sought in a less direct and Doric manner.

But even the Presidency of United States in past years has had its seekers who frankly acknowledged their desire, and invited people to vote for them. For instance, Joseph Smith, the famous Mormon prophet, did so on January 29th, 1844. On the 17th of May a Latter Day Saint State Convention was held in Nauvoo, Illinois, and the self-nomination was formally confirmed. Smith's platform (which, it may be supposed, he dictated), included the abolition of slavery, with remuneration to owners; reduction of numbers and pay to Congressmen; abolishing of imprisonment for everything but murder; the discontinuing the practice of courtmartialing soldiers or marines for desertion; the giving of power to the President to send armies for the suppressing of mobs; the annexation of Texas, Canada, and Mexico, whenever they desired to enter the Union; and the extent of that Union (with the consent of the red man) from sea to sea. Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Wood-

ruff and many other afterwards prominent men, started out through the country electioneering for him; but nothing resulted except failure and ridicule.

In the sixties and seventies, George Francis Train was a self-announced candidate for the Presidency, and stumped the whole country in his own behalf—making money at the same time by selling admission-tickets at the hall doors. He was then in his prime, and a man that was quoted very widely. He had, during the civil war, made many bright and sparkling speeches in England that did our country a great deal of good there, and were republished in hundreds of American papers. He was reputed to be immensely rich. He for several years drew large crowds in the great cities; and if he had been sufficiently less eccentric might have become an eminent and useful politician, if not statesman. During his lectures, he frequently took what he called "the sense of the audience" as to whether it wanted him for President, and always received a large complimentary vote—few, if any, ever having the least idea of casting their ballots for him.

His platform was mostly himself, and his achievements: and in this respect, he is often imitated.

Economy of Motion.

SOME of the readers of EVERY WHERE can remember the old work battle-cry of, "Now, boys, no false motions." This idea has been systematically embodied by Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth, of New York, who asserts that by his method, a first-class bricklayer can lay 350 bricks an hour, yet go home at night less tired than when under the old system he laid less than one-third as many. Mr. Gilbreth says that for 2,000 years the methods pursued in the laying of bricks remained much the same. His study of the subject reveals that a bricklayer has generally made eighteen motions from the moment he selected a brick until he had it securely in place.

Mr. Gilbreth reduced these eighteen motions to five, and in some cases two.

He devised an adjustable scaffold which eliminated the most wasteful motion of all—that of the constant stoop of the bricklayer. In the middle of the scaffold he placed a table which could be moved about at will. Instead of obliging the bricklayer to search for a good brick he had workmen who received less wages sort out the good bricks and place them on the table. This eliminated several motions. Mr. Gilbreth also had his mortar properly tempered so that the weight of the brick would bring the latter to its proper resting place. There were several other motion-saving reforms inaugurated.

The first men hired to work under the new system received \$6.50 a day, instead of \$4.50, the union rate, but they were told they would have to lay bricks the way Mr. Gilbreth ordered. There were to be no more lost motions, no more patting the brick and turning it, and painstaking efforts to settle it just right in the mortar; in fact, they must observe the five-motion plan for laying bricks.

Since the plan was put into effect Mr. Gilbreth has had no difficulty in training other bricklayers to do the work as he wished. Mr. Gilbreth's conclusions as to the mental and physical variables of the bricklayers are as follows:

"That first-class men should always be secured if that be possible;

"That everything possible should be done to preserve and to add to the natural powers and capacities that the worker brings to his work;

"That standard practice derived from motion study does add to the natural powers of the worker, and both shortens his hours of work and adds to his output.

"That training based on the laws underlying standard practice will enable the worker of the future to attain still higher efficiency and output."

Under this new system bricks are given to the masons upon packets, each taking eighteen bricks, instead of in the old way, and once these packets are emptied it is an easy matter for a "checker" to walk along the wall and count the number of packets near each man every hour. In this way the hourly output of every man is secured.



March 22—Germany's first turbine battleship was launched at Kiel.

Scenes of wild disorder marked the trial of the Camorra at Viterbo, Italy.

President Taft and Baron Uchida had an important conference concerning the relations of Japan with Mexico.

23—The War Department instructed recruiting officers to enlist six thousand men at once.

The United States Court decided that a corner in cotton was legal.

It was reported at St. Petersburg that M. Stolypin had withdrawn his resignation as Premier.

24—The Mexican Cabinet resigned in a body. Dispatches from the Far East asserted that Russia would probably soon declare war against China.

25—It was learned at Kingston, Jamaica, that bubonic plague was prevalent at Trinidad.

President Taft received a personal message from the Emperor of Japan, expressing warm friendship for United States.

26—The probable new Italian Cabinet was announced.

It was reported from Peking that China had decided to submit to the terms of Russia's ultimatum.

Postmaster General Hitchcock announced that after July 1 magazines and bulky periodicals would be transported as fast freight.

27—The new Mexican Cabinet was officially announced.

King Victor Emmanuel formally opened the celebration of the jubilee of Italian unity at Rome.

A severe gale caused loss of one life and much damage to property in Philadelphia.

28—Postmaster General Hitchcock designated forty-five additional postoffices as savings depositories.

The Spanish Cabinet unanimously approved the association bill, regulating religious and other societies.

The Cabinet in Washington heard encouraging reports regarding the tranquilization of Mexico.

29—The treaty of commerce and navigation between United States and Japan was ratified at Tokio.

The New York State Capitol at Albany was partially destroyed by fire, with a loss estimated at \$5,000,000.

Premier Asquith and Ambassador Reid addressed a meeting in London, in celebration of the tercentenary of the revision of the English translation of the Bible.

30—The lower house of the Austrian Reichsrath was dissolved, and a new election ordered.

The Holy Synod, at St. Petersburg, issued an edict forbidding Jews from bearing Christian first names.

The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia declared the anti-bucketshop law unconstitutional.

April 1—President Diaz's message was read in the Mexican Congress, pledging sweeping reforms in elections, lands and judiciary.

General Carter's men marched in review at San Antonio, Texas, in a line ten miles long.

The German Government formally opened its direct cable line from Emden, Germany, to Pernambuco, Brazil.

2—Canalejas, the Spanish Premier, consented to remain at the head of the Cabinet, on condition that he might reconstruct it.

Fire started afresh in the Albany State Capitol, but was extinguished after an hour's fight.

3—Francisco I. Madero, Jr., President of the Provisional Government of Mexico, gave assurance to the Powers that foreign interests would be protected.

The Supreme Court of United States declared the operation of coal concerns as subsidiaries, illegal.

4—The sixty-second Congress met in Washington in extra session.

5—A belated snowstorm surprised the people of Paris, France.

6—The S. S. Prinzess Irene, with 2,300 people aboard, ran aground on Fire Island, in a fog.

7—Severe fighting occurred near Culiacan, Mexico.

The Democratic Senators elected T. S. Marvin to be minority leader over B. F. Shively, the progressive candidate.

Francisco I. Madero announced his willingness to give up the Provisional Presi-

- dency to a Diaz Cabinet Minister, if Diaz would retire.
- The United States Government won its first case against a Black Hand leader when Gianni Longi, of Chicago, was found guilty of bomb throwing.
- 8—A \$100,000 fire destroyed a block in New Haven, Conn.
- One hundred and fifteen men were entombed in a mine, near Littleton, Ala., following an explosion.
- 9—The Princess Irene was floated and towed to New York.
- Three hundred persons perished in a fire in Tokio, Japan. Eight hundred were injured and 6,000 women were left homeless.
- 10—The United States Circuit Court reversed the judgment for \$232,240 obtained by Danbury (Conn.) hatters against the union of the United Hatters of North America and others in 1903.
- The French Senate adopted a resolution asking the Cabinet to restore Aube as a part of the Champagne district.
- 11—The Mexican War Office recommended the formation of a volunteer corps throughout the country for local service.
- The Treasury Department issued a circular declaring what may be brought into the country free under the \$100 limit.
- 12—Three towns in Oklahoma and Kansas were swept away by a tornado, which killed twentythree and injured fifty.
- The growers of champagne proper in France rose in wrath and mobs destroyed and pillaged the factories and residences of "champagne fakers", as well as of legitimate growers. Distrust of the Government was general.
- Neutrals in Mexico announced the formation of a new party to rescue the country.
- Pierre Prier flew from London to Paris (290 miles) in a monoplane, without a stop, in 236 minutes.
- 13—The House passed a joint resolution providing for the direct vote of the people for United States Senators.
- During a fight between the Mexican Federal troops and the insurrectos at Agua Prieta, several Americans in Arizona were killed and wounded.
- 14—The New York Polo Grounds were swept by fire and the grand stand of the Giants and thirty cars of the Elevated Railroad were destroyed.
- A Georgia representative introduced a bill at Washington designed to prevent Congress from limiting the representation of the Southern States because of disfranchising the negro. It called for the repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment.
- President Taft warned the Mexican Government and rebels that people on American soil must not be shot.
- Dr. David Jayne Hill, Ambassador to Germany, tendered his resignation of that office, to President Taft, who accepted it with "great reluctance."
- 15—The State Department disavowed any dissatisfaction with Ambassador Hill as to the potash case.
- The office of The Toledo Blade, once belonging to Petroleum V. Nasby, was destroyed by fire to the amount of \$150,000.
- 16—Possibilities of peace negotiations halted the Mexican rebels near Juarez.
- 17—President Taft left action in regard to the Mexican situation to the decision of Congress.
- Edward F. Croker, Chief of the New York City Fire Department, retired after twentyseven years' service.
- The Arkansas Senate ratified the income tax amendment to the U. S. Constitution, making the twentyfifth State that has adopted it.
- 18—In response to the protests of United States, President Diaz promised a distinct restriction policy for the zone of border hostility.
- The Socialists elected mayors in two Illinois towns, and a majority of aldermen in another.
- Fire destroyed an entire city block in Jacksonville, Florida, the loss consisting of lumber and freight cars to the amount of \$500,000.
- 19—President Diaz accepted an armistice to discuss peace terms.
- The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, was consecrated by Bishop Greer.
- President Fallieres arrived in Tunis on a two-weeks' visit to the French protectorate.
- 20—The resignation of Herbert H. D. Pierce, as minister to Norway, was announced, L. S. Swenson, minister to Switzerland, being sent to Norway. Other transfers were also announced.
- Francisco Madero refused to grant an armistice until after the battle of Juarez.
- 21—The House passed the Canadian Reciprocity bill by a vote of 264 to 89.
- General Francisco Madero's demand for the immediate resignation of President Diaz was answered by the sudden termination of unofficial negotiations by the Government.
- A resolution was offered in the House requesting President Taft to furnish to Congress an explanation of Ambassador Hill's resignation.
- 22—John J. McNamara, Secretary and Treasurer of the International Bridge and Structural Ironworkers' Association, was arrested for complicity in dynamiting the Los Angeles Times Building.
- 23—A five-days' armistice affecting a limited territory in Mexico, was signed at Juarez.
- President Taft resented demands by various religious organizations, that he deny his Unitarianism.

Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

BELL, CHARLES FREDERIC MOBERLY—In London, England, April 5, aged sixty-four years. He was born in Egypt and educated in a private school there. For more than twenty years he was manager of "The London Times." As "Times" correspondent in Egypt he was credited with largely bringing about the British occupation in 1882. He was connected with the paper for fortysix years.

BRAININ, DR. SIMON M.—In New York City, March 31, aged fiftyseven years. He was born in Riga, Russia, and studied medicine at Dorpat and Berlin. He was appointed physician to the Jewish community in Riga, the last independent Jewish community in Russia. He was a delegate to the Rabbinical conference in St. Petersburg in 1892. He came to America in 1895. He had written medical books in Hebrew and Russian.

CHILDS, WILLIAM WARD—In Brooklyn, March 23, aged sixtyseven years. He was born in St. Louis and educated at Washington University. He was a great-great-grandson of Betty Washington, the sister of George Washington. He left college to join the Confederate ranks at the opening of the Civil War.

CLARKE, SIR PURDON—In London, March 29, aged sixtysix years. He was born in London, and was largely a self-made man. He worked his way through the National Art Training School of England. He was director of the South Kensington Museum of London, and director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. He resigned the latter office last June on account of ill health.

DAVIS, ROBERT STUART—In Philadelphia, March 17, aged seventythree years. He was born in Philadelphia and educated at Yale. He started as a lawyer, but abandoned it for journalism. He was connected with New York and Philadelphia newspapers for many years. He founded "The Saturday Night", and "Philadelphia Call."

EGGLESTON, REV. DR. J. HOUSTON—In Baltimore, April 1, aged seventyfour years. He was born in Chestertown, Md., and was educated at Princeton College and at the Episcopal Divinity School in Philadelphia. He was rector of churches in West Philadelphia and Newark, and declined the bish-

oprics of Iowa and of West Virginia. At the time of his death he was rector of Emmanuel Episcopal church, Baltimore, and was Dean of the Theological Seminary of Virginia.

EGGLESTON, GEORGE CARY—In New York City, April 14, 1911, aged seventyone years. He was born in Vevay, Ind., and finished his education in Richmond College, Va. He practiced law, until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he enlisted in the Confederate Army. After the war he became a journalist in New York, being literary editor of The Evening Post, and connected as editor with Heath and Home, The Commercial Advertiser, and The World. He wrote several books.

GOODYEAR, CHARLES W.—In Buffalo, N. Y., April 16, aged sixtyfive years. He was born in Cortland, N. Y. He studied and practiced law till 1887, served several terms as District Attorney and aided in nominating Cleveland as Governor. With his brother, the late Frank Goodyear, he actively developed the lumber and coal lands of Pennsylvania, and several railroad lines, in different sections of the country.

GREIF, MARTIN—In Kufstein, Austria-Hungary, April 1, aged seventytwo years. He was born at Speyer, Bavaria. After serving in the army for eight years, he devoted himself to literature, attaining fame as one of the leading lyric poets of modern Germany. He wrote also several patriotic plays.

GUILMAUT, FELIX ALEXANDRE—In Paris, March 30, aged seventyfour years. He was considered one of the greatest performers on the organ, and one of the foremost teachers of the instrument. He composed numerous symphonies and hymns.

HALL, EVELYN S.—In Westerly, R. I., April 14, aged fiftyeight years. She was born in Stonington, Conn., and was a graduate of Wellesley. After teaching four years in Chicago, she became principal of Dwight L. Moody's Seminary, at Northfield, Mass., and was its head for twentyseven years.

INCH, REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD, U. S. N.—In Washington, D. C., April 21, aged sixtyseven years. He was born in Washington. He entered the Navy in 1863 as Third Asst. Engineer, and in 1892 became Chief Engineer. He was advanced in rank for bravery at Manila Bay. He was one

of three officers detailed at the Executive Mansion during President Garfield's illness. He retired in 1905 with the rank of Rear Admiral, after fortytwo years of service.

JOHNSON, TOM L.—In Cleveland, Ohio, April 10, aged fiftyseven years. He was born in Georgetown, Ky., was educated in the common schools and entered the employ of the Louisville Street R. R. Company. He soon bought defunct lines in Indianapolis and Cleveland, and revived their fortunes by his enterprise and skilful handling. He invented numerous railway and car devices, manufacturing on his own account. He was twice a Congressman and four times Mayor of Cleveland, being an ardent single-taxer and free-trader, despite his manufacturing interests. He advocated the 3-cent fare.

KEITH, WILLIAM—In Berkeley, Cal., April 13, aged seventytwo years. He was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. He studied portrait painting in Munich. In 1851 he went with the Harpers, New York, where he learned wood-engraving. He later went to California, where he attained international fame for his paintings of California scenery.

KNAPP, DR. SEAMAN A.—In Washington, D. C., April 1, aged seventyeight years. He was born in Essex Co., N. Y., and was graduated from Union College. From 1869 to 1875 he was President of the Iowa State College for the Blind. He later became a farmer and stock breeder, and organized demonstration rice and cotton farms in the South, becoming an expert in the Department of Agriculture.

LIPPINCOTT, CRAIGE—In Philadelphia, April 6, aged sixtyfive years. He was born in Philadelphia, the son of the head of the J. B. Lippincott publishing house. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He entered the publishing house in 1866 and became President in 1886, succeeding his father.

LOYD, SAM—In Brooklyn, N. Y., April 11, aged seventy years. He was born in Philadelphia, and was educated for a civil engineer. When ten years old he began to be interested in chess problems, and the puzzle trend of his brain led him later to invent the famous Donkey puzzle, the Fifteen Block puzzle, Pigs in Clover and others, in whose sale he made a fortune. The Tangram Book was another unique production.

McAULIFF, CORNELIUS—In Chicago, April 10, aged sixtyone years. He was born at Mallow, Ireland, and was graduated from the Law Department at the University of Michigan. He had held editorial positions on various Chicago papers—"The Daily News", "The Times", and "The Evening". He was one of the founders of

"The Chicago Mail", and until recently was managing editor of "The Record-Herald."

OLIN, COL. WM. M.—In Boston, April 15, aged sixtysix years. He was born in Warrenton, Ga., and was educated in the schools of Worcester and Grafton, Mass. He enlisted in the Civil War at the age of sixteen, becoming Lieut. Col. and Asst. Adj. General. During the 70's he was in journalism in Washington and Boston, and served later as private secretary to Govs. Talmage and Long. For nineteen years he was Secretary of State in Massachusetts.

OSBON, REV. DR. E. S.—In New York City, April 10, aged seventytwo years. He was born at Middlebury, Vt., and was educated at Syracuse University. He was well known for his work in the Methodist Church in the City and State, having been presiding elder of three districts. He and his ancestors had served more than 250 years in the New York Conference.

PILCHER, GEN. JAMES E.—In Savannah, Ga., April 8, aged fiftyfour years. He was born in Adrian, Mich., and was graduated from the University of Michigan and the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn. He was Major and Brigade Surgeon of Volunteers in the Spanish War, and was an authority on "first aid." Retiring in 1900, he occupied in succession the chairs of Anatomy and of Economics and Sociology and of Medical Jurisprudence at Dickinson College.

ROCHOU, FERDINAND J.—In Brooklyn, March 17, aged seventythree years. He was born in Germany and educated at Jena University. He was engaged in construction of warships for the Government during the Civil War. He invented many labor-saving machines, and was the first man to build rotary pumps.

THOMPSON, DENMAN—In West Swanzy, N. H., April 14, aged seventyeight years. He was born in Beech Wood, Pa. He was educated at Mt. Caesar Seminary, but at seventeen years of age began life on his own account in Boston with a circus company. He soon entered the legitimate drama, and after a more or less successful career, he developed the delightful play "The Old Homestead", which ran in New York for four successive seasons and proved popular wherever given.

TUTHILL, CAPT. ELLSWORTH—At Mattituck, L. I., April 10, aged eightythree years. For many years he was identified with the fishing industry. He had extensive fertilizer works at Promised Land, L. I., and was known throughout Long Island as the Fertilizer King.

WILSON, MAJOR GEN. JAMES F.—In Montreal, April 12, aged fifty-nine years. He was one of Canada's most distinguished soldiers, seeing active service at Khartoum in the expedition sent to relieve Gen. Gordon, and in the Northwest in 1885-1886.

Forty Doings and Undoings.

Bavaria has started a school for porcelain manufacture. The tuition is \$2.50 per annum.

You will not fly much over Connecticut, until you have paid a registration fee of ten dollars for being an aviator.

Eightyone years old, but still a money-maker, Charles R. Dusenbury has been elected President of a Yonkers, N. Y., bank.

The "just as good" druggists are getting a large call-down in some of the cities, which have a weakness for the pure and genuine article.

Though nearly 2,000 years old, a recently discovered Roman mirror, made by attaching lead foil to glass with balsam, was as effective as when new.

No drinking-cups in Massachusetts railroad-coaches, excepting what you carry with you. Meanwhile, the big water-tanks grin and smile tantalizingly.

Fifty years a bank-cashier, Jacob Hentz of Brooklyn has handled eighty million dollars without loss, and been presented with—a set of resolutions.

The arctic explorer, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who says that perhaps he reached the summit of the earth, is now lecturing on "The North Pole—and after."

Thoracograph is the name that has been given a machine which has been invented to

draw diagrams of a person's chest movements during respiration.

A snake with two perfect heads was caught on a farm in Clermont County, Ohio. It is able to eat with either mouth, and seems to enjoy the many visitors who come to see it.

"Silence parties" have been inaugurated at some girls' schools, to raise money for beneficent purposes. To smile costs a cent; to laugh, a nickel; to talk, a dime for each sentence.

Wild deer are eating young orchards in Massachusetts, and tree-owners are suing the State (whose laws protect them in certain seasons) for thousands of dollars in damages.

The village of Aurnone, in France, is said to be the healthfulest place in Europe. It has only forty inhabitants, twentythree of whom are over eighty years old, and one is over a hundred.

The longest continuous meteorological records known are reports of the temperature and rainfall of New Bedford, Mass., since 1813, made by the father of the owner of the data and himself.

A new method of producing pure salt from salt rock consists of melting the rock in a furnace and then treating the molten material to compressed air to blow away or precipitate the impurities.

A parchment six yards long and a foot wide, tracing in quaint fifteenth century writ-

Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda (Dr. Churchill's Formula) and Winchester's Specific Pill are the best remedies for Exhausted or Debilitated. They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia, Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol or Cocaine. The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring impaired Vitality, no matter how originally caused, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples. Price, One Dollar per box, by first-class mail. No humbug, C. O. D., or Treatment Scheme. Personal Opinions. Dear Sirs: I have prescribed Winchester's Hypophosphites in cases of consumption, chlorosis, dyspepsia, marasmus, etc., with the happiest results, having found them superior to all others.—S. H. Tewksbury, M. D., Portland, Me. I have used Winchester's Hypophosphites in several very severe cases of consumption, with the best possible results.—F. Crang, M. D., Centreville, N. Y. Winchester's Hypophosphites not only act as absorbents but repair and retard the waste of tissue.—H. P. DeWees, M. D., New York. I know of no remedy in the whole *Materia Medica* equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—Adolph Behre, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York. Send for free treatise securely sealed. Winchester & Co., 594 Beekman Building, New York. Established 52 years.

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ing the descent of Henry VI. from Adam, has just been placed in the Welsh National library at Aberystwyth.

There are no railroads in the whole of Venezuelan Guiana. Goods from the interior are carried over wretched roads by ox carts, mule carts and donkeys. In the rainy season, the roads are impassable.

The "unwritten law" is fading away, even in Texas: a man having been sent to prison five years for murdering a person—although it was plainly proved that the person had annoyed the man's sister.

A Birmingham, England, chemist has invented a way to convert gasoline or petrol into a stiff white jelly. It is done by adding one and three quarter per cent. of steatite and alcohol. An economy of thirty per cent. is claimed for the solid form.

A white card on a Parisian dwelling means that furnished apartments are to let, and all who run may read. A yellow card conveys to the passerby the knowledge that unfurnished lodgings are there available.

English stamps are to be issued in rolls as well as in sheets as at present. Ribbons of postage stamps wound on a reel are expected to save time for business men, and the stamps need be perforated only on two sides.

The grape is not a native of the British Isles, but was brought to England in the year 1550, the first being planted at Bloxhall, in Suffolk. Prior to that time grapes were imported from Flanders in large quantities.

The use of Indian corn in British dining-rooms is very limited. On coming to America the English soon learn to like it, but at home they do not know how to cook and serve it. Hominy seems to be practically unknown.

At a recent election in England, Harold Francis, four years old, of Bigglewade, Bedfordshire, cast his first ballot. By a clerical error his name appeared on the register, so he was carried to the polling-booth, and duly recorded his vote.

A Philadelphia nine-year-old young lady named Wilmer, and a young gentleman of the same number of years, eloped several days all over the city, and tried to get married. Their rash project was thwarted by parents and policemen.

Barbara Frietchie's house was torn down about 1870 to widen the creek. Two years before, the city was visited by a flood. That section of the city was inundated. To prevent a repetition of the damage, the city purchased property along the creek to widen it.

Among the property acquired was the former home of Barbara Frietchie, which bordered immediately upon the stream. It was at this house where the flag incident is said to have occurred.

During the past twenty years, the lakes of Russian central Asia have shown a steady rise of water-level. Within this period the sea of Aral has risen about six and a half feet. The phenomenon has accompanied a period of increased rainfall.

An eighteen story hotel, soon to be built in Philadelphia, will have a garage on the top floor. Automobiles may motor to the hotel, run their car into the elevator and be carried up to the top floor, where they may step from the automobile into the roof garden.

A Turkish state galley 250 years old, with seats for fortyeight persons, has been discovered in the disused part of the Yali kiosk, in Constantinople. The hull is richly gilt, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It is, proposed to preserve the ship in a museum.

Zuni Indians make their toys out of clay and bake them hard so that they will not crumble. They know how to model dolls and goats and frogs and birds that warble when one fills the hollow body with water and blows through a tube inserted in the back.

Brandeth's Pills are being advertised again—by a young millionaire of the globularly remedial family, who was sentenced in Italy to two years' imprisonment, for being a vagabond. He was released, when it was ascertained that he still had considerable money to spend.

Are animals color blind? In order to answer this question Miss E. M. Smith, of Newnham College, Cambridge, has been conducting experiments for eighteen months, and she has come to the conclusion that they are. It is not stated whether she tried red blankets on a bull.

Fossil remains of prehistoric animals would not have been preserved and handed down to us through the ages had they been exposed to the air. Fortunately for the scientists of today, when these animals perished, the rock which holds their remains was merely soft mud or drifting sand.

The Springfield Union emulates Sir Boyle Roche as follows: "The worm which remains in its shell is always a worm," authoritatively states Laura Jean Libbey. And, just as truly, the clam that roosts in a tree never comes home to hatch, and it is a long lane that gathers no moss."

St. Catherine's Lighthouse, on the south coast of the Isle of Wight, has a power of fifteen million candles. The apparatus re-

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volves in a trough of mercury, on which it is floated, instead of being carried on rollers. Over eight hundred pounds of mercury are required to fill the trough.

The highest railway station in the world is on the Morocochia branch of the Central Railway of Peru, a wholly broad-gauge line, operated by the "Peruvian Corporation." The altitude of the rails at this station is exactly 15,865 feet above the sea level. To reach this station from the sea-coast the line passes through fiftyseven tunnels and over more than a dozen bridges.

At present there are 1,051 students enrolled at the Carlisle, Penn., Indian School and there are very few small pupils among them. The smaller of the Indian boys and girls are being sent to the reservation schools, and after they have completed certain courses they are transferred to Carlisle and admitted there. Carlisle then gives these boys and girls the finishing touches to their education.

In the Eastern countries storks are looked upon as sacred birds, and with good reason, for they render very useful service both as scavengers and slayers of snakes and other reptiles. In most of the towns a storks' hospital will be found. It consists of an inclosure to which are sent all birds that have been injured. They are kept in this infirmary—which is generally supported by voluntary contributions—until they have regained health and strength.

Concerning deadly hat-pins, the Boston Globe says: "It is entertaining to see some male humans in a crowd in these days; they watch the approach of a big hat with much the same expression that is observable on the countenance of a dog when it sees a stranger approaching with a big stick in his hand. The men in the crowd dodge and keep an apprehensive and wary eye on the women they approach, fearing that unless they use their eyes carefully and warily they may not have an eye left after the passage through the throng."

Germany seems to have the best plan for getting even with men who ill-treat their wives. Instead of sending them to jail for a continuous period, as is done in this country, and thus depriving the family of the man's wages for the time being, the German bad husband is arrested on Saturday afternoon as he knocks off work and is kept in prison until it is time for him to go to work on Monday morning. This plan is followed until he has served the number of days called for in his sentence. During the period in which he is spending his week-ends in jail his earnings are handed to his wife.

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We have prepared an *Illustrated Treatise on the Eyes*, which will be sent you free of any cost and is most interesting. It contains many novel facts and much useful information about the eyes in general; also grateful letters from people of prominence.

Among the many whom the Ideal Sight Restorer has benefited there may be one in your locality who will testify to its unfailing efficiency.

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To show you how much faith we have in the Ideal Sight Restorer and how sure we are that it will correct eye-troubles, we will be glad to send it to you for a 10-day trial.

At the end of that time, if you are willing to part with it, return it to us and you will owe us absolutely nothing.

If we can help you, you want us to do so. If we cannot, we do not want you to purchase.

It cannot do your eyes any harm and it may do them unlimited good—at any rate it costs you nothing to try.

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COULD PUN ON ANY SUBJECT.

She—Are you against long hat-pins for
women?

He—Well, I have been, several times.

FINANCIAL REVELATIONS.

"Daughter, has the duke told you the old,
old story as yet?"

"Yes, he says he owes about 200,000
plunks."

THINGS GROWING BETTER.

Landlady—You've either got to pay your
rent or leave.

Deadbroke—Oh, thanks. At the last place
they made me do both.

RETALIATION HANDY.

"Does your husband ever get behind with
his alimony?"

"Not he. I have threatened to go back to
him instantly if he does."

A GENEALOGICAL DIALOGUE.

Willie—Mamma, am I descended from
monkeys?

Mother—I don't know, dear; I never saw
any of your father's relations.

A REALIZING SENSE.

Mrs. Gnaggs—I'll never forget the night
you proposed to me. You acted like a per-
fect fool.

Mr. Gnaggs—That wasn't acting.

NEW WORD.

"Who is the fellow wearing a suit of cal-
liope clothes?"

"What do you mean by calliope clothes?"

"Garments that can be heard a mile away."

LIVE STORAGE.

"Are these good eating chickens?" inquired
the lady in the butcher store.

"Oh, yes ma'am," replied the butcher. "If
I'd let 'em they'd have eaten their heads off."

ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

Archbishop Ireland was urging one of his
Senatorial friends to help the church with
his presence, but the Senator declined to be
a regular church-goer, giving this reason:

"One finds so many hypocrites there."

"But there is always room for one more,"

said the genial prelate, as he gripped the hand of his statesman friend.

OUTSIDE INFORMATION.

"Father," says the rapt youth, "I am engaged to marry Miss Fasshumble."

"Is she pretty?" asks the father.

"I do not know. I never saw her with her hat off."

A COUNTRY OF APPEALS.

"It was William Pitt, was it not, who said, 'Where law ends tyranny begins'?"

"Perhaps it was, but in this country law never ends. There are too many higher courts."

METHOD IN MUSICAL MADNESS.

"Why do you play Wagner's music? I dislike it immensely."

"Well, this piano is so dreadfully out of tune that if I played anything else you would notice it."

HE GOT HIS ANSWER.

"They who ask unpleasant questions," said Senator Crane, at a dinner in Dalton, "mustn't be surprised if they get unpleasant answers. Yes, the interrogatory politician, too, often finds himself in the boots of Gobsa Golde."

"The aged Gobsa Golde was quarrelling

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furiously with his young and beautiful wife.
"‘Didn’t you marry me for my money?’
he yelled.

"Mrs. Gobsa Golde tossed her head.

"‘Yes, of course I did,’ she said, ‘and if you wasn’t so stingy with it we’d never have a cross word.’"

YOU SEE, JINKS KNEW HIM.

"I don’t believe there is anything in that talk about Harlow being hard up," said Little Binks. "Why, he’s just blossomed forth with a footman on his motor."

"Footman?" echoed Jinkinson, derisively. "Footman is good! That isn’t a footman—it’s a deputy sheriff in charge of the car."

ACCURATE DATA.

Country Lady—I’ve been expecting a packet of medicine by mail for a week and haven’t received it yet.

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Lady—Well, if you really must know, it’s indigestion.

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The Secretary's Watch

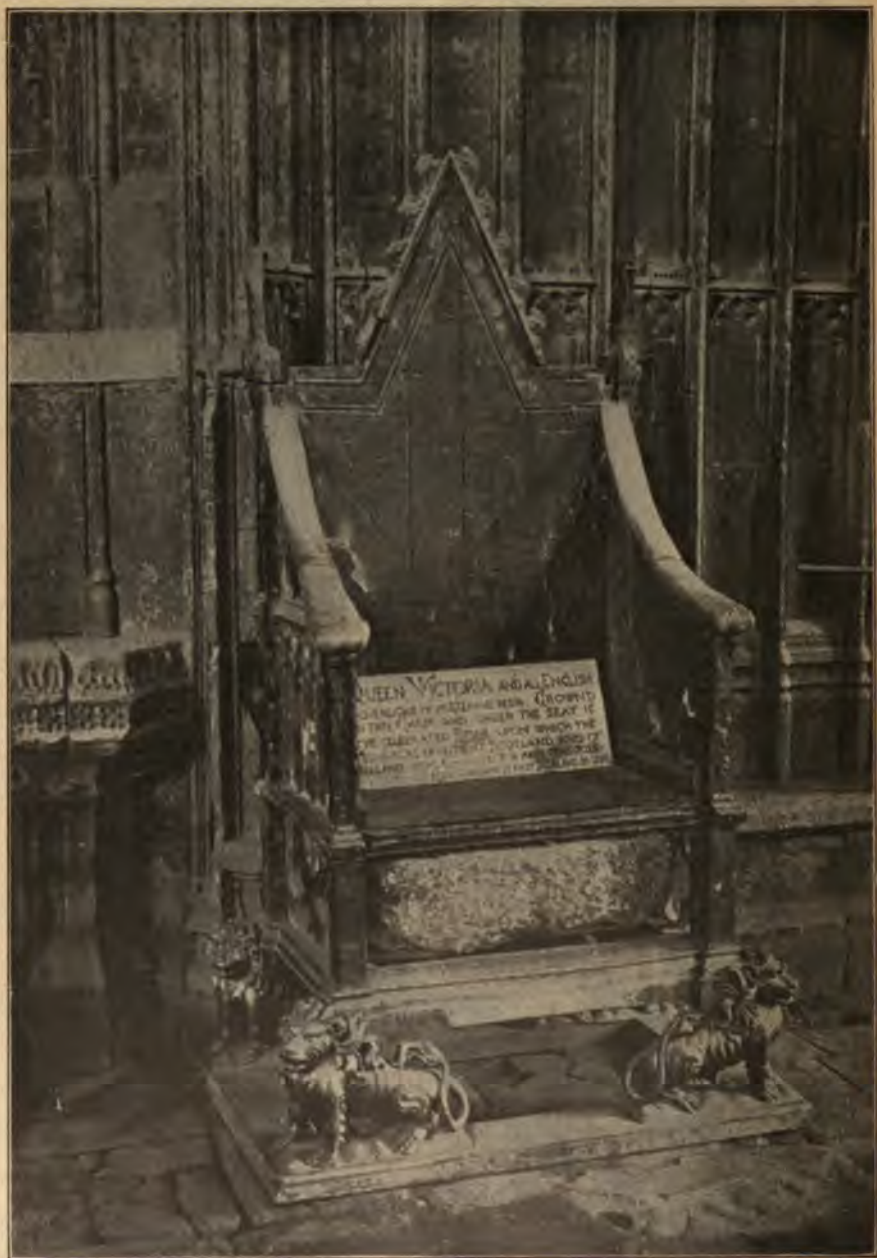
Washington was the soul of punctuality. One morning his secretary was five minutes late and blamed it on his watch. "Then," said Washington, "you must get a new watch or I must get a new secretary."

THE world demands of you what Washington demanded of his secretary—punctuality. You must be punctual. If you have no watch, you must get one. If you have a bad watch, you must get a new watch. Duty to one's self demands the possession of a dependable watch. This is no hardship when for one dollar you can buy

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CORONATION-CHAIR USED BY ENGLISH KINGS AND QUEENS.

The Stingless Bee.

BY WILL CARLETON.

A HIVER of thought, through nights and days
Forever inventing some new thing,
Was trying in long Burbankian ways,
To fashion a bee without a sting.

"O'er field and forest this friend could go,"
He mused, as he toiled, one summer day,
"And never a fight and never a foe
Its mission of splendor could delay.

"The time that it now in strife may use,
Could go to the peaceful help of men;
E'en children fondle it as they choose,
And never be stung—by bees—again.

"The syllable 'less', this planet o'er
On many a word has power to please;
And I shall be known, forever more,
As first deviser of stingless bees."

That night there came to his restless bed,
A queen-bee, wrapped in a filmy dream:
A halo of power adorned her head—
Her eyes were soft with the mother-gleam.

"Strive not," she said, "ingenious one,
To rob my child of its sole defense,
Or from the treasures that he has won,
To say to him 'Helpless go you hence!'

"If through great floods of the life-strown air,
Unarmed we speed him upon his way,
The humblest insect lingering there,
May mark him out for an easy prey.

"If into a honeyed flower he creep,
 To harvest its swaying mines of gold,
 Then wingless robbers on him can leap—
 The sparrow's God may his death behold.

"And how of the treasures my palace boasts,
 That man and woman so gaily share?—
 Wild bees from the woods, in armored hosts,
 With looted riches will fill the air!"

The hiver now, in his vision-dream,
 A call from the tombs of patriots heard:
 "Our monarch of sweets, 'twould surely seem,
 Has given THIS NATION a warning-word!"

The Veteran's Review.

SARAH, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums march by!
 This is Decoration Day! Hurry, and be spry!
 Wheel me to the window, girl!—fling it open high!
 Crippled of the body, now, and blinded of the eye,
 Sarah, let me listen, while the drums march by!
 Blind as a bat, I can see 'em, for all that:
 Say, boys, say! can't you glance up this way?
 Here's an old comrade here, crippled, now, and gray!
 This is too much: girl, throw me my crutch!
 I can see! I can walk! I can march! I could fly!
 No, I *won't* sit still, and let the boys march by!

Oh, I fall and I flinch!—I can't go an inch!
 No use to flutter—no use to try.
 Where's my strength?—hunt down at the front:
 There's where I left it. No need to cry.
 Plague of these tears, and the moaning in my ears!
 Part of a war is to suffer and to die:
 Yes, I *must* sit still, and let the boys march by!

Part of a war is to suffer and to die:
 Suffer and to die; suffer and to—*Why!*
 Of all that crowd I just yelled at so loud,
 There's hardly a one, but is killed, dead, and gone!
 That was a spectre band, marched past so grand!
 All the old boys are a-tenting in the sky:
 Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums *moan* by!



“Uncle Tom’s Cabin” in England.

BY CHARLES EDWARD STOWE. (Son of Harriet Beecher Stowe.)

IN the year 1852 the institution of slavery, entrenched behind the Constitution, laws, social custom, and instituted religion of the mightiest nation on the face of the earth, seemed to bid defiance to every effort to overthrow it. The enlightened advancement of the age was



REV. CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.

against it, and it was engaged in a desperate life and death struggle for existence. It fortified itself within the doctrine of State Rights and magnified the sovereignty of the state till the authority of our national government became a mere shadow to be cast hither and hither at the caprice of every wayward Commonwealth, and the Slave Power ruled the

nation. It commanded the Whig party to bow before its shrine, and it bowed never to rise again. It was to compel the Democratic party to yield the same homage to its own destruction. Those who believed slavery a great moral wrong, felt compelled to compromise with a wrong they could not overthrow.

Slaves were property, and any attack on slavery was an attack on one kind of property, and an attack on one kind of property was indirectly an attack on all kinds of property, and that was an attack on the very vitals of constituted society. Hence the fury of mob violence that raged against the Abolitionists. They were the outcasts of the respectable society of that time. They were called “Atheists”, “Anarchists”, and were looked upon as the enemies of their country.

In March of this year a woman published a book designed to show what the institution of slavery really was. She meant to show it fairly and truly; its best as well as its worst features. Three thousand copies of the book sold the first day and ten thousand the first week, and power presses running day and night turned out five hundred thousand the first year. Grave men and women read this book who had never in their lives before read a word of fiction. They laughed and they cried over it, and cried more than they laughed.

Mothers read to their boys and those boys grew up with a detestation of slavery and ready to vote or fight for its overthrow.

Wherever this book was read (and where under God’s heavens was it not?) it created a great wave of anti-slavery

feeling. This was remarked by the Slave Power with anger and alarm. Slavery seemed to them endangered even behind its lofty battlements of State Rights. Anti-slavery sentiments and anti-slavery votes were increasing at an alarming rate! Mr. Lincoln said in his Cooper Union speech: "There is a judgment, and a feeling against slavery in this nation, which casts at least a million and a half

all men are created equal'; but on the inferiority of the negro to the white man, and that his only normal relation to the superior race was that of slavery." Now no one influence was more potent in producing that "sentiment" that expressed itself in anti-slavery votes, than was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." So it led to the secession of the slave states, the Civil War, and the complete extinction of the



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

votes. You cannot destroy that judgment and feeling—that sentiment—by breaking up the political organization which rallies around it."

It was this fact that alarmed the Slave Power and led to the formation of the Southern Confederacy: a government, according to Alexander H. Stephens, that made slavery its foundation-stone. This new government was to be built not on the "erroneous proposition, 'we believe

institution of slavery, and State Rights fell with it. A woman had reversed the decisions of the highest court in the land, rewritten the Constitution, and stricken the fetters from four millions of bondmen.

She had done this by appealing to the heart where others had spoken to the head. Men read, and laughed, and wept, and voted: and slavery, at last, was no more.

Her lever was the wand of art,
Her fulcrum was the human heart,

Whence all unfailing aid is;
She moved the earth! Its thunders pealed,
Its mountains shook, its temples reeled,
The blood-red fountains were unsealed,
And Moloch sank to Hades.

The first edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", printed in England, was issued by Henry Vizetelly, in April, 1852.

There were 7,000 copies printed, and sold, in a neat volume at ten shillings and a sixpence per copy.

Mr. Vizetelly received a copy of the first American edition, which had been issued on March 20th of the same year, from a friend who had purchased it for his own reading as he was about to sail from Boston for Liverpool. He offered it to Mr. Bogue, the publisher, who after reading it felt that it would not pay the cost of printing if issued in England. Mr. Vizetelly then took it to his friend, Mr. Clark, and one night was allowed for decision. A copy was submitted to Mr. Salisbury, the printer, and this gentleman made the following report:

"I sat up till four in the morning reading the book, and the interest I felt was expressed one moment by laughter, another by tears. Thinking it might be weakness, and not the power of the author that affected me, I resolved to try it on my wife (a rather strong-minded woman). I accordingly woke her, and read a few chapters to her. Finding that the interest in the story kept her awake, and that she, too, laughed and cried, I settled in my mind that it was a book that ought to, and might, with safety, be printed."

After the seven thousand copies had been promptly sold, other editions followed, and Mr. Vizetelly disposed of his interest in the book to the printer and agent, who joined with Mr. Beeton and at once began to issue monster editions. The demand called for fresh supplies, and these in turn called for more, with an ever-increasing demand. The discovery was soon made that any one was at liberty to reprint the book, and the initiative was thus given to a new era in cheap literature, founded on American reprints.

A shilling edition followed the one-and-

sixpence, and this in turn became the precursor of one "complete for a sixpence."

From April to December, 1852, twelve different editions (*not* reissues) were published, and within twelve months of its first appearance, eighteen different London publishing-houses were engaged in supplying the great demand for the book that had seized on the public.

The total number of different editions was forty, varying from fine illustrated editions at fifteen shillings, and ten shillings, and seven shillings and a sixpence, to a cheap popular edition at one shilling nine pence, and sixpence. This continued, till in a comparatively brief space of time *a million and a half* copies of the book had been distributed in Great Britain, Canada, and the colonies.

In September of the same year, it was dramatized in England, and ran for many months as the great attraction in the Royal Victoria, and the Great National Standard theatres of London.

The London editions were many of them illustrated by Cruikshank, and had introductions by Elihu Burritt and Lord Carlisle.

There were twenty translations of the book following its appearance in England, and these arranged in the alphabetical order of their languages, are as follows: Armenian, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, French, Greek, German, Hungarian, Illyrian, Italian, Polish, Portuguese, Romaic, Russian, Serbian, Spanish, Wallachian, and Welsh. Then came a translation in the language of Siam, and a lady high in the court of the King liberated her one hundred and thirtyeight slaves after reading it. Since then there have been many other translations made.

As a result, a great wave of anti-slavery feeling swept over the world; but most markedly in England.

During the Civil War, a great peril hung over this nation of armed intervention on the part of both England and France, to raise the blockade on the Southern coast, and enforce the acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy by the Federal Government. Owing to the

fact that the supply of Southern cotton was cut off by the blockade, there was great suffering among the operatives in the manufacturing districts of England, like Manchester and Birmingham. Nevertheless these very starving operatives sent Mr. Lincoln memorials signifying their full sympathy with the cause of the North, on the ground that they felt that the issue was one of free and slave labor, and that the war was but a chapter in the struggle for the rights of labor. To one of these memorials Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I know and deeply deplore the sufferings which the working men at Manchester, and in all Europe, are called to endure in this crisis. * * * Through the action of our disloyal citizens, the working men of Europe have been subjected to severe trials. * * * Under the circumstances, I cannot but regard your decisive utterance on the subject as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country. * * * I do not doubt that the sen-

timents you have expressed will be sustained by your great nation; and, on the other hand, I have no hesitation in saying that they will excite admiration, esteem, and most reciprocal feelings of friendship among the American people."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" had not been circulated in vain among the working classes of England, and it had given them so clear an insight into the relations existing between slave and free labor as to make the intervention of England in support of a slave-republic an impossibility. If the book was one mighty factor in precipitating the Civil War, it was also the chief instrument in protecting us from the peril of foreign intervention during that same war.

It is this which constitutes "the little Yankee woman" so great a figure in American history, and in the history of the world, and of civilization. It is for this reason, far more than as a clever writer of fiction, that she has found so honorable a place in the Temple of Fame.

When Daisies Bloom.—By Margaret E. Sangster.

WHAT time in sheets of white and gold, the daisies are in bloom,
 Old Nature weaves the sunbeams in the tissues of her loom,
 And everywhere on hill and plain, and by the sparkling sea,
 A cloth of gold is spread beneath the winds that wander free.

The dewdrops gem it in the morn, the sunrays gild at noon,
 And white as fleece it glimmers in the lustre of the moon.
 What time the daisies bloom again the merry earth is young,
 And near and far the bannered pomp of Arcady is flung.

The children hold in dimpled hands full many a royal sheaf,
 And fringing petals round the disc, each shines a shielding leaf.
 Though lavishly the little folk set out for precious spoil,
 No loss behind them shows a gap. Forth from the teeming soil

The daisies spring by thousands, and are as the stars above,
 As generous as God's bounty, and as marvellous as His love.
 And we, who once were children, in the daisy-time grow young,
 And sing the praise of One above, in childhood's joyous tongue.



A Neglected Ocean Warrior.

A WORLD-WIDE revolution took place, on the eighth day of March, 1862—one that will in all history be quoted, and studied, and made the subject of countless comments. It was a most momentous revolution, and one that changed entirely the whole character of sea-warfare.



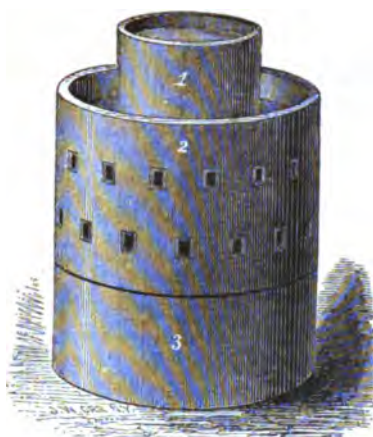
TIMBY IN HIS EIGHTIES.

On that day, one crudely-built, awkward-appearing vessel, with an elongated hut for a deck and a hastily constructed iron beak for a prow, was, so far as it could travel, the master of almost the entire ocean-world. It could destroy any ship to which it could get access—excepting one, which was at a distance from it, and practically unknown. It sailed from Norfolk into Chesapeake Bay, destroyed two of the most powerful ships in the United States Navy almost as if they had been cardboard, and cornered another, which it expected to capture next day.

"This ironclad Merrimac will change the whole course of the war", exclaimed Stanton, at a cabinet-meeting in the White House. "She will destroy, one after another, every naval vessel. She will lay all the cities on the seaboard, under contribution. I have no doubt that the enemy is at this moment on its way to Washington, and it is not at all unlikely that we shall have a shell or a cannon-ball from the guns of the Merrimac, before we leave this room."

But next morning at six o'clock, arrived from New York the since far-famed little "Monitor"—with her low-down machinery, her revolving turret, and two guns against the Merrimac's eight. The result everybody knows: the large iron-clad Merrimac was defeated, and the revolving tower, or turret, saved the day, and made naval combats into something different from what the world in general had ever expected, or of which it had ever dreamed.

The credit for this wonderful little Monitor by means of which the destructive Merrimac was defeated and put to flight, has generally been given to Ericsson: but there can be no doubt that The-



THE REVOLVING TURRET.

odore R. Timby, a native of Dutchess County, New York, was the real originator of the revolving turret—without which the little warship would have been worse than useless.

In 1841, when only nineteen years of age, he glanced one day from the deck of a ferry-boat crossing the Hudson River, at the circular fort on Governor's Island, and the idea flashed upon him that a similar structure—of course not nearly so large—could be made to turn in all directions—thus bringing any one of its guns to bear upon any particular point. Two years afterward, he applied for a patent.

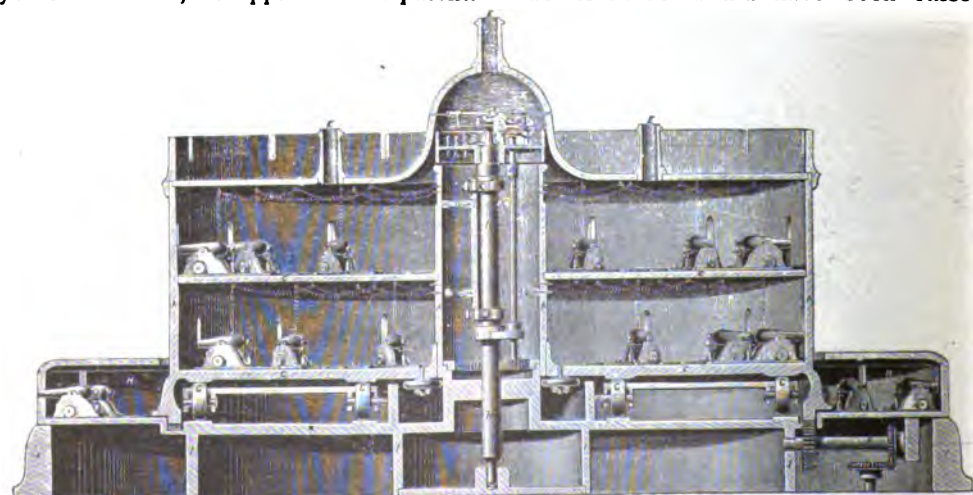
He made a model of ivory, which is still in existence, and of which we present a picture.

All the world has sounded the praises of the tiny craft. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury during the administration of Lincoln, Johnson, and Arthur, wrote, "But for the opportune arrival of the *Monitor* on the ninth of March 1862, the *Merrimac* would not only have given the possession of Hampton Roads to the Confederates, but every Northern seaport might have been at her mercy.

"The fight between these two iron-clads was of momentous importance to the United States, and the Confederate governments; but its influence was not confined to them. It was felt by every naval power in the world. It made iron and steel substitutes for wood in the construction of ships of war. It rendered valueless, fleets upon which countless millions had been expended. It revolutionized naval warfare. In its consequences, it was the most important of all naval battles."

"I have always thought," continues McCulloch, "that this battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* was the most important single event of the war.

"If the *Monitor* had been destroyed or captured, the Northern seaports would have been at the mercy of the *Merrimac*. The blockade would have been raised,



INTERIOR OF COAST-DEFENSE TURRET.

and the Southern sea-ports opened to all the world. This would have been speedily followed by the recognition of the Confederacy as an independent state by France and England."

In the same eventful year, Mr. Timby invented the sighting and firing of guns by electricity; and our Government granted him a patent for this invention July 8, 1862: No. 35,847.

The Department first rejected the turret, but since then it has been accepted by our Government: and this invention is now used in every turret all over the world; yet the inventor never received one penny for its use, since its first great battle, that saved the nation.

John L. Worden, Commander of the Monitor, received a vote of thanks from Congress for his skill in that battle with the Merrimac. Through the Navy Department he also was given the same distinguished recognition by Gideon Welles.

Ericsson, the engineer, has been eulogized in every land, and showered with honors that never belonged to him.

The heroes of Manila and Santiago—even "the men behind the guns"—have been welcomed home with booming cannon, and the wildest enthusiasm. But the man who made all these victories possible, has never yet been recognized by the Federal Government.

It is true that the universities have given Dr. Timby the honorary degrees of Master of Arts, Doctor of Science, and Doctor of Laws.

The Legislature of his own State of New York, in 1890, passed a concurrent Resolution asking Congress to grant him national recognition.

General B. F. Tracy, ex-Secretary of the Navy, in a letter to Senator Chauncey M. Depew, February 13th, 1902, said, "From my examination of the evidence produced by Mr. Timby, I am satisfied that he has a just claim from our Government."

Mrs. Virginia Chandler Titcomb, President of the Patriotic League of the Revolution, truly said, in a Memorial to Congress:

"Gentlemen, what are those grand achievements at Hampton Roads, and

Manila, and Santiago worth? Can they be estimated in dollars and cents? Would this Government—for the consideration of billions of dollars—blot out those pages of American history? And yet, this man of exalted character, and recognized worth, who put the instruments of success into the hands of our Government, and made his country the envy of all other nations, has never received one cent from the Government in any way, shape, or form. All over the world, his turrets have been used for many years. His system of coast defense is the pride of more than one foreign government.

"And the mighty guns which his genius taught to aim and fire with such deadly accuracy, have boomed their glorious welcome and honor to returning soldier, and foreign prince, but never a sound to salute this greatest hero of them all, who in his advancing years has been neglected and forgotten.

"Gentlemen, shall the grandest service ever performed for this Republic, go longer unrewarded?

"Lives there a patriot under the protection of our flag, who will stand idly by and see an alien bear off the honors that belong to an American citizen?

"On this fortieth anniversary of the great battle at Hampton Roads, we appeal to you in the name of this United Republic, for the recognition of one of its saviours.

"For the sake of his children and grandchildren, we appeal to you in the name of justice and honor;

"We appeal to you in the interest of historical truth;

"We appeal to you as patriots who are proud of our American genius and valor;

"We appeal to you as women *whose only civil power is in petition*, to RIGHT THIS GREAT WRONG!

"Will you give this grand old hero, Theodore R. Timby, a national recognition and reward, for his great services, that he may spend the advancing years of his still active and useful life, in peace and happiness, which are the just dues of services so inestimable?

"Then shall the false pages of history disappear, and the world shall emphasize

the truth, that republics are *not* 'ungrateful.'"

But Timby died, two years ago, at the age of ninety; and that momentous death might have occurred in some home for the poor—for anything that was done for him by the Republic that owed him so much. If it had not been for the heroic kindness of Mrs. Titcomb, whose name has already been mentioned in this article, the country would have upon it a peculiarly dreary disgrace: that of allowing one of its most illustrious defenders to be buried in the potter's-field.

On the evening of April 6, a patriotic meeting was held in the historic Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, for the purpose of doing justice to this hero-inventor, and to incite others to the same laudable act. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Dr. Henry Allen Tupper, (who presided,) Rev. Dr. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, Rev. Isaac Kaufman Funk, Publisher, and Editor of the Standard Dictionary; Mr. Edwin

H. Molley, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania; and by Mr. Will Carleton, Author and Editor. In concluding his remarks, the last-named speaker said:

"The body of Theodore Timby shall be taken from the receiving-vault in Evergreen Cemetery, where it now lies, and from which it came very near being dishonorably and disgracefully removed; it shall be carried to Oak Hill, Washington—not in the receiving-vault of a railroad-train, but upon the deck of a United States war-ship. It shall be saluted as it goes, by many a ship of war; and reply from the turrets long ago devised by the distinguished dead. It shall halt in Hampton Roads, it shall pause before Mount Vernon, and salute the great chief who lies there. The city of Washington shall open its arms to the savior of his country; and the world shall again be told, that republics are not ungrateful."

This prophecy is, on the Fourth of July next, to be fulfilled.

The Poet's Pay.—By S. H. M. Byers.

WHAT shall be the poet's pay
For the coinage of his heart?—
Coin that maketh sad or gay,
Coin that maketh tears to start.

His nor gold, nor fortune's lies,
Ships, nor pearls of far Cathay,
Stocks, nor bonds, that fall and rise:
He's no need for such as they.

His are ships of larger worth,
Sailing to enchanted seas,
Bringing back to common earth
Golden-freighted gossamers.

His the joy that morning brings
Out from shadows soft and dim;
Every note the thrush sings
Stirs another note in him.

He it is who hears the sea
In the sea-shell sounding lone,
Sets the captive music free,
Makes the sea-shell's song his own.

His the gift of nature's fire,
Prophet's eyes, and song in one,
Hands to touch the sacred lyre,
Power to paint the setting sun.

His are woman's smiles and tears,
Such as but the poet wins,
Lover's hopes, and sighs, and fears,
Poets—lovers, are but twins.

Rich or poor, it matters not,
Fortune's smiles go oft amiss;
What if humble be his lot,
Seas, and skies, and stars, are his.



Through College on Nothing a Year.

THIS is a story of the college boys; of those fine, determined, steadfast fellows who swing along through the world with an air of conscious pride in their particular colleges and a belief that no better college exists. And it is a story of the inner lives of these same collegians; of their strife with world-conditions, in their efforts to work their way through their four years. It is a story of men who mean to gain that necessity of modern life—a college education—and who in doing it, are forced by existing conditions, incidentally to gain a living.

Not long ago one of the students in a certain Western College, passed over the campus. He was whistling merrily, which was perhaps the reason that he did not see another student and a cow which stood not far from the path in a little hollow of the surrounding woods. The freshman was on his knees beside the cow, which had evidently proved refractory, for she looked around with an agonized appeal in her mild eyes, and a growing wonder that any human should be so ignorant of her ways. As the campus-crosser came up, his brother student hailed him joyfully:

"Say, Jimmy," he asked, apprehensively, "what's the matter with this animal? I've been milking her half an hour and can't get a blamed drop."

The other student was country-bred. He took the pail and the upturned box and sat down with the air of a professional. Soon the milk was pouring into the pail in a rattling stream. The other stood by, stupefied.

"Well, by jings!" he ejaculated. "I thought it was just a matter of brute force. It's most worth my college course

to have learned how to handle a cow, anyway."

At the end of the term he was known as "Bossy" on account of his skill with the udders. And as a side issue he earned enough at his job of milking the woman resident's cow to carry him triumphantly through the last three months of his college year.

He was but one of a numerous army of students who constantly devise ways and means that their four years' course of study shall not be lost. In the universities of Stanford and Berkeley, California, about twentyfive per cent. of the students depend almost wholly on their own efforts for the necessities of existence; an equal proportion work their way half through college, while about a third labor for the luxuries of college life. These workers reach their goal of a diploma and honors, in about the same proportion, as the more favored ones who need to labor not. Each worker who means to stand on that commencement platform some day, pitches into his double task with unlimited grit; he rarely misses a lecture or a recitation; studies at night or in snatched moments while dressing or breakfasting; thinks of nothing else but his square foot of sheepskin, and is exceedingly ingenious in making his circumstances accommodate themselves to his desires.

He can do this in a hundred and "two" ways, and any of them are instantly seized when opportunity offers. And if opportunity doesn't look around the corner at the psychological moment, these fellows who work, and manage, and scheme, and plan, and who use their brain and muscle in a stout endeavor to best the wolf of poverty, go out and look

for her. You can see them any day, battering at her doors. Sometimes she comes out in the guise of an eating-house waiter, as a gardener, dish-washer, or bill-collector, or even, if Dame Fortune be particularly fickle, as a baggage "smasher" for express-firms willing to employ a cheap "strong man."

Listen to the tale of the Berkeley man! He meant to win his sheepskin, and knew that he would have to work for it. His first step was to invest all his spare cash in a wheelbarrow. Then he girded up his trousers and his courage and looked about him for odd jobs. The first day he moved one trunk, the second seven, and eighteen the third. When he reached his Sophomore year, he had arrived at the dignity of a horse and wagon. He left college with his valued diploma in one pocket, and a check for \$5,000 in the other, the proceeds from the sale of a large and lively express business which had its beginning in a wheelbarrow and a man who was bound to win.

Hard work of whatever sort doesn't affect the standing of the student with his fellows. He may wait on a group of them at the college club or eating-house, and join them later in one of the gayest routs of the year. The collegian who ran a peanut-stand near the college quadrangle, was altogether too popular to suit his ideas; but he attended strictly to business, and his best friends were forced to pay for peanuts consumed while the owner of the stand was looking the other way. The freshman who waited on a sorority table for small pay but generous board, repaid the liking of the girls by marrying the sorority belle, when his four years were up, while another who posed as an actor in a popular amusement park during dull seasons, won the heart of the leading lady, married her, and afterward won laurels on the stage. An impecunious comrade had the bright thought of becoming press-agent for a small theatre in a near-by town, and "made good" much to his own satisfaction and of the theatrical managers. When a "hello" girl was needed for the campus exchange, an enterprising student volunteered, moved

himself and belongings down to the small office, and lived there, sleeping on an improvised couch and having to get up at night whenever a call was made.

There was an inn at Stanford University badly run by incompetent hands, where the students had to eat three times a day, because it was the nearest place. Two brothers, lively, breezy, popular fellows, in need of funds, saw their chance and embraced it. They managed to persuade the proprietors to sell out on their own terms, took over the house, put in a cook, and offered positions, as waiters to a dozen students. The place became tremendously popular and soon paid for itself, as well as made money for the brothers. It took common sense, financial shrewdness, and skillful management, to make this venture a "go", but added to this success is the fact that one of the brothers became president of the student body, and that both took the Carnot medal—the highest prize for oratory on the Pacific Coast. Nearly all colleges can show a number of small eating-houses managed by college men who know what a good meal is, and who can furnish it on terms agreeable to anyone temporarily "hard-up."

"Don't disturb the freshie", was on a big sign hung above the head of a straitened student who was laboring to add to his insufficient income by blocking the plug hats of the upper classmen. He cleared one hundred and fifty dollars by this transaction, charging each classman what he considered each could stand. Another student with a taste for paints, decorated the walls and ceiling of a campus candy-shop, putting a Japanese frieze on as a finishing touch, and receiving a small remuneration, joyfully paid by the delighted owners. Sometimes difficult law-courses are typewritten for the benefit of other students; on one occasion the syllabus sheets in a certain engineering course were mimeographed by a determined student, who promptly cornered all the work of the college in that direction, on learning that he was a success. Newspaper men, if experienced, can pick up about eighty dollars

monthly by acting as correspondents for the big city journals, and a popular form of labor is that of assuming the duties of runner or agent for laundries, or the manufacturing houses which furnish fraternity jewelry in large quantities every year. A Stanford student who perceived this last opportunity, made a respectable sum on his commissions, for he had quantities of friends and they all backed him up with a will.

Nothing surprises the dwellers on the college campus; but the Chinese cook of a sorority house must have been startled, when a big husky freshman suddenly appeared at the kitchen door with a demand to be permitted to help in the work. He helped that "boss" cook morning and evening, but it didn't take all of his spare time, so the university gave him a room free of charge in the frame barn which housed the campus hose-cart, and he turned himself into an amateur fireman, promising to be on hand whenever the fire-bell sounded. As he was lonely, he made room for five other students in his barn, and between the six of them, expenses of living took a drop. One of these barn-roomers was a man who put in his evenings when the others would let him, sewing college pillow covers to be retailed at one dollar apiece at Christmas. Those pillows were tremendously popular, and "Georgie" turned a pretty penny.

The ever-present camera offers a good chance for gathering in the shekels. Any event of interest or importance occurring on the campus is sure to be snapped, kodaked or photographed by some one, and the developed pictures sold to hundreds of students as souvenirs. As a side issue, a certain Western man invested in a second-hand printing press and took odd jobs. He found plenty to keep him busy.

The "hot-dog" wagons are favorite rallying-spots for students, especially if one is run by a comrade-in-arms. More stable lunch-counters are sometimes presided over by students who furnish nutriment for hungry men at extremely low rates, but who are still able to count their profits. Digging sewers and house-founda-

tions is a paying form of work for the muscular, and it is not uncommon for students of any university to be amateur plasterers, carpenters, bricklayers, or capable plumbers, electricians and machinists. One man in a far Western university collects toll from the public as local gateman on the interurban trains, and a shrewdly successful and far-seeing student, reasoning that every man on the campus must have his trousers pressed in some bright future, bought a tailor's goose and performed that duty for his college brethren at fifty cents per. He could count on at least twenty dollars a month, and it came in nicely. But, then, he always guaranteed a good crease.

In every university there are various positions which pay small returns. Tutoring backward students is a mode of earning money much in vogue in Eastern colleges, while hardly known in the West. The pay for such work depends on the standing and ability of the man and on the application of the student. This work is private, but there is a college position of gymnasium-assistant which pays its holder from \$25 to \$30 a month. Such a billet demands exceptional ability. Laboratory and library assistants may receive about \$25 per month. Nearly every fraternity or sorority house has its "house manager", who receives from \$25 to \$30 a month, and, among women especially, the work of manuscript-revisers and correctors of manuscript for professors, sometimes brings in good returns. Editors of the various college magazines usually clear several hundred dollars each.

The stuff of which most 'varsity men are made, is shown by their fighting grit, when confronted by seemingly insurmountable obstacles. One broad-shouldered fellow, with the chest of a Hercules and the legs of a track captain, was forced to drop out for a year to try and make more money. On his return, he was met by one of his college mates, who asked him if he intended renewing his college course next year. His jaw closed like a steel trap.

"If not next year," he exclaimed, "it will be next, or next, or next. I'm willing to wait if I have to, but I've deter-

mined to win my college degree, and it's going to take Hades itself to prevent me."

There are just three "don'ts" which should be considered before entering the race. Don't enter, unless you have a proven ability for some one means of support; don't enter without six months' cash in hand, and don't mind if at times you seem to "go under." If one has good fighting powers, and an intense enough desire to own a college sheepskin, no seeming powers of hardship or disaster can prevail.

"Which Fork?"

SOME people yearn for knowledge
Of the kind you get at college;
Some long for musty facts from days ago.
Some hunger to be knowing
What the future will be showing,
While others watch the present buzzing on.
But when called out to dinner
By some plutocratic sinner
Who was always in the social swimming pool,
I would give a whole diploma,
E'en my college-bred aroma,
I would give it all and gladly be a fool.
I would give my evening "clo'es",
And the joy that ebbs and flows,
When I hear the mellow popping of the cork,
Were not always I forgetting
One small thing that keeps me fretting—
If I only could recall "which fork!"
"Which fork?"

There's quite a row beside me,
But the woe of woes betide me,
If ever I can get them sorted out;
For each one has its duty
Just as each its dainty beauty,—
The oyster one is three-tined, short and stout;
But the rest, they have me guessing,
In a manner most distressing,
And I'd almost trade my hope of future joy,
For a chance to eat once more
In the farmhouse as of yore,
With the tools I used to handle when a boy.
For I'm sure I'll never learn,
Though I long, and want, and yearn,
Though I spend a dozen seasons in New York,
Just what fork is next in line;
So from soup to nuts and wine
I am haunted by the thought,
"Which fork?" "Which fork?"

ROBERT H. CAHOON.

The College Athlete.

I'M a Senior in my college, but a baby still in knowledge—
I'm gold medalist in Athletics, don't you know!

I'm not much on classic Tibers, but I'm great on nerves and fibres—
I can throw the hammer farthest, don't you know!

I'm a dunce in pure Ontology, but an expert in Ethnology—
For I scoop in all the races, don't you know!

In the study of the ancients, I exhaust the dear Prof.'s patience;
But I'm quarter-back in football, don't you know!

In the Science known as Trig, I am nothing but a prig;
But I win my sets at tennis, don't you know!

I can't define Hydraulics, but none can do my frolics
As a swimmer and a diver, don't you know!

I'm not up in Astronomics, but excel at Gas-tronomics—
For my appetite's quite hearty, don't you know!

I've no use for Osteology, Mineralogy, Geology;
I'm the touch-stone of society, don't you know!

I'm not fond of Horticulture, but well-versed in Floriculture—
For the girls say I'm a daisy, don't you know!

All my tastes are oxygenic, and my habits hy-gi-en-ic—
Since I live upon the campus, don't you know!

I've no interest in Theosophy, don't bother with Philosophy—
As I take things pretty easy, don't you know!

'Spite my mental moderation, I'm dead sure of graduation—
For I'm the College Athlete, don't you know!

IF you by "accident" endure
An inconvenience or distress,
Reflect—it probably is your
Or some one else's carelessness.



The Anarchist.

BY WALTER SCOTT HASKELL.

IT is easy to make an un-fed man believe that he is abused and that the cause of his grinding poverty may be justly laid at the doors of the rich, who monopolize the sources of wealth and rob the poor man of his honest toil without giving due return. It is easy to believe that the rich run the government, and that heads of government are legalized robbers who should be destroyed as any other vipers that sap the life-blood of our kinsmen.

Jan Peterson was hungry when he landed in San Francisco after beating his way across the continent in search of adventure and a place to earn money. Jan was willing to work, but work was scarce, with low wages at that. Down on the water front Jan ran into a crowd who told him just where the shoe pinched, why men were out of work, and the remedy. "We are the people!" they cried, "and we are entitled to what wealth there is. It is ours by right of having earned it. The heads of government must be chopped off. We must take by force what is denied us by fair means. All is fair in war," and so on, and so on.

Jan listened to their talk, became convinced, was induced to attend secret meetings, and was finally initiated as a member of that class of citizens who oppose law and order, and who believe that absolute personal freedom is the approach to the Millennium.

It so happened that the President of these United States was making his Western tour about this time. Naturally, the latter plotted to execute some of their long-contemplated plans for ridding the earth of another President. Jan, being young and impressible, was selected as

executor of Nihilistic justice. The plan mapped out was for the young man to register at the hotel where the President was stopping, and, under an assumed name, secure quarters as near the room as possible, then be governed by circumstances.

Thus it was that an innocent-looking young man scrawled his nom-de-plume on the register, and was shown to room 303. He had been informed that the President's room was 306. It was not until darkness had set in, and the hall lamps were lighted, that the occupant of No. 303 stole out and walked past the President's room. There was none to stay him, and he tried the door. It was locked, of course, but his skeleton keys did the trick of turning the lock, and he quickly and softly glided in, closing and locking the door after him. All was dark within, save a faint star-light from the windows—the President had not arrived. There was opportunity such as the young man had hoped for. He took from his valise an infernal machine and was about to set it to go off at a certain hour of the night, when the President would be occupying the bed, when to his dismay he heard a grating in the lock, and was aware that some one was inserting a key from the outside.

Quick as a flash, Jan dived under the bed and lay flat, with his infernal machine by his side. The door opened, some one entered with a soft tread, and Jan was sure it was a woman. The person went to the dresser, lighted a lamp, and drew down the curtains. With light in the room, the Anarchist under the bed could see what was going on without him-

self being seen. He saw that the disturber of his plans was a young woman gorgeously dressed, though it seemed to him that she appeared unhappy and sad of face, as of some secret trouble on her mind.

She stood before the mirror and contemplated herself while fixing her hair, which soon fell long and loose about her shoulders. He thought he had never seen such lovely hair before. To account for her presence, he decided that he must have made a mistake and entered the wrong room, her room, a lady's room. Rather tough proposition for a self-respecting Anarchist to be caught in a lady's boudoir. Hark! She is talking low to herself, as she stands before the mirror. He hears her say with a little dramatic fling of her head: "Oh, what a pity that such a thing should come to me! I am sure they will all notice it, and it makes me so ashamed. I've a good mind to get papa's razor and make an end of it. I will!"

She skipped out of the room and was absent about three minutes, during which the man under the bed fidgeted about and tried to see if the coast were clear for a get-away, but before he made up his mind to risk coming from his concealment, she had returned. He was horrified to see that a glittering razor was clutched by the handle.

She went to the mirror, threw back her head so that the white throat was reflected in the glass, and with an outward swing of her right hand she deliberately drew the sharp blade in toward her throat—slowly, deliberately, with the calm assurance of the desperate.

Jan Peterson summed up the whole situation the moment that he saw the razor in her hand. He gathered from her self-communing that her trouble was the common trouble of young girls who love too strongly, and that she was about to commit suicide.

"How much better it would have been if she had chosen the lake, or the gas route, or even poison," he thought. "She must have a nerve to do that with the razor." Somehow he found himself in a mental quandary of pity for her, mingled

with ridiculous condemnation for her hasty act. And perhaps foremost in his rapid self-communing, was the thought that if she cut her throat she would fall on the floor with a thud that might be heard outside, and possibly she would scream when the razor actually severed the flesh.

He was sure that her contemplated act under any circumstances was likely to cause a disturbance that would rouse the household. People would come into the room, find the body on the floor, search for the cause of the murder, and, finding him under the bed, he would be tried for murder, convicted, and hung.

All this flashed through his mind in an instant of time. The next moment he crept from his concealment, made a rapid sortie in the shadow between her and the bed, and with a sudden spring grabbed her and put his big hand over her mouth to keep her from screaming. She struggled vainly in his grasp, and tried to free her hand, the hand with the razor.

"Ma'am, I caught you in the act. I couldn't see ye take yer young life like it was worth nothin'. Think of yer mother an' father an'—an'—stop yer jumpin' around or I'll have ter tie ye."

"Will ye stop?" he asked again. "I'll let yer mouth free to talk if ye promise on yer honor to not scream or call for help. Will ye promise?"

She nodded her head as best she could in his snug grasp, and he removed his hand from her face, but watched her keenly.

"Who are you, and what do you want in my room?" she asked, with a kind of hysterical murmur of mingled fright and curiosity.

"I'm a desperate man, ma'am," began Jan, adding pensively, "I couldn't get work, ma'am, an' to keep from starvin' I had to do somethin' desperate. It ain't my choice, ma'am, that I'm here, but it's my duty to myself an' my country. I'm sorry I got in here, though. I didn't mean to hurt a woman, I—I—thought I was in another room."

"And you are in this hotel to rob and perhaps murder, because you cannot find work to earn an honest living?" she asked,

with a tremulous sympathy in her voice.

"Yes ma'am."

"Would you work if you had a chance?"

"Indeed I would, ma'am."

"Then come to my father's office at No.

— Street, on the first floor, tomorrow morning about ten o'clock. I will see that you are given work at good wages. Here is one of his cards."

"Do you mean it, ma'am?"

"I do, most emphatically. I know that the labor conditions are such as drive many a man into deeds of darkness, when his better nature would be above such questionable acts. I know and sympathize with you, sir, and I want to help you to lead a better life. May I?"

"I guess you may, ma'am," said the Anarchist, releasing his hold of her and brushing his hand across his eyes, where a moisture persisted in coming.

"Shall I let you out by the back way, now?"

"Yes ma'am, if you'll promise to not use the razor as ye intended."

"Oh, I will not kill myself", she reassured him. "Thank you so much for thinking of my father and mother, when you caught me in the act. I will be good, if you will go quietly out."

Three weeks have passed, and the President still lives. At a rich man's house in the residence section of the city, the beautiful daughter is conversing with the new gardener in the well-kept lawn. She is saying:

"You have made a splendid gardener, Mr. Peterson, and I am proud of you. I must tell you a secret; I have been to the electrician's to be treated for my trouble, and it is entirely removed."

"Rheumatism, ma'am?" he inquired, as he leaned on his hoe in a conversational mood.

"Oh, no, I was treated for a tiny growth of hair on my face and neck, that has bothered me for some time."

"Oho!" he gasped, as a light seemed to dawn upon him. "Then—you—didn't—intend—to—kill—yourself—with—the—razor?"

"No, I was attempting the unfamiliar task of shaving, when you gave me such a scare", she giggled.

If Those We Love Be True.

WHAT matter if the days seem long
Because our task is hard to do?—
Within the heart will burst a song,
If those we love be true!

What matter if the day be bleak,
No sunbeams pierce the black clouds
through?—

Joy to our inmost soul will speak,
If those we love be true!

What if the world says things unkind,
And what it knows is false—untrue?—
Much happiness we still can find,
If those we love be true!

What if Dame Fortune, with a frown,
Seems e'er our footsteps to pursue?—
Success our toil at last will crown,
If those we love be true!

What matter then, what comes or goes,
If life be long, or days be few?—
Life's pleasures far outrun life's woes,
If those we love be true!

—MANNIE BUEL OLENDORF.

Good Night.

"GOOD night, good night, dear one",
we say,
"Thy day is o'er, thy tasks are done!"
While fades from heaven each golden ray,
We wait the rising sun.

"No dismal shapes shall lower about
The narrow bed in which you lie.
The shades are down, the lamp is out,
And midnight draweth nigh.

"Though suns shall rise and set again,
And restless tides shall ebb and flow,
Thy peaceful rest shall know no pain,
Nor sorrow, grief, nor woe.

"Good night, good night, dear one", we
say,
"Sleep on, dear one, and take thy rest!
We'll meet thee at the break of day;
But now to sleep is best."

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.



When One Man and A Girl Plan.

BY CECIL WILSON.

ELEANOR SMITH, finding all ordinary occupations stale, unprofitable and most wearisome, and herself possessed of a restless spirit, which urged her to do something, and yet recoiled at every suggestion she offered, started out, quite aimlessly, and alone, to walk. She took the direction of Meadow Brook, because the paths in that direction were so lovely.

Joe McDonald, finding all ordinary occupations stale, unprofitable and wearisome, at the same moment also started out alone for a walk. He chose the path leading to Mound Creek, because that was the one he wished to follow. At the valley where an unnamed stream came down, he paused.

Often before, had he looked upon this little hollow, as he had passed it, and every time he seemed to have an idea of some sort, regarding it. Some dim, unformed sort of an idea away back in his head which had never exactly exerted itself, because, perhaps, he had been too busy with other things to listen to its rather timid voice.

This morning, however, the idea struggled harder to make itself known: and Joe McDonald bade it come forth. It proved to be a very forceful idea, as well as a pleasant one: so pleasant and forceful, that the man even allowed it to check the speed with which he had set out for Mound Creek.

He looked across the road, to where the little stream went flashing from under its wooden bridge, hidden among some bushes, then re-appeared, then hid behind some far trees, and was lost from his view. He gazed up the stream: he

had not far to look, for there it ran, through a sort of pocket valley formed by two steep hills and almost closed at the back, or upper end, by another hill equally as steep. As he stood there, his eye caught the flutter of white through the trees, and it was coming his way—or rather down the winding path leading across the hills to Mound Creek. As it emerged from the concealment of the leaves, Joe McDonald's heart gave a great leap: for the flutter of white was a gown enclosing the slender figure of Miss Eleanor Smith.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, gaily, "I did not expect to find you here!"

"Neither did I," came the quiet answer, "I just strolled out, and happened to land here: I'm glad I did, though, for it's a lovely spot, isn't it?"

"Lovely fails to describe it!" he rejoined, with enthusiasm; and ran up the path to help her over a steep place.

For that moment, lost in the wonderful mystery of the touch of her hand, and the joy of her presence, he forgot the stream and all other things.

Marvelous indeed was this strange phenomenon by which the mere presence of one particular person filled all the air with a tingling glow: and the man wondered at it. If the girl had any thought of that kind, she was extremely careful not to express it, or let it show itself; so she immediately spoke of other things—the first thing which came handy being another reference to the valley.

"Is it not a wonder," she asked, "that no one has ever built a summer resort here? As to myself, I think it ever so

much more charming than Meadow Brook, or Mound Creek, either."

"Say! do you believe in telepathy?" asked Joe, almost startled. "I certainly do! It has only been a few minutes since that same idea came to me, and I have decided that if I can get options on this property, I will have a real summer resort here. Down there at the road where the stream emerges to the fields, those hills close with a natural buttress to not over an hundred feet in width. Well, across this I'd build a dam, and here I'd make a lake, as high as that old yellow rock."

She looked up at the huge yellow rock, and clasped her hands with an exclamation of delight.

"How glorious!" she cried, "I never thought of that—how beautiful it would be! Why, if the lake comes up that high, it'll go clear back to turn in the valley, won't it?"

"Yes," he replied, "and I don't know to where that turn leads. Let's go up and look it over."

"That'll be jolly", she agreed, and together they started to follow the stream.

"Now my idea", explained Joe, "is to build the dam at the roadside, and the hotel right over the dam, facing the lake."

"Oh, ideal!" she exclaimed, her enthusiasm growing. "Now let's follow this curve to the valley."

"I guess I had better", he decided. "If the path is too rough for you, I'll go alone."

"Oh, it's not too rough for me", she declared at once, "for I am an excellent climber."

Together they started to explore the now narrowing valley, following the stream over steep rocks and fallen trees, and pushing through briars and bushes and around slippery banks, until they came to another spring welling up from under a flat, overhanging rock, and tumbling down to augment the supply for the future lake.

They stopped here, and had a drink of the cool, delicious water. The man made a cup from a huge leaf, and the girl said it made the water taste fuzzy; and then, after spreading his coat upon the earth, to protect her gown, he showed her how

to get on her knees and hands and drink *au naturel*, a trick at which she was most charming—but of course didn't know it.

They followed the now very small stream around sharp curves, until they at last found its source, which was yet another spring, and here there was no more valley. But they suddenly came upon a cleft in the hill to the right, which afforded an exquisite view over the beautiful low-lying country, miles in extent, which lay between this and the next range of hills—a pleasant vista with green farms and white farm-houses, smiling streams, waving trees, and grazing cattle.

They stood in wonder at the beauty of it all, and in silence both looked out over the valley. Unconsciously the girl slipped her hand through the man's arm.

"Just imagine a sunset over there", he said, slowly. "If those fleecy clouds are there when the sun goes down, they will be a fleet of pearl-gray vessels with carmine keels on a sea of gold."

She glanced at him quickly, marveling that this man had so many sides; she had known him two weeks now, and every day she found a new side to his nature. But before she could frame some way to show her appreciation of his gentler gifts, he briskly returned to practical things.

"Our lake would scarcely come to this point: I don't think it will cover the springs, but I don't want it to. I'm going to look after options right off! I'm glad I did decide to stay another two weeks!"

The girl was startled, as she recognized the fact that she was glad, too.

"Won't it take a lot of money to build all this?" she asked, turning her face that he might not read the pleasure stamped thereon.

"Yes, it will," he answered slowly: "It will take *nearly* a million, I guess."

"Well, have you got it?" she asked, in childish innocence, her eyes widening.

"No, I have not," he answered, frankly. "I'm all tangled up in other business, and only have enough to cover an option on this land."

"Oh," she answered, in a disappointed tone, "then you wouldn't build a hotel, would you?"

He smiled and answered, "Hardly."

She frowned and murmured, "I don't know how you'll do what you want to, but I guess you do, maybe."

He looked at her a moment, quite thoughtfully, and would have said something, perhaps, had she not asked, softly,

"What will you call the lake, Mr. McDonald?"

"Lake E'lner, of course."

"Indeed? Who gave you permission?"

"Nobody: it's a free name, I guess."

"Maybe so, Mr. McDonald, but if I ask you not to, you will not call it that—now, would you?" And she smiled at him.

"Maybe not, but you won't say no, now will you?" and he smiled at her.

Although the bank over which they were now making their way was too difficult for conversation, it afforded some delicious helping; but soon they came out into the main valley, and here they could look down the road. Eleanor and Joe paused to survey their course, and appreciate his plan.

This time it was the man who gently slipped the girl's hand through his arm.

For some time they stood together, gazing in silence at the land with which they had purposed to do so much. Then suddenly the girl exclaimed:

"Joe! I've got an idea!"

The man jumped and his heart gave a joyful leap. All unconsciously she had called him—"Joe"—and this proved that she had been thinking of him that way. Her eyes were sparkling, and her face glowing; not due, however, to the fact that she had called aloud that name—for the girl was too eager, to notice the mistake, but due to a new thought.

"Another idea, Miss Smith?"

"Yes, I don't know much about measuring: but three feet make a yard, don't they? and doesn't that road drop about ten yards?"

"Yes: but"—

"Well, that's thirty feet, the same height that you say the dam will have to be: why not raise the road, making it as high as the dam?"

Joe offered her his hand. "That's worth shaking hands on", he said. "You must come into the firm! Yes, that solves the whole problem. You're a wonder,

Miss Smith! We'll build the hotel fire-proof, of course, and of *native* rock. There's plenty of stone around here, and the roofing shall be red tile."

"Won't it be great!" she exclaimed.

"*Won't* it be great!" he echoed.

Never was a business scheme so pleasantly brought forth and matured.

Again they looked over the valley, but they saw not the tiny streams and wild flowers; 'twas a valley no longer to them, but beautiful Lake El'ner. It was a lake with dainty little canoes and skiffs drifting on its waters. They did not see the trees, which a few hours ago had afforded them shade from the rays of the July sun, but a house—a summer resort built of native stone and having a roof of tiling.

Silently the man took a paper—an old letter which he had failed to post—from his pocket, and sketched the imagined lake and hotel. It was a light sketch, and might well be called a shorthand picture: and yet it was full of sunshine. The girl was surprised, yet deeply impressed at his skill and wondered once more if he could do all things.

He walked to the stream, leaving her alone with the sketch on her lap. The breeze caught up the paper, and gently dropped it on the ground beside her, right side up, of course. The girl stooped of course, and of course, too, she could not keep from catching the words:

"I love her, Eldon, she's the dearest girl on earth. I can never tell you how much I do love her; 'tis all I have been living for since I came. I never loved a woman before in my life, I didn't know what it was like; it's the most—"

Hastily she turned the letter over, and carefully kept the sketch upward on her lap, just as the man had left it. And when Joe returned, she carefully handed it over to him, sketch upward. He did not take it, but instead he clasped the hand that offered it. The girl gazed at the ground, and neither saw the lake, valley, or house. (The man tried to catch a glimpse of blue, but not the summer sky.)

"Of course, Eleanor," he said, softly, "this is only a day-dream, so far, but it may be possible to make it as sweet."

"Sweeter, Joe", she murmured, softly.

The Two Boys.

OF all the peoples in this town,
So far as I can see,
The best two fellows, up and down,
Is Uncle Joe an' me.
We found each other long ago—
How much it is I can't quite know—
I guess a thousan' years or so—
An' never didn't agree.

We know where all the bluejays nest,
Does Uncle Joe an' me,

He says he'd just as lives as not
Lend me the fastest horse he's got,
He wouldn't let no other "tot"
Take hold the reins, you see!

We know the biggest stories, too,
Does Uncle Joe an' me,
An' some of 'em is partly true,
An' some is goin' to be;
'Bout Injuns, full of scalps an' noise,
An' giants that had trees fur toys,



An' when the robins sings the best,
An' where the squirrels be;
An' when the rabbits romp an' play,
An' where the biggest woodchucks stay,
An' where the owl sleeps every day,
An' where the thrushes be.

When we drive out he lets me drive,
An' then we both agree
There ain't two bigger sports alive,
Than Uncle Joe an' me.

An' how things was when we was boys—
Some years ago, you see!

My mommer says we've got to die,
An' angels live an' be,
An' go an' live up in the sky,
From sin forever free;
But that's what I don't mean to do,
Till Uncle Joe gets started, too:
For Heaven would be ten times as blue,
'Thout Uncle Joe an' me!



A Quiet Philanthropist.

THE quickness and facility with which periodicals are now placed before the public, may be to a large extent, credited to the late Sinclair Tousey, who founded the American News Company. The service was great, and the rewards ample: and Mr. Tousey was able to leave a fine competency to those who came after him.

Among his children was Mr. Benjamin Tousey, capitalist and philanthropist, who, with his great-hearted and energetic wife, has for years been one of the most potent factors in the commercial development and moral and philanthropic benefit, of one of the larger cities of the Empire State. The *Syracuse Journal* pays the following tribute, which, the editor of EVERY WHERE, who knew Mr. Tousey well, can heartily endorse:

"Benjamin Tousey, capitalist and philanthropist, died May 9, 1911, at his home, 1124 E. Genesee Street. He had been in poor health for several months, and for the past week was confined to his bed. He was afflicted with hardening of the arteries.

"Mr. Tousey was born in Lexington, Ky., seventyfour years ago, and two years later went with his parents to New York, where his father, Sinclair Tousey, became the founder of the American News Company. At the age of twenty Mr. Tousey was afflicted with deafness, which caused him to leave school and withdraw from active public and commercial life. Two years later he purchased a large farm at South Bay on Oneida Lake, which he conducted successfully and owned at the time of his death. He moved to Syracuse twentyone years ago, and had since lived at the E. Genesee Street house, where his death occurred.

"Previous to 1902 Mr. Tousey was not

widely known to the people of Syracuse, but of late years his benefactions have been revealed, and he became recognized as one of the most generous of the wealthy men of the city. His first gifts made possible the Y. M. C. A. Building, which cost nearly \$340,000. Of this amount Mr. Tousey contributed \$117,000 in direct donations. He was also a large contributor to hospitals, and to the Central Baptist church. He was always deeply interested in hospitals, making it his practice to give to institutions rather than to individuals. His assistance to the Homeopathic Hospital, according to the statement of Dr. Gordon Hoyt, saved that institution when it was on the verge of bankruptcy, while located in West Street. His gift at that time was half of the needed amount. Since then his contributions to institutions have reached nearly \$30,000. At the Roosevelt Hospital, New York City, and at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, he endowed a bed, in honor of his father, for the benefit of the employes of the American News Company. The entire endowment of each is \$5,000.

"He also made the first contribution toward the mammoth new edifice to be erected by the First Baptist church on the site of the old Central church. After the consolidation of the two church societies, the Ward property adjoining the site in E. Jefferson Street was desired, and Mr. Tousey drew his check for its purchase.

"Besides his wife he is survived by one son, William B. Tousey, two daughters, Miss Louise M. Tousey, and Miss Eldrieda A. Tousey; his step-mother, Mrs. Manda Tousey, all of Syracuse, and two brothers, William and Charles Tousey, of New York City."



Up and Down the World.

A Half Million Dollar Picture.

THE famous Rembrandt painting of "The Mill" has been sold for \$500,000. How many more times this will happen, no one knows.

Rembrandt was not a financier. He made money fast but it meant nothing except a means of satisfying extravagant and fantastic taste. When bill collectors called he emptied out his handbag of florins and gulden and paid while they lasted. Instead of being satisfied with his evidence of good intention, when the bag was empty the creditors became more and more insistent. While his good vrow, Saskia, lived, they looked to her to keep the painter in some sort of check, but when she died the creditors landed upon the bewildered genius with demands that only money would satisfy.

Rembrandt had built him a house, picturesquely ugly in exterior and made it a junk and curio shop inside. He bought old masters from Italy without inquiring the price, ancient armor, arms, furniture, tapestries, vestments, costumes and other hardware and drygoods, too numerous to mention, and too useless to be re-converted into cash. They seized his collection, including a number of his own pictures and sold wagon-loads of priceless stuff for 5,000 florins. (A Dutch florin is worth forty cents.) Then they sold the house over his head for 11,000 florins.

But for his son, Titus, and his housekeeper, Hendrickje Stoffels, the Dutch master would have had no place to sleep, eat or work except the beer hall where he spent much of his time and consumed great volumes of beer and bad tobacco.

These two organized an art syndicate with two promoters and one producer.

Being shrewd traders they undertook the marketing of whatever pictures the old man would produce, and to encourage production, they put the painter on a fixed annual salary, with the understanding that his daily fare would depend largely upon his volume of production.

Ten years of this slavery enabled the aged painter to settle with his creditors. His pictures commanded better prices in the hands of his promoters than ever before. Rembrandt was greatest as a painter of portraits, but portrait-painting has difficulties outside the realm of art. If sitters refuse to sit, and if pictures contracted for do not look as beautiful or as distinguished as the sitter expected, art's labor is lost, for the time, no matter how priceless its real value. When people would not sit, Rembrandt would go after a landscape, which is always willing to stand still and to show interesting moods.

His father was a miller of means who hoped to make a scholar of his son, but the old man was game and took the blow heroically when Rembrandt announced that he would be a painter. The father died. The mill grew old, and the painter put it on canvas for fear the very memory of it might fade. He put into it all his wonderful skill of handling light and shadow. He had shown the world the ways and tricks of indoor and outdoor light that made the Dutch school famous. The mill and the low, flat country about it which ordinary people would call dull and depressing, he filled with loving memories, a spell of mystery and the appeal of intense feeling. And the picture hung in his studio for a time, with but one who really appreciated its beauties.

Rembrandt died two hundred and forty

odd years ago,—famous in a way, but poor. In the interval, appreciation of art has spread out, and in rare instances it has been intensified. People paint no such pictures now, but they have developed the art of making money and the art of thinking that they appreciate art. In the course of time a man who might not be able to do an acceptable job at whitewashing a cellar pays \$500,000 for a picture of an old mill that would not have brought more than \$2,000 when it was grinding at its best run of business.

Aeroplane Dictionary.

AERONAUTICS—The entire science of aerial navigation.

Aerostatics—The science of buoyancy in air by means of displacement; this is, therefore, the term to be applied to the science of aerostation.

Aerostation—That part of aerial navigation dealing with gas borne or "lighter than air" machines.

Aeronaut—One who practices any branch of aerial navigation.

Aviator—One who practices aviation.

Pilot—An aeronaut qualified in aerial navigation.

Engineer—In charge of the power plant.

Helmsman—In charge of the steering.

Shed—The use of the term "shed" is recommended instead of "hangar."

Harbor—A natural or artificial shelter.

Dirigible—A power-driven balloon.

Airship—This term having occasionally been used to denote aeroplane, the committee recommends its use only in the sense of dirigible, in order to avoid confusion.

Helicopter—A flying machine supported by one or more screw propellers rotating on vertical or approximately vertical shafts.

Ornithopter—A "flapping wing" machine.

Flying Machine—A generic term denoting machines used in aviation as distinct from those employed in aerostation.

Aeroplane—A flying machine provided with fixed planes, supported dynamically

by its movement through the air. This term should not be used to denote the planes themselves, but should only apply to the whole machine.

Glider—An aeroplane unprovided with motive power.

Multiplane—An aeroplane with two or more main planes overlapping in plan form.

Biplane—An aeroplane with two superposed main planes overlapping in plan form.

Monoplane—An aeroplane with a single main supporting plane, which may consist of a pair of wings outstretched on either side of a central body.

Tandem, stepped—In some cases aeroplanes have more than one pair of wings, which may or may not be on the same level; such planes, if they do not overlap in plan form, must necessarily be arranged in "tandem"; when not on the same level they are said to be "stepped." For instance, "an aeroplane having three pairs of wings stepped in tandem."

American News in England.

(From the Liverpool Binocular.)

WATER is very scarce at present in New York City, and many people are leaving there, for the purpose of obtaining it. It has previously been brought down by goods train from Saratoga Lake and other points in what is called the "Great North Woods": but the absence of rain in that region for something more than a year's time, has precluded that possibility at present.

The little city of Denver, one of the suburbs of New York, has at last been connected by telephone with the larger town. London and Liverpool have for years been able to communicate with each other by this method.

Books are very high in New York. A bookseller named Hoe has been disposing of his whole stock by auction, and realized several thousand dollars from the same—much more, it is said, than their original cost—although several of the volumes were old and shelf-worn.

The war between Mexico and United

States still goes on, with little or no resistance from the latter, although one of its principal cities, named El Paso, has several times been attacked by the impetuous Mexicans, under their agéd but impetuous leader, Governor-General Diaz. It is thought by some, that the whole region captured from Mexico in 1848, at the time that Santa Anna and Maximilian were hanged, will be conquered back again, including California, with its large peach-orchards. The United States army is present in full force, but has not as yet ventured to resist.

Narrowly-Achieved Events.

IN the early days of the French Revolution Robespierre had actually started from Paris, determined to leave France. He happened to overhear a political wrangle in a café, stopped to listen, joined in the discussion, and as a result retraced his steps. How different might not the French Revolution have terminated if Robespierre had been left out of it!

On the morning of the battle of Bunker Hill, a British officer who was intrusted with orders happened to meet his sweetheart and stopped to chat. Time flew while they were love-making and owing to the delay in the orders the British attack was made three hours later than it had been planned. Those three hours had been spent by the Americans in strengthening their works, previously in a very imperfect condition, but if that girl had not happened to walk out at the hour and in the direction she did that morning, the fate of the battle and perhaps of the whole American nation might have been changed.

Nothing is more curious in human history than the consideration of how the destinies of men are governed by trivial incidents. Murat, who served as waiter in a Paris café, was forced by the ridicule of two Englishmen to give up his position. Through this accident he became Marshal of France and King of Naples. Napoleon lost Waterloo through the mere accident of bringing on an

attack of sick headache through eating onion and lamb against the advice of his physician.

In 1866 a quarrel between Conkling and Blaine decided the Presidency of United States many years afterward, when Blaine ran against Cleveland.

Abraham Lincoln, after being a member of Congress, desired to secure a clerkship in Washington, and had he not been defeated he might have spent his life in obscurity instead of becoming President of United States.

Oliver Cromwell was once on board a ship bound for America, but he was taken back by a constable, and the result was that he became one of the greatest men England ever knew.

Ulysses Grant would not have been a military man had it not been that his rival for a West Point cadetship had been found to have six toes on each foot instead of five.

The great silver mine, the "Silver King," was first discovered by the lucky accident of a prospector throwing a piece of rock at a lazy mule.

Eleven Special Numbers.

"I HAVE 'come", murmured the college man, taking off his hat and presenting his card. "I hope I shall prove acceptable to you as the editor of your new magazine. I will try very hard."

"Oh, I have no doubt you will suit me, if you stay", replied the publisher, shifting his cigar from one corner of the mouth to the other without perceptible effort of any kind. "All you have to do, is to obey orders, and make 'em a success. And there's nothin' like commencin' ahead. You want to begin now, right here, to get ready your Christmas number."

"Christmas number?"

"Yes. Nothing in it, you know, that hasn't some relation, more or less removed, to Christmas. All the Madonnas you can find—good, bad, and indifferent. Christmas stories, two or three or four of 'em. Christmas poems by the peck. Mustn't have a single page without

the word 'Christmas' on it, somehow."

The new young editor made a note of it.

"New Year's number comes next", continued the proprietor, pointing his cigar from his mouth toward the zenith, with no perceptible effort. "Full of New Year pictures. Make our readers understand that it ain't goin' to be this year much longer. Statistics of past year. Love-stories that bring in two years in succession. New Year poems by the bushel. Pictures of Old Time doing a chariot race with somebody or other, and comin' out ahead."

The young collegian-editor made another note.

"February we must have a George Washington Number", continued the proprietor, flipping the ashes neatly from the cigar with his left forefinger-nail, and landing the débris safely in the young editor's lap: "a George Washington number, with Georges all through it. Everything you can find out about him—good, bad, an' indifferent—I'll go. If you can't unearth anything new, imagine something, and do it up alongside of the other things; people will either believe it, or else not care whether they believe it or not."

The young editor slyly brushed the incinerary remains of the cigar from his only eligible pair of trousers, and made another note.

"March will be our great Storm-number", continued the proprietor, laying his halfburned cigar down on the desk and fishing in his vest-pocket for another. "Storms by the hundred. Next will come our April Fool Number; and then will come May, and that will be our Spring Poem Number. You can then turn all the Spring poets loose, and give them a chance. June will, of course, be our Rose Number, and July our Firecracker Number, and August our Hot-Wave Number, and September our Labor Day Number, and October our Corn-Crib Number, and November our—our—"

"Suppose we have November just—a—*a number*", faltered the new young editor, making the first suggestion of his incumbency.

"Well, I don't mind, for once", replied

the proprietor, lighting a new cigar, and looking over a bill or two that had just come in.

The new young editor made another note.

Long-Ago Gossip.

Pope Pius IX. was affable, intelligent, and a taker of snuff.

Tennyson waited only till he was eighteen years old before issuing a volume of poems.

It is still fortytwo miles from where George Washington was born, to the nearest railroad station.

Jacob Abbott, father of several sons who have reached eminence, wrote the best boys' and girls' books that the country has yet produced.

Commodore Farragut was very much disgusted at the way some people used to suppress the last "t" in pronouncing his name, and gave it an extra emphasis whenever asked about the matter.

One of Lord Byron's letters sold at \$2.79 per word. It reads as follows: "I am living alone in the Franciscan monastery, with one friar (a Capuchin, of course), and one frier (a bandy-legged Turkish cook)."

Victor Hugo had such a fervid imagination, that he fused his facts into it, and made it very disagreeable for them if they did not join forces with his grand pen. An instance is where he execrated General Grant as "the slayer of John Brown."

The first James Gordon Bennett was once inveigled into allowing the editor of a popular weekly to publish some of his early love-poems, and, although they were as good as the average, he would have given something to get them back again; for his fellow-editors all affected to laugh at them.



How to Be Loved.

AS A BARBER.

XII.

IF you should take it into your head to trim men's hair and smooth down their faces, you will have particularly good opportunities to make them adore you. The love of a woman is next-door to divine: but that of a man is not by any means to be despised.

First, in order to gather up the devotion of large numbers of patrons, you must remember and not spoil them by too-good treatment. Be strict with your customers: do not give them their own head (or face) too much: and they will soon in a manner become attached to you, and think of you every time they pass your shop.

When an applicant for tonsorial courtesies enters your little kingdom of blades and brushes, aim to make him consider himself an intruder, rather than a patron. Let him feel, from the time he ventures into your cozy little shop, that the favor is his.

Do not make any undue haste about getting ready for him: your time is worth just as much as his—maybe more. There is nothing like deliberation, to inspire love, respect and confidence.

When his turn to be shaved comes, do not tell him too politely of the fact: courtesy may produce pleasure, but not love. Yell "NEXT"! at him, so that people in the adjacent block will look up and wonder if you mean *them*. When he hears that he is next, he won't dare to be anything else, excepting a meek, warm subject to your every desire, and bound to you with chains of regard.

As soon as he has entered the sacred precincts of your operating-chair, give

him a chug downward, and a jerk upwards, in order to get him into the position which you approve. If he has made any mistake in this matter, correct him promptly, and a little brusquely. Using his shoulders as convenient handles while you wriggle his body about, will immediately appeal to his affections. A variation in this respect can be effected, by using his nose and ears, whenever his head needs readjusting in its location.

Having prostrated him cozily in the chair, your next step is to strop or sharpen the razor: and this pleasant and useful little operation can be made a very love-inspiring one. The best place for you to attach the strop, is to the back of the chair in which your customer sits. He thus can participate in every motion you make, and get well acquainted with you—if he has not already done so. You may be sure that the rhythmical "slap—slap—bang—bang—wallop—wallop" that the flat of the razor emits while making its round trips over the leather, will haunt your friend's dreams until he comes to you again—if he does. Should he be naturally nervous, the jarring will give his nerves exercise: that is what they require. And he will need all his nerve, to love you deeply and fervently, under all the circumstances.

It will be well for you to lean more or less lightly upon the poor fellow, during the tonsorial transaction. Make a sort of arm-perch of his left shoulder while shaving the right-hand side of his countenance—and *vice versa*. Also breathe steadily into his face. If you can chew a good big wad of gum meanwhile, it will add to the cluster of delights that you are affording him. Men have some-

times fallen so deeply in love with a barber, under such circumstances, that they were overcome by his presence, and left the chair when the shaving was only a part done.

If you are a fine conversationalist, this fact will add largely to your chances of inspiring affection. Commence with the weather, and end with the very last shred of your customer's private business. No odds whether he shows you by his manner that he does not wish to converse, go at him. If he wants to talk, or, rather, to be talked to, indulge him: only let him take as little share in the word-fest as possible. Ask him neat little questions concerning his private affairs: the more reluctant he seems to tell of them, the more relief to get them off his mind.

When it is time for him to straighten up in order to have his hair dressed, your opportunities of wooing him need not be at all diminished. Yank him up so he will feel the process throughout the whole length of his spinal column. Wobble his head as you rub it. Pull and yank little strands of his hair, till they feel as if they were coming out by the roots. If you can, sell him something to put on it, so as to improve its texture, its growth, and its general condition.

If he happen to be in any degree bald, you have a fine opportunity of entangling his heart in the meshes of your social qualities. From the time his head rises from chancery and gets in evidence, make the top of it your main subject of discourse. Tell all the baldheaded stories you know, and give them a confidential tone that will make everybody in the shop hear them. Produce a bottle of your favorite prescription for head-bareness, flash it before your subject's eyes, and shake it above his brow, till its sweet, sweet gurgling he will never forget.

If after you have inflicted the above-named amenities upon your hirsute client, he does not rush eagerly to your chair upon entering the shop (if he comes in at all), be sure he prefers to sit at some little distance, where he can quietly contemplate your many attractions; and that, any way, he does not care to be too intimate with those whom he loves.

The Two Students.

"ALAS!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost extent of human science!—how circumscribed the sphere of intellectual exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge; but how little do I know! The farther I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyond a certain limit, all is but confusion and conjecture; so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant, consists greatly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

"It is true that I can measure the sun, and compute the distances of the planets; I can calculate their periodical movements, and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions; but with regard to their construction, and the beings which inhabit them, what do I know, more than the veriest clown?

"Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own world, I have analyzed the elements; and have given names to their component parts. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar, who use and enjoy them without thought or examination?

"I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a term? Does it convey to my mind any idea of the nature of that mysterious and invisible chain which draws all things to a common center? I observe the effect, I give a name to the cause; but can I explain or comprehend it?

"Pursuing the track of the naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and to divide these into distinct tribes and families; but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality? Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite pencil that paints and fringes the flowers of the field? Have I ever detected the secret that gives their brilliant dye to

the ruby and emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell?

"I observe the sagacity of animals; I call it instinct, and speculate upon its various degrees of approximation to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations of the brute, as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead, performing their evolutions, or steering their course to some distant settlement, their signals and cries are unintelligible to me, as are the learned languages to the unlettered rustic; I understand as little of their policy and laws, as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.

"But leaving the material creation: my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in metaphysical speculation. And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependence and mysterious connection. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which the volition is either communicated or understood? Thus, in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and dumbfounded, if I attempt to account for it.

"Again, how many years of my life were devoted to the acquisition of those languages, by the means of which I might explore the records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times! And what have I gathered from these, but the mortifying fact that man has ever been struggling with his own impotence, and vainly endeavoring to overlap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries?

"Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches but a humbling conviction of my weakness and ignorance? How little has man, at his best estate, of which to boast! What folly in him to glory in his contracted power, or to value and pride himself upon his imperfect acquisitions!"

"Well," exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished!—indeed it would be strange,

if, after five years' hard application, any thing were left incomplete. Happily, *that* is all over, now; and I have nothing to do but to exercise my various accomplishments.

"Let me see! As to French, I am complete mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. Italian I can read with ease, and pronounce very well; as well, at least, as any of my friends; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. Music I have learned till I am sick of it. But, now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company; I must still continue to practice, a little;—the only thing, I think, that I need now to improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs! which everybody allows I sing with taste; and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

"My drawings are universally admired,—especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly; besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then my dancing and waltzing,—in which our master himself owned that he could take me no farther,—just the figure for it, certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

"As to *common* things, geography and history, and poetry and philosophy,—thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed. Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through,—the only wonder is, that one head can contain it all!"

Philosophers Do Not Always Philosophize.

THOMAS MOORE was once giving an account of his financial misfortunes consequent upon the defaulting of his agent in Bermuda. Mr. Kinney, a well-known English author at that time, listened with great interest.

"It's well, sir, you were a poet," he finally exclaimed: "a philosopher never could have borne it!"

Editorial Comment.

TORTURE-CHAMBERS AGAIN?

HUMAN nature has to take exceedingly good care of itself, after reaching a certain height, not to fall back again. There is an attraction of gravitation for the mind and soul, as well as for the body—and both will tend downward, unless special arrangements are made to the contrary.

The civilized and enlightened portion of our race, flatters itself that the word "torture", as a judicial act, is entitled to a permanent vacation from service in the dictionary. It does not believe, for instance, that any one is nowadays put into a bath of slacked lime, and gradually covered up with it to his neck; that the sufferer is thus allowed to be gradually enclosed, until he is walled up alive; that his respiration is little by little shut off, and the duration of his life made merely the question of constitutional endurance: the spectators sometimes even wagering on the length of time needed to kill him in that frightful manner.

It (the civilized and enlightened portion of our race) does not believe that there are nowadays any specimens of the "Scourger's Daughter", engaged in active work—although one is still to be seen in the Tower of London. It is an iron hoop, which opens in the center with a hinge. This instrument was placed over the prisoner's shoulders and under his legs in such a way as to compass the body so tightly that he could breathe only with terrible difficulty and the most excruciating pain. He was thus compelled either to die by the frightful and well-nigh impossible method of voluntarily holding his breath, or to torture himself by breathing in order to live.

"The Iron Maiden"—a box somewhat resembling the human body in shape—its inner surface bristling with spikes, against which the sufferer was rudely thrown—is supposed to exist now only in museums. The same may be said of the pendulum-knife, made to swing in ever-lowering arcs above the prostrate form of the one to be tormented, till the relentless edge shaved the living flesh in slices. Hundreds of other ingenious and malevolent methods might be mentioned, to produce that terrible dread of the body—pain.

"No such thing nowadays", says the reader, "breathing easier" as he reflects upon his own statement. "How does he know?" is a pertinent question. Such methods are not always advertised, in their time, and it may be left for subsequent generations to bring to light some of the torture-methods of this. Who can say what really happens in the deep dungeon-cells of Europe and Asia—or even, in some cases, America? Who knows all the ultra-severe methods that are used today in houses of correction, in state-prisons, in lunatic asylums? Former inmates, released or escaped, often tell gruesome stories of their treatment, but do not find very many appreciative listeners. Newspapers and courts occasionally interfere with some peculiarly flagrant case that has happened to catch extraordinary notoriety: but the public's interest in the matter dies away as soon as somebody is punished or censured.

As torturers used to jocosely call their dire instruments by pleasant names, so have cruel Americans in the Philippine Islands termed one of their processes "the water-cure." It is a singular and

deplorable fact, that among the first lessons we are teaching those "benighted" residents of decaying Asia, is a new method of torturing their fellow-men! It is no less deplorable that American youths here at home have been caught playing at the grim game, and actually killing some of their companions.

But there are other methods of torture than physical. Some of the policemen, when they are peculiarly anxious for a prisoner to confess a crime for which they have arrested him, and thus save them the trouble of gathering proof, use the notorious "third degree", as it is called. The name of it is evidently an allusion to the third degree in Masonry, which has the reputation of exceeding in severity all those that go before it.

It is the duty of every teacher, preacher, and legislator, to fight this growing tendency toward cruelty of man to man: for if it is not repressed in some way, it is only a question of time when the old-fashioned torture-chambers will be imitated, with added horrors, gathered from the discoveries of science.

INSTITUTIONS SHOULD HOLD TO THEIR PURPOSES.

EVERY WHERE knows of a certain institution that was established as a State Agricultural College. It was, of course, largely supported by taxes on farms, and bade fair to do a great deal of good in teaching the boys of that commonwealth, to do their agricultural work systematically and scientifically.

No doubt many a farmer, as he sent his son to this institution, had hopes that when the lad found a man could be a farmer and a systematic business dealer at the same time, he would be content to stay under or near the family tree, and improve and extend the original "plant" into a wide and profitable domain.

But the affair seems to be turning out

very differently from what was at first expected. The institution became more and more "literary"; many students arrived there who had about as much idea of ever being farmers as of ice-quarrying at the North Pole; and the uncanny evolution has gone on until a student from the country wishing to study rural pursuits, is looked down upon by the majority—called a "hayseed", a "granger", and all sorts of other respectable but very disagreeable epithets, and perhaps made heartsick and homesick during the whole of his course.

The legislature of a state should see to it that the purposes of state institutions are not fooled away.

KEEP YOUR HEAD LEVEL.

THE Science of Keeping Sane, is well worth studying, nowadays, and next to this, is the art of proving yourself sane, in case your mental equilibrium is attacked by parties who want to get rid of you.

One man, who has just been discharged from an asylum as perfectly free from any mental aberration whatever, declares:

"I have seen enough to convince me, in my six months' experience with insane asylums, that a sane man going into such a place is sure to become insane, if he stays long enough. Very few ever get out again, after once getting in. Care is taken that their appeals shall not reach the persons that could help them.

"I am convinced that there are hundreds and hundreds of people who are perfectly sane, in lunatic asylums. But if they stay there, they will become crazy, all right."

It would be mournfully interesting, to know how many people have been "put away" and kept "away", by parties whose interest it was to be rid of them. Some may have inherited money that their "sane" relatives wanted. Some may

have stood in the way of a desire to marry some one else; some may need to be socially obliterated in order to prevent family disgrace.

It is sometimes hard for people to know whether themselves or those nearest them are entirely sane. An old gentleman is quoted as saying to his wife, "Everybody in this world is crazy, excepting you and I, and I think you are sometimes a little 'off.'" This is probably not an unusual circumstance in the world.

But if any one fears he is tending that way, let him take for his defense "The Simple Life"; abstain from stimulants; count over regularly every day such blessings as he has; get as many more as he honestly can; sleep a good average of hours per day; be reasonably selfish, and humanely unselfish; think three times before he speaks, and several times before he acts; balance his reading-matter so as to correspond with the way he wants his mind to be; and if any one says he is crazy, bring a counter-charge of insanity against him or her, for saying so.

THE FEAR OF LIGHTNING.

THE season of nature's fireworks has come round again. Apparently without cause for celebration, or desire for illuminating display, Nature treats us every little while, during the summer months, to very spectacular little plays of her own contrivance and execution. Toward the decline of the long warm days of July and August, when the atmosphere has been hot and humid, and seems to have lost its life-giving power, a cloud appears half-way up the sky-dome, grows larger and blacker, and approaches ominously, as if it were the up-raised hand of some aerial giant about to smite the earth. Then premature night comes on; a few stray drops of rain; and then the lightning-points of fire cleave the air with thunder-roll and -clap till one might

really think that the "crack of doom" had come.

Of course women faint or have hysterics, children cry, and men are sometimes "scared"—though they look unconcerned and say nothing. But the fear of lightning has little basis or justification in real danger; for scarcely more than two hundred persons out of seventy millions are killed during a whole year by this "act of God." Man's dread of this phenomenon is rather accounted for by his customary awe and fear of the impressive acts of Nature that he does not understand. For, after all, science has told us little of the real nature of this electric power that does so many and such strange things. Our forefathers thought the thunder-clap was the voice of an angry God, and that the lightning-stroke was the flash of his weapons used against his sinful children. We no longer believe that, but the old-time thought-habit exists in the form of a vague, unreasoned, undefined fear of an inscrutable power. And not until man has learned more about these monstrous electric discharges of the atmosphere, and thus learned to shield himself securely from their relentless force, will the vestiges of this superstitious fear depart from our minds.

The feather-bed, a favorite retreat for some, at such a time, is as safe as any other place in the house, but no safer. It may not be wise to stand under trees during a thunder-storm, but otherwise there are no rules of safety that one need try to follow. Admire the clear-cut zig-zag course of fire that stamps itself athwart a blackened cloud; revel in the now long-drawn roll, the now quickrending crack of sound; and no thought of danger will intrude itself upon the mind. There is only one chance in many, many thousand that any single individual will be "hit", and the chances are also several to one that he wouldn't know anything about it—in this world—if he were "struck."

WANTED—AN ARMY.

UNITED STATES should be one of the principal nation-attorneys for Peace; and should advocate arbitration at every possible opportunity. Let us show the world that we do not believe in shooting men down, just because they differ from us in a few matters of opinion and possession!

In order to do this effectually, we must have a strong and powerful army: otherwise our opinions will be of no force. Other nations will say, "The reason they don't believe in fighting, is that they can't fight." We should be called Quakers, because we had only Quaker guns.

Another reason for having a strong army, is that it may be necessary, at times, to enforce our peace principles, with something else than mere advice. There may occasionally be a nation that is not inclined to be peaceable and to arbitrate, unless compelled to do so. Nations should be determined "to have peace, even if they are obliged to fight for it"; thus often saving a long and bloody war by a quick, sharp, and decisive one. There can be no doubt that the late Spanish war was really a life-saving affair; it put an end to a bloody conflict between Cuban and Spaniard, which might have lasted for a decade.

Another reason is, that the various armed nations of the world will be more likely to keep peace with us, if we are well armed. A bulldog may be, and very often is, a peaceful-enough member of canine society, so long as he is treated respectfully; but he is much more likely to be left unmolested in his peaceableness, than is an inoffensive "whiffet": the latter will get a hundred kicks to the former's one.

Another reason for having a strong army is, that we have a great deal of property and life to defend. If we do not possess ample means for defense, the veriest pirate ship can storm our cities and exact tribute from them; and armed

anarchists can at any time bring on a civil war.

Not so many years ago, there was a huge outcry raised for a strong navy; and with reason. We then had a mere apology for one: and it could have been swept from the sea by Italy, by France, even by Chili or Japan. If during a space of several years following the civil war, we had been thrown into conflict with a strong nation, our commerce and coasts would have been practically the enemy's.

Happily the warning was heeded: the alarm was not in vain. We built up a navy that when the time came brought us well toward the front rank of the nations of the world.

The same urgent need exists now, for a strong army, that existed a few years ago for a strong navy. Will it be met?

"FLIPPING" STREET-CARS.

OLD-FASHIONED instructors used to teach according to the text-book furnished them by the school-authorities: but some of the new-fashioned ones, want to be teacher and text-book both. This class, happily, constitutes only a small percentage of the large body of instructors: but quite often, there is one that "bobs up serenely."

One teacher said, when asked what books he preferred to have in his school, "I don't pay much attention to text-books: I teach out of my own head—whatever I think the children ought to know."

To which sub-class belongs the Superintendent of certain Chicago schools, we do not know: but if reports correctly served, she—for it is a woman—is teaching a most reprehensible practice—that of jumping on and off trolley-cars when in motion. She believes that "women of the next generation will be able to 'flip' off and on a car while in motion, gracefully and with precision."

She might better teach them how to "wait till the car stops", and to keep out from under the wheels.



Political Profanity.

PERHAPS you will not object to letting me say a few words concerning a public man, whom I will not name, but know very well.

He is only a Congressman in the House of Representatives, but is a brilliant and able man, and has a vast amount of influence in our village and its surrounding country. He is "looked-up to", not only by a great many men and women, but by numerous boys and girls—who will become the grown people in a wonderfully short space of time.

Under these circumstances, everything he does in public is of importance. His goings, comings, and sayings, are marked with the utmost of interest, and are imitated by a great many people, who are themselves imitated in turn, and will some day be still more so.

Our Congressman belongs to the most popular church in town, and is a regular communicant, when at home. He is, so far as I know, a moral man, and correct in his habits. I do not believe he would swear, or drink to excess, or fight upon the floors of our national halls of state, as some do.

But when he comes home from Washington, he brings with him a lot of stories that he has picked up there, and tells them wherever he goes—in conversations, in speeches—anywhere it happens. In telling these stories, he does not himself swear, but he represents others as doing so, and tells what they said, in the same profane language. Some of these words are shocking, and it is a terrible

fact, that I have heard school-children repeat them, with the same words and accents, laugh at them, and evidently think they were "smart."

One evening we had a political meeting, and held it in our church, as that contained the largest audience-room in the village. Our Congressman made the speech of the evening, and actually told some of those same stories to illustrate his remarks, with the horrid and profane words still in them!

I took occasion after it was over, to tell him, mildly but firmly, that that sort of thing was not the object to which we dedicated our church; and that he was doing incalculable harm with his profane anecdotes—which even some papers would not print, without putting dashes between the first and last letters of the offensive words.

He laughed, said that he didn't know but I was more than half right, etc., and got rid of me as soon as he could, for I am merely a half-superannuated local preacher, and have only one vote, and not much influence with others; and I hear that he has not made any perceptible difference in his methods.

But there will come a day when these things will be mentioned to him by One who is infinitely mightier than poor humble I: and then he will not laugh and turn away.—From an old-fashioned preacher,

REV. GEORGE L. BROWN.

SLEEP not in church: what would you say,
If caught in Morpheus' silken trap,
Your PASTOR, on some sacred day,
Should in the pulpit take a nap?

A Misfit Nap.

ONE of the New Jersey churches, not many years go, had a sensation—an awakening, in fact—which will no doubt serve for many months to drive slumber from its pews.

It seems that a certain young man had acquired a trick of “snoozing” comfortably, while appearing to keep awake. Some folks can do that.

The parishioner was noted for exemplary Church deportment, and the pastor, it would appear, had often wished that he had more of that sort. With eyes half closed, as if more thoroughly to shut himself out from the rest of the world, and “take in” the sermonic truths then and there being uttered from the pulpit, the youth sat, Sunday after Sunday, and seemed to absorb the truth as it was understood by that particular denomination.

But, Reader, it was a delusion! He heard not a word of it. He had a trick of seeming to hear when he heard not; of carrying upon his face a look of deep interest as if walking hand in hand with the minister, while still cavorting jollily with Morpheus. In other words, he could sleep as quietly and placidly as a house-cat after dinner, till a sudden little silence told him that the sermon was over; when, without even changing his position in the corner of the pew, he could open his eyes a little more widely, allow the light of day gradually to stream into them, and be really, as before apparently, awake.

It would have been just good enough for this young fellow, if, on some Sunday, right in the midst of the most breathless attention, he had happened to snore; but this he never did; worse confusion was awaiting him.

As is well known, the above-mentioned Morpheus is a treacherous creature, and often leads his companions into very distressing situations. He did on this occasion. He made the young New Jersey man dream that he was in the seclusion granted by his private room at home, and about to creep into his downy couch.

Slowly he rose, while all the congregation that were themselves awake stared at him, supposing that he was about to

confirm or contradict something their pastor had said.

But not so. He took off his coat, his vest, his necktie; and it was some time, even after that, before the head deacon had recovered from his fright, sufficiently to rush to him, wrap him in an overcoat or two, and hustle him from the church.

Somnambulists should make it a point always to keep awake in public.

Shots from Billy Sunday.

YOU are the biggest fool in the world if you think that when you don't believe a thing it's blotted out.

Just because you don't believe in the Bible, it doesn't mean that your opinion settles it. Remember that.

The poor little fly has 8,000 eyes, scientists tell us. You storm and deny God, poor idiots, you don't know beans about a fly.

Christianity has rescued the home, saved thousands of lives, built up business and has swung the world's pendulum from “might is right” to “right is might.”

Great men always drew their inspirations from the Bible. The great authors, writers, poets, sculptors, painters, philosophers, educators and others always believed in the Bible.

No man begins to live until he is a Christian. The man who is not a Christian is just like the brute in the field. A lot of people are just breathing, and should live the Christian life.

If I absolutely knew that there was no other life, no future hereafter, no hell, no punishment in the other world, I would still live the simple life of the Christian and seek the blessings of the Christian life.

You men who try to overthrow the Bible by science are fools. Where is there a scientific man who was not educated by the Bible? Did you ever see a learned man or a book written by a man who was educated by the beliefs of Confucius, of the Hindoo gods or other gods? No.

Hymn by Fanny Orosby.*(Air, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains.")*

ARISE, O Christian soldiers,
 And consecrate anew
 Your all upon the altar,
 Of Him who died for you!
 Arise in faith united,
 And let this year record
 Your undivided service,
 To Christ, our risen Lord!

O, rally 'round His standard;
 Defend the cross you love;
 And look to Him for wisdom
 And counsel from above.
 Against the arch deceiver,
 Against the host of sin,
 March on with steady purpose
 The world for Christ to win!

Be strong, O Christian soldiers,
 On Jesus cast your care!
 And when the conflict rages
 Let every breath be prayer.
 Fear not; the Lord is with you:
 'Tis He who speaks within;
 March on with zeal and courage
 The world for Christ to win!

Go forth, go forth rejoicing,
 And in the Master's name,
 To weary souls that perish
 Eternal life proclaim!
 The crowning day is coming;
 The end of toil and sin;
 March on through grace determined,
 The world for Christ to win!

**Remembers the Father and
 Mother.**

REV. A. C. DIXON, who is soon to take the pastorate of the famous Spurgeon Church in London, speaks in one of his sermons most affectionately of the old home ties. He says: "Years ago in the old country meeting-house while my father (blessings upon his gray hairs today!) preached the gospel of salvation through Christ, I accepted Him as my Saviour from all sin, and the dry bones of my dead spiritual nature were quickened into

"Since then I have been separated many miles from the plain country people who wept over sin with me that day, and then rejoiced with me in salvation, but I find when I meet them now that we still have this hope and joy in common. Many of them have remained on their farms, and I have drifted over the world; but we have not gone apart in the faith that meets the deep needs of the soul; so deep that the learning of a little Greek, Latin, science and history does not affect it at all.

"And when a short time ago the friends of my childhood wept with me again as they strewed flowers upon the grave of my mother, I felt as never before that we had things in common which neither life nor death will ever change."

Peril in Communion-Wine.

THE Pure Food Commission at Philadelphia announces it has discovered that even the wine used for communion in various churches is so doctored, it endangers the health of regular partakers of communion.

Special Agent Cassidy says samples of communion wine tested by him were found to contain salicylic acid and coal tar. Firms that sold such wine to the churches are to be prosecuted.

Commercial Invocations.

TO recover compensation for time consumed and expenses incurred in saying "suitable prayers" for his brother, a Buffalo man brought suit against the executor of that brother's estate. The declaration is the following itemized bill:

Fares and expenses of two trips to Springfield, Mass., ...	\$40
Expenses of a five weeks' stay in Springfield	50
Loss of business at Buffalo.....	150
Time spent in saying prayers for the dying	13
Time spent each day for one year from the death in saying prayers for the dead at \$6 per week....	300
Total	\$553



Inside Information.

IF you could put your liver in the slot of a weighing-engine and then watch the result, you would find that the organ "kicked the beam" at about four pounds.

But it would not need this fact to make it feel that it was of importance: it is thought by some to be the most important organ of the body. "'Is life worth living' depends upon the liver" was first said as a bright, pithy experiment-of-a-saying; but it has grown into an aphorism.

When the liver feels that it is given more than it can do, and "strikes," the remainder of the body is not kept very long in ignorance of the fact; the strike extends to the whole system. The feet begin to get cold; head-aches appear; one feels as if he had a mouth within a mouth, and a very badly tasting one at that; the ribs and shoulder-blades act as if they had dull and jagged edges; the body generally seems to have been made into a cold-storage-structure; the mind is unable to select what it does and does not want to use; the disposition becomes a porcupine, with quills sticking out in every direction; Ambition goes off on a visit to somebody else; and Despondency rests on the spirits, smothers them, crushes them relentlessly, and will not let them up.

This is generally what is the matter, when you waken in the night and feel as if there were positively nothing on earth for you—as if the whole world was square across your path, and would never get away; as if a hearse was just coming round the corner, with one black

plume in sight, and you had to creep in and go along with it.

This is an illusion. There is no barricade—no hearse. Everything is probably in as good shape as it ever has been, so far as outward matters are concerned. Your worldly prospects are no doubt as good as ever; your friends as true; your business as good. All that is the matter with you, is four pounds of liver, more or less—so full of bile and other impurities, that it can draw no more of it from the blood.

This "bile" is an unmitigated mischief-maker, and causes trouble in whatever part of the body it may go. It is composed mainly of waste portions of the human body, which, having served their purpose, have no use whatever, and, like everything useless, get into mischief.

When the above-mentioned symptoms indicate that your liver has become an honorary member of the non-helping variety, work, walk, run, dance, cycle, play tennis, or do any thing that will start a gentle perspiration; and keep at it till you get precious tired or abominably hungry. Your liver will soon join in the exercise, and begin throwing off the surplus matter with which it is clogged.

Or, if not able, from physical weakness, to do this, wrap up warmly in bed, put hot water bags or bricks to the feet, imbibe warm (soft) drinks, and get up a perspiration in that way. But take the open air for it as soon as you get strong enough. One out-door perspiration is worth three bed-room ones.

Or, if you prefer, mope about and do nothing; brood over your troubles; bom-

bard all your friends with the same; make your will; decide that no one cares for you and you had better die and be done with it; and let the mischief-making bile continue to clog your blood until it manages to form a congestion at the weakest point of the body, and produce a fit of sickness that is really worth worrying about.

Bedtime Hunger.

I WANT to assure you who are the most thoughtful of my readers, whose lives are most governed by reason, that bedtime hunger is never to be indulged. You should always take that last meal so long before you enter your beds that the stomach shall have that same rest during the entire night as the other organs that need resting. And when for any reason the evening meal is not well digested, and there results bedtime hunger, you will always find an absence of it in the morning, and will be glad you did not indulge it.

It is very true, however, that you will get to sleep sooner and sleep longer, if you do indulge the symptom; but there will be more of torpor than of restful sleep: you will always awaken with a feeling of exhaustion, such as occurs in after-dinner naps.

A stomach that can rest during the night is going to add a great deal to its power during the day. You are to consider insomnia as a disease, and to treat it by letting the stomach rest at night; eating, often, but not always, may give you more time of oblivion or of disturbing dreams, but never that refreshment, that regeneration that comes with sleep when the stomach is also in repose. It is the experience of all who have adopted this method in life, that sleep is so much more refreshing that not so many hours are required, and hence a decided gain in time, time invaluable for this one life upon earth, too short for all we would do, for all we would enjoy.

Our brightest thoughts are always on the brightest days; cloudy days and the darkness of night tend to gloom; "night

thoughts" are generally gloomy thoughts, and not at all encouraging to digestive energy. The imagination becomes dominant and controls the mind at will, as the winds the ship that has lost its rudder. You can stand the loss of sleep with the stomach empty infinitely better than you can with nerve force engaged in a needless task of disposing of food without digesting it.

You who have the disease insomnia are advised that it should be cured by an exercise of the mind. You are earnestly advised to spend every minute when awake in your beds, in thought over some subject vital to your lives, to your happiness. Get your minds under control so that you can do this.

During the many years in which I have been engaged in thought over the subject-matter of a course of lectures, it was my habit to spend every "waking hour" in bed in the elaboration of points, reserving the day for whatever of gloom that had to be met from avoidable or other cause. This became a fixed habit, and the result was, no time lost through uncontrolled imagination, and rarely less sleep than the average during the many years of gluttonous feeding.

It occurs to me almost daily to defend this method in nature against arguments drawn from the habits of animals.

Said a learned judge: "The cow eats when hungry and seems to do well when following her natural instincts." Very true, Judge: you will trust your favorite Jersey all day long to feed at will on the tender, watery grass of the pasture, but not one hour in a field of clover ready for the scythe; not thirty minutes before an open grain-bin. Animals will never fail to gorge themselves when opportunity occurs; it is only in time of sickness that their *instincts* rise superior to the *sense* of man.

Because animals are inclined to repose after meals, so it is believed that sleep should naturally follow eating. There can be no doubt that digestion is a tax on muscle energy in animals as well as in man. There is a digestive torpor; but who ever saw a cow or a horse really asleep? I have even been reminded of

the torpor of the anaconda during the days when his one huge mouthful is undergoing the digestive process, as an argument in favor of inviting sleep by eating: but does he actually sleep?

Can we compare the digestive processes of animals which are never influenced by mental conditions with those of man, which are as sensitive to the conditions of the mind as the flame to the wind, as the leaf to the zephyr? *Absurd!*

G. H. R.

The Indian Sharpness of Eye.

THE following rather funny paragraph is copied from one of the papers:

"The widespread belief that the American Indian is endowed with keener eyesight than the white man, is vigorously denied by Dr. F. W. Wyman, government physician to the Sac and Fox nation, who lives on the reservation in Oklahoma.

"There are five eye specialists employed by the Government, constantly at work among the Indians, and according to Dr. Wyman their reports show that the eyes of the red men are decidedly less keen than those of white men. He declares that such names as 'Eagle Eye' and 'Hawk Eye,' when applied to Indians, may be descriptive of some peculiar aspect of the bearer's eye, but that they do not imply any special keenness of vision. Dr. Wyman adds the interesting statement that of the 450 Indians on the Sac and Fox reservation 260 have undergone operations for eye troubles."

Of course, as the Indian uses his eyes less and less in cases requiring keenness of vision, they grow weaker and weaker.

Keep "in Condition."

TWO men are walking along the street one half a mile behind the other. They are of about the same age, size, and weight.

The one that is ahead slips on a cunning little curl of orange-peel that lies there quietly as if expecting him. He turns his ankle slightly, and presto!—he

is a lame man. He has become so for three, six, ten months perhaps.

After the first man has limped or been carried away, number two comes along on the same path. The pleasant little pitfall from the tropics is still in its place—no one having thought far enough to throw it into the gutter; and pedestrian number two slips upon it, as did his friend, a few minutes ago. His ankle turns in the same way; but he is not lamed, or more than temporarily inconvenienced.

Why?—Because he is "in condition" while the other man is not. He is in the habit of exercising each day all the principal muscles of the body; they are all ready to defend him against an attack upon any particular one; and it takes ten times as much to hurt him as it does the other man.

Keep "in condition."

Can You "Catch" Hay Fever?

THE great summer-long sneeze to which many people appear doomed is generally considered as an accidental circumstance, which could not have been avoided, even if the victim had known he was in danger of it. Sometimes certain weeds are accused of causing it by means of the seed-blows or other particles thrown off by them.

It does not seem to be considered contagious, but the question will sooner or later be discussed, whether well people who pass summers in a "hay-fever colony" are not liable to sooner or later join the Society. It will also be declared by some, if it has not already been, that people in a family where the disease exists, should be very careful in guarding against the usual methods of contagion.

One sufferer, who expected the disease as regularly as warm weather came, said he hardly thought it contagious, but could not understand why it was that he was perfectly healthy until a relative who had the disease came to live with him, ate with him, engaged in business with him, rode about with him, and was near him more or less every day for a year.

World-Success.

The Woman Who Understands.

SOMEWHERE she waits to make you win—
Your soul in her firm white hands—
Somewhere the gods have made for you
The woman who understands.

As the tide went out, she found him,
Lashed to a spar of despair—
The wreck of his ship around him,
The wreck of his dreams in the air;
Found him, and loved him, and gathered
The soul of him to her heart;
The soul that had sailed an uncharted sea—
The soul that had sought to win and be free—
The soul of which she was a part;
And there in the dark she cried to the man,
“Win your battle—you can—you can.”

Helping and loving and guiding—
Urging when that was best—
Holding her fears in hiding,
Deep in her quiet breast;
This is the woman who kept him
True to his standards lost,
When tossed in the storm and stress and
strife,
He thought himself through with the game
of life
And ready to pay the cost.

Watching and guarding—whispering still,
“Win—you can—and I know you will.”
Somewhere she waits—
Your soul in her firm, white hands—
The woman who loves and understands.

Woman's Part in A War.

THE first suggestion of this grim demon's approach fills loving-hearted women all over the land with apprehensive fear. They know the suffering which attends its every step, and realize that it may beckon relentlessly to those on whom their life's happiness depends; but though she may look forward with dread, woman has always been found ready, when brought face to face with war's actual presence, to do her part with all the

patriotism, courage and loyalty of the true soldier.

She is called to share the suffering and join in service; and her part in each is a necessary and noble one.

The bitterness of the “good bye” must be lessened by her brave smile; she must find patience to bear the weariness of waiting, loneliness, hardship, loss—these all bring her hours of wretchedness and demand endurance.

Her sympathy, the sweetest gift with which God has endowed her, in a time of war, finds countless opportunities to comfort and bless.

Not in the fury of the battle, but when its din has changed to low moanings of pain, while the smoke still hovers over the field her service among the helpless, bleeding, dying ones may begin; and bring some measure of relief and cheer into the torture-chambers of the hospital.

There the strong, brave, most daring soldier is a child, that needs to be soothed and comforted; to have hope kept alive in his breast and to receive the gentle ministrations which can soften pain.

The disagreeable element is prominent in such service; all patients are not always appreciative, and all sympathetic women do not make efficient nurses; but we have only to take one glimpse into the past to recall many strong, courageous women who have rendered such invaluable service that their names still live in history.

Florence Nightingale, adored by grateful thousands, to whom she gave all her best energies, love, and the systematic care which brought them deliverance from death, won in this way a place in the world's history as yet unequalled. As superintendent of a corps of nurses, ninetytwo in number, she organized a

hospital with six hundred patients in the Crimea, and in three weeks it sheltered three thousand. Her ability made it a model of thoroughness, and all its arrangements were complete and reasonably perfect.

Mother Bickerdyke's devoted service in our own land no true patriot will ever forget.

Clara Barton's present and past work is too well known to need description here.

Julia S. Wheelock, telling of her heart-rending experiences among the "boys in white," says that one day's experience in the hospital convinced her that no woman could even visit it without doing good. "Her very presence is cheering to the soldier. A kind, cheerful look, a smile of recognition, one word of encouragement, enables him to bear his sufferings more bravely. Any one whose mission is to do good is worshipped by every noble boy in blue, so wholly excluded and utterly destitute of coming within their home influences."

Laura S. Haviland, a motherly saint, who was refused the privilege of visiting among the sick and dying, but who succeeded in reorganizing many hospitals badly managed, and gaining the love and gratitude of all to whom she ministered, said, "Every soldier is some mother's boy," and gave each one such gentle, tender sympathy as only a mother could give.

A woman who is loyal to the cause she loves and devoted to her friends can be a dangerous enemy. She can most successfully deceive when occasion requires it, and many a crestfallen commander has raged and fumed over the discovery that some simple little woman has outwitted him. History is full of such instances as this.

Strategy plays an important part in any conflict, and woman has reason to be proud of her record in many a crisis and on numerous trying occasions.

In testing times of trial and danger she has proved her power to endure, and wherever the suffering seems greatest, finds her part—to relieve, cheer and comfort.

Parlors—And Show Rooms.

IT makes one feel awkward, to enter a drawing-room stuffed so full of furniture and bricabrac, that he is afraid of hitting something valuable with every move he makes. The parlor is often transformed into a museum, in which are exhibited chairs, tables, etc., "handed down" from departed ancestors. There are not only "grandfather clocks," but grandfather and grandmother furniture of all sorts. Occasionally an old linen wheel, with distaff well filled with flax, has made its way in. Old curios, such as shells, geological specimens, and various productions of the remote nations of the earth, smile sweetly at you. Occasionally a stuffed ornithological collection in a glass case makes you wonder where the catalogues are for sale. Sometimes a snake, protected from the devastating air by alcohol, adds interest to the scene.

These would look better in the sitting-room, back-parlor, or library; or if not convenient to place them in that way, some neat little apartment entirely devoted to curios and relics can be used.

A parlor should not be so crowded with exhibits that there is no room for visitors.

Negligence, Negligence, Negligence.

IT was well said by that famous apostle of common sense, Ben. Franklin, that "a little neglect breeds great mischief." If that is true, how much greater mischief can be bred by a *great deal* of neglect! And a great deal of it is occurring, all the time.

If a hard-extinguisher, or even a bucket of water had been where it ought to be, a certain great five-million-dollar fire in the State-capitol at Albany, could have been extinguished before it did five dollars' worth of damage. But the extinguisher and water were not there: they had been forgotten or worse than forgotten, by some negligent employé.

It will take more than one million of dollars to replace the books in the State library—even those that *can* be replaced.

There was no insurance upon them, or upon anything else in the destroyed buildings. More neglect.

There were thousands of books and manuscripts, of which no copy exists, and which never can be duplicated. There were splendid paintings, interesting and instructive documents, and original manuscripts written by distinguished authors, travelers, statesmen, public officials, and soldiers, and gathered all along during the past three centuries: these were made over into ashes.

A few rods away from this library—or where it once was—stands a fire-proof stone-and-steel building, in which all these priceless articles would now be resting, safe and sound, *if the building had been completed within the time stipulated by the contract.* More negligence.

Are we drifting more and more into the unconscious proverb, "Never do today what can be put off till tomorrow"?

"I'll Leave."

THIS is the everlasting war-cry of the baser sort of servant-girl; the club which she holds over "the madame's" head; the spectre with which she frightens many a timid housewife into all sorts of concessions and submissions. She feels that it is an inconvenience to a lady to "change help," and she relies on that fact. She knows that she is herself financially irresponsible, and can violate her contract and make any amount of mischief for the house by leaving domestic matters in the lurch; while if the mistress does the least thing that the law would touch, she, the mistress, can be made to pay for it.

When this girl "leaves" (which she often does at five minutes' notice), she is very likely, if in a large city, to go to some cheap boarding-house of her own nationality, advertise for another place, and hold a reception, composed of ladies who come to beg her to enter their employment. If one of them writes her asking her to call, she does as she likes about it; generally asking car-fare if a bargain is not made. One set of girls

boasted that they advertised even when they did not want a place, and amused themselves in examining and criticising the various ladies that called upon them. They also, in some cases, accepted car-fare and then walked leisurely to the ladies' houses, thus saving enough money to more than pay for their advertisements.

About the only way a mistress can do when a girl threatens to "go" without any good reason for so doing, is to say, "Very well, go," advertise for another girl, and keep advertising till she gets one that suits her. There are a great many hundreds of conscientious, first-class domestics in every city, and she can get one or more of them if she perseveres.

So a lady should be ready to change, if necessary, at any time. Then if her "help" (or hindrance, whichever it may be) gets dissatisfied, the lady should investigate and remove the cause of complaint, if it is justly so; but when the ultimatum is given, "Let me do as I like, or I'll leave," the lady ought to be ready to reply, "Very well, leave."

He Had A Pull.

THE town of Pullman was not ostensibly named after the late Mr. Pullman himself. The story is that W. W. Beman, the architect of the town, being justly proud of his work, went to the proprietor and asked that it be named "Beman."

"Um'm," said the magnate. "Fact is, I had thought of calling the place 'Pullman' from the man who built it and paid for it. However," Mr. Pullman added, as he observed a look of disappointment on the architect's face, "I am not particular. Now what do you say to a compromise? Suppose we take the first syllable of my name, 'Pull,' and the second syllable of your name, 'man.' There we have it, 'Pull,' 'man'—Pullman. You see that combines your idea with mine."

Mr. Pullman's suggestion prevailed, and the name, it seems, was a compromise, though it is not reported that Architect Beman was greatly pleased thereby.



April 23—Thirtytwo persons were killed when a South African train plunged into a gorge 250 feet deep.

24—The famous Gutenberg "42 line Latin Bible" was sold at auction to Henry E. Huntington, for \$50,000.

Three of the men instrumental in arresting and taking J. J. McNamara from Indianapolis were arrested by Union officials on a charge of kidnapping.

An explosion in the Ott mine at Elk Garden, W. Va., entombed twentytwo miners.

25—The tercentenary of the King James version of the Bible was celebrated in New York.

26—Chairman Underwood in the opening debate, in the House, on the Farmers' Free List bill, declared that his party would revise the tariff schedule by schedule.

A million-dollar co-operative society, to be known as the United Stores Association, was organized in New York City.

Prosecuting Attorney F. B. Baker and other lawyers of Indiana declared the removal of McNamara, as accomplished by Detective Burns, contrary to the laws of Indiana.

27—Three Federal forces in Mexico were reported annihilated, and the Governors of two States fled from their posts.

France notified the signatories of the Algeiras Conference agreement that prompt intervention was necessary in Morocco on her part.

28—John Arbuckle's Sugar Refinery in Brooklyn was burned, damage amounting to \$500,000.

A large meeting, addressed by Premier Asquith and Lord Balfour, acclaiming arbitration, was held in the Guildhall, London.

Vassar College celebrated its fiftieth anniversary.

29—Eleven persons were killed, and many injured, in the wreck of a school-teachers' excursion train, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Easton, Pa.

30—A \$6,000,000 fire practically destroyed Bangor, Maine.

Pehr Olsson Seffer, an eminent Swede,

was killed in cold blood by the Mexican rebels.

May 1—It was reported that Durango, capital of one of the Mexican States, had been captured by the rebels.

City Chamberlain Charles H. Hyde of New York was indicted for accepting a bribe of \$13,800.

Nicaragua abolished all concessions to Americans on the Atlantic Coast.

An Anglo-German Friendship Society was organized in London, the Lord Mayor presiding.

Chinese rebels captured five towns.

2—The House of Commons passed the bill curtailing the veto powers of the House of Lords.

3—The Grand Jury investigating bribery in Ohio indicted three Senators, the Sergeant-at-Arms and two Representatives.

4—Madero appealed to President Diaz to make public his privately given assurances that he meant to resign.

The International Press Congress opened at Rome, 500 delegates reporting, and the King, Queen and Ministry being present.

5—It was reported that Jacob H. Schiff was backing a movement to found a Jewish colony in New Mexico.

District Attorney Fredericks granted the McNamara brothers a month's delay in which to plead to twentyone murder indictments.

6—150,000 spectators watched 3,000 suffragists parade down Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The armistice in Mexico came to an end.

7—President Diaz issued a manifesto declaring that he would resign, (if desired by the people) after peace was restored, but not under compulsion.

At Biddeford, Me., the militia were called out to help fight the forest fires.

8—The free list bill passed the House by a vote of 236 to 109.

Juarez was attacked by 150 rebels, and five persons were killed on the American side.

China issued an edict abolishing the Grand

- Council and substituting a constitutional Cabinet of ten members, with Prince Ching as Premier.
- 9—One thousand buildings, including banks, schools and court-house, were destroyed by fire in the Japanese town Yamagata. General Madero authorized an attack by the insurrectos on Juarez, but the all-day fight was without result.
- 10—Juarez was captured by General Francisco I. Madero. It was announced in Nicaragua that President Juan Estrada had resigned and sought to leave the country. The Duma voted a credit of \$2,000,000 to combat the cholera and plague.
- 11—The Mexican Cabinet urged President Diaz to retire, but he refused. Adolpho Diaz, the new President of Nicaragua, announced the names of his Cabinet members.
- 12—The Lord Mayor of Dublin and a deputation from the city's corporation, presented to the House of Commons a petition urging the passage of a female suffrage bill. The resignation of Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, was announced, and the appointment of Henry Lewis Stimson as his successor. The fruit-steamer, Admiral Farragut, rammed and sank the Ward liner Merida off Cape Charles, without loss of life. Secretary Knox instructed Ambassador Wilson and all U. S. consuls in Mexico, to deny rumors of intervention by United States.
- 13—A delegation of North Dakota farmers and one of plate-glass makers opposed the Canadian Reciprocity treaty before the Senate Finance Committee.
- 14—It was reported that General Rabago, in command of a Federal force, was advancing to retake Juarez.
- 16—The thermometers in Chicago registered 89 degrees, the hottest for the date for fortyeight years. Secretary MacVeagh announced the offer of \$50,000,000 of Panama 3 per cent. canal bonds. The Wisconsin House passed the James woman suffrage bill.
- 17—It was announced by the Mexican Federal peace envoy, Judge Carbajal, that a general armistice would probably be declared within twentyfour hours.
- A five-days' armistice was signed at Juarez, for consideration of terms of final peace.
- 18—The Prussian Diet passed the second reading of the Government's bill legalizing cremation.
- 19—Eight persons died from heat in Philadelphia, and 45,000 school children in Cincinnati were dismissed owing to the excessive heat.
- 20—A heavy fog held up Sound and ocean steamers in the vicinity of New York. King George held the first state ball since his accession. Francisco I. Madero, Provisional President of Mexico, bade farewell in Juarez to his army.
- 21—The French Minister of War, Henri Maurice Bertheaux, was killed, and Premier Antoine E. E. Monis, seriously injured, by the fall of an aeroplane at the start of the Paris to Madrid races. A peace agreement was signed at Juarez between representatives of the Federal and Provisional governments, and orders were sent to military commanders to stop fighting.
- 22—The trial of the Standard Oil Company for rebating began in Washington. Great Britain's first naval air-ship was launched and christened the Mayfly.
- 23—The Paris taxicab drivers went on strike for twentyfour hours. The new Public Library Building, which houses the Astor, Lenox and Tilden libraries, was opened in New York City. Senator Duhamel introduced a bill at Albany, creating a State Aviators' Commission for licensed aviators.
- 24—President Taft refused to pardon bankers Morse and Walsh. Rioting broke out in Mexico City. The steamship Ivernica struck Daunt's Rock in Cork Harbor, but her 758 passengers were safely landed.
- 25—President Porfirio Diaz resigned the Presidency of Mexico, amid much rejoicing.
- 26—Francisco L. de la Barra, the Mexican Foreign Minister, took the oath of office as provisional president of Mexico. Pierre Veldrine, the French aviator, won the Paris-to-Madrid aviation race. Ex-President Diaz, of Mexico, went secretly to Vera Cruz, to take ship for Spain.
- 27—A \$2,500,000 blaze swept away Dreamland, at Coney Island, N. Y.



Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

AVERY, MRS. MARY OGDEN—In Hartford, Conn., April 29, aged eightyfive years. She was born in New York City and was prominent in work for sailors and negroes. In 1891, with her husband, Samuel P. Avery, she created and endowed the Avery Architectural Library of Columbia University, giving it 150,000 volumes, some of extreme rarity.

BULLOCK, BRADFORD A.—In New York City, May 7, aged forty-nine years. He was born in Jackson, Indiana, and educated at the Terre Haute College and the Indiana State Normal School. After graduating at law he became a special editor on The American Legal News of Detroit. In 1879 he originated the business of acting as an attorney for attorneys, being an intermediary between lawyers in all parts of United States. He wrote much for legal magazines.

CRITCHFIELD, GEO. W.—Near Tuxpan, Mexico, April 7, after being shot, aged forty-nine years. He was born in Missouri. He was a reporter on "The Chicago Inter-Ocean" and was on the staff of "The Chicago Tribune." He explored the asphalt fields in Venezuela and was involved in disputes with that Government. His holdings were seized, but after litigation he secured compensation. He was defeated for Congress in 1908.

DE FOREST, REV. DR. JOHN H.—At Sendai, Japan, May 8. He was a veteran Congregational missionary, born in America, and graduated from Yale in the Class of 1868. He was connected with the Sendai Mission, an important commercial, educational and military city, for many years. In 1898 the Japanese Government decorated him for services in dispelling anti-Japanese misconceptions among Americans.

DIMOOK, HENRY F.—In New York City, April 10, aged sixty-nine years. He was born in South Coventry, Conn., and was educated at Yale and at the Harvard Law School. Governor Tilden appointed him to devise plans for improving the City Governments of the State. He was Commissioner of Docks for six years, and was President or Director of different corporations. The late W. C. Whitney was his brother-in-law.

FLAGG, JOHN HENRY—In New York City, May 1, aged sixty-eight years. He was born in Vermont. He studied law and for ten years was Clerk of the Senate at Washington. Going to New York, he was for many years counsel for the Standard Oil Company. He wrote on law and other subjects.

FORTIN, ALEXANDER—At Peoria, Ill., April 2, aged sixty-six years. He was born in Paris, France, and went to Washington soon after the Civil War, becoming chief chef at the White House to Garfield, Arthur, Harrison and Cleveland. Jay Gould then retained him as a chief attendant.

GIBSON, REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM C.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., May 10, aged seventy-three years. He was born in Albany and entered the volunteer service during the Civil War. He served in the Potomac Flotilla and the North and South Blockading Squadrons. He commanded the City of Pekin that carried the First California Volunteer Regiment to Manila, in 1898. He was retired on his sixty-second birthday with the rank of Rear Admiral.

HALLE, LADY—In Berlin, April 15, aged seventy-one years. She was born in Brunn, Austria. Of rare, inherited musical talent, when four years old she studied the violin under her father, Joseph Neruda. She studied also under Jansa, the Director of Music at the University of Vienna. She played in England and the continental countries, Australia, and United States. She married Ludwig Norman, and upon his death became the wife of Sir Charles Halle. Queen Alexandra bestowed upon her the title of Violinist to the Queen.

HASTINGS, REV. DR. THOMAS S.—In New York City, April 2, aged eighty-four years. He was born in Utica, N. Y., and was graduated from Hamilton College. After studying at Union Theological Seminary and serving as pastor in several communities, he accepted the chair of homiletics at Union Theological Seminary. For eighteen years he was pastor of the West church, New York City.

IVES, PROF. HALSEY C.—In London, England, May 6, aged sixty-four years. He was born at Montour Falls, N. Y., and educated at the local Union Academy.

He entered the Government service as draughtsman in 1864. Afterwards studying decorative art, he became an instructor in the Polytechnic School, St. Louis, and later, in the Washington University, St. Louis. He established the Museum of Fine Arts in that city, in 1881, and became its director. He was in charge of the Department of Fine Arts in the Chicago, Buffalo, and St. Louis Expositions, and was decorated by King Oscar of Sweden and King Christian of Denmark, and by many other countries.

JUDIC, MME. ANNE—In Nice, France, April 14, aged sixtyone years. She was born in Semur, France, of humble parentage. She was a saleswoman in a Department store, but her voice and vivacity obtained her a scholarship at the Conservatoire, Paris. She became a successful singer of light opera and toured United States in the eighties, as a star.

KITTREDGE, EX-SENATOR ARTHUR B.—At Hot Springs, Arkansas, May 4, aged fifty years. He was born in New Hampshire, and was graduated from the Law School of Yale. He served two terms in the United States Senate. As Chairman of the Senate Committee on Interceanic Canals, he advised the abandonment of the lock canal across Panama.

KNAPP, DR. HERMAN—At Mamaroneck, N. Y., April 30, aged eighty years. He was born in Dauborn, Prussia, and was graduated from the University of Glessen. For four years he was Professor of Ophthalmology at Heidelberg, and later held the same position at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City, becoming Professor Emeritus in 1892. He was an eye and ear specialist of international repute.

LANGREUTER, CAPT. H.—In Hoboken, N. J., May 4, aged fiftyfour years. He was born and educated in Germany. He had been with the North German Lloyd Company for twentyeight years and a Captain for fourteen years, being one of the best-known officers in the Mediterranean service. He made several polar and Mediterranean cruises. The Berlin was his last ship. He had been the recipient of numerous decorations.

LATCH, CHIEF ENGINEER EDWARD B., U. S. N.—In Merion, Pa., April 3, aged seventyeight years. He was born in Philadelphia, and began his career in a locomotive works. He served in the Civil War in many important naval engagements. He was an ardent student of the Bible, and wrote on biblical subjects.

PIGGOTTY, DR. CAMERON—In Sewanee, Tenn., April 30, aged fiftyfive years. He was born in England and was a graduate of Johns Hopkins University. He was Pro-

fessor of Chemistry in the University of the South.

ROBINSON, JESSE H.—In Washington, D. C., May 2, aged sixtyseven years. He was chief of the telegraph division of the United States Weather Bureau for the last forty years, and one of the fortyone volunteers from Allegheny Co., Pa., who served with the United States military telegraph corps during the war.

SWIFT, HUMPHREY HATHAWAY—In Cambridge, Mass., April 29, aged ninety-two years. He was born in New Bedford, Mass. He inaugurated and financed the first horse-car line in Brazil and was for many years a leading merchant there. He made many voyages to Brazil, China, Africa, and other distant countries.

SMITH, MRS. HANNAH WHITALL—In Oxford, England, May 1, aged seventy-nine years. She was born in Philadelphia, educated in a Quaker school, and married Robert Pearsall Smith, a Quaker also. The two became noted evangelists. They went to England in 1873 and held religious conferences in various places. For twenty-three years she had lived in London. She wrote under the penname of H. W. S. She was Secretary of the W. C. T. U. and allied with the English women's suffrage movement.

STEENSTRA, REV. DR. PETER H.—At Robbinston, Me., April 26, aged seventy-eight years. He was born in Holland. He was graduated from Shurtleff College, Illinois. For forty years he had been professor of Old Testament Literature and Interpretation at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.

TASCHEREAU, SIR HENRY ELZEAR—In Ottawa, Canada, April 14, aged seventy-five years. He was born at Ste. Mary de la Beauce, Quebec. He was appointed Judge of the Superior Court in 1871, and in 1878 became Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada.

VANDERPOEL, JOHN H.—In St. Louis, May 2, aged fiftyfour years. He was born in Holland, educated in the public schools of Chicago, and studied art in Paris. For thirty years he was an instructor in the Art Institute, Chicago, leaving there a year ago to become instructor in the Art Academy of the People's University, St. Louis. He was the author of "The Human Body", a well-known book on art instruction.

WILDER, GRACE E.—In Islampur, India, April 19, aged fifty years. She was born in America but when eleven years old accompanied her missionary parents to India. She was educated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, being graduated in 1883. For twenty-four years she was a missionary of the Presbyterian Church, in charge of village settlement work.

Forty Doings and Undoings.

Girl caddies are being tried on the links of Aigle, in Switzerland, but golfers do not seem enthusiastic over the experiment.

Save the old coins. One was found in a Pennsylvania potato-patch, which is 1,111 years old, and worth a good many dollars.

A company recently formed in Paris proposes to utilize the River Jordan to furnish electric light, heat and power to all Palestine.

Despite the fact that it possesses coal fields covering more than 4,100 square miles, Spain imports more than \$10,000,000 worth of fuel every year.

The Flint (Mich.) school board has secured a ninety-nine year lease of a site for a new school building at the rate of one clover blossom per annum.

A Moliere cult is the feature of the new dramatic season in Germany, no fewer than three Berlin theatres having put on plays of the great Frenchman.

The amount sent in money orders from United States to Sweden in 1909 was six times as large as the amount sent from Sweden to United States.

Certain well-known American products, like garters and hooks and eyes, have become household articles in France, largely because of persistent and systematic advertising.

Japanese hotels furnish fresh tooth brushes every morning free to every guest. The brush is of wood, shaped like a pencil, and

frayed to a tufty brush of fibre at the large end.

It is rumored that the tailors of the world intend to erect a monument over the grave of Adam—as to his little mistake in eating the apple they owe their prosperity.

A rat is released by telephone linemen in a pipe through which the cable is to go, and a ferret with a string to its leg is sent after the rat, the string starting the cable through.

Greek barbers in New York City are wholly modern. When Plato and Socrates were spoken of one of them in Sixth avenue thought the reference was to rivals on the other side of the street.

The market price for fingers was set at \$25 each in the Chicago Superior Court, when Fred Katona, employed at the Standard Steel Car Works, was awarded \$100 for four digits which he lost in an accident.

Moscow owes \$48,305,349, but \$43,773,413 of the borrowed money has been put into "productive municipal enterprises." Last year municipal street railways collected fares aggregating \$3,613,993.

A new industry has been started in Egypt with the opening at Khartoum of a factory for the manufacture of fuel from sudd, the reedy plant whose growth blocks the flow of the Upper Nile for many miles.

South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a

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labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

An American has paid the equivalent of \$3,825 for two flats overlooking Pall Mall, between St. James's Palace and Marlborough House, this rent being paid for two days only.

In Mexico the loss of a limb to an employé is of frequent occurrence. Neglected injuries to feet, legs and arms are the cause of many amputations which perhaps in cooler climates might have been avoided.

Turkeys shipped from one part of the country to another frequently contain notes from some would-be lovesick young man or woman looking to a correspondence with some eligible party who may happen to receive them.

There is no end to thieves' meanness. After the death at Los Angeles of Henry Meissen, seventyfive years old, in the county hospital, it was discovered that the dead man's mouth had been looted of \$75 worth of gold.

The American Indians smoked many kinds of plants, such as sumac, red willow bark, and the leaves of the kinnikinick or bearberry; and tobacco, doubtless, was a discovery resulting from a selection of the most seductive.

A western man says that one year, shortly after he came to Kansas, crops failed, and the only support he and his family had was a flock of hens. The hens paid the grocery bills, clothed the family, and paid a mortgage on the land.

The Synodal Council of the Canton of Grisons, Switzerland, has decided to favor the admission of women to pastorates. This decision followed the application of a woman for authority to preach. She is said to be a German naturalized American.

A German in Philadelphia, when being examined to see whether he was entitled to naturalization papers, got along very well till asked the question, "What does the President do with the bills sent him?" "Pays 'em, of course", he replied, without hesitation.

The Diamond shoals off Cape Hatteras, the "graveyard of the Atlantic," are to be protected by automatic electric devices. The diaphragms of two large megaphones are to be vibrated by electricity, producing a volume of sound which can be heard for miles.

Sir Matthew Nathan may succeed Sir Eldon Gorst as British Resident in Egypt. Should this report prove correct, it will be the second

time in history, after a lapse of some 4,000 years, that a Jew will have taken the most prominent place in the Government of Egypt.

The German Emperor has now found an outlet for his supposed talents, in architecture. He has personally prepared the plans for the pavilion being erected around a new mineral spring named after the Empress at Homburg, a fashionable watering-place near Frankfort-on-the-Main.

In one respect, say English papers, particularly King George and Queen Mary have already won a place in the hearts of their people. No more beautiful example of home life can be imagined than that shown by the King and Queen. "They have made domesticity the fashion," a cynic observed.

"The old town pump" in Salem, made famous by Hawthorne, has been positively located. Workmen recently struck the capstones of the old well on Washington street right in front of the First church and at some distance from where students of Hawthorne had believed the pump to be located.

Many abandoned farms in Maine are being bought up by the Slavic immigrants, in some instances whole communities being settled by these people. While the native is inclined to be prejudiced against his foreign-born neighbors, he cannot deny that they make thrifty and almost invariably honest citizens.

Professor Rosing of St. Petersburg has invented an apparatus, which is called the "electric eye", which permits one to discern objects at long distances if within the rays of the instrument. For example, the manager of a factory, it is said, is enabled to see all that is going on in the various workshops.

The citizens of Orson, in Sweden, have no taxes to pay. The railroad is free to every citizen of the town, the telephone service is free, and the schools and libraries cost the citizens absolutely nothing. The town's expenses are paid out of the money obtained from the sale of lumber cut in the municipal forest.

A wooden inkstand that was probably in use three thousand four hundred odd years ago is now exhibited in a Berlin museum. It is of Egyptian make, and is supposed to belong to the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty, or somewhere about 1500 B. C., although its real age can be judged approximately.

Gelatinized gasoline, which is to be patented, is pure gasoline, one gallon of which in its new form will be about the size of a stick of shaving soap. Experts say the new com-

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STUART'S PLAS-TR-PASS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so do further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address

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All makes and models, as good as new.....
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We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight, and allow 10 DAY'S FREE TRIAL.
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FOR A SNOW WHITE WASH

IT IS A

Household Necessity and Labor Saver

No rubbing, no scrubbing, no wearing or tearing.

No acids or caustics.

Will not injure the finest fabrics.

Use one quarter box to a boiler of water with one cake of soap thoroughly dissolved. Soak clothes in cold water 30 minutes before placing in boiler; wring.

Boil 30 minutes; stir clothes several times while boiling.

Wring, rinse in warm water twice, then blue.

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Our ARTIFICIAL LIMBS defy detection. Will last a life-time.

Perfect in mechanical construction. A remarkable reproduction of natural models.

Send postal for free descriptive booklet and testimonials from grateful and satisfied patrons.

LAWRENCE BROS.

187 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

pound will usher aeroplaning into its great era, and will revolutionize other forms of locomotion because of the condensed form of the fuel.

New York is a great storehouse for gold—almost any day the vaults are guarding \$200,000,000 worth of the yellow metal—about one-twenty-fifth of all the gold in existence, and the total amount in the city, including private holdings, has risen as high as \$300,000,000, or more than the world's production in a year.

The manufacture of artificial woods from sawdust for mouldings and finishing and building materials has become rather extensive in Germany and France. For this purpose blood and solutions of glue, starch, flour and aluminic sulphate are the common agglutinants. These artificial woods take on a high polish and look attractive.

The Russian hobo is a troublesome problem in his country, and the Russian Government, casting about for some effective means of dealing with him, has turned to United States for advice. Prince Koudacheff, Chargé of the Russian Embassy at Washington, has asked the State Department for information bearing on the treatment of vagrants in this country.

Charles Gaunt, aged eightyfive years, who had not worn a coat for sixty years and prided himself on the fact that he never had been ill in that period, is dead in Gloucester, N. J., of old age. Gaunt also had the distinction, it is claimed, of leaving the grounds surrounding his home but twice in sixty years. On both occasions he left home hatless and coatless to attend the funerals of his two brothers.

Winnipeg avenue in the Canadian city that gives it the name has grown into a modern mercantile thoroughfare in the past five years, and less than thirtyfive years ago it was the Indian trail that led into old Fort Garry. Winnipeg has today a population of 150,000, which has grown from the fort of 1872 with a population of 215. It has one of the largest department stores in the world, employing regularly 3,000 men and women.

On Newton Boulevard, Scranton, Pa., lives Miss Isabelle Lengel, seventeen years old, a zealous worker in the First Baptist church, who does not believe any other person of her age, sex and weight can equal her record of lifting, 675 pounds, without harness. Miss Lengel weighs only 117 pounds. She is pretty, with a wealth of black hair and bright, snapping black eyes and a complexion that makes her the envy of her less muscular sisters.

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If not, the Ideal Sight Restorer will help Nature in a purely natural way to restore their strength and correct the vision.

The Ideal Sight Restorer

The Invaluable Eye Masseur

ITS ACTION

BRIEFLY: *The action of the Ideal Sight Restorer stimulates the eye by restoring the normal circulation of blood; this is all that weak or slightly affected eyes require.*

It also moulds the eye painlessly, yet securely, to its perfect shape, correcting nearsight, farsight, astigmatism and all eye troubles.

If you wear glasses—if your eyes smart or burn—cause headaches—are strained—or become inflamed and weak, send for our free book.



THE NORMAL EYE

ITS SAFETY

The eyes are so delicate, so sensitive, that infinite care must be observed that they be not positively injured by unscientific appliances or treatments which claim to benefit them.

So scientifically perfect, yet so simple is the Ideal Sight Restorer, that thousands have used it with marvelous results during

the past nine years, without possibility of the slightest ill effects. Unsolicited letters from them to us prove this to be the fact.

We have prepared an *Illustrated Treatise on the Eyes*, which will be sent you free of any cost and is most interesting. It contains many novel facts and much useful information about the eyes in general; also grateful letters from people of prominence.

Among the many whom the Ideal Sight Restorer has benefited there may be one in your locality who will testify to its unfailing efficiency.

FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE

To show you how much faith we have in the Ideal Sight Restorer and how sure we are that it will correct eye-troubles, we will be glad to send it to you for a 10-day trial.

At the end of that time, if you are willing to part with it, return it to us and you will owe us absolutely nothing.

If we can help you, you want us to do so. If we cannot, we do not want you to purchase.

It cannot do your eyes any harm and it may do them unlimited good—at any rate it costs you nothing to try.

We are willing to take all the risk of offering a trial for 10 days without cost. Are you not willing to write to-day and give us an opportunity to demonstrate the Instrument to your complete satisfaction?

THE IDEAL COMPANY

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Finely Printed, Handsomely Designed, on Coated Board.

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They have a portrait of Mr. Carleton with his autograph printed underneath. They are the most distinctive cards made. New, unique, and characteristic.

The set includes: "A Chapter on Words", "Song of Thanksgiving", "Matrimonial Suggestions", "One and Two", "A Chapter on Advice", "A Chapter on Fools", "Will Carleton's Birthplace", "Advice to Beginners."

We will send them, postpaid, as follows: One card five cents, three cards ten cents, eight cards 20 cents, twenty-five 50 cents. You may select them as desired. Write the names of those you want and the number of each kind.

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EVERY WHERE

JUNE, 1911.

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We receive thousands of literary contributions in the course of a year, but can accept only those peculiarly well adapted to the general trend of our Magazine. They are all carefully examined and returned if not used, when accompanied by a postpaid envelope bearing the author's address.

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AND MAYBE HAS CORNS, TOO.

The man who puts his best foot forward runs the risk of having some one step on it.

THE HOLD-ON HABIT.

Neither President Diaz nor Speaker Cannon knew when to retire gracefully at the psychological moment.

NEWS FROM VIRGINIA.

With enormous crops of peanuts reported, the public may feel assured of the luxuries of life, whatever may happen to the necessities.

MIDAS' HOPE.

Midas complained that everything he touched turned to gold.

"Did you ever try to sell a suburban home for what you paid for it?" they asked.

Herewith he saw a way to break the spell.

HELP SCARCE, YOU SEE.

"Yes, we found our cook was passing a lot of our domestic supplies through a hole in the back fence."

"You discharged her, of course?"

"Discharged her! No, indeed. We nailed up the fence."

SCOTCH CHARITY.

"Oh, Maister Wallace, come in and see our John; he's rale bad!"

"What's wrang wi' him?"

"He's feart to meet his Makker."

"Humph! Thell'm he need na be feart for that; he'll never see'm."

IT WAS THE HOSTESS WAS "FRESH."

"Will you have some fresh mushrooms?" asked the hostess, sweetly.

"Yes," faltered the guest, "if you're quite sure they're mushrooms and not toadstools?"

"Oh, I'm quite sure," replied the hostess. "I opened the can myself."

MINISTERING TO THE HUNGRY.

After the big Andrew Jackson Day banquet in Baltimore, a prominent Republican thus greeted an equally well-known Democrat:

"I understand there were some Republicans at the banquet last night."

"Oh, yes," said the Democrat genially, "One waited on me."

CONVENTIONALITY IN TEXAS.

From Galveston: "Hey, there! The house next to yours is afire. Come on and help carry out the furniture."

"I'd like to, old man, but, really, we have

never been introduced to the people next door, and I don't know how they would take it."

SOME EXERTION.

Weary Willie—Ever play chess?

Tottering Tommie—Naw: too much like work.

Weary Willie—But you don't have to move for a long time.

Tottering Tommie—Well, yer got t' move some time, hain't yer!

OTHERS IN THE FIELD.

A little boy was taught the Lord's prayer, and found it much to his taste. For a few days he kept repeating it with great faithfulness, and then announced to his mother, in great disgust:

"I heard another fellow say that prayer today, mother. First thing we know, it's going to get all around town."

THE SAILOR AND THE TUB.

"Could you do something for a pore old sailor?" asked the seedy-looking wanderer at the gate.

"Poor old sailor?" echoed the lady at work at the tub.

"Yes'm, I followed the wotter for eighteen years."

"Well," said the woman, after a critical

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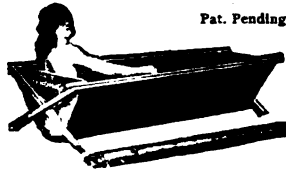
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look, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it."

Then she resumed her labors.

LITTLE AUGUSTUS' LOGIC.

Little Augustus Johnson had learned some things about the face of a clock, but not quite all there is to know.

"What time is it, 'Gustus?" asked his employer one night, to test him.

"It's jes' 8 o'clock," said the boy, after a careful survey of the clock.

"No, you're wrong," said his employer; "it won't be 8 for quite a while yet—not for twenty minutes."

"Bofe hands is p'inting to 8, jes' as straight as dey can p'int," said the boy, stubbornly. "If dey ain't telling de truf I cyan't help it."

NOT BORN TO BE DROWNED.

Out West, two men were to be hung for horse-stealing. The place selected was the middle of a trestle bridge spanning a river. The rope was not securely tied on the first victim to be dropped and the knot slipped; the man fell into the river and immediately swam for the shore. As they were adjusting the rope for the second, he remarked:

"Say, will yez be sure and tie that good and tight, 'cause I can't swim."

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Seth Woodbury was a tight-fisted, hard-hearted old farmer. His brother William dying, the neighbors said, from lack of proper treatment, Seth hitched up and drove into town to have a notice about his death inserted in the weekly newspaper.

"There ain't no charges, be there?" he asked anxiously.

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"Cracky!" muttered the old man. "An' Bill six foot two!"

EVERY WHERE acknowledges obligations for the above jokes to the following contemporaries: *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times*, *Puck*, *Brooklyn Life*, *Lippincott's*, *Idea*, *Springfield Republican*, *Washington Star*, *Albany Journal*, *Metropolitan Magazine*, *Tit-Bits*.



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KEY MONUMENT AT BALTIMORE. (SEE PAGE 264.)



The Firecracker Boy.

BY WILL CARLETON.

ON the steps of a house, still and sad as a mouse
With no goods to destroy,
Unreservedly pained at the stillness that reigned,
Sat the firecracker boy.
"There is nothin' to do, all this Fourth o' J'yly through,"
He said, glancing around:
"There is no proper way for to work or to play,
If you can't make no sound!
You can set in deep thought how George Wash'ton once fought,
An' didn't never tell lies;
An' how he—an' some more—waded knee-deep in gore,
Almost up to their eyes;
You can say 'No one swipes any sparklers or stripes
For the banner 't means Us,
Or to give it display in no improper way,
If they don't want a fuss;'
We can tell how our gran'thers fit worse than wild panthers,
Concernin' this flag,
Which, in school, when we studied, no kid that's full-blooded,
Could help but to brag;
We can sit an' say 's'posin' there rushed any foes in
To do us some dirt,
We would straighten up stiff, an' take part in the tiff,
Though we went dead or hurt;'
We kin sit an' reflect in a manner correct,
Feelin' patr'tism's thrill,
An' it's all straight an' true: but what good kin it do,
Ef we've got to keep still?
"An' these folks that forbid us to lift up the lid
In the old-fashioned way,

They can noise up an' down, through the country or town,
 Ev'ry night—ev'ry day;
 An' their mob'les kin creak an' their whistles kin speak,
 Sayin' 'Out of the way!'
 An' we boys hev to mind 'em, or lay down behind 'em,
 Dead, 'fore we are gray.

"An' the bands' horns can sing like some many-voiced thing,
 An' the drummers kin pound,
 An' there's no one I see 'cept us men that's to be,
 Re'lly stinted in sound:
 An' the day it is free, jest as fur's I kin see,
 In the general joy,
 For all hands to make noise—'ceptin' only jest boys!"
 Moaned the firecracker boy.

How We Kept the Day.

(Reprinted from "Farm Ballads", by Request.)

THE great procession came up the street,
 With clatter of hoofs and tramp of feet;
 There was General Jones to guide the van,
 And Corporal Jinks, his right-hand man;
 And each was riding on his high horse,
 And each had epaulettes, of course;
 And each had a sash of the bloodiest red,
 And each had a shako on his head;
 And each had a sword by his left side,
 And each had his mustache newly dyed;

And that was the way

We kept the day,

The great, the grand, the glorious day,
 That gave us—

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

(With a battle or two, the histories say,
 Our National Independence!

The great procession came up the street,
 With loud da capo, and brazen repeat;
 There was Hans, the leader, a Teuton born,
 A sharp who worried the E flat horn;
 And Baritone Jake, and Alto Mike,
 Who never played any thing twice alike;
 And Tenor Tom, of conservative mind,
 Who always came out a note behind;
 And Dick, whose tuba was seldom dumb,
 And Bob, who punished the big bass drum.
 And when they stopped a minute to rest,

The martial band discoursed its best;
 The ponderous drum and the pointed fife
 Proceeded to roll and shriek for life;
 And Bonaparte Crossed the Rhine, anon,
 And The Girl I Left Behind Me came on.

And that was the way

The bands did play

On the loud, high-toned, harmonious day,
 That gave us—

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

(With some music of bullets, our sires would
 say,)

Our glorious Independence!

The great procession came up the street,
 With a wagon of virgins, sour and sweet;
 Each bearing the bloom of recent date,
 Each misrepresenting a single State.
 There was California, pious and prim,
 And Louisiana, humming a hymn;
 The Texas lass was the smallest one—
 Rhode Island weighed the tenth of a ton;
 The Empire State was pure as a pearl,
 And Massachusetts a modest girl;
 Vermont was red as the blush of a rose—
 And the goddess sported a turn-up nose;
 And looked, free sylph, where she painfully
 sat,

The worlds she wouldn't give to remain in
that.

And in this way
The maidens gay
Flashed up the street on the beautiful day,
That gave us—

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
(With some sacrifices, our mothers would
say,)

Our glorious Independence!

The great procession came up the street,
With firemen uniformed flashily neat;
There was Tubbs, the foreman, with voice
like five,

The happiest, proudest man alive;
With a trumpet half as long as a gun,
Which he used for the glory of "Num-
ber 1;"

There was Nubbs, who had climbed a ladder
high,

And saved a dog that was left to die;
There was Cubbs, who had dressed in black
and blue

The eye of the foreman of Number 2.
And each marched on with steady stride,
And each had a look of fiery pride;
And each glanced slyly round, with a whim
That all of the girls were looking at him;

And that was the way,

With grand display,

They marched through the blaze of the glow-
ing day,
That gave us—

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
(With some hot fighting, our fathers would
say,)

Our glorious Independence!

The eager orator took the stand,
In the cause of our great and happy land;
He aired his own political views,
He told us all of the latest news:

How the Boston folks one night took tea—
Their grounds for steeping it in the sea;
What a heap of Britons our fathers did kill,
At the little skirmish of Bunker Hill;

He put us all in anxious doubt
As to how that matter was coming out;
And when at last he had fought us through
To the bloodless year of '82,

'Twas the fervent hope of every one
That he, as well as the war, was done.

But he continued to painfully soar

For something less than a century more;
Until at last he had fairly begun
The wars of eighteen-sixty-one;
And never rested till 'neath the tree
That shadowed the glory of Robert Lee.
And then he inquired, with martial frown,
"Americans, must we go down?"
And as if an answer from Heaven were sent,
The stand gave way, and down he went.
A singer or two beneath him did drop—
A big fat alderman fell atop;

And that was the way

Our orator lay,

Till we fished him out, on the eloquent day
That gave us—

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
(With a clash of arms, Pat. Henry would
say,)

Our wordy Independence!

The marshal his hungry compatriots led,
Where Freedom's tables were thickly spread,
With all that man or woman could eat,
From crisp to sticky—from sour to sweet.
There were chickens that scarce had learned
to crow,

And veteran roosters of long ago;
There was one old turkey, huge and fierce,
That was hatched in the days of President
Pierce;

Of which, at last, with an ominous groan,
The parson essayed to swallow a bone:
And it took three sinners, plucky and stout,
To grapple the evil and bring it out.
And still the dinner went merrily on,
And James and Lucy and Hannah and John
Kept winking their eyes and smacking their
lips,

And passing the eatables into eclipse.

And that was the way

The grand array

Of victuals vanished on that day,
That gave us—

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
(With some starvation, the records say,)
Our well-fed Independence!

The people went home through the sultry
night,

In a murky mood and a pitiful plight;
Not more had the rockets' sticks gone down,
Than the spirits of them who had "been to
town;"

Not more did the fire-balloon collapse,

Than the pride of them who had known
 mishaps.
 There were feathers ruffled, and tempers
 roiled,
 And several brand-new dresses spoiled;
 There were hearts that ached from envy's
 thorns,
 And feet that twinged with trampled corns;
 There were joys proved empty, through and
 through,
 And several pockets empty, too;
 And some reeled homeward, muddled and
 late,

Who hadn't taken their glory straight;
 And some were fated to lodge, that night,
 In the city lock-up, snug and tight:
 And that was the way
 There was mischief to pay,
 As it always is, at the close of the day,
 That gave us—
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
 (With some restrictions, the fault-finders
 say,)

 That which, please God, we will keep for
 aye—
 Our glorious Independence!

Francis Scott Key and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

BY J. C. BURKHOLDER.

IN the suburbs of the city of Washington, on the eastern side of the historic Potomac, not far from the old semi-dilapidated house where Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth lived, and where she wrote many of those tales in which, sometimes, the darker and more evil passions of men find such ample illustration, and yet by a sort of magnetic fascination have enlisted and enchained the wrapt attention of many a reader—stands a quaint old four-story brick structure that is of more than ordinary interest to every patriotic citizen, and of which only a small per cent. of the American people have any knowledge. I refer to the *Key Mansion*, where the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner" lived for many years. Many of the residents of Washington are ignorant of the presence of such a shrine within the city's borders.

The building is old, having withstood the storms of more than a century. It stands within about fifteen rods of the Potomac, the rear of the house being toward the river, while the front faces Pennsylvania Avenue, whose on-rushing tide of business and almost incessant noise of numerous trolley-cars make the environment quite different to what it was a hundred years ago, when the tal-

ented and scholarly lawyer sat, read, and studied, in this, then, quiet retreat.

The building, as the years advanced and as tourists from all sections desired to carry away some relic or souvenir, was in danger of being utterly ruined.

To prevent the utter demolition of a building of such rare historic value and interest, "The Francis Scott Key Memorial Association" has been organized, with some of our most widely-known men as officers. Hon. Henry B. F. McFarlane, President of the Board of Commissioners of Washington, is the Association's president; Admiral George Dewey, first vice-president; Winfield Scott Schley is second vice-president, and Francis Scott Key Smith, great-grandson of the talented author, is the Association's secretary.

The Association sets forth the object and purpose of its existence thus: "Under the auspices of the Francis Scott Key Memorial Association, this relic is to be preserved, thus frustrating further destruction by vandalism, making the movement national in its scope, and insuring that this Historic Home shall remain in Washington, there to be held in trust for the nation." Few objects will appeal more strongly to the

heart of every patriotic American citizen, than this.

During the dark days of the Civil War, as many still vividly recall, nothing more deeply stirred, more surely fired the loyal heart of the Republic, than the singing of the stirring, ringing words of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Patriotic speech had its place and did its work;

into the warp and woof of our country's history. Washington and Lincoln will live in the heart of the American people for ever. Their wise deeds of patriotic daring will remain as cherished recollections till the pillars of the Republic shall fall. The former shall evermore be remembered as the founder of a nation on these western shores, as he who wrested



THE KEY MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

the notes of the fife and the heavy roll of the drum caused the martial spirit to rise and swell; but the stirring notes of our National Anthem caused the fires of patriotism to burn when all else failed.

Great names and great events enter

the struggling colonies from the grasp of the British Lion, and led the infant nation into the glad sunlight of a better civilization. The latter, Lincoln, the great, tender-hearted; the simple, child-like in mind; the well-nigh peerless in level-

headed, common-sense statesmanship; one of the most incorruptible public men that our country ever saw—Lincoln, the great emancipator—will live as a tender memory through the ages to come.

Not only, however, to the men who have guided with strong hand in our national affairs, who have administered the affairs of government with rarest political wisdom; not to the men who have marshalled and commanded armies; not to the men who fought bravely and fell nobly—and many of them did, in pushing the flag on and up the triumphant heights of victory—not to these alone does the nation owe a debt of gratitude that never can be repaid. Not for a moment would I attempt the withholding of any part of the meed of praise that is rightfully theirs, and gladly accorded by a grateful people. The crown for which they so nobly battled is rightfully theirs.

But to the men and women who have evolved from brain and *heart* the inspirational sentiments that give such a wondrous, magnetic charm to some of our national airs, to these a meed of praise, a debt of gratitude, is also due. Indeed it is difficult to estimate—nor can we *ever* estimate—the service that these patriotic souls have here and there done for our country.

Julia Ward Howe, who, on a visit to the camps near Washington, was moved to write "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," did a greater service for her country than many who died in the trenches. No one, however, has done more by pen to stir the hearts, to kindle anew the fires of patriotism, to deepen our love, our veneration, for the old flag, than Francis Scott Key by that matchless national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner." Although written fortyseven years before the outbreak of the Rebellion in 1861, and though its talented author had fallen into dreamless sleep eighteen years before that awful struggle began, yet as many of us still remember, nothing more largely contributed to the awakening of a spirit of intense devotion and loyalty to our country, during that dark and trying period, than the singing

—whose refrain fond memory brings back over the lapse of years—of the magic words,

" 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner: O long
may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave!"

But I now turn to the circumstances giving rise to this masterful, electrifying, national song. Inspirational utterances are, betimes, more deeply, thoroughly pregnant with sublime thought—thought that grips—than those that are more carefully shaped in advance. The former bears the impress of the soul's deepest passion; the latter is, oftentimes, more mechanical and artificial.

The author was at the time of this writing in the very zenith of his magnificent manhood's years. The strength of his splendid virile physical and intellectual powers had not, as yet, begun to wane. He had not quite reached the mountain's summit. The fires that burned and glowed in his soul with the intensity of anthracite, had not lost any of their warmth. He was thirtyfour years of age. He came of rugged stock. He was born in Terra Rubra, Maryland, in 1780. He enjoyed good educational advantages for that early day, laying hold of every opportunity that presented itself to store his mind with the sort of knowledge that would specially qualify him for the work of his chosen profession—that of an attorney.

He had one sister, Ann Arnold Key. She became the wife of the celebrated Roger B. Taney, who for a brief period was Secretary of the Treasury under the presidency of Andrew Jackson. Later he was Chief Justice of United States, which position he held from 1836 till his death, which occurred in 1864.

Key was a young man of unusual brilliance and strength of intellect, and possessed of a charming and strongly magnetic personality: hence he was exceedingly popular. He was married at the age of twentytwo to a Miss Lloyd, a granddaughter of Hon. Edward Lloyd, who was Governor of the Colony of Maryland from 1709 to 1714. To them

eleven children were born—six boys and five girls. He commanded, to the fullest extent, the confidence of his fellows. They believed not only in his courage, his patriotic daring, but in his moral honesty, and his unyielding integrity. He was regarded as ever standing for public and social morality. This was clearly in evidence from the fact that he was three times appointed District Attorney for the District of Columbia, under Jackson and Van Buren.

It must be borne in mind that those were days of comparatively rugged political honesty. There was no special "pull" by which men attained to place and power. Merit stood for much more those days than it does at present. Neither the people nor the politicians were so *progressive* as they are today. A man was not required to sell himself, soul and body, in order that he might attain to some place of political honor and preference.

No more patriotic a soul than Francis Scott Key ever lived. As a lawyer he was excelled by none and equalled by very few in his day. In forensic battles he ever sought the simple triumph of justice. The following incident, illustrative of his high sense of right, and his ability and persuasive powers as an orator, is furnished in the chronicles of his day:

During the Harrison and Van Buren campaign in 1840, as so often, to our country's disgrace, has happened, bad blood was stirred. Charges and counter-charges were made against the candidates. Feeling ran high between the Whigs and the Democrats. When the votes were counted it was found that Mr. Harrison was triumphantly elected, having 234 votes in the Electoral College to 60 for Van Buren.

After the inauguration of Mr. Harrison, in 1841, a charge against Robert White was sent to the President, asking his removal from his position as Collector of the Port at Washington for alleged malfeasance in office, using, as charged, his official influence for party, political purposes. Removal from his position was asked in the petition. A suit

for libel was instituted by Mr. White. Mr. Key saw, in the movement, a case of political persecution. His soul was aroused by the wrong, as he saw it. His lofty sense of honor prompted him to action. The case awakened widespread public interest. Mr. Key and Col. W. L. Brent were retained for the prosecution, while some of the ablest lawyers of the day were on the side of the defense. It promised to be one of the most hotly contested legal battles ever fought. It proved to be all that was expected in advance. A man in whom the people believed was charged with a foul political wrong, well-nigh, indeed, a political crime. The progress of the case was watched with interest bordering on anxiety.

Through the shrewd and thoroughly honest management of the case by Mr. Key, coupled with the strength of his personality, as, also, the magic charm of his magnetic oratory, the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal. There was no effort to win the case at the expense of justice that he might establish his reputation as a lawyer. That was *already* established. In the galaxy of legal talent he shone as a star of the first magnitude. The splendor of his genius and the light raying forth from his masterful intellect shed forth a mellow radiance far and wide.

Leaving now the personal history and the magnificent character of the man, I come to speak of the peculiar chain of circumstances that gave to our country "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Call it chance, if you will, call it God, as the reverent thought of the world regards it, it was most surely purposed that this sublime air should enrich our national literature. Its writing was not pre-planned. It was not thought out in advance. It came as an inspiration to its illustrious author at the right time, the supremely opportune moment. It was the unstudied outburst of a great, loyal soul, wrung and tortured by an agony of awful suspense, during the longest, darkest night that Francis Scott Key ever knew, while, with intent eagerness, he listened to the awful storm of battle as

it raged not far away, till the fearful struggle ceased; till, through the faint gleams of the morning light, he saw, with streaming eyes and throbbing heart, that

"Our *Flag* was still there."

It was but a day or two after the battle of Bladensburg, and the burning of Washington, that Dr. William Beane, a prominent physician, a talented and highly respected citizen of Upper Marlborough, was entertaining some friends on the beautiful lawn to the rear of his home. They were talking of the stirring, history-making events that had just occurred. Their hearts were full: their patriotic souls were deeply stirred. Suddenly some British soldiers, flushed with the victories achieved, and stimulated with the liquid that King Gambrinus deals out with lavish hand, their garments wet and bedraggled because of a driving rain in which they had been caught, appeared on the scene, and intruded themselves, after the most impudent fashion, on Dr. Beane and his company. They soon became boisterous, insolent, and abusive. They evidently thought that the recent victories achieved by British arms gave them license to do or say anything they pleased to the apparently-vanquished Americans. On being ordered to leave, their manner became threatening. As a self-protective measure, Dr. Beane called for officers, and had them arrested and thrown into the Marlborough jail. One of the party made good his escape the succeeding night, and reported the arrest and incarceration of the party, in the most exaggerated terms.

The sympathies of the British were awakened in the behalf of these men, and their wrath aroused against Dr. Beane. They vowed revenge. Admiral Cockburn forthwith dispatched a squad of soldiers, with orders to put Dr. Beane under arrest and bring him at once within the British lines. Arriving in the night, the soldiers broke down the door to Dr. Beane's residence, took him from his bed, and, in a semi-nude condition, carried him forth, put him astride a mule,

and conveyed him within the British lines as a prisoner of war.

How wondrously interesting it is to observe the forging of the links in the chain of a wise purpose in the events and incidents that have contributed to the development of our national life! Had Dr. Beane never fallen into the hands of the British, it is a probability, amounting well-nigh to a certainty, that "The Star-Spangled Banner" would never have thrilled the American heart. It was this that caused Mr. Key to be present at the storming of Fort McHenry. But I must not anticipate.

Dr. Beane, on his arrival within British lines, was positively refused a hearing. He was at once loaded with irons, placed under guard, and treated as a criminal of the vilest sort. Francis Scott Key seemed to be the heaven-ordained man for the hour. Appeal was made to him to seek the release of Dr. Beane. Acting with the promptness that ever characterized the man, Mr. Key called on Col. John S. Skinner, Agent of United States for Parole of Prisoners at that port, and secured his aid in bringing about the purpose that then dominated his being. To him it was a matter of *human* justice on the one hand, and of gross *inhuman injustice* on the other. It appealed to his manly sense of right.

No one, on the American side, knew the exact location of the British fleet. Key, and the men whom he had chosen to accompany him, after several hours of hard travel, reached Baltimore; and, on the cartel ship, *Minden*, set out in search of it. The fleet was reached at the mouth of the Patapsco, ten miles below the city, probably on the morning of September 7, 1814. They reached Baltimore on the morning of the 10th, but were not permitted to leave till after the bombardment of Fort McHenry.

When Mr. Key made known the purpose of his coming, he found that Admiral Cockburn had fully decided to hang Dr. Beane, because of alleged cruelty to the British soldiers, who had fallen into his hands. But letters presented to the Admiral from British officers, testifying to the many kindnesses received

at Dr. Beane's hands, emphasized by the fervid and persuasive eloquence of Mr. Key, and the added strength of his magnetic personality, won the day. The Admiral informed them, however, that they would not be permitted to return till a later period. This, he assured them, would be but a short time. Reaching the mouth of the Patapsco, they were transferred, under British guards, to their own ship, the Minden.

The garrison at Whetstone Point was under the command of Major George Armistead, one of the bravest men of that period, and Joseph Nicholson, brother-in-law to Mr. Key, he having married his wife's sister. Prompted by a disgraceful spirit of vacillation, if not a greater weakness, orders came from Washington to surrender. The brave officer imperilled his position as commander, and refused to obey the orders. Another link in the chain.

Tuesday, the 13th day of September, the attack was finally begun. The British had six bomb and a few rocket vessels. Major Armistead, well knowing that his small fortytwo pounders would fall short of the enemy's ships, quietly, patiently awaited the proper psychological moment. The British threw their heavier bombs with such rapid and terrific force, that, it is said, four or five of these were seen "bursting in air" at once, with such violence of shock as to make the very foundations of the Fort tremble. Some of these weighed more than two hundred pounds.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, after nine hours of fighting, the British sent a few vessels nearer the Fort, and within range of the American guns. Shot and shell fell with the fury of a storm from heaven, so that the British were glad to escape the range of these missiles of death. Again the British bombs began to fall thick and fast about the beleaguered garrison. Soon the darkness of the night gathered, veiling the scene from the gaze of those so deeply interested. Mr. Key paced the deck of the Minden in an agony of suspense, startled ever and anon by "the rocket's red glare" fitfully illumining the

darkness of the arched canopy above. He loved the old flag. His only thought was for its safety. It was the symbol of law, government, civilization to him. That it might proudly float "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave", he was willing to lay down his life, if need be. He *feared* the worst. He *hoped* for the best. Hope and fear alternately sprang up in his breast, all unbidden, each struggling for the mastery. Yet, now and again, through the thick and oppressive darkness,

"The rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."

About three o'clock in the morning, the British undertook to pass the Fort up the Patapsco, evidently intending to attack the Fort from the rear. Our valiant soldiers at Fort Covington, and our American barges, now simultaneously poured such a terrific fire on the enemy that they were glad, with all possible haste, to get out of the range of the death-dealing storm of shot and shell. The rescue-ships then came close to Fort McHenry, where a fearful battle ensued. The earth quaked as though a volcano were struggling to relieve itself of its long, pent-up lava. The waves rolled like to billows in mid-ocean in a great storm. The ships danced on the waters like to cork on the bosom of an undulating tide. The heavens were aglow with lurid, living flame. The houses in the city rocked on their foundations as though endeavoring to free themselves from the demon and titanic grasp of a passing cyclone.

At last the horrible din is over, the bursting of the bombs has ceased. The lurid glare of the rockets, "now bursting in air", is no longer seen. The waves lie down to rest on the bosom of the waters.

Is it simply a lull in the battle's storm, to break forth again with more relentless fury?

Is the battle over? If so, what is the result?

Have the British suffered defeat?

Is the flag—symbol of our nation's glory—still there?

Does the old Fort still stand?

These were the questions that agitated the mind of Key—yea, that harrowed his very soul. He was in an agony of suspense. With quick, nervous tread, he paced the deck of the vessel, amid the silent darkness, in a nervous excitement that he could not control.

As the shadows began to uplift on the wings of the coming morning, his gaze is turned fixedly on the Fort. A fluttering banner was seen floating in the breeze. Then he sees the "broad stripes": now the "bright stars", more glorious to him then, than those that shine on the brow of night, came into view.

"'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

As an inspiration the stirring sentiment of the song came to him. He, in the excess of wild delight, snatched some scraps of paper from his pocket, and, under the inspiration coming from the victory he saw had been achieved by the heroic men who had gloriously held the fort, while a very hell of shot and shell had raged about them; seeing that the day had been won by the valorous Americans; that the flag still fluttered proudly in the morning breeze; seeing all this, he wrote a rough draft of the song that has thrilled millions of loyal, patriotic hearts. Thus Francis Scott Key, dominated by no spirit of self-seeking, thinking naught of worldly fame or glory, simply giving expression to the passion that stirred his own soul, has placed his name in the galaxy of fame.

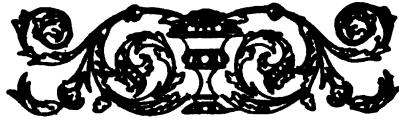
I may say, in closing, that the flag floating over the Fort the night of the bombardment was a new one—the old having been worn to tatters. General Armistead had it made but a little time previous to that event. The new flag was flying when his daughter, Georgeanna, was born, which event occurred during the bombardment, *and within the Fort*. By permission of the Government the hero of Fort McHenry was permitted to retain the flag as his personal property. In his will it was provided that the Banner should pass to his daughter. She became the wife of N. Stuart Appleton, of New York, and died in 1878. That far-famed flag is now in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

In 1861 Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was inspired to write this additional stanza, which has never, in a large way, gotten before the public eye:

"When the land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story;
By the millions unchained when our birthright was gained,
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained:
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave."

There is added significance to this when we recall that it was written at the time of the first assault on the flag, at the beginning of the bloody struggle of the Civil War.





The Story of a Loaf of Bread.

BY LUCY B. JEROME.

THE WHEAT CROP'S CALENDAR.

JANUARY: Australia, New Zealand, Chile, Argentine Republic.

February and March: Upper Egypt, India.

April: Lower Egypt, India, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Mexico, Cuba, Asia Minor.

May: Texas, Algeria, Central Asia, China, Japan, Morocco.

June: California, Kansas, the Southern States, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, South of France.

July: New England, the Northern States, Upper Canada, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria, Hungary, South of Russia, Germany, Switzerland, South of England, Oregon, Washington.

August: The Dakotas, Manitoba, Lower Canada, British Columbia, Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Denmark, Central Russia, Poland.

September and October: Scotland, Sweden, Norway, North of Russia.

November: Peru, South Africa.

December: Burma, New South Wales.

Away back in the dark ages, a tiny seed of wheat lay hidden in the ground. The sun shone on it, the rains fell, and in due season it sprouted and put forth its fruit. This fruit was a berry—tiny, and brown, and sweet. The man of the dark ages wandering over the soil one day, saw it, put it in his mouth, crunched it between his molars, and found it good. Thus did the first miller grind grist and appease his hunger.

Later, came the need for more intelligent use of the brown berry, and the slender crop which man was able to obtain

was planted and reaped by the use of most primitive implements. Taught the need of forethought by inability to procure the little brown berry at all seasons of the year, he improved on his teeth as a mill, and ground his scanty stock in a stone mortar, making him a small reserve stock which should insure him against starvation during the heavy rains. As time went on, the scant fields grew larger, tools for planting, cultivating and harvesting improved, crop-handling became more intelligent. Notwithstanding the steady march of improvement, and the fact that without wheat, farms would disappear, cities crumble to decay and civilization vanish, it is only during the nineteenth century that modern implements, fashioned to gain the best results in the most thorough manner, have sprung into general use. Until the middle of the nineteenth century the reaping-hook and cradle continued to be the recognized means of harvesting crops.

In the meantime, inventors were steadily at work attempting to perfect devices which should supplant the inadequate reaping-hook, which was nothing more than a sort of sickle to cut the grain: but nothing practical was devised until 1831. Then a host of inventors sprang up attempting to improve the new device. Some of these efforts barely passed the experimental stage, but others achieved success from the start, and formed the basis of the marvelously ingenious and effective machinery in use in the wheat fields of the world today.

The underlying principles in the early machines were the same as those used in the construction of the moderns; namely,

the reciprocating sickle, reel and platform; the motive power was oxen or horses hitched either to the side and front or behind, in the same manner as the modern headers, and the grain forced to the sickle by the reel was cut and dropped to the platform. A man walked along the side of this platform and removed the grain with a hand-rake as soon as enough accumulated for a gavel. Some of the machines were constructed so the gavels were raked off behind, instead of at the side of the platform.

The most obstinate difficulty encountered by these pioneer reaper-inventors was the sickle. A hundred varying contrivances were tried, but nothing seemed to equal the reciprocating knife. The first improvement of marked practical merit, was a seat for the man who raked the grain off the platform. Several years later, the self-rake was added. This last feature was a long step toward the perfection of the present reaper, for it enabled one man to drive and operate the machine; the reel being equipped with a rake in such a way that it swept the grain off the platform with every revolution of the reel. A later improvement was the arrangement of the reel into rakes, so timed that every first, second and third rake would discharge a bundle.

The beginning of the harvester which preceded the modern binder dates back to about 1855, when experiments were tried with machines that cut and elevated the grain to a platform on which two men bound it. These machines were not successful, owing to the prejudice of the farmers against anything but a reaper, and owing to the poor construction of the machines themselves. The prejudice against the harvesting-machines was very general, because it was firmly believed that in the end the machine might reduce the demand for laborers in harvest time.

A few years later, the twine binder superseded the wire tying apparatus, and other improvements have been added, until today the modern self-binder is a marvel of ingenuity, simplicity and effectiveness.

From the first experiments with the reaper, taking place about the beginning

of the nineteenth century, until 1890, the chief construction-material was wood. But iron and steel began to replace this, and are now in such universal use that the binder is essentially a creature of iron and steel.

Some economist has estimated that the reaper moved civilization westward at the rate of thirty miles a year. Seventyfive years ago the farming acreage in this country consisted of a few sterile and unproductive farms in the thinly settled Atlantic States. These farms were small and, in many instances, rock-bound. Farmers eked out an existence by hand methods, and the amount of grain one man was able to raise depended on how much he could harvest. He sowed as much in one day broadcast, by hand, as he reaped in his whole harvest. He did his threshing on his barn floor with a flail during the winter. Mills were crude and scarce. But with the coming of the reaper all this was changed. Mighty areas of soil opened before the farmer willing to turn his gaze westward. Nothing daunted him. With the reaper as his weapon, he was ready to advance upon any amount of unconquered territory and proclaim himself its potential master. The reaper bestowed upon the farmer, was a veritable open sesame to Elysian fields.

Then came the railroads. Their chief business had been transportation of persons. But when the farmers who had emigrated to the Middle West began to grow huge surpluses of grain, and to look about them for means of taking it to market, the railroads were ready. The basis of some of the most gigantic traffic organizations of the present time was laid when those emigrant farmers sought the best manner in which to get wheat to market. Some of the roads out of Chicago to the Pacific coast were built on vast plains of virgin soil never trodden by civilized man until the spikes holding the rails were driven in the ties. Had the reaper necessary for the harvesting of the immense fields of grain never been invented, it is a question whether the railroads would ever have become the giants of commerce that they are.

The ever-increasing demand for reapers caused manufacturing plants to spring up everywhere. These plants required iron and wood, which must be secured from mine and forest to furnish materials for machine-construction. These materials, in their turn, necessitated numerous foundries, saw-mills, and increased facilities for shipping both the raw materials and the finished products. Industry after industry was started, and flourished, in due time developing into works with a world-wide reputation. The wheat chapter of American history is still unfinished. It tells of the march of the pioneer from East to West, of a constantly growing expanse of wheat-fields, of records made in wheat production only to be broken in their turn, of a new nation reaching out to feed an old one, of enormous fields cultivated by machinery of unparalleled ingenuity, and of the climax of the present white bread era of the world.

The present ordinary consumption of wheat by the bread-eaters of the globe is 340 million quarters. Russia has 42,000,000 acres under cultivation; yet with the exception of India, Russia obtains the lowest yield per acre—not more than ten and one half bushels. But Russia this year has given the agricultural world a surprise by producing 900,000,000 bushels of Spring and Winter wheat, a crop which exceeds by two or three hundred million bushels the average amount raised in that country during the past ten years. The following table shows the average yield per acre of the various centers mentioned:

India.....	10	bushels	per	acre
Russia.....	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	"	"
Roumania.....	17	"	"	"
Hungary.....	17	"	"	"
France.....	20	"	"	"
Germany.....	27	"	"	"
England.....	30	"	"	"

The farming-methods of America are among the most advanced and intelligent in the world, and the man behind the machine, with a full equal in his Canadian brother, is the most intelligent wheat-raiser on the globe. American farming

implements are used as models everywhere, and are seen in every land where wheat is successfully grown. The lessened cost of production through the use of mechanical power on the farm is interesting. For instance, on the big Dakota farms, where the ploughing, seeding, harvesting, threshing and hauling are all accomplished with engines, the cost is reduced \$2.10 per acre. Ploughing which formerly cost \$1.35 with horses, falls to 76 cents with power; pulverizing from 63 cents to 17 cents, and hauling from \$1.00 to 26 cents per acre. The final results are stated to amount to a net saving of 10 cents per bushel, or about 5 per cent. on the cost of a 600-acre farm. A consideration of mechanical power as applied to the work of the farm has become a strictly business proposition, for the productive range of the farmer's products is such that the volume of his sales compares favorably with that of many flourishing country merchants. The next ten years may see an ever-increasing demand for traction power by farmers, especially by those operating several hundred acres. Automobiles are being bought for use on the farm by the thousands, and their facilitating powers may not be decried or overlooked—any more in this than in numerous other matters.

For forty centuries, wheat has been the standard of life to man. Without its product as it issues from the mills, the food standards of ages would crumble and man be forced to retrograde a step in the matter of his physical nourishment. Small wonder then, that every advantage that the skill, knowledge and experience of man can devise, should be brought to bear upon the successful planting and harvesting of the immense wheat-crops. All experiments move toward a single end—that of giving the best food at the lowest cost. All the wisdom stored up in the forty centuries when man bent untried energies to the cultivation and reaping of the wheat berry, moves today in a co-ordinate and systematic scheme toward wheat propagation on a vast scale. And a new and an old land join hands in amity over the billowing green acres of the new.



A Floating Village at Anchor.

BY MADELINE DICKENS.

ONE of the most striking and singular of the villages to be found in our great city of New York, was what might be called Canal-town. It has had during the past winter its site and location at the foot of Whitehall Street, in the East River, near the Battery.

From different parts of the Empire State, came the "houses", if we choose so to call them, that constituted this village. All summer long they travel up and down the watery roads of the canals, propelled sometimes by steam and sometimes by horses, transporting produce and merchandise between country and city; and when winter comes, they cluster together to the extent of several hundred, and stay till their frozen paths are thawed out for them again.

As will be seen by our illustration, they are moored securely side by side, and it is easy to go from one part to another of this unique village. Its streets are the gangways, and the tiny bridges from one boat to another; its village-lots are the decks of the boats and such bits of river as can be viewed between them; and its homes are "down-stairs", in the snug but cozy cabins.

When the boats get to New York on their last trip in the autumn, they bring just as much produce as they can possibly pile into their holds and on their decks; and this the "Captain" expects to sell out at good prices during winter months, when city-appetites are at their sharpest. Grocery-dealers and market-men patronize them: and sometimes householders, instead of paying two or three prices for

their supplies at the shops and markets, travel down to this little floating burgh, and buy at wholesale prices.

There is no mayor or common council to our quaint hamlet of the waves: every man is chief of his own domicile, and his cabin is his castle. He has, of course, to give a right-of-way to those who are moored farther from the dock than he; but otherwise he is Captain of his own craft, the same as if it were on its way to Buffalo on Lake Erie or Port Edward on Lake Champlain.

We say he is Captain, and yet that assertion may be subject to a grain of salt—and, possibly a few morsels of other domestic flavors. For likely enough, there is a little lady in the almost-as-little cabin, who has more to say about things than the nominal lord and master. Nay, much more during the winter-months, as the boat comes farther into the class of homes, when for many weeks and months it stays practically in one place.

People who object to living in snug quarters, and think that love in a cottage is altogether too contracted for continual affection, should go and take a look at the cabins in which these ladies preside. Such of our readers as are preparing to live in their trunks and grips during the summer, could get fine lessons there, of snug existence. The whole cabin is not much larger than an ordinary bed-room: but how every morsel of space is utilized! If there is a square inch of interior that gets away without doing its duty in the great work of containing things, it must have a politician's talent for eva-

sion. The tidy little kitchen-stove is so close to the wall that you wonder if the latter was not made of asbestos to guard against fire. The clock is about as small as our ingenious Connecticut friends have yet been able to make contain twentyfour hours. The pantry-cupboard-and-store-room combined, possess the appearance of having been packed and then put under hydraulic pressure. The carpet-pattern (for a canal-villagiere always insists on having her floor neatly clad) is appropriately minute. A tiny library whispers its titles from an unexpected corner. Minute bedrooms for child or adult, appear to you now and then like prone ghosts. Several pictures, narrowly but visibly framed, cover the wooden wainscoting.



THE FLOATING-ISLAND BELLE.

The good lady of this little boat-mansion must be very much of a character, to keep things in order during so many different conditions and vicissitudes. She considers herself more steadily domiciled during the winter months, when the long narrow roads of water are blocked (literally) with ice. But in the summer she has to be a resident and a traveler, both at the same time. It is then she gathers up stories of incident and adventure which make her winter talk very interesting, as she sits by the miniature stove, and rattles her knitting-needles together.

One of these canal-housekeepers struck us as particularly interesting. She was a middle-aged, matronly dame, and was called by all the floating-villagers the "little mother" of the entire boat-raft. She was the woman who, in valley or hilltop towns, would soonest be summoned when sickness was in the family; and no doubt often goes climbing from boat to boat in order that she may minister to some suffering one. Her little domicile, notwithstanding the "potato-dirt", as she resignedly called it, that was almost everywhere, was neat as a case of new needles. Everything, from the big stew-pans on the shelf to the tiny cottage-organ under the window, was in irreproachable shape.

The stories she had to tell were also well systematized in her mind, and she was ready, though modest, in telling them. "Our house-keeping is very agreeable," she remarked, "when sailing up and down the rivers and canals. Two new front yards all the time—constantly shifting and changing. First we go up the great Hudson River, hitched to a 'tow' of other boats, drawn by a steamer. We know all the hills and mountains and valleys on the way: we always greet 'Old Storm King' as a friend; we try to see the ghost of Washington Irving when we pass Sunny Side. We have the whole history of the Hudson River Valley in our little library here, and can read about almost any place we may be passing.

"Then when we get into the canal, we sail among the fields and hills of the Mohawk Valley, and so on, coming to another town every few miles, and re-



A MOVABLE SUBURB.

newing old acquaintances as we go. We like most all the people along the way, and I think they like us. We exchange presents with them every once in a while—bringing a few trinkets along with us from the city for that purpose. They often give us specimens of their freshest fruits and vegetables. Not a man or a boy on the route, I believe, but would risk his life to save us from fire or drowning. Two or three rough ones used to lark on the safe side of the canal and throw stones at us. The men were for going over and chastising them: but I threw back packages of rock-candy in return for their rocks, and they are now our fast friends.

"Washing, ironing, baking, sewing, reading—we do it all as we go.

"Churches?—we attend quite as regularly as most folks who live on land. We never travel on Sunday, but stop and spend one day a week in rest and worship. It's better, even from a worldly point of view.

"My daughter carries her bicycle and camera along with her, and often makes excursions into the country, and 'heads us off' in time for supper. If we should have a few good seasons and get rich, she would petition for an automo-

bile; but [in a lower voice] I suspect it'll be a husband instead—and it costs so much nowadays for a girl to get married, that we can't afford her any more luxuries besides that—at least, not for a while."

Not long after we obtained this little bit of home-cooked domestic confidence, the daughter came down the ladder-like staircase that led from the deck, and appeared upon the scene. She was a trim, pleasant-faced girl, and her father afterwards confidentially informed us that she was "the belle of the canal-village."

We did not doubt it, for it was easy to observe that all the deck-hands were deferentially solicitous as to her goings and comings.

Children there were in plenty—racing up and down the wooden streets of the little village-by-the-docks—for this was "of a Saturday." One of the matrons obligingly called her little flock around her, and "posed" them for the artist of the EVERY WHERE Family: and here they are.

This sort of a life must be healthful, and full of variety; and can be conducted with as much decency and sobriety as the more sedentary one: but it is not one that will appeal to many who are in search of a home.



TRAVELERS ALWAYS AT HOME.



Astronomy at Home.

The Sun.

ASTRONOMY does not always consist of night studies: there are some things to be seen after darkness is gone, both with glass and unassisted eye. The dear old moon often gives us a good daylight view of herself: looking as if haggard, sleepy, and disgusted, after being out over-night. Venus, as we have already mentioned to the EVERY WHERE Family, has often been seen in the afternoon. Some comets are on record as having approached so near the earth that the same can be said of them.

But of course the great day-attraction is the ruler of our own family of brother and sister planets—the sun.

Although “medium-sized” as compared to many of the fixed stars, our sun is no light-weight—being about one million and three hundred thousand times as large as the earth. If some great force could put us in the center of that ultra-mammoth globe, and the moon also (keeping her at the same distance from us that she now is), and there was another moon nearly as far away from her—the earth, and the two moons, and all the space between them, could still be contained in the sun.

Its distance from us is ninety-two million, eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand miles, a very tedious little journey, if we could make it by customary methods; you can find plenty of accounts in books of how long it would take a railroad train to get to it, and you can ascertain it yourself, by a little figuring. You will learn, for instance, that a limited express, traveling 1,000 miles per day, would arrive at Sun Station in about 254 years: during which time there would probably

be a few natural deaths on the train. If when the engine arrived, it could give a blast of the whistle loud enough to be heard here, the people at this end of the line would have to wait fourteen years before the signal arrived, if it proceeded at the usual velocity of sound.

But the eye—most wonderful of conveyances—can traverse all that distance in between eight and nine minutes!—(it takes that length of time for light to pass between the two worlds.)

What is the material of which that great fiery globe is composed? The following substances have been detected by the spectroscope, and may be considered as surely a part of it: Barium, calcium, chromium, cobalt, copper, hydrogen, iron, magnesium, manganese, nickel, platinum, silicon, silver, sodium, titanium, vanadium. It is thought that the following substances are also there, although the proof, while strong, is not absolute: Albuminum, cadmium, carbon, lead, molybdenum, palladium, uranium, and zinc. It is a singular fact that gold has not yet been discovered in this great golden orb!

The fact that “all is action, all is motion”, not only in “this world of ours”, but throughout our entire universe, is illustrated by the sun; for while all the planets of our system are revolving around it, it is not itself still—it always seems to be having a waltz of its own. It turns on its axis, it has another motion about the center of gravity of the solar system; and besides, it is on its way, with its flock of planets, toward some distant point in space, at the rate of nine hundred and sixty miles per minute! These facts and figures sound strange, and hardly believable; but they have all been demonstrated

mathematically, over and over again, by astronomers of different times and countries.

One of the most interesting things to be seen upon the sun, is its spots: for this great king of planets is not entirely immaculate. Some think the spots are caused by cyclones; some that they are eruptions from within the sun's surface; some by cool matter from meteors falling into the hotter atmosphere; and this last idea seems to us the most sensible one. Such a great flaming furnace as the sun apparently is, giving out life to a colony of planets, must have food; and possibly the great heat-giving, life-imparting creature may, when spots appear, be taking its rations.

These spots—often thousands of miles in extent, although they look so small from earth—can many of them be seen with an opera-glass; but it is necessary to combine the instrument with smoked glass, which can be fastened upon it with rubber bands—either at the eye or view-end.

The Giant of Planets.

JUPITER is indeed the "big fellow" of all our neighbor planets. We often say "the world is wide", and so it is; as you would probably admit, if you would try to walk and swim around it. But, while the earth's circumference is 25,000 miles, that of Jupiter is 255,000!—a distance that would have compelled Jules Verne more than nine months to travel, at the speed he accomplished in the novel, instead of eighty days. All our other planets put together and moulded into one, would not produce half so large a planet as Jupiter. No wonder he was named after the chief god of the Grecian and Roman mythology!

Of course, such a large planet is really entitled to more than one moon; and the people of Jupiter are the possessors of four, all to themselves. There is never an hour of the night, on any part of the planet, when one or more of these satellites cannot be seen. Jupiter's moons revolve around it, a good deal as it and other planets do around the sun; and we

thus see the big planet actually conducting a little imitation of the solar system, on its own account! These moons were discovered by Galileo, soon after the telescope came into use: it will be seen that this celebrated Italian astronomer established the fact that other things moved, as well as "the world." The readers of **EVERY WHERE** can rediscover these moons whenever they are visible, through almost any opera-glass or small telescope.

Moon Number One, or that nearest Jupiter, is only a few thousand miles farther from it than our moon from us, but being of greater size, appears to the people there four times as large as ours to us. Moon Number Two appears to them about the size of ours to us; Moon Number Three a little smaller; and Moon Number Four one-third our moon's size.

To have "lost a day" on Jupiter, is not quite so serious a matter as it is here; for the days and nights there, are only five hours each in length.

But the years, the years! They are twelve times as long as ours; and any one there who reached the age of "three-score and ten", would well have achieved a fair patriarchal age; and any one who came to be over eighty-two, would beat Methusaleh, the star multi-centenarian.

The people of Jupiter do not notice that the days grow gradually larger and the nights shorter, or vice versa; for there is no inclination of its axis toward its orbit, as in case of the Earth; and a day is five hours and a night five more, the year round. The summers and winters are divided, not according to the seasons of the year, but to the place on the planet's surface where one chances or chooses to live. Thus, any one who likes a torrid climate the year round, can live at the equator; one who wishes it a little cooler, can live nearer the poles; and so on, until, probably, he can get as much snow and ice as he wants, if he has Earth-curiosity enough to try reaching either pole.

Jupiter is generally surrounded by from one to eight luminous belts, that look like long clouds of imprisoned light. They vary greatly in length and width, frequently changing their forms, and puzzling astronomers as to their cause and character.



Our Country.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BY the sweep of rejoicing rivers,
That rush to the mighty sea,
By the waves on our coasts that thunder,
By the winds that are wild and free,
By the stars in the heaven above us,
By the forests of pine and palm,
By the strength of the hearts that love us,
By the valor serene and calm,
Of our young men strong for toiling,
Of our old men wise and brave,
By the glory of days departed,
By many a hero's grave;
Oh blessed, beautiful country,
We pledge thee our deathless faith.
The thought of an ill that can wound
thee,
We flout as a bloodless wraith.

Oh beautiful blessed country,
God-given for all the world,
For the poor and the alien ever
Be the flag of thy stars unfurled.
From the ends of the earth they seek
thee,
Down-trodden and long oppressed;
From the mystic East they are hasting
To the light of the glowing West.
There is room for the child and the
mother,

Room for the peasant born,
Room where we till our vineyards,
Room where we plant our corn.
Let the weary ones find shelter
And the lowliest ones a home,
Here where thine arms enfold them
With greetings for all who come.
Oh beautiful, blessed country,
God meant for the wide, wide world;
Let the gifts of thy generous bounty
Fail not till thy flag is furled.

By the wealth of the ore beneath thee
By thine acres of golden wheat,
By the flowers in field and garden,
By the laughter of children, sweet,
By the treasure thy God hath sent thee,
By the freedom of church and press,
Thou art bound to rescue the starving
And succor the world's distress.
Thou must break to the famine-stricken
The bread that belongs to thee,
Thou must tell to the sad and lonely
The love that is theirs to be.
By the Cross of Christ and His passion,
In the might that is born of prayer,
Oh beautiful, blessed country
Thou must lighten the earth's de-
spair.





A Woman John Knox.

SOME years ago, the American public, always longing for "something new," was treated to an absolutely unique sensation. A woman armed with a hatchet had gone into a Kansas liquor saloon and smashed up its appurtenances, in a very thorough and unconventional manner. After this, she went into and through another, and another; and it began to look as if all the bibulous paraphernalia of Kansas were about to be sent into the twilight.

When the smoke had somewhat cleared away, and time elapsed sufficient to garner these circumstances into authentic news, it transpired that the woman who had done this was Mrs. Carry A. Nation—utterly obscure and unknown until that week.

This raid among deoaners was a very singular and startling act, for a woman; but, somehow, people found it refreshing. It represented precisely what many had imagined in their minds, what thousands of women had wished they themselves could or dared do, what myriads of confirmed drinkers, even, had wished might be done. News of Mrs. Nation's swift and decided action went all over the country, like a stiff, healthy gale. She was sharply criticised—but there lurked very often a "dry grin" behind the criticism. This smashing was all very direct and unique; and Americans are, in general fond of directness and uniqueness. It was technically, illegal; but, even so, it was remarked that *the saloons which Mrs. Nation wrecked, were themselves in brazen defiance of the laws of the State of Kansas—unenforced on account of the fear or venality of public officers.*

The work of this determined woman went on with a thoroughness and prompt-

ness that made it ultra-interesting. She was imprisoned again and again, and became an inmate, at one time and another, of some thirtytwo different jails. She had trial after trial—in which it was discovered that her tongue was as sharp as her hatchet; she often addressing even the judge presiding, as "Your Dishonor," while prosecuting attorneys she treated with supreme scorn. Not much mercy was shown her in the county bastiles; she was often bestowed in cells next to insane people—in the hope, she thinks, that she might become really crazy, as well as reputedly so. One sheriff, finding that the fumes of cigarette-smoking made her ill, treated all her fellow-inmates to the little white cyl-



CARRY NATION AT TWENTY-SIX.

inders, and set them at work puffing vigorously. Chivalry and humanity seemed, for the time being, to have faded from men's minds.

In these different immurements, she had time to write her friends and even publish a paper, called, "The Smasher's Mail." She told how she came to do this work; it was, she claimed, by the direct command of God. She had promised Him that if He would forgive her many sins, she would work for Him in ways no one else would; and He took her at her word—ordering her to go and smash saloons. This, of course, provokes a smile, among most people, but Mrs. Nation is not the first one that has worked under God's command—whether real or supposed.

At last, so many fines were heaped up against her, which must be paid before she could be liberated, that it seemed to her as if she would never get free; but in this dark hour, a lecture-agent appeared, and said he would pay the amount if she would give him some "dates." She did not know what he meant; and actually wondered if he thought she was a fruit-dealer. But when he explained what he meant by "dates," a chance to go on the platform and give the people a reason for the hatchet that was in her hand, she saw that the gates were opened; and enthusiastically went from jail to the lecture-platform.

She became immediately a drawing card—in assembly-halls, in some churches, and even at county fairs. She worked, tirelessly and industriously, to pay back the lecture-agent for the sums he had advanced; and after a time found surplus amounts on hand.

She did not hesitate very long as to the purpose for which they were to be applied. Her personal expenses were very small; she dressed plainly; and believed that God was entitled to her financial gains.

"A home for drunkards' wives" was her first thought, after paying the fine-money, and she set about it, and was working for it almost up to her last breath.

After her platform work had proceeded for a time, it was decided that she should star in the play, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." As all know, who have witnessed this simple but powerful drama, every act of it is a prohibition lecture, and Mrs. Nation's part, that of the mother of the murdered boy, was a lecture of itself. In one scene, she was represented as smashing a saloon, most thoroughly; and this business was the most popular of anything in the play—even at theatres that drew most of their patronage from habitués of saloons.

Mrs. Nation's reasons for stepping from the churches to the foot-lights was not without its logic, in these days. "People go to the theatres more than they do the churches," she said, "and I want to go where there are plenty of people to hear me, and where they need me."

From the regular theatre she passed, and from the same reasons, to the vaudeville, and did her regular "stunts" along with the singers, the dancers, and harlequins, acrobats, and the burnt-cork humorist. The writer of this saw her in one of these performances, and considered it entirely unique and unmistakably commendable.

It was in one of the most "free and easy" vaudeville shows in Greater New York, and the audience, composed of men and boys, was a hilarious one, and could have even become a turbulent one, if anything had occurred that did not please them. Many were half drunk, or nearly so. "Smoke, if you want to," was lettered on a conspicuous sign, and most of this audience wanted to. In the midst of the exercises, an interlude occurred, in which the audience was invited to a saloon down stairs, where they could proceed still farther in the liquid burning-out of their bodies. On the same stage of this same vaudeville theatre, John L. Sullivan, the retired prize-fighter, had, only a week before, appeared "in monologue," and had sometimes been so drunk that he could not go through with his part.

In the midst of all this, Carry Nation was announced, and she stepped upon the stage, unattended by any glare of colored



BIRTH-PLACE.

lights or fanfare of music. A quiet, motherly-looking woman, plainly dressed, with a Bible in her hand, she commanded almost immediately the respect of that large crowd—from the men in the orchestra seats to the gallery gods. One half-intoxicated fellow began to scoff at her, but was almost immediately hushed by the scarcely less drunken ones around him. It was a sight that compelled them

all into respectful silence, for a respectable, earnest woman, with the Holy Book in her hands, will have a subduing effect upon almost any company of people.

Mrs. Nation announced her text, and preached a sermon, and delivered a temperance lecture, both within the half-hour. (The latter she called a "prohibition lecture"—hating the word temperance, as applied to drink.)

She said words, such as had probably not been heard by most of those there, for a great many

years. She told them what sots they were, and made her points so emphatic that they cheered her—almost in spite of themselves. She commenced her speech as an experiment, so far as that day's audience was concerned; she closed a heroine. She did not remain idle during the time between her appearances on the stage, but cultivated the acquaintances of the actors and actresses, and, it



WHERE THE "SMASHING" WAS PLANNED.

is said, often to their permanent good.

That is what Mrs. Nation did, on what is called the eastern vaudeville circuit; and it would be hard to see how one woman could do more good in half an hour, than she did; and that among those that needed it most.

Mrs. Nation's whole name was Carrie Amelia Nation, but having noticed from old records that her father wrote her first name "Carry", she did the same, and considered the name portentous as concerned what she was trying and meant to do. She believed, she said, that it was her mission to "carry a nation" from the darkness of drunken bestiality, into the light of purity and sobriety.

During the last year of her life, Carry Nation was fitfully and nervously busy. Her inevitable erraticalism pervaded everything she did, but throughout the whole, was a steady, persistent purpose to crush out the evil of drink, so far as she was able, and to fight the use of tobacco—which, singularly, she considered the worse evil of the two.

She paid several visits to New York, where she had many personal friends—among whom were all the attachés of the EVERY WHERE office. Several times she addressed them as an audience, while they gathered in a few minutes' rest from the busy toils of the day, and each time she made them more and more her friends, and impressed them with her honesty and real sweetness of disposition.

But she always remained a good fighter, and it was not many days after she had dawned upon us in her loveliest mood, before she was smashing whiskey-bottles in the saloon of the Terminal Railroad Depot, at Washington. She also, while here in New York, instituted legal proceedings against an amusement-company that she claimed had cheated her out of part of her pay for appearing on its stage.

But it may be reasonably suspected, that what troubled her most, was the insanity of a daughter, who had been in a Baltimore sanitarium, and concerning whom she constantly worried.

Taking this woman all in all, she was one of the most marked characters of

our century thus far, and one that will be remembered by temperance reformers, for a great many years to come.

"She is a heroine!" exclaimed Dr. A. C. Dixon, who has recently been called to the Spurgeon Church in London, and who offered her the use of the Moody Memorial Church, whenever she would come to Chicago. Many others—thousands in number—have joined in the sentiment.

Toys Alike Through Ages.

IN the graves of ancient Peru have been discovered spinning-tops almost identical in shape with the ones used at this modern age. In China was made a discovery of a top almost exactly like the one found in Peru, and scientists are at a loss to understand how these little articles could have been so much alike and yet be found in countries so far apart. It has been estimated that toys are at least three thousand years old. Old Egyptian toys have been found which show that they were arranged on wheels, much as the toys of today are made. Toys very much alike in all particulars have been discovered in all parts of the globe, and their age dates back into the thousands of years.—[*Detroit Free Press.*]

Didn't Have A Pull.

AT a certain town in the central part of "York-state" lives old Uncle Billy Bushnell, and his forte is animal lore. He was telling one evening in the corner grocery about a cat he had at home called "Old Abe," because it was a kitten when Lincoln was nominated. "It's alive an' well yet," continued the old man.

"Oh, that's all right," said one of the company, with a wink at the others, "but you must remember, Uncle, that you're talking about things that happened long ago. Since then Lincoln was assassinated and Johnson, Hayes, Garfield, etc., etc., have been President"——

"I know it," replied the old man, quietly, "but the cat didn't realize it, an' lived right on."

After which the silence deepened.



Up and Down the World.

The Farm Colony.

MANY American citizens have recently read with some surprise that Russia faces a "tramp" problem and has asked America, through the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, as to how best to handle her vagrants.

Up to date, the success of United States in dealing with this question, has not been so marked that we can offer any great enlightenment to our inquiring friend: but, if the recent proposal of Governor Dix to the New York State Charity Organization is taken up, we may gain some valuable information ourselves which we may then pass on to others. This is the suggestion:

Many unused farms have reverted to the State through non-payment of mortgages given to secure State loans at the time of the Civil War. It is proposed that a bill be passed providing for the use of such, as farm colonies for tramps. Inasmuch as the State is paying large sums annually for the maintenance of tramps in penitentiaries, and inasmuch as the genus tramp is characterized by a proclivity for out-door life, this seems at first sight a sensible idea. Whether it can be put into practical operation depends—.

The existence of the "tramp" is one great blot upon America's escutcheon. Here, in a land flowing with milk and honey, not to speak of coal-oil; rich in abundant natural resources, in citizens of rare inventive capacity, clever of brain, skilled of hand, and efficient in emergency; with railroads spanning the country from ocean to ocean, so that need in one section may be speedily supplied by the surplus in another!—What is wrong? Why should we be perplexed by the

knowledge of hundreds of men who, without occupation of any kind, wander over the country, skulking in barns at night, and *begging* for bread when hungry? Of what social disease are they the symptom? And is the colony farm the cure?

The success of such a plan as that mentioned would depend upon the capacity, the personality, of the man in charge—upon his heart as well as his brain capacity.

He must needs be one with a natural or an acquired skill in reading human nature and in applying the knowledge gained. He must know how to rebuild, not only the disused muscles of the lethargic body, but how to strengthen the weakened will and rebuild the broken character.

Many a tramp is the victim of unhappy conditions. Loss of health or loss of work, and the consequent "lying around," have resulted little by little in lassitude, indolence, and a growing disinclination for regular or routine work, with a gradual loss of self-respect: this, united with the deep-seated nomadic instinct, which is in the make-up of every normal man, turns him into the tramp.

What shall or can the farm colony do with him or for him? If he happen to be a natural farmer, a lover of the soil by long inheritance, Mr. Supervisor can soon give him congenial employment. But if he is a vagrant ex-bricklayer, a carpenter, steeplejack or ironworker, whose nerves have "gone back on him"; if he is a clerk, a salesman, a book-keeper who has lost his grip and his self-esteem—what has the farm for him or he for the farm?

He is used to sleeping on the hay or

in the barn, and is not fastidious as to diet, so his housing and his board need not be expensive. He would doubtless be quite willing to fish all day for the food for the family dinner. But what about the work on the farm? Can they who have been so long unused to regular labor be lured back by Wisdom into paths of true peace and pleasantness, albeit accompanied by the sweat of the brow?

The George Junior Republic proved what can be done with boys whose characters need to be steadied and strengthened, and their ambitions turned in the right direction. The farm colony, to succeed, should offer the variety of activities found on the old-time farm, which afforded occupation in the line not only of agriculture but of horticulture, aviculture, drainage, carpentry, and even shoe-making.

An appeal should be made to the reason and to the imagination rather than to fear or the sense of shame.

We were once conducted through a large reaping-machine works. Here many were engaged, each in making some one small part of the large machine—all his minutes, days, years, in piece-work. We asked, Do the men ever see the entire machine assembled or in practical operation? and were told "No." Never an illuminating idea of the complete machine!

We would suggest that these "tramps" be given a large, wholesome, stimulating idea of farm work in relation to other work by means of motion pictures. That they be thus shown primitive modes of agriculture as now done in India, China and elsewhere; that they be told Elbert Hubbard's story of the plough—and thus their own imagination be fired, their invention stirred, their social spirit aroused. We would suggest that, through these motion pictures, the men be shown the difference between an arid or an uncultivated waste, and the same area when made to blossom as the rose by man's intelligent nurture. Let them see pictures of the desert of Utah before and after man took it in hand. Let them be told of the modern attempts to make a science of agriculture and the value of

intensive farming. Let them be given a sense of pride in that they are, little by little, to share in the new knowledge and by their faithful, intelligent care, to make forsaken land into something that will enrich the community and their own lives as well.

They will respond in time if the right man be placed at the helm.

Practical sermons on agriculture, on horticulture, on forestry, on drainage, on soils, on care of animals, on building of barns and stables and farm-houses, ought to bring to light many hidden capacities in the men that Fate or Providence has thus brought together, and as new habits of industry are formed and fixed, as health is restored and hope reborn, it would seem that the farm colony ought in time to help solve not only the tramp question, but that of supply and demand for hired men on the farms adjoining or more remote.

There Are All Sorts of Homes.

EVERYBODY and everything must have a home, whether it wishes to or not. A homeless person does not very long exist as such: he finds a home somewhere—he soon learns how to make one, wherever he is. The tramp crawls into a freight-car, or lies down in the sheltered corner of a fence, or on a pile of fragrant hay in some barn, and it is his home for the night. He builds a fire in an unobtrusive place, puts on it to cook what he has been fortunate enough to find lying around loose with no one to claim it, and, in a manner, breakfasts at his own home, and at the world's expense.

The hermit in the woods, in the desert, or in the cave, has his home. He learns to call the wild animals about him; the squirrels are not afraid of him; the rabbits come at his call; the birds tell their youngsters about him, and how good a provider he is. Let him murder one of them, and they would spread the story far and near: he would be shunned, as hunters are whenever possible, by the wild beasts. He can trap them quietly, and

eat them, and they may not know it. The plants are all his; and influences unseen by the human eye, may also be at his service. Prophets have generally been a grander sort of hermit, before they began their prophesying and ministrations.

The habitual traveler soon learns to make a home of wherever he is. Notice in the railroad-coach: you can always distinguish a new sojourner from an old one. The new one sits on the edge of the seat: the old one on all of it that he can get. He is cheerfully ready to take the entire advantages of the situation. Sometimes, too, he knows how to make *other* people feel at home. The experienced traveler is always the best man to have around, in case of an accident. He has generally about him a good deal of "first aid to the injured."

When the experienced traveler goes to a hotel, he immediately makes it his home. He sizes up the clerk, the proprietor, the bell-boy, and the porter, before he has been there half an hour. He knows the location of the writing-room, the wash-room, the parlors, the reception-room, and, alas, sometimes of the liquor-dispensary, within a very short time. The chamber allotted to him, he soon turns into a temporary home. There are corresponding places in most hotel-rooms, where he can distribute his various impedimenta, and know where to find them when he wants them. He soon knows the best available seat at the best available table, and the waiter whom he prefers. An experienced traveler can generally make himself at home anywhere, in a very short time.

The gregarious home begins with the farm-house. A large residence of this kind, while not always the quietest or most comfortable place in the world, is a great nursery of human nature, and sometimes produces very good and brilliant people. Many of the best men in the cities come from these homes.

The telephone, trolley and automobile are fast making these farm homes into vast villages, with gigantic lawns between them, but still closely in touch with each other. In the old times, farmers' wives often went insane for lack of company;

they do so no longer—or at least not frequently.

The village proper (and often terribly improper) is a typical cluster home. There everybody knows everybody's business, sometimes even before he knows it himself. Divorces are granted long before the judge and lawyers have anything to do with them. Engagements are made before the contracting parties have the courage to make them themselves. Family records and social history are kept by the Indian method—in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. A moderately sized village does not need a newspaper—it is a newspaper of itself. The homes are so near each other, and so acceptable to each other, that news travels almost by mental wireless telegraphy. A man or a woman who has run the gauntlet of village gossip, withstood it, and emerged into a creditable social position, is capable of running for Governor of the State, or a United States senatorship.

The large city contains the best instances of cluster homes. Here it is that you can keep in ignorance, if you like, of your next-door neighbor's name. Here everybody, excepting perhaps a few chronic gossips to whom little attention is paid, has all the business to which he can attend, without minding others'. Here you can get the most perfect privacy of anywhere in the world, except a cave or a forest glen. The city is full of homes, from the hall room to the lordly mansion—for those who can command the price.

But there is a class whose abiding-places are so unpleasant as hardly to be worthy of the name. When a soul arrives on this planet, a great question arises in regard to it: and that question is—Upon which side of the line shall it stand? Shall it be a part of that contingent which wishes peace, and order, and symmetry, and justice?—or shall it be on the side of the law-breakers, the crime-producers, the anarchists, the murderers? There is the little new soul, waiting for the result. That result is very largely in the hands of its elders.

If it have parents, the responsibility rests largely with them: but if it has not,

then it rests upon the community around it. The people are the godfathers and godmothers of the penniless orphans! Although some of them seem to make themselves into the godless fathers, and the godless mothers.

Traps are set for that little soul: nets of gleaming mesh await it; bridges of gold are awaiting their feet, ready to collapse and throw them into filthy sloughs from which they perhaps can never be extricated. Invisible but no less tangible devils reach out their arms toward them. Strains of music lure them away as the Pied Piper of Hamelin coaxed the children into the afterwards impenetrable recesses of the rock.

Then it is, that beneficent institutions step to the fore—a thousand institutions that have done so much good in the past and are ready and willing to do so much in the future.

It is the duty of people and of governments to see to it that these institutions are kept clean, wholesome, and profitable to those within them.

The Passing of Henry Abbey.

AMONG the dead of June was the Hudson River poet. He was not widely popular as a writer—being too subjective for winning the general attention of the public: but he was and will always be a favorite with those who love lines well stored with genuine thought and fancy. Like Rogers, he was for many years a "banker-poet"—immersed in business much of the time, and using poetry as a restful island upon which he now and then yielded to the call of his imagination.

To those who knew him as a friend, Henry Abbey will always be a cherished memory. He had none of the foolish jealousy that lurks in some authors: whatever success a fellow-writer achieved, he treasured as choicely as if it were his own. Intellectual companionship with him was a luxury; and the memory of him is a treasure, that may exist through-out eternity.

From the many volumes of poems

that he published (some of which first appeared in *EVERY WHERE*) we produce the following wonderfully beautiful sonnet, which gives his views of the "death" within whose mysterious boundaries he has so lately departed:

FAITH'S VISTA.

When from the vaulted wonder of the sky
The curtain of the light is drawn aside,
And I behold the stars in all their wide



HENRY ABBEY IN HIS LAST YEARS.

Significance and glorious mystery,
Assured that those more distant orbs are suns
Round which innumerable worlds revolve,—
My faith grows strong, my day-born doubts
dissolve,
And death, that dread annulment which life
shuns,
Or fain would shun, becomes to life the way,
The thoroughfare to greater worlds on high,
The bridge from star to star. Seek how we
may,
There is no other road across the sky;
And, looking up, I hear star-voices say:
"You could not reach us if you did not die."

Couldn't Be Happy.

HE fretted as a boy,
 He worried as a man,
 He criticised and questioned
 The universal plan;
 He made all lives a burden
 Through his everlasting "Why
 Was ever man created,
 Since he's only born to die?"

He prospered in his business,
 But was always in the dumps,
 Because the stocks he carried
 Were liable to slumps;
 When he made a strike he grumbled,
 "Now, tell me, what's the use
 Of heaping up great riches,
 When to live we've no excuse?"

He was married and was happy,
 Till he chanced to think that fate
 Might take away his loved ones
 And leave him desolate;
 Beneath a cloud of darkness
 He always would abide,
 And he never turned it over
 To see the other side.

After years of this depression
 He has riches and to spare,
 But he cannot take his pleasure—
 There is danger in the air.
 So he worries and he worries
 As he turns life's middle page,
 For now he's looking forward
 To a penniless old age.

—*Tid Bits.*

Wild Garnets in New York.

NEW YORK is a city of geological surprises, as the readers of EVERY WHERE will perhaps agree, who recall the article on "New York as an Earthquake Center", published in its pages some years ago.

Probably, however, few who picture the city in fancy, or recall her to memory, or who see her buildings and walk her streets daily in actuality, think of her as harboring mineral wealth in the foundations underlying the giant sky-

scrapers that tower heavenward, oblivious of the lesson of Babel.

But so it is: excavators employed in blasting away the rock for the foundation of a new hotel on Broadway, between Thirtythird and Thirtyfourth streets, recently, disclosed a vein of crystal, so unexpected and so glittering, that it was decided to take samples to Tiffany's for identification. Here, Dr. George F. Kunz, the greatest gem-expert in the world, pronounced them to be "almandine garnet", which, although not transparent enough for use in jewelry, were of particular scientific value, establishing the fact that a large stratum of garnet runs through the center of Manhattan in the vicinity of Thirtyfourth street. A specimen now in the American Museum of Natural History was unearthed when the ground was being excavated for the Herald Square Theatre: it weighed nine pounds and a half.

This discovery is another illustration of how blindly and ignorantly we often search abroad for treasures that lie beneath our feet, for although some may have little value as gems, other garnets have uses of less ornamental and superficial importance. Where abundant, it is employed in smelting iron ore, and is also, when ground to a fine powder, used as a substitute for emery.

The garnet has been highly regarded from the earliest historic periods for its color and luster, although in both respects it is inferior to the ruby. Its name is derived from the same Latin root as pomegranate, because of the resemblance of its granular crystals, in form and color, to the seeds of that fruit.

Those familiar with the common red garnets, as seen most frequently, may not know that it reflects other tones of the spectrum, such as red-brown, black, white, yellow, pink, green, violet, and purple. Valuable specimens are found in places as far remote as Syria and Greenland.

This mineral, which has so many varieties, is a silicate: is vitreous in luster and harder than quartz.

It is "cut" by the lapidary in two different styles: the more common one

shows facets, four large and four small—the other form, *en cabochon*, exhibits one smooth, rounding face, and in this shape is called a “carbuncle”, although this name is also given to the ruby sapphire. Hawthorne, it will be remembered, has made this gem the subject of one of his most beautiful symbolic stories, widely read, and entitled “The Great Carbuncle.”

The garnet figures also in ancient legend. It is told in the Talmud that the only light which cheered up the voyagers in the Ark was furnished by the garnet. The hanging-gardens of Babylon were illuminated by this gem, and Cleopatra's lamps were adorned by garnets, as giving just the right tone to her complexion, when preparing to receive Mark Antony.

Whether this “find” will greatly increase the value of real estate in the vicinity of Thirtythird street and Broadway, is to be doubted. But to the children studying geology it is a matter of very great interest, and those beginning chemistry may be pleased to learn that garnets have been obtained as a furnace-product and by various and sundry other artificial means.

One garnet has sold for as much as \$700.00.

The Slave of the Fig-Tree.

“OH, yes; you'd like to be a woman!” says a pretty young lady. “Just try it for a day! Fasten a blanket and a counterpane round your legs, buckle a strap round your waist so tight you can't draw a full breath or eat a hearty meal, have your hair all loose and fluffy so that it keeps tickling your ears and getting into your eyes, wear high-heeled shoes and gloves a size too small for you, cover your face with a veil full of spots that make you squint, fix a huge hat on with pins, so that every time the wind blows it pulls your hair out by the roots, and then, without any pockets and with short sleeves and openwork stockings, go for a walk and enjoy yourself. Oh, yes, my word, you would like it!”

Watch Your “Change.”

OFTEN one works quite a while to earn ten, twentyfive, or fifty cents—and then loses it for the lack of a few seconds' care. The amount of silver that drops out of holes in the pocket over its edge while lounging about, is very considerable, and would be startling if accurately known.

Much money is lost in making change while buying at counters and ticket-stands. Dishonest ticket-sellers always count on a certain amount of gain in this way. If you get one of this sort “spotted”, you will notice that he (or she) if handing you your change in two pieces, holds the second back a little, in order to give you a chance to go away and forget it.

Some ticket-sellers at “shows” are willing to work free, for what they can “knock down” in this way.

When the Grass Shall Cover Me.

WHEN the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot, where I am lying,
When not any wind that blows,
Summer bloom or winter snows,
Shall wake me to your sighing;
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, “How kind she was”;
You will say, “How true she was”;
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom,
While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
Nevermore for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders of my cause,
That shall speak me as I was,
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved! in my sorrow,
Very patient can I wait,
Knowing that, or soon or later,
There shall dawn a clearer morrow,—
When your heart will moan, “Alas,
Now I know how true she was”,—
When the grass grows over me.

LOVE not?—I wis and tell you this—
All sorts of grief you may defy:
But you will miss a lot of bliss
All kinds of money cannot buy.

Editorial Comment.

OUR NEW SISTER REPUBLIC.

EVERY true American will be glad to learn that United States has recognized the new Republic of Portugal. This fact was, on June 19th, received with great joy by the people of that country, who upon the same day that the announcement was made, proclaimed the abolition of the old monarchy, and the banishment of the "royal family of Braganza." The day was observed as a popular holiday all through the country, and will probably be henceforth a sort of Portuguese Fourth of July.

The country of Portugal is not a large one: having an area of about 36,038 miles, two and a half times that of Switzerland, about threefourths of that of York State, or one thirteenth of that of our huge Texas; and its population, at last accounts, was a little over five millions—a million less than that of Pennsylvania.

The first real glimpse in history that we have of the little country by the sea, is when the Romans made it one of their provinces, away back in the times of Augustus—not far from the year 1. From the fifth to the eighth century, it was a part of Spain, but the Arabs, or Moors, then seized it, and held it for nearly four centuries, when the famous Don Alonzo conquered it from the Moors, and started the country on a career of prosperity that lasted many years. But with the death of Henry the Cardinal, Spaniards again claimed rule, and held it for sixty years, and until John the First conquered it away from them, and established the House of Braganza.

In 1807, the little country made the distinguished acquaintance of Napoleon the First: and, of course, while he was

in power, everything was supposed to go near-about, as he said, and king, queen, and princes, were soon bundled off to Brazil.

But they established their government at Rio Janeiro, and upon the downfall of Napoleon, they ruled Brazil and Portugal both. The two governments were afterwards separated, but, amid various disturbances, the House of Braganza has been the ruling one, until the time of the late Revolution.

Certainly, this great Republic of America—possessing state after state that would "eat up" Portugal, so far as size is concerned, or power, either, will take a kindly interest in the newest Republic.

BURY THE MAINE AT SEA!

IT seems too bad, to learn that the wreck of the battle-ship, the "Maine", will perhaps be distributed about, in different museums. If a noted man were blown to pieces, he would not be picked up piecemeal, and divided among the populace in the shape of souvenirs. He would be buried honorably and intact. The Maine was a distinguished vessel, and became a martyr ship, to use the words: and is entitled to an honorable burial.

This thought makes it regrettable that the top-mast of the sunken craft—just raised—has been sent to New York as a curiosity, for the purpose of erecting it in front of the museum, at Governor's Island.

It is a pity if the grand old historical vessel cannot be raised entire, and buried at sea, off the country to which she belongs. To have sections of her used

for the purpose of gracing museums, is an indignity and a disgrace.

The blowing up of the Maine was a discomfiture and a calamity to United States: and no sensible country will advertise its calamities.

FUNERAL THIEVES.

PERHAPS the best answer to the question, "Is the world growing any better?" is, that part of it is growing better, and part of it worse. At least, it does not seem as if anything ever could have been done much meaner than robbing mourners at a funeral: and this is what a band of ruffians did, on Lexington Avenue, in New York.

Ten pickpockets invaded the church in which a funeral was being held, and while the legitimate occupants were conducting the funeral ceremonies, these worse-than-miscreants proceeded to ply their trade. They did not take the trouble to do the work stealthily, but acted the part of robbers, as well as pickpockets. They elbowed the pallbearers out of the way, plunged their hands into the pockets of the mourners (of whom there were several hundred), and took all the money and watches they could find.

As soon as it was discovered what they had been and were doing, policemen came, but they were able to arrest only three of the ten villains: the others having escaped—backing out of the door with knives and revolvers drawn. When the excitement was over, the floor was found strewn with watches and money, which the funeral thieves had dropped in getting away—although, presumably, they carried a good deal of plunder with them.

This was a miserable sort of funeral for a man who died at ninety-five years of age, and who had spent his life largely in doing good with money honestly acquired. But it was an extreme case of

what takes place at many funerals, and is not reported to the police.

Sometimes the parlors of a deceased citizen are thrown open, and used as an audience-room. Often, in the cities particularly, the exercises occur in the evening, and pickpockets come in as if they were friends of the family, and creep out again, loaded with ill-gotten spoils. One particularly "gifted" thief, who posed as an expert among the light-fingered clans, boasted that in tenderly assisting the clergyman on duty to don his robe, he had relieved him of several months' salary, and little or nothing was ever said about it. Another declared at the same convocation of thieves, that he did not believe the undertaker made much out of one set of obsequies, having left behind him (or ahead of him—which was more likely the case) a watch, and a well-filled purse. In one case, a wedding ring was stolen from the very finger of the pallid corpse!

Then there is a species of purloiners—heaven grant that it may grow more limited in number!—that look sharply about for some nice little souvenir of the occasion. Any little thing they can find that the deceased is not likely to need, and the survivors can easily do without, is liable to go into one of their pockets.

The stealings from the dead *after* the funeral, need scarcely be mentioned, here. Claims that the departed one never contemplated or supposed possible, are very often brought up, and sometimes allowed; and much injustice inflicted upon those who have no power to defend themselves. Such thievery as this, always has its cruel and agonizing reward—both in this world and the next. "I shall be there", said one of these malefactors, speaking of Heaven. But, supposing he *should* slip in for awhile, by some trick, who, knowing the circumstances of his earth-life, would speak to him?

THE RETURN OF THE CONVICT.

A CERTAIN percentage of our population has been in states-prison: there is no "side-stepping" that fact. A certain additional number are coming back to the general body-politic, every year—their terms of imprisonment being over. How shall Society treat them, and what shall it do with them?

Let us first take a man that was sent to prison mistakenly: there are, without doubt, many such cases. The zeal of a talented and ambitious prosecuting attorney, and perhaps some manufactured testimony, sent him behind the bars, and he had to serve his sentence. He did it, with more or less patience—but all the time under a sense of suffering in-justice.

He comes out into the great cruel world again. Some of his old neighbors think he was innocent—some guilty. He knows that whatever they think, the terrible fact remains that he has been in prison, and that it will not down. People speak about it to his back, if they do not to his face. Enemies, and every man has them or is bound to have them, take pains to tell it wherever it will do the most hurt. Competitors in business use it as a piece of property peculiarly adapted to their benefit. If he have children, they are liable to be shunned or twitted in school or on the street. His wife—if one is brave enough to stick to him in his trouble, or marry him after he completes his term—is not generally welcome among other women. He himself, if at all of a sensitive nature, feels the handicap, every cursed day he lives.

His work while in prison was whatever the State told him to do, and maybe not at all in line with his natural abilities. It may not have been anything that qualified him for earning a future livelihood.

As to the man who is undoubtedly and undeniably guilty, and whose crime stands confessed in the eyes of the world

—he is in a still worse plight. People who know positively that he has committed one crime, are likely to believe that he will be guilty of another. Nobody in respectable society dares to associate with him.—Is it any wonder that he goes among people who have the same blight upon their names as himself, and who give him somewhat of their confidence and sympathy?

Whoever can invent some way of remedying this matter, and giving sentenced people a chance to ABSOLUTELY BEGIN AGAIN, will go down into history as a genius.

THE PRIZE-FIGHTER'S OVATION.

IT is a strange sort of a lesson to the American people, to hear of a full-blooded negro receiving more attention in the coronation crowd at London, than any other one American. All the millionaires, the warriors, the *littérateurs*, the philosophers, and "what-nots" that we have sent over to see the show, have not come up to Arthur Jack Johnson, the prize-fighter, in producing sensations among the street-throngs.

They chase him wherever he goes; they blockade his high-toned and expensive automobile in the street; they linger in the gleam of his flashing jewels; they take admiring views of his white wife; they expect him to meet their King, and trade courtesies with him.

Nothing is said or thought concerning his Senegambian ancestry; the hard sad voyage of his forefathers in slave-ships; the exhausting days and nights of his more immediate forbears, "toiling in the cotton and the cane"; or his own laborious trips up and down the streets of Chicago as the driver of a laundry-wagon.

And what has the burly Ethiopian done?—Conquered, in a fierce glove-fight, whatever pugilist dared stand up in front of him. It is not claimed that he possesses much of a mind: but he has

a strong, thus-far unconquered physique, and a world-wide notoriety for exploiting it.

"This teaches us" that, in a material age, material success is worshipped more than mental; and that intellectual power has to take its meed of adulation mainly after it is dead.

It also "teaches us", that, notwithstanding the excellent efforts made by philanthropists to establish peace throughout the world, there is a lot more still to do. There are millions of people left, who, while they value a good bit of sentiment, or a whole lot of religious instruction, had still much rather see a rattling fight.

This state of things is undeniably wrong: but it exists, all the same.

LENDING TO THE GOVERNMENT.

IT is a matter of gratification to EVERYWHERE, which for several years has advocated again and again the establishment of Postal Savings-Banks, that the scheme is proving a success, in spite of the old-fashioned bankers.

In the fortyeight institutions of this kind that the Government somewhat gingerly established during the first five months after the scheme was adopted, \$390,666 was deposited. The second group established, received over \$70,000 within the first month. Probably the total amount of deposits has by this time reached a million of dollars: at least indications point that way.

There is no reason, excepting the objections of those who had rather take care of the people's money themselves, why this beneficent institution of the Postal Savings-Bank should not go on, extending to vast proportions. It will teach and encourage thrift. It incites the people to save their money, and enables them to withdraw and use it when they like, in safe and sound investments, which will yield them a good income on their savings.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE MOBILISTS.

IT does not seem to make much difference with quadricyclists, that when they go out on the four-wheeled locomotive-engine, they take their lives in their hands, and put them into the chauffeur's. It appears to have no effect upon them, that scores if not hundreds of fatal auto-accidents are chronicled every week in the papers.

"Gates and flagmen have no influence with some of the speed-crazed automobilists that come this way", say the authorities of one railroad. "They take any chance that offers itself, and will not pay the slightest attention to a flagman, even when he waves them back."

There are a hundred ways to be killed, in and under an automobile, and every day some fool takes advantage of some one of them, and some sensible person fails to escape them.

"What is the use of all this?" is the question that constantly assails the minds of thoughtful folk. "Why sacrifice for a few minutes of time gained on a trip, all the remaining years of a valuable life?"

There is no sane answer to this question: people simply do it because they do. Of course, if people get crazed on a subject, they do whatever they happen to do, because they are not responsible.

SILVER AND GOLD NECESSARY.

"MILLIONS in solid gold-plate to be used at the Coronation", some complain. "All sorts of silver and silver presents forwarded to Taft and his good wife, for their quarter-century wedding", murmur others. "What is the use of all this pomp and expense? How much good they would do, if their cost were expended on the poor!"

That sounds reasonable, at first: but we must remember that pomp and expense are necessary, in order to keep up the dignity of the two great governments.



A "Justifiable" Sabbath-Breaking.

IT had been a rainy harvest-time in the township of Wheatland—so called for its immense crops of golden grain. Year after year, the huge yellow harvests had ripened and thrown their tiny but powerful fruits into the farmers' granaries: and there was a good deal of wealth there for a rural community.

This year, too, the harvest had promised extraordinary yield; but several of the severe storms above-mentioned came on just in the worst possible time, and a fear arose that "grown wheat" would be the result. This means the sprouting of the kernels, while still upon the stalk: they seem to think (if plants think), from the excessive moisture, that it is time for them to grow without waiting for the ceremony of being buried in the ground; and the result is a calamity to the wheat, and to the farmer.

For "grown wheat", as it is called, makes very bad, sticky, flour: undesirable, both in the market and the mill. It is one of the great dreads of an ever-vigilant husbandman.

Two neighbors, Samuel McPherson and Joseph La Farge, both Americans for several generations back, although with foreign-sounding names, had thus far escaped the dreaded calamity, and were satisfied that if they could get their crops in by Saturday night of a certain week, they would be safe. But work on farms, the same as with railroads and other industries, often "gets behind": and both these two rural capitalists found that when Saturday night came, fully two-thirds of

their fields remained standing, still uncut.

"If Saturday night were only Monday morning!" exclaimed McPherson. The reaping-machine, which basely broke down just at the wrong time, had been repaired, and was ready for use; the men were in good condition—having had a day's rest while the machine was at a standstill; and everything was ready for swift, energetic, and efficient work, excepting—the almanac!—for that inexorably stated that the next day was Sunday.

McPherson and La Farge happened to meet in the road in the early Sabbath morning, while attending to some of the "chores" which had to be done—no matter what day it was. They were good friends, and, more than that, brothers in the church. In a revival of religion that had occurred during the preceding winter, they had both become very religious, and their pews adjoined each other in the little meeting-house near by.

"It's going to rain before midnight, as sure as the world!" exclaimed McPherson. "The barometer says so, and that great bank of black clouds in the west isn't there for nothing."

"Yes," replied La Farge: "I was up at four o'clock, and there was a heavy shower 'going around' to the north. It's lucky it didn't sweep this way, or our wheat would have got a good ducking. Curious, wasn't it, that our reaping-machines happened to both 'give out' at almost exactly the same time, day before yesterday? Friday was *always* a day of bad luck for me; and it happened to hit you, too, this time. Yes, it's a great pity that it isn't Monday morning, instead of the Sabbath!"

"I almost think," exclaimed McPherson, taking another look at the clouds in the west, which had grown a little larger and darker, "that it wouldn't be wrong, under the circumstances, to work today. We could get every spear of our wheat into the 'shock' by seven o'clock this evening, and then it might rain, if it wanted to."

La Farge looked serious, and shook his head. "'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy'", he remonstrated. "We can't break the laws of God, without suffering from it—no odds how much we profit at first. I shall get to work tomorrow morning, just as soon as it is light; but as for today, it must be one of rest, and of worship."

McPherson did not reply to this: but he kept up a continual thinking. Why should he sacrifice a good share of his wheat-crop, just on account of its being Sunday? Why could he not work one Sabbath in the year, when it seemed absolutely necessary, and still not be so very much of a sinner? The bees toiled Sunday—instructed to do so by nature. The flowers grew, the wind blew, the rain fell (and as he thought this, it looked more and more as if it would), and why should man be the only being that kept still? He did not reflect that man is the only being or thing that is put on honor by the Creator.

And so he hurried into the house, suggested that breakfast be pushed ahead as fast as possible, and, after it was over, asked his employés, or "hired hands", as they called them in Wheatland, how many of them would like to work that day and earn a little money extra. They all readily consented to the arrangement—never having been under much religious influence, or belonging to any church; and his own sons, who, at that time, believed that whatever their father did was right, eagerly joined in the industrious Sabbath-breaking.

Now it is not the object of this story-sermon, to discuss whether Sabbath-breaking is ever right or always wrong: there have been a great many arguments used, at one time and another, on both sides. The object, in this case, is to tell

just what occurred, and let the reader draw his own inferences.

McPherson went on with his new plan, worked hard all day with his men, and had all his wheat safely in the shock before it rained. And it *did* rain!—as it had not done before during that season. It drenched La Farge's wheat with such thoroughness that the succeeding warm weather and the moisture set the kernels to growing, and made that part of the crop practically useless. If he had calculated upon divine interposition to repay him for spending the forenoon in the little church, with his family and all the hired men he could induce to go with him, he was disappointed.

McPherson could not help hinting to his neighbor, once in a while, that he had been more nice than wise: but he said very little about it. He marketed his grain at a good price, added considerably to his money in bank, and continued his attendance at church, though not quite so regularly as before.

His boys, however, who were now pretty well grown-up, seemed to have lost the respect for the Sabbath which had always been taught them. If they had some little job of tinkering or mending to do, they preferred to stay home from meeting, in order to attend to it. He soon found that they spent certain Sunday afternoons in swimming, hunting, and making merry with their associates; and he had hard work to compel them to discontinue such practices, even openly. He realized that he himself could not say as much to them, as if he had not on one occasion himself broken the Sabbath.

The disobeying of that one command was not the only particular in which the McPherson family began to be slack. Little by little they strayed from the right path. One finally became a drunkard, another went to state's-prison for theft; and the father and mother often had to blush for shame at the record that their family was making.

"It all came of that one Sabbath day when we worked in the field", exclaimed McPherson, one evening, when talking it over with his old neighbor, La Farge. "How I wish I had held to my principles,

as you did! The few dollars of money I would have lost by it would have been nothing to what I would have gained. You showed that you believed what you professed, and were always the better and the stronger for it: while I could never afterwards make any one believe that I was sincere in my professions. My boys took a downward start, from that very day. Nothing has really prospered with me since. It was the turning-point of my life, and, unfortunately, I turned the wrong way."

La Farge tried to comfort and console him, but to very little purpose: he died a practically ruined and thoroughly despondent man.

As said before, this little story is not intended to argue the matter, but to state the facts, and let the reader decide as to what connection there might be between them. There certainly is some, and there may be much more than would at first appear. At any rate, the subject is worth a thought—maybe several of them. Let every one decide for himself, between expediency and principle.

Proposed Abridgment of Ten Commandments.

THIS is the way the ten commandments will read if the suggestion made by the Rev. George B. Williams Douglas is acted upon favorably by the Episcopal Church:

1. God spake these words and said: I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt have no other gods but me.

2. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image to worship it and serve it.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

4. Remember that thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labor.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother.

6. Thou shalt do no murder.

7. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

8. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

9. Thou shalt not steal.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.

Patriotic Poem by Fanny Crosby.

WE are all familiar with the famous hymn-writer's Christian lyrics: and it is interesting to know that she sometimes leaves the gold-paved path of sacred melody, and composes lines upon patriotic subjects.

The following extracts from some verses recently written by her for a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, show that her muse can wander with her upon the tented battle-field, and among the events of history.

Miss Crosby is now ninetyone years of age, and still writing, and often speaking in public.

"The waves of Time have borne you back
To eighteen sixty-one,
When discord wove its cruel web,
And war and strife begun.
'Twas yours to watch the smothered flame
Of keen resentment's wake,
With firm resolve to do its worst
The bond of peace to break.

"And when our flag reviled and spurned
Was trampled in the dust,
You heard within a voice that said
'Fear not, your cause is just.'
And looking up to Him who reigns
In majesty on high,
You promised and you kept your word—
To conquer or to die.

"You had a friend, a generous friend,
A hero brave and true,
And in the silent hour of night
He knelt and prayed for you.
That friend, our martyred president,
Whose loss we all regret;
His brief address at Gettysburg
We hold as sacred yet.

"And though your deeds of noble worth
Our hearts can ne'er repay,
We'll rally round and hail you still,
On each Memorial Day.
We'll twine for you at early morn
The sweetest flowers that grow,
And then in tears recall the scenes
Of fifty years ago."



Buttermilk as a Friend to Man.

"IT is an exquisite evening, is it not?" I looked up, to find myself addressed by an old lady. Old, did I say? Yes, years had passed over her head—seventy or more—yet there was health sparkling in the eye and scintillating from the features. Here was experience in the extreme plus *perfect* health.

"Delightful!" I observed: "and the views in this part of the country are glorious. Are you fond of walking?"

"Yes, there is nothing equal to it, I think. But you do not know what it means to have a new lease of life, do you? Well, I, like Jairus' daughter, 'was dead and have been made alive again.' Would you like to hear my story? If so, and it is agreeable for you, walk my way and I will tell it to you."

Nothing loth, I fell into physical step, with this strange old lady, that I might fall into mental step with her.

"It was some fifteen years ago that I all-but succumbed to one of the worst forms of kidney trouble. Physicians said that I could not last long, and my own common sense told me that I could not fight it out on those lines much longer. One day a man who worked for my husband told him of the butter-milk cure, and begged of him to get me to give it a trial. To make a long story short, I did try it, and here I am. At each meal I took a glass of buttermilk. This I did with studious perseverance; not spasmodically. A great deal depends upon regularity. We are human machines, and like all machines need oiling. Buttermilk acts as oil. Ere long I could follow my

favorite pastime—walking. With my husband I took long jaunts out into the suburbs of Kingston, where I was then living. Now my good husband has 'passed over' and I am left to walk alone."

"Not often, I should suppose", I said, "particularly when you make a walk as interesting as this one has been."

"'Pass it along' (the buttermilk idea, I mean). That has been my custom, and it has never failed to help some weary one."

"Pass it along", I thought. "I will try with dear old Mr. Ray." When I returned to the city I was as good as my word, and told the old gentleman of the buttermilk cure. He tested it and was helped. He in turn told a friend, who was very ill with kidney-trouble, and he, too, was made well.

My interest was aroused from a scientific point; and I sought a well-known German chemist. "What do you know about buttermilk?" I asked.

"Know about buttermilk? It has done wonders for me!"

"What is in it, and what does it do?"

"Well, to begin with, it is the most easily digested food. More easily digested than milk: because while the butter or fatty substance in milk is more readily digested than any other fatty substance, still there are stomachs that cannot transform even this fat. Buttermilk contains milk-sugar, water, casein, and all the original ingredients of milk except the greater part of the oily matter: hence it is easily taken care of by the average stomach. The mineral constituents of the buttermilk have a most healthful effect upon the system. Digitized by Google

"Lastly, we find in buttermilk what might be termed *good* microbes. These make war upon the *bad* ones found in the system of man. Buttermilk has a fine effect upon the digestive organs, curing indigestion in many cases; and upon the kidneys, helping numberless people who suffer with kidney-trouble."

This was enough. I had looked at the subject from all points, and was now ready "to pass it along" with an enthusiasm worthy of a good cause.

Clothing—Thick and Thin.

THE object of clothing is to interpose a screen between the body and the outer atmosphere, which prevents the too rapid radiation and conduction of heat—on the same principle that a screen placed in front of the stove shuts off the heat—and to prevent the too rapid evaporation of moisture. In other words it is to keep a layer of warm air next the skin.

This screen does not entirely prevent the passage of heat and moisture from the body to the surrounding atmosphere but only checks it, making its passage slower, the protection afforded depending upon the character or texture and the quantity of the clothing. Thick rubber clothing will effectually prevent evaporation and conduction but does not prevent radiation. Hence feet incased in rubber boots will perspire and become wet while remaining cold; this is because the moisture exuded from the skin cannot evaporate while the radiation of heat is going on. The pores of the skin are constantly exuding moisture. The evaporation of this moisture must not be prevented, only checked in cold weather so that it does not too quickly evaporate, carrying too much heat with it. For this reason clothing must be of such a texture that while allowing the moisture to pass off it does so slowly. Because it prevents the evaporation of this moisture, rubber does not make particularly good clothing.

We cannot go amiss if we study and as nearly as possible imitate nature in

this respect. She clothes her animals in extreme cold latitudes and in winter with a thick fuzzy coat of hair. This fuzzy surface, it is found, checks the radiation of heat and on the same principle checks conduction, while at the same time it allows the moisture from the body to slowly escape. There is nothing more comfortable on an extremely cold day than a sealskin cloak. The arctic explorers by crawling into sealskin bags are able to sleep warm and comfortable in a temperature of sixty degrees below zero.

It is for this reason that a woollen garment affords better protection than linen. Linen fiber is smooth, while wool is irregular and fuzzy, and thus it entangles the particles of warmed air and prevents them from escaping too rapidly, while linen lets them slip through like a sieve. For this reason the fuzzier a garment is the better it entangles the particles of warmed air. Thus a garment made of loosely spun and twisted wool fiber is warmer than one made from a tight spun fiber, even though the former is lighter than the latter. For this reason a chinchilla overcoat, although it may be no heavier, is much warmer than one with a smooth surface. The fuzz on the former entangles the heat particles, and prevents their too rapid escape. For this same reason a light blanket on a bed is warmer than a heavy quilt, or a comfortable made of light, fuzzy cotton batting loosely tacked together is much warmer than several heavy closely quilted quilts. It is not the weight of bed clothes or garments which affords protection so much as their fuzziness.

For protecting the body from cold or sudden changes of climate the under garments are the most important, and should receive first consideration. The ideal winter underwear is that which comes nearest being like a fur, while avoiding the weight and imperviousness of the skin of the fur-bearing animal. The ingenuity of our spinners has devised such a garment and they are now made in different styles by several manufacturers. It is so woven as to form an elastic fleecy layer of soft carded wool in the inside next the skin. This ingeni-

ous garment is noticeably light, porous and warm.

We cannot overestimate the value of such underwear in the preservation of health and prevention of disease. The most common cause of disease next the derangement of the alimentary canal, is the chilling of the body resulting in the sudden closing of the pores of the skin, called "catching cold." All the bodily functions are influenced by atmospheric conditions and as we are living in one of the most changeable climates in the world, wherein it is no uncommon thing for the mercury in the thermometer to slide up or down the scale twenty or thirty degrees in an hour's time, it is of the utmost importance that we should protect our bodies from the effects of such sudden changes. The best garment for this purpose is that which most closely and surely imitates nature—fleece-lined underwear.

It is particularly recommended that children should be clothed with such underwear. In the many active outdoor exercises to which they are addicted, such as skating, running, etc., it is no uncommon thing for them to work up a state of perspiration, and then with undergarments wet against the body sit down or stand around until chilled. Many a young life has been brought to an untimely end in this way or the seeds of disease sown, resulting in weakness, invalidism and death at a later period. If clothed in such garments perspiration (unless excessive indeed) remains in the insensible state until it meets the cooling influence externally when passed through the fabric, the inner fleece remaining dry while the outer cotton or linen shirt over it may be wringing wet. In this way the chilling of the skin is prevented, and its disastrous results avoided. This same rule holds good and is recognized by those who practice athletic games or exercises requiring violent bodily exercise inducing perspiration, such as baseball, football, bicycling, etc., and the use of a garment made after this plan called the "sweater" is common and should be universal, in order to produce beneficial and lasting results.

Gymnastics of the Mind.

ACROBATS of the body are plenty, and there are also acrobats of the mind: some of whom perform "stunts" with certain sets of their faculties, and leave the others untrained and neglected. But what we need, is steady, straightforward, symmetrical gymnastics, both of body and mind.

Shakespeare said, "It is the mind, that makes the body quick", and he might also have said, "'Tis oft the mind that makes the body sick." Many a person has fallen into a fit of illness, because his ill-trained and poorly exercised mind has "egged him on."

The mind should be kept, as far as possible, under the control of the will. One should use the mind to reason *with* the mind; and to aid the body in acquiring and preserving health and strength.

Candy Drunks.

PEOPLE do not always know what they risk, when they let their children eat candy bought indiscriminately.

"Getting drunk on 'candy' has become such a widespread practice among men, women and children in Chicago, that the State Food Department has announced that it would stop the sale of the intoxicating bonbons.

"One particular 'candy' excels the vilest whiskey for intoxicating results," said Assistant Commissioner John B. Newman. "These bonbons contain a medical intoxicant containing 32½ per cent. ether, 2½ per cent. ether oil, and 65 per cent. alcohol. It causes not only drunkenness, but sickness. We found that many candy shells filled with whiskey are sold to women and children."

Now for Mosquitoes!

AN army surgeon stationed in the Philippines has discovered that a certain species of ants, as yet unclassified by entomologists, feeds almost wholly upon the larvae of flies, storing such quantities of this food that wherever these ants are found flies are scarce.

World-Success.

The Liquor Plague in Europe.

THE first Anti-Alcohol Congress ever held in Russia, took place a few months ago. It certainly was needed, for that country has long had the reputation of being a liquor-cursed region. General Grant, after returning from his trip around the world, said that Russia had by far the most drunkards, of any country he visited.

The Prefect of Police immediately took supervision of this Congress, and told it what not to discuss—including the government monopoly of alcohol. He also prosecuted some delegates who persisted in opposing his orders, and forbade the publication of the proceedings.

France has a strong temperance party. A traveling campaign in the interests of abstinence from intoxicating liquors, made the tour of several French cities not long ago, and met with much success.

The passage of complete prohibition in Norway, or at least the abolition of the sale of whiskey, appears as one of the certainties of the next few years. Dr. Scharffenberg, one of the chiefs of the total abstinence movement, is about to publish a series of articles leading up to such an outcome. That the present laws are not successful in reducing the consumption of liquor is shown in the fact that no great progress in this particular item seems to have been made since 1890. A campaign for the election of a favorable majority to the Storting will be entered upon immediately. It is hoped that by 1920 the sale of intoxicating liquors in Norway will be a thing of the past.

The Minister of War of Denmark has forbidden the sale of distilled liquor in all the military establishments of that

country; also of all liquors above 2 per cent. alcohol to officers who are minors.

Reliable information from Italy, notes an astonishing increase in the production of wine as a result of which the consumption is greater as the prices have declined. In some parts of the country wine is no longer dispensed at so much per measure, but customers pay for their indulgence at the rate of so much per hour, and in many places six glasses are given free to patrons of the Cabarets.

The consumption was nearly 300 per cent. greater in 1907 than in 1867. Milan shows probably the worst conditions. In an inquiry there in the schools having 38,466 pupils, only 16.70 per cent. of the boys and 16.38 per cent. of the girls were total abstainers. The children say that they drink on Sundays, holidays, and, in fact, at all times when their fathers are at home to take them to the Cabarets. At home they drink in the morning, or after meals "to aid digestion" (a common false belief).

In answer to the question "How many have you found drunk at least once", the answers were somewhat indefinite. Of definite figures reported it is said that 14.81 per cent. of the boys and 11.05 per cent. of the girls had been seen under the influence of alcohol. The cases increased from 11.20 per cent. in the first year to 36.36 per cent. in the sixth for the boys, and decreased from 14.77 per cent. in the second to less than ten per cent. in the sixth for the girls. The number of abstainers decreased in both sexes, 15.90 per cent. to 11.80 per cent. for the boys, and from 21.19 per cent. to 8.99 per cent. for the girls. Of these there are more boys in the richer families, but of girls, the larger number are among the working classes.

Brescia holds the record, the figures showing that out of 4,000 pupils only 11.55 per cent. are total abstainers, 37.92 per cent. drink at intervals, while 50.53 per cent. drink every day. A classification of the investigation shows the following relation of the abstaining and drinking pupils as regards their scholarship:

	Poor Scholar-ship	Medium Scholar-ship	Good Scholar-ship
	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
Total abstainers....	23.85	33.49	42.66
Moderate drinkers..	27.25	41.86	30.59
Continual drinkers..	30.36	39.75	29.89

The admissions for alcoholic psychosis (insane) has increased at Milan from an average of 12.90 per cent. for the years 1879 to 1890, to 25.85 per cent. for the years 1901 to 1905. At Brescia admissions increased from 15.79 per cent. in the years 1894 to 1898, to 27.60 per cent. from 1904 to 1908, the record for 1908 being 37.1 per cent. of hospital admissions.

These facts were compiled by Mr. A. Schiavi, Secretariat de la Federation, Antialcoolique Italienne.

The Free People's School of Venice, in order to spread saner ideas on the importance of alcohol, has organized a course of lectures by physicians and other specialists. The opening lecture was given by the noted Criminalist, M. Garofalo, who deplored the increased consumption of wine and showed the influence of alcohol on criminality.

M. Majetti, the "Boys' Judge" of Rome, declares in the *Corriere dell'Italia*, that "alcohol is by far the greatest cause of juvenile delinquency and that seven out of ten delinquents are either under the influence of alcohol, or are sons of alcoholics."

REFERENDUM VOTE IN SWEDEN SHOWS OVERWHELMING SENTIMENT FOR PROHIBITION.

The Union of Total Abstinence Societies inaugurated in November an unofficial general vote of all persons over 18 years of age on the subject of total prohibition. This unique enterprise bids fair to astonish Europe and the World when the complete returns are announced. It is

estimated that about 75 per cent. of all votes returned are in favor of prohibition. The vote has not yet been wholly canvassed, but one province being completed, Jonkoping, in which the vote was as follows:

Total number of persons above 18 years	For Prohibition	Against Prohibition	Indifferent	Not Replying
113,571	92,496	664	3,354	17,057

The vote shows that 81.5 per cent. of all voters declared for prohibition in Jonkoping. In the district of Dolecarlia, 96.6 per cent. of the total registered in favor of prohibition. The vote in three of the large towns was as follows:

Total number of persons above 18 years	For Prohibition	Against Prohibition	Indifferent	Not Replying
Jonkoping 15,200	11,873	101	1,372	1,976
Nonkoping 24,000	16,932	40	?	7,028
Karlsbad 16,753	6,799	40	522	3,092

M. Alexis Bjoerkmann has been appointed to the post of Director of the Anti-Alcohol Secretariat. The position was recently created, thanks to a government appropriation of \$2,000.

The Secretary of the Swedish Christian Temperance Union writes the Associated Prohibition Press most encouraging news:

"The temperance problem is at present the burning question of the day in Sweden. The gigantic voluntary referendum vote conducted by the Temperance Societies of Sweden gives every prospect of recording a majority for prohibition.

"During the last few years a great many of the upper classes have joined the temperance movement and their number increases every day.

"The Temperance Party in our Parliament numbers 120 members. In the second chamber we have a majority for Prohibition. In the most of our towns there is a Temperance party among our town councillors who are now forming an Alliance embracing the whole country. About half the entire number of our rural parishes are dry.

"A Royal Committee was appointed last summer to make an inquiry into how the State Exchequer can dispense with the revenue arising from the drink traffic."

No Peace in Helplessness.

THE New York *Press* very sensibly opines:

"We reckon that what Andrew Carnegie has done in a twelvemonth, or what he will do in another year with his \$500,000 subsidy spent on his peace propaganda, added to what will be achieved by the Anglo-American peace treaty, do not count nearly so much for peace as what the battle ships of the Atlantic fleet did in their target practice off the Chesapeake Capes.

"Duplicating battle conditions as nearly as may be, the Connecticut is said to have hit a moving target at a range of nearly eight miles no less than 13 times out of 14 shots. News like this scattered throughout the navies of the world will discourage attacks on United States, growing out of any dispute that can come up, a great deal more than all the peace literature which the presses of the country can turn out under the influence of Carnegie bonuses.

"The best peacemakers we have are the big guns of our war-ships and the marksmen behind them: thus demonstrating that we are always ready to blow an enemy out of water. Our navy apparently is prepared, just now. May it always be ready! It is the only real guarantee of peace that we have. If the rest of the world thought it was not fit for any eventuality, some strong naval power would be shooting us up inside of a month."

The Perils of Shopping.

LADIES must be careful to avoid even the appearance of financial irregularity, when in a department store. Quiet, unassuming, unrecognizable detectives are as thick as blackberries in a mountain ravine; and they are all anxious to distinguish themselves and get their salaries raised. A bit of carelessness or absent-mindedness often is eagerly twisted into a crime, and the lady perpetrating it is promptly "walked up" to the business office, to give (and hear) an

explanation. Only a few days ago, a young lady was arrested for theft, detained for a long time, and discharged—with no proof against her excepting the assertion of a detective, who finally admitted that he "might have been mistaken!"

The following incident recently occurred in a large Philadelphia dry goods museum of salable articles:

A lady bought some goods, and tendered a five-dollar bill in payment. In a few minutes a man came to her, and said, sternly:

"Madame, where did you get this bill?"

"I do not remember," replied the lady.

"It will be necessary for you to remember, Madam," rejoined the man.

"When I learn that it is any of your business, perhaps I'll try," said the lady, plucking up some spirit.

"The bill is counterfeit, and I shall have to detain you, then," said the detective, for so he was.

"Detain me one minute beyond the time necessary to correct the error, if you dare!" spoke out the lady, with flashing eye. "You are not dealing with a woman who has no friends."

Just then an older and more experienced man came up, and examined the bill with a glass.

"Why, it's genuine, after all," he exclaimed. "Madame, we beg your pardon."

And the lady extricated herself from the crowd that had gathered around, and went her way—with a very good case for damages against the establishment—if she cares to push it.

Casting Pearls Before Science.

THE use of X-rays in pearl fishing appears to be successful. At Ceylon the divers bring the oysters to the surface in the usual way. They are examined by the X-ray, and the ones having no pearls are returned to the sea. This prevents the destruction of millions of oysters every year: as in the old method they were all opened and destroyed whether containing a pearl or not, there being no other means of ascertaining.



May 27—Twentythree officers and sailors, survivors of the Haytian gunboat *Liberti*, were condemned to death for mutiny.

Severe boundary dispute between Peru and Ecuador; both charge invasion.

The Standard Oil Company filed a suit for libel demanding \$350,000 damages from a writer and the publisher of Hampton's Magazine.

The pilot train which preceded that of General Porfirio Diaz on his way to Vera Cruz was attacked by marauders and twenty were killed.

28—Twelve started in a 1,300-mile air race from Paris to Turin, via Rome.

Portugal voted for Deputies with no disorder.

29—The Supreme Court ordered the dissolution of the Tobacco Trust in six months.

Officials of the United Wireless Company were convicted of conspiracy and using the mails to defraud.

30—Conditions approaching anarchy developed in different parts of Mexico.

31—J. J. Hill announced a \$600,000,000 first mortgage on the Great Northern Railway.

Ex-President Diaz left Vera Cruz for Spain, via Havana and Havre.

William Waldorf Astor gave his elder son, a British subject, one-half of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in order to dodge the inheritance tax.

June 1—The Senate, 48 to 20, voted to reopen the Lorimer bribery inquiry.

Kansas issued a call for 18,000 harvest-hands.

2—Two hundred soldiers were killed in a series of explosions that destroyed the arsenal and barracks of Managua, Nicaragua.

3—The mammoth lake passenger-steamer *North West* was damaged by fire to the extent of \$500,000, while in dock at Buffalo.

Special agents of the Custom Service seized 851 cans of opium from the steamer *American Maru*.

4—United Italy dedicated a colossal monu-

ment to King Liberator, Victor Emmanuel II.

General Bernardo Reyes landed at Vera Cruz.

5—President Taft ordered a public reprimand of Col. Joseph Garrard for objecting to the promotion of a Jewish private because of his race and social standing.

6—The Connecticut Senate passed a bill providing for a Public Service Commission.

7—A hundred or more persons were killed and much property destroyed in Mexico City by an earthquake.

Maurice Rouvier, twice Premier of France, died suddenly.

The Senate ordered a Lorimer investigation by a special committee.

8—The Washington Government conceded Japan's claim to try an American seaman for a murder committed in the American Hospital at Yokohama.

President Taft reviewed the annual anniversary Sunday School parade in Brooklyn.

9—China demanded \$10,000,000 indemnity from Mexico for the massacre of her subjects and destruction of their property.

10—A compromise was announced between General Madero, President de la Barra and General Reyes, relative to the approaching October elections in Mexico.

11—Spain advanced in Morocco, practically occupying Alcazar Kebir, regardless of warnings from England and France.

12—The Senate passed the resolution for the direct election of Senators, sixtyfour to twentyfour; the Vice-President cast the deciding vote on the Bristow amendment, giving the Federal Government supervision.

It was announced that the Postal Telegraph Company would enter the telephone field in the Far West.

One thousand delegates attended the

- opening of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance at Stockholm, Sweden.
- 13—An effort to recall the joint resolution for popular election of Senators, failed in the Senate, thirtythree to thirty-three.
- The Seamen's Union of Antwerp proclaimed the long-heralded strike.
- 14—The seamen's strike was formally declared in London, Glasgow, and other ports in Great Britain, Belgium and Holland.
- The United States Government ordered a double guard at New Orleans and other Gulf ports to prevent the departure of filibustering expeditions in aid of ex-President Castro of Venezuela.
- 15—Representatives of various industries appeared before the House Committee to urge a parcels post.
- The Cuban House of Representatives passed a bill abolishing the instruction of English in the public schools.
- 16—Subscriptions to the \$30,000,000 Hukwang railway loan to China, were opened in London and Berlin, and immediately closed, being largely over-subscribed.
- 17—The Treasury Department opened up bids for the \$50,000,000 3 per cent. Panama Canal bonds, which were subscribed for thrice over, selling at 2.50 premium.
- Forty thousand suffragists marched in a five-mile procession along the coronation route in London.
- Detective W. J. Burns was indicted, charged with kidnapping John J. McNamara from Indianapolis.
- 18—General Geronimo Trevino was nominated by the Constitutionals for president of Mexico.
- Postmaster-General Hitchcock announced that \$9,000,000 a year more than was necessary was being paid by the Government to railroads for carrying the mails.
- 19—Portugal declared the monarchy abolished, the royal family banished, and a republic established.
- United States officially recognized the new Republic of Portugal.
- President and Mrs. Taft celebrated their silver wedding.
- The French Senate warmly discussed the question of stopping racing in the air.
- 20—The House, 221 to 100, passed the Underwood Wool bill, twentyseven Republicans voting with the Democrats.
- The New York State Senate passed the Grady bill, requiring editorials to be signed by the writers.
- 21—The Olympic, biggest ocean liner, arrived in New York, making her first trip in five days, sixteen hours and fortytwo minutes, from Southampton.
- 22—King George and Queen Mary were crowned in Westminster Abbey.
- The Senate Finance Committee reported adversely the farmers' free list and the Underwood Wool bill.
- One hundred Americans, in the guise of Mexican rebels, after a battle with Mexican troops, crossed the international line and surrendered to American troops.
- 23—Fourteen persons identified with the lumber industry were indicted in Chicago by the special Federal Grand Jury, for violating the Sherman Anti-Trust act.
- The French Ministry resigned when Premier Monis was defeated on a vote of confidence in the Chamber of Deputies.
- The seamen's strike ended in compromise between the different lines and their employes.
- 24—The Society of Friends commemorated at Providence, R. I., the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the New England Yearly Meeting.
- 25—Mexico demanded of the Governor of Texas the punishment of the mob that lynched the fourteen-year-old boy, Antonio Gomez.
- Princess Clotilde, widow of Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, died at Turin, Italy.
- 26—The Root amendment to the Canadian Reciprocity agreement was defeated in the Senate.
- Joseph Caillaux undertook to organize a Cabinet in France, at request of President Fallières.
- John E. Atkins, the American seaman tried in Japan for killing a fellow bluejacket, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment by the Japanese judges.
- The Interior Department held the Cunningham Alaska coal claims to be fraudulent.
- Ten thousand strikers in silent parade prevented the re-opening of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia.



Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

ASHMORE, PROF. SIDNEY G.—At Schenectady, N. Y., May 22, aged fifty-nine years. He was born in London, England. He was educated at Columbia University. He had been an instructor of Latin and Greek in Lehigh University and for a few years taught Greek at Columbia, going from there to Union College, where he was Professor of Latin for thirty years. He was the author of several college text-books and wrote on classical and educational subjects.

ASTLEY, WILLIAM C.—In Newark, N. J., May 5, aged sixty-six years. He was born in Hudson, N. Y. He served throughout the Civil War in the First N. Y. Engineers. He was Chief of the Newark Fire Department, with which he had been connected almost forty-four years.

BAILEY, MARK—In New Haven, Conn., June 3, aged eighty-four years. He was a graduate of Dartmouth, later studying elocution in New York. He taught that art for fifty years at Yale. He was a skilled debater, and during the Lincoln-Douglas debates traveled with Lincoln, making some of the preliminary speeches. He had given Shakespearean readings in nearly every city in United States.

BECK, DR. CARL—At Pelham Heights, N. Y., June 8, aged fifty-five years. He was born at Neckargemuend, Germany, and studied at the Universities of Heidelberg, Berlin and Jena. He came to America in 1882. He became prominent in surgery, and was the author of medical works in English and German, including "Roentgen Ray Diagnosis and Therapy."

BERTEAUX, HENRI MAURICE—In Paris, France, in an aviation accident, May 21, aged fifty-nine years. He was born at Saint Maur-les-Fosses, and was a banker for many years, in Paris. He had been a Deputy, a former President of the Budget Commission, and a member of the Railways Consulting Committee. He was the French Minister of War and belonged to the Radical Socialist group. He was much interested in aviation, and the French army's pre-eminence in flying was credited to him.

FLEMING, MRS. WILHELMINA PATON—In Boston, May 21, aged fifty-four years. She was born at Dundee, Scotland. Her father, Robert Stevens, guided her education in Dundee. In 1879 she came to

America with her husband, James Orr Fleming. She became one of the foremost astronomers of the world, and was curator of astronomical records at Harvard University. She discovered more stars than any other person in the history of the world. She edited many publications of the Harvard Observatory. She was a member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London.

GILBERT, SIR WILLIAM S.—At Harrow, England, May 29, aged seventy-five years. He was born in London, and was educated at King's College, London. After five years in the Privy Council Office, a legacy enabled him to study and graduate in the law. Meanwhile he began to write and draw for the comic journal *Fun*, and achieved fame and fortune through writing the famous "Bab Ballads" and the unique and witty operettas "Pinafore", "Patience", "Mikado", etc., in collaboration with Sir Arthur Sullivan. In 1907 he was knighted by King Edward.

HIGGINSON, COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH—In Cambridge, Mass., May 9, aged eighty-seven years. He was born in Cambridge, and was educated at Harvard University, taking the divinity course. He was a co-worker with Theodore Parker in the anti-slavery cause, and helped free Kansas. He enlisted in the Union army, commissioned Captain, and later became Colonel of a black regiment. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature one term. He became well known as an historian and essayist, and up to the last was keenly interested in the progressive movements of the day.

HOLMES, REV. DR. JOHN McCLELLAN—In Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 21, aged seventy-seven years. He was born in Livingston, N. Y., and was graduated at Williams College and at the New Brunswick Theological Seminary. He held pastorates at Brooklyn and at Albany, being for twenty years in the latter city. He was associate editor of *The Christian Intelligencer*, and was President of the Particular Synod of New York.

JOHNSON, HENRY D.—In Lynn, Mass., April 7, aged seventy-one years. He was born in Lynn, and was educated in the public schools, leaving when fourteen years old to enter the shoe factory of his father. He invented the button shoe.

KNOTT, JAMES PROCTOR—In Lebanon, Kentucky, June 18, aged eightytwo years. He was born near Lebanon, Kentucky, had a common school education and studied law when sixteen years of age. He was a Member of the Missouri Legislature, resigning to become Attorney General of Missouri. He refused the oath of allegiance to the Union in 1861, and was imprisoned for a year. After the War he was many years Democratic Representative in Congress, and there gave the witty Duluth speech which made him famous. He was for five years Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He was elected Governor of Kentucky in 1883, and delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1891.

MAHLER, GUSTAV—In Vienna, Austria, May 18, aged fiftyone years. He was born in Kalisht, Bohemia, and was educated at Prague and at the University of Vienna; he studied also at the Conservatoire. After conducting orchestral work in various important German and Austrian musical centres he served as Director of the Vienna Court Opera for ten years, leaving that post to join the New York Metropolitan Company, in 1907. He conducted the New York Philharmonic Society from 1909 till his death. He composed several symphonies and many songs.

MATTHEWS, GEORGE E.—At Falconwood, Grand Island, June 11, aged fiftysix years. He was born in Westfield, N. Y. He was graduated from Yale in 1877 and became editor and proprietor of *The Buffalo Express*. He formed the McKinley League in 1896 and declined Cabinet honors offered by President McKinley. He was President of the J. N. Matthews Company, publishers.

NATION, MRS. CARRY AMELIA.—At Leavenworth, Arkansas, June 9, aged sixtyfour years. She was born in Kentucky, where she was known as a kindly, motherly woman. David Nation, a lawyer, was her second husband. She was a vigorous, if fanatical, advocate of prohibition, and was imprisoned thirtytwo times for saloon "smashing." In 1908 she made a tour of Great Britain, visiting music-halls and saloons. She lectured also in America.

PARMALE, MRS. MARY F.—In New York City, May 26, aged sixtyeight years. She was born in Albany, N. Y., the daughter of Judge Zephaniah Platt. She was twice married. She had contributed extensively to reviews and magazines since 1892 and had written abridged histories of many nations.

PIERSON, REV. ARTHUR TAPPAN—In Brooklyn, N. Y., June 3, aged seventyfive years. He was born in New York City, and was a graduate of Hamilton College and of Union Theological Seminary. He

filled pulpits in Binghamton, N. Y., Detroit, Mich., Indianapolis, Ind., and other towns, and in Philadelphia. He made fourteen trips to England and the Continent and was preacher in the Metropolitan Tabernacle of London for three years. He was a lecturer at Northfield, Mass., at Exeter Hall, London, and in Scotland. He was the editor of *The Missionary Review of the World* and the author of many books on religious and missionary subjects.

POWELL, WALTER ANGELO—In St. Joseph, Mo., May 21, aged eightythree years. He designed, with Robert Mills, the extension to the Capitol at Washington, under Fillmore's administration. He served through the Civil War and built the fortifications at Winchester and Harper's Ferry.

ROUVIER, SENATOR MAURICE—In Neuilly-sur-Seine, June 7, aged sixtythree years. He was born at Aix, becoming early known as inimical to the Empire. He served France as a member of the National Assembly in 1871, and in 1881 as Minister of Commerce in the Gambetta Cabinet. He was twice Premier, and was for several years Minister of Finance. It was during his term as Premier that the law separating Church and State passed the French Parliament.

SOWDEN, ARTHUR J. C.—In Boston, June 2, aged seventysix years. He was born in Boston and educated at Harvard. He was a member of the State House of Representatives and was always active in politics. He was one of the leading laymen in the Episcopal Church, and was a delegate to five general conventions of that Church. He was Governor of the National Society of Colonial Wars.

SVENDSEN, JOHANN—In Copenhagen, Denmark, June 14, aged seventyone years. He was born in Christinia, the son of a military bandmaster. He studied the violin and composed at the age of eleven. He served as a bandmaster in the army for six years, and then joined a traveling orchestra. Charles XV. sent him to Leipzig Conservatory. He was Court Conductor at Copenhagen since 1883. He was noted for many important compositions, including concertos and symphonies of strong individuality, and classical finish.

VOORHEES, DR. EDWARD BURNETT—At College Farm, New Brunswick, N. J., June 7, aged fiftyfive years. He was born at Mine Brook, N. J., and was graduated from Rutgers College. He was Director of the New Jersey Experiment Station, and Professor of Agriculture at Rutgers College. He introduced the farmers' educational train to New Jersey, which carried the college on wheels to every part of the State. He was head of the Livestock Commission of New Jersey.

Forty Doings and Undoings.

About 32,000,000 people die every year—making one per second.

The Persians have a different name for every day in the month.

Eighty-seven in every hundred Canadian farmers own their farms.

Leather cannon were used at the Battle of Leipsic, September 7, 1631.

More than 1,000 elementary schools have been recently opened in Siam.

There are 514 miles of tunnel in the world, if they were all placed end to end.

A falcon, trained to carry messages, has covered 750 miles in sixteen hours.

Several London churches receive incomes of \$7,000 to \$10,000 from pew rents.

London hair-dealers sell about five tons of the natural-artificial ornament every year.

Mr. Spurgeon's sermons used to be printed in twenty-three different languages weekly.

Burial in Westminster Abbey now costs \$500 or less, as against \$800 a century ago.

Two thousand sheep drowned at the same time by a freshet, was a Wyoming farmer's luck.

McKinley's mother was always sorry he did not become a minister, instead of President.

Columbus while discovering America re-

ceived a salary of 125 lire, or \$25.00, per month.

Salt water just from the ocean, will lay dust and harden roads, it has just been discovered.

Sailors returning from near Cape Horn have reported a floating island several miles square.

It is stated that 4,000 Spaniards are at the present time completing their education in Germany.

A Los Angeles young man has two superfluous ribs. Can Nature thus be hinting at Polygamy?

It is estimated that on an average each penny in circulation changes hands eleven times per week.

George Washington was six feet, three and a half inches tall: and Abraham Lincoln was half an inch taller.

Portugal has colonies in the West Indies, Asia and Africa, with a total population of more than 9,000,000.

The manufacture of what is called "American-style" furniture is becoming an important industry in Spain.

Very few kings reign a comfortably long period, without being shot-at an uncomfortable number of times.

A wingless chicken that cannot fly away, and a crowless rooster that will not wake

Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda (Dr. Churchill's Formula) and Winchester's Specific Pill are the best remedies for Exhausted or Debilitated. They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia, Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol or Cocaine. The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring impaired Vitality, no matter how originally caused, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples. Price, One Dollar per box, by first-class mail. No humbug, C. O. D., or Treatment Scheme. Personal Opinions. Dear Sirs: I have prescribed Winchester's Hypophosphites in cases of consumption, chlorosis, dyspepsia, marasmus, etc., with the happiest results, having found them superior to all others.—S. H. Tewksbury, M. D., Portland, Me. I have used Winchester's Hypophosphites in several very severe cases of consumption, with the best possible results.—F. Crang, M. D., Centreville, N. Y. Winchester's Hypophosphites not only act as absorbents but repair and retard the waste of tissue.—H. P. DeWees, M. D., New York. I know of no remedy in the whole *Materia Medica* equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—Adolph Behre, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York. Send for free treatise securely sealed. Winchester & Co., 594 Beekman Building, New York. Established 53 years.

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BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

WE MANUFACTURE AND SELL ARTIFICIAL LIMBS AND APPLIANCES

They are a perfect imitation of Nature's handiwork.

Our ARTIFICIAL LIMBS defy detection. Will last a life-time.

Perfect in mechanical construction. A remarkable reproduction of natural models.

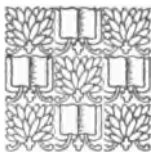
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LAWRENCE BROS.

187 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

STORY WANTED

For Publication



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Globe Literary Bureau

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Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

him up in the morning, is to be produced by a Kansas City disciple in animals of Burbank—if he succeeds in his efforts.

Of ten Chinese railways only two made profits last year. On the others the losses varied from \$9,075 to \$605,000.

A deaf mute has obtained large damages because his "talking hand" was cut off in a machine—thus making him speechless.

A woodchuck in Washington State, has unwittingly developed a 200-acre deposit of fuller's earth—one of the very few in this country.

The inconvenient lack of numbers on houses in cities, would seem to indicate that occupants were trying to escape the calls of creditors.

A Chicago "smarty" who tried to corner the wheat market and get his own price, has lost \$1,200,000 on the deal. There is a mourners-famine.

A French milliner expended a fortnight of time and \$2,000 worth of material, before she succeeded in dressing a hat "chic" enough for Sarah Bernhardt to wear to a wedding.

Andrew Carnegie believes that this will be the last coronation. Don't suppose that for a moment, Andrew: as long as there are kings and presidents, there will be pomp.

An Ohio United Brethren bishop reproaches President Taft for dancing, complains that he has influenced young people to do so more than ever, and says the President is degrading the nation.

A French sculptor threatens, by means of ceramics, to give the New York skyscrapers dashes of "vivid color" that will make them gleam in the sun, instead of frown grayly, as they do now.

The latest kind of insurance proposed, is against rain that will keep people away from theaters. The Lloyds Company, which insures against almost everything but decay after death, will probably take up the theater-risk.

British census returns show that females are in excess of males in the United Kingdom to the number of 1,178,317. Even with deductions for soldiers and sailors abroad and not enumerated, the British surplus of women and girls contrasts with the opposite excess of 1,815,097 males in our own population by the census of 1900.

A Michigan man was jailed for \$50.00 alimony due his wife. He declared he would never pay it, and sent for a lawyer who, he said, could "get him out." The attorney promised to do so, for a hundred dollars,

and the captive consented. The lawyer quietly went and paid the alimony, released his client, and kept the other fifty.

Germs, 92,000,000 of them of manifold variety, were found on a one-dollar bill microscopically examined at Washington. And among the many diseases found were small-pox, scarlet fever, typhoid, tuberculosis and diphtheria. Another bill, examined by the agricultural department, disclosed the presence of 13,518,000 living bacteria. So, logically, bank-notes should be destroyed, along with the flies.

The following grave accusation is made by a correspondent of the *New York World*:

"I would like to ask why the children of the present generation are so unkind to their parents and even disrespect them and are so unappreciative of all efforts to please them.

"They only think nowadays of all they can work out of their parents and do not wish to go out and make a living so long as there is a dollar in sight, and do not even care if their parents go to the poorhouse. They will not in turn help the old people."

Some years ago a Scotch laird found on succeeding to his estates that the house contained two portraits of a distinguished member of the family who had flourished during the reign of George III., one by Reynolds and the other by Raeburn. He knew no more of pictures than a Newfoundland dog, and he decided that two portraits of the same individual need not be kept. The Reynolds was retained, while the Raeburn was presented to a public gallery. The worthy man was struck with consternation some time afterward when he found that his gift had been valued at 5,000 guineas, and probably the picture would now fetch double that sum.

The latest Winsted lies are as follows:

"A dispatch from Winsted, Conn., says that J. J. Martin of South Killingly has in his home a kitten having three bodies, eight legs, two tails and one head."

"The pet cat of Mrs. E. L. Stump of Thomaston yesterday brought home a young but live rattlesnake and let it loose in the house. Mrs. Stump killed the rattler, which was twenty inches long. 'The cat always brings home the game it catches for its mistress to see', Mrs. Stump said."

"Clifford Crossman, whose home is on the road to Lake Wonkaunkmonk, has a tame but notional trout in a deep spring on his premises. The fish will eat worms from one's hand, jumping out of the water to get them; also bread, if it is buttered. Bread not buttered it will not touch."

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

Will Carleton Post Cards

**Finely Printed, Handsomely Designed, on
Coated Board.**

We have had so many inquiries for Will Carleton post cards that we have manufactured a set of eight, each one having a gem of verse or prose from this famous author.

They have a portrait of Mr. Carleton with his autograph printed underneath. They are the most distinctive cards made. New, unique, and characteristic.

The set includes: "A Chapter on Words", "Song of Thanksgiving", "Matrimonial Suggestions", "One and Two", "A Chapter on Advice", "A Chapter on Fools", "Will Carleton's Birthplace", "Advice to Beginners."

We will send them, postpaid, as follows: One card five cents, three cards ten cents, eight cards 20 cents, twenty-five 50 cents. You may select them as desired. Write the names of those you want and the number of each kind.

Send stamps, or coin.

SPECIAL OFFER:

For one dollar we will send you EVERY WHERE for one year and send you two complete sets of the above cards.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY LOCALITY.

ADDRESS

**Every Where Pub. Co.
BROOKLYN
NEW YORK**

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MEDALS AND BADGES

For School, College, Society and Music.
CLUB PINS



Silver, 55c.; Rolled Gold, 50c.; Solid Gold, \$1.00; each with Initials and Colors. Special prices in dozen lots.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

ARTISTIC MEDAL AND BADGE COMPANY

No. 704

Send for Catalogue.

81½ Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

FREE



STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Self-cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address

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Return mail will bring Free trial Plapao.....

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In each town to ride an exhibit sample 29 1/2 bicy-
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Finest Guaranteed **\$10 to \$27**
1911 Models
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
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all of best makes....
100 Second-Hand Wheels
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Good as new.....
Great **FACTORY CLEARING SALE**
We **Ship on Approval** without a
cent deposit, pay the freight, and allow
10 DAY'S FREE TRIAL.
TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps,
sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles at
half usual prices. **DO NOT BUY** until you get our
catalogues and offer. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. K 731 CHICAGO

AGENTS \$35 TO \$75 A WEEK INCOME.
New invention. Scrubs, takes up water.
No wringing, no cloths. Sells everywhere—big profits—
exclusive territory. Write today. Special terms.
PIRRUNG MFG. CO., Dept. 112 Chicago, Ill.

DID IT ever occur to you, that the proper management of your real estate will show a handsome profit, where other methods often prove failures? Our years of experience in the Metropolitan field, has proven our ability; let us be of service to you. Write for particulars. Barnett Co., 11 East 125th St., New York City.

Astrological Books.

Raphael's medical astrology, mailed to any address 35c. postpaid. Ephemeris all years in stock. Broughton's Elements, and all other astrological works in stock. Ray Broughton Co., 3 Hern St., Canterbury, Conn.

LADIES—NEW RUBBER SHIELDS TO PROTECT silk linings in coat and sleeves. 4 pairs 25 cts. del'd. Stamps accepted. J. Lowenthal, 118 E. 23th St., N. Y.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to **EVERY WHERE.**

A Runaway to Contai.

OUR camels were of the long, lank and rangey kind, taller than are commonly seen. From the rude, wooden saddles on their backs, ropes were fastened to the wagon and the pole. Through one nostril an iron bolt had been inserted and attached to this were the rope-reins by which the animals were guided. The driver sat in front and talked volubly to his steeds. Their speed was a little better than three miles and a half, an hour, as we made the thirtyfive miles in ten hours and a half, and lost some time at a ferry.

The road, maintained by the Government, in good condition, lay straight across a level country, cultivated chiefly for rice. It was a beautiful moonlight night. We slept fairly well, with our own traveling-rugs beneath us and about us.

At a little hamlet, half way the distance, a stop was made to change camels. My companions were sleeping. I raised the shutter and looked out. One of the fresh camels appeared particularly restive. The men had difficulty in bringing both into place, but at length succeeded. Scarcely, however, were the traces secured, before both camels bolted. Men seized the reins which were dragging on the ground, and tried to stop the runaways; but in vain. One man lost his hold, and the speed increased. The cart rocked and swayed. But fortunately it was a short escapade. A careless bullock driver had left a load of bamboo poles in the middle of the road; and this proved our salvation. Into the rear of this, our fiery runaways crashed; one was thrown and dragged partially under the bamboos; one wheel of our cart passed over his legs, and he was thoroughly pinned down. The harness was somewhat broken. What damage was done to the prostrated camel, we do not know.

He was soon extricated from his predicament and led back to the stable, apparently none the worse for his experiences; and one of the camels which had already brought us on the way was put on to do double duty.—[Alfred Williams Anthony, in *Morning Star*.]

Are Your Eyes Normal?

If not, the Ideal Sight Restorer will help Nature in a purely natural way to restore their strength and correct the vision.

The Ideal Sight Restorer

The Invaluable Eye Masseur

ITS ACTION

BRIEFLY: *The action of the Ideal Sight Restorer stimulates the eye by restoring the normal circulation of blood; this is all that weak or slightly affected eyes require.*

It also moulds the eye painlessly, yet securely, to its perfect shape, correcting nearsight, farsight, astigmatism and all eye troubles.

If you wear glasses—if your eyes smart or burn—cause headaches—are strained—or become inflamed and weak, send for our free book.



THE NORMAL EYE

ITS SAFETY

The eyes are so delicate, so sensitive, that infinite care must be observed that they be not positively injured by unscientific appliances or treatments which claim to benefit them.

So scientifically perfect, yet so simple is the Ideal Sight Restorer, that thousands have used it with marvelous results during the past nine years, without possibility of the slightest ill effects. Unsolicited letters from them to us prove this to be the fact.

We have prepared an *Illustrated Treatise on the Eyes*, which will be sent you free of any cost and is most interesting. It contains many novel facts and much useful information about the eyes in general; also grateful letters from people of prominence.

Among the many whom the Ideal Sight Restorer has benefited there may be one in your locality who will testify to its unfailing efficiency.

FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE

To show you how much faith we have in the Ideal Sight Restorer and how sure we are that it will correct eye-troubles, we will be glad to send it to you for a 10-day trial.

At the end of that time, if you are willing to part with it, return it to us and you will owe us absolutely nothing.

If we can help you, you want us to do so. If we cannot, we do not want you to purchase.

It cannot do your eyes any harm and it may do them unlimited good—at any rate it costs you nothing to try.

We are willing to take all the risk of offering a trial for 10 days without cost. Are you not willing to write to-day and give us an opportunity to demonstrate the Instrument to your complete satisfaction?

THE IDEAL COMPANY

134 WEST 65th STREET

NEW YORK CITY

EVERY WHERE

JULY, 1911.

This Magazine was entered at the Post Office in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 12, 1904, as second-class mail matter under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by Every Where Pub. Co.

MAIN OFFICE, 444 GREENE AVENUE, BROOKLYN

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In renewing, do not be impatient or "nervous" if there is any delay in changing date on the wrapper; be careful to give exactly the same name and initials as are on the address-slip; otherwise we cannot identify you.

In asking for change of address, state your present one, so that we can find it readily among our many thousands of names. In case you are contemplating removal, send notice as soon as possible, so that you may find the next EVERY WHERE awaiting you in your new home.

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We receive thousands of literary contributions in the course of a year, but can accept only those peculiarly well adapted to the general trend of our Magazine. They are all carefully examined and returned if not used, when accompanied by a postpaid envelope bearing the author's address.



Protection

It is sad to see the wasted efforts of a man who has worked hard and failed to provide an adequate income for his family.

It is equally sad to see the work of a man who has left his family a comfortable maintenance brought to naught by the wife's inexperience or the folly or misconduct of others.

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A drama from real life, in one act. Two male and two female characters. Especially suited to clubs and organizations.

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A farce. Humorous. Unexpected developments. Cleverly entertaining. A great success wherever presented.

We will give you the right to produce any of these and furnish a copy of each part and one for the prompter for FIVE DOLLARS. Copy of any one of the above for examination, sent postpaid for 25 cents.

Full directions concerning stage setting, costumes and acting. No need of a special instructor.

Get a drama by an author whose fame will help you get an audience. You can make a big profit by producing one or more.

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GLOBE LITERARY BUREAU

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Fanny Crosby's Life-Story.

The Autobiography of This World-Famous Poet, Who Has
Written More Than Five Thousand Hymns.

EDITED BY WILL CARLETON.

ENTIRELY NEW AND BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

THIS BOOK HAS THE ENDORSEMENT of the leading clergymen, including the late Bishop McCabe, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, Bishop Andrews, Bishop Fitzgerald, and hundreds of others. It is handsomely bound in Silk Cloth, with special cover design in colors. It is royal octavo size, printed on special paper and in colors. Illustrated by well-known artists. It contains the latest portrait of the blind song-writer, and the only published portrait of her husband, together with tributes from many writers of note. It tells how "BLESSED ASSURANCE", "SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS", and other such spiritual songs came to be written. Sent to any address on receipt of \$1.50.

IT APPEALS TO ALL CHRISTIAN HOMES. Money can be made on the sale of the book by your societies, or by individuals. You will have no competition in your town, if you decide to take up the work yourself. On receipt of the attached order, the books will be sent you neatly packed, all charges fully prepaid. You have absolutely no expense, and assume no responsibility if the books are not all sold. On every book you sell you receive a commission of fifty cents.

WILL YOU CO-OPERATE WITH US in placing FIVE copies of this book, written by Fanny Crosby, among your friends and acquaintances? This blind author, with whose songs you are familiar, has passed, by many years, the scriptural three score and ten, and each copy sold is credited to her. If you have been cheered and inspired by her sacred lyrics, it is your privilege to have a part in this work.

WE WILL SEND YOU FIVE COPIES at our expense. You have only to mail us the attached coupon, giving the name of your pastor as reference. These FIVE COPIES are to be received by you on sale, and no payment made until the books have been sold.

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Every Where Pub. Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

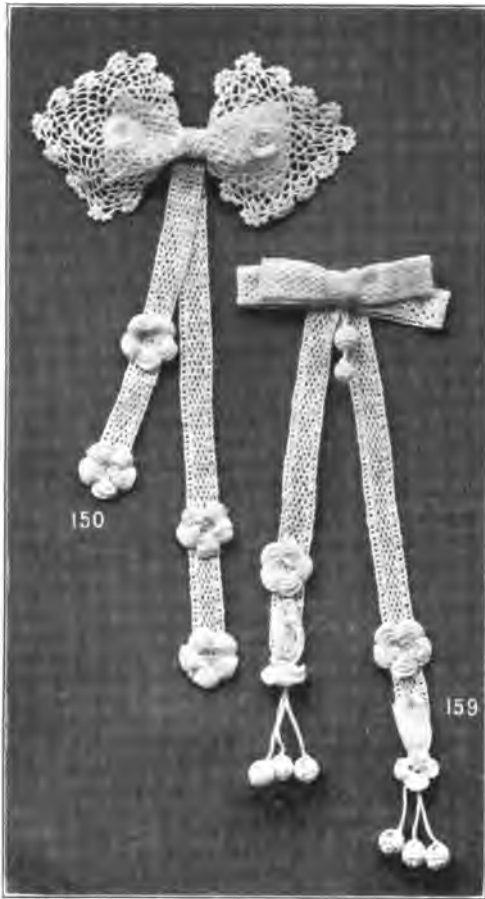
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Gentlemen: Send me FIVE copies of "Fanny Crosby's Life-Story", charges prepaid. I agree to send you one dollar for each copy sold.

Reference

Name

Town State



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We carry Hand Made Crochet Goods Only, and sell at Very Low Price. Write for Catalogue.

YAMA CO.

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IF YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY

During Part or Entire Time, or Travel and See the World.
 And Yet Make a Lot of Money
 Write us for free particulars of our new selling propositions. Useful to Everybody.
Gladstone Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser

Philosophy and Humor.

REHEARSING.

Stranger—Why is every one I see around here, bandaged up and limping as if he had been in a tornado?

Villager—Oh, a local train was wrecked here the other day, and the claim-agent is expected at any minute.

SOME CONTRAST.

"What does the man do over there at the desk who seems to be working so hard?"

"He checks the cash."

"And what does the man do who is leaning back in the easy chair smoking?"

"Oh, he cashes the checks."

SOME MODERN INSTRUCTION.

"I wish I knew as much as you do!" exclaimed the boy, who was trying to make a hit with his teacher.

"Young man," said the professor, "if you knew half as much as you think you do, you'd know twice as much as I do."

BEHIND THE CHAIR.

"Would you say I was bald?" asked the hair-dresser's customer truculently.

"Well, sir," replied the diplomatic barber, "without going so far as that, I can confidently inform you, on the best authority, that in a general way there is plenty of room at the top."

THE FRANK FATHER.

"Sir, I wish to marry your daughter, Susan."

"You do, eh? Are you in a position to support a family?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Better be sure of it. There are ten of us."

THE LAST TOUCHES.

"Isn't your new gown finished yet?"

"Oh! gracious no; the dressmaker's work on it was only finished last Saturday."

"But if the dressmaker's through, isn't that all?"

"Of course not! All my friends have to criticize it yet."

OBSERVANT GEORGE.

This took place during a stag party at a well-known club.

"Well, George," one of the members said to a waiter when the party broke up, "I guess we've violated every rule of the club tonight, haven't we?"

"Yes, suh," George responded, "all but one, suh."

"What one is that?" the clubman asked.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

"They ain't nobody busted the rule against tips, suh," said the sorrowful George.

AN ADVANTAGE AT LAST.

Two Germans who were crossing the Luxembourg frontier declared to the customs officials: "We have with us three bottles of red wine each. How much is there to pay?"

"Where is it?" was asked.

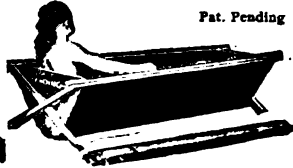
"Inside us."

The official gravely looked at his tariff book and read: "Wine in casks, 20 shillings; in bottles, 48 shillings; in donkeys' hides, free. Gentlemen," he added, looking up, "you can go."

EVERY WHERE acknowledges obligations for the above jokes to the following contemporaries: *Lippincott's*, *Springfield Republican*, *New York World*, *Tut-Bits*, *Puck*, *Judge*, *Youth's Companion*, *Success Magazine*, *Pittsburg Post*.

Ideal Folding Bath Tub

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For houses without tubs, Campers, Sportsmen, Bungalows. Use in any room, light, lasts years. Write for low introductory offer. N. P. Y. Bath Mfg. Co., 103 Chambers St., New York.

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15 VANDEWATER STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LADIES—Use *Derma-Rozette* to make the face 10 years younger. Price, 50 Cents. Money back if not satisfied. Agents wanted. Red Hot Seller.
W. H. S. SCOTT CHEM. CO., Dept. A. SILVER CITY, N. M.

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IF NOT, WRITE

NATIONAL CHEMICAL CO.

Independent Manufacturers.

Superior Writing Inks, Adhesive Mucilage, Liquid Glues, Etc.

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Perfected Writing Ink Powder,
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Our Prices and Goods will
Please You, Write To-Day.

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National Chemical Co.

ESTABLISHED
1904.

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THE BEST BOOK ON HEALTH EVER PUBLISHED.

Valuable recipes and discussions of many health questions. Contains complete details of the wonderful colon-treatment, now so widely used and indorsed by leading hospitals and physicians.

FINELY PRINTED AND BOUND IN CLOTH.

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securing clippings at the fol-
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Where will you spend your summer vacation? Why not enjoy the charms of our Inland Seas, the most pleasant and economical outing in America?

Daily service is operated between Detroit and Cleveland, Detroit and Buffalo; four trips weekly between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac Island and way ports; three trips weekly between Toledo, Cleveland and Put-in-Bay.

A Cleveland to Mackinac special steamer will be operated two trips weekly from June 15th to September 10th, stopping only at Detroit every trip and Goderich, Ont., every other trip.—Special Day Trips between Detroit and Cleveland, During July and August.—Railroad Tickets Available on Steamers.

Send 2 cent stamp for Illustrated Pamphlet and Great Lakes Map.

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Philip H. McMillan, Pres. A. A. Schantz, Gen'l Mgr.
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GEN. FREDERICK D. GRANT. (SEE PAGE 343.)



The White Plague.

BY WILL CARLETON.

We cannot give

A reason why the hectic ghost should live;
Why strength—a kingly and a glorious dower
From God Himself—should wither in an hour;
Why, prone with unexpected pain and grief,
The stalwart heart should wither like a leaf
Within the breath of winter; why the hand
That reached for Pleasure with proud self-command,
That pulled at Fortune's latch-string with strong grip,
Must make with Feebleness a partnership;
Why the brave blood forgets its thrills of life;
Why needless pain should draw its cruel knife;
Why the proud brain becomes Despair's crushed slave;
Why the tired feet should stumble near a grave;
Why the firm will, that gave what it could give,
And told the frightened body, "You shall live,"
Loses its long-prized motto—with a sigh,
Changing the cheery words to "You must die";
Why those that lean on loved ones see, each day,
Their loved support is slowly giving way,
And soon, upheld by Memory sad and keen,
Their friend must wander from their side unseen.—
God has His reasons for all things; but oh,
We do not know!

We see not why

A maiden young should wither, fade and die.
Although so sweet, so marvelously fair,
Although fine gold may nestle in her hair,
The eyes may thrill with Heaven; the voice may be
Not unfit for angelic harmony;
Proud admiration lift enraptured hands,

And love entwine her with its magic bands;
Although rare joys of body, heart and mind,
The glowing sheafage of her life may bind;
Although a million hopes grow for her sake,
And fondest hearts her death-stilled heart may break,
When the dread signal hails her fluttering breath
She steps upon the thorn-paved road to death.
Though Fate informs our hearts that she must die,
We know not why!

We cannot see

Why Death, with such insidious aids, should be;
Why that white ghost, Consumption, e'er had birth,
To plant his wasted feet upon this earth;
Why he can step into a happy home,
And change its golden joys to leaden gloom;
Why he can make his hollow footfalls heard
In the sharp cough—the faint and breathless word;
Why he can turn that face, with health endowed,
Into the dismal whiteness of a shroud;
Why he can gather in his long, lean arms,
What gives our labored life its sweetest charms,
The brightest treasures we have toiled to save,
And throw them carelessly into the grave.
God has His reasons; but we cannot see
Why it should be!

And this dread ghost,

Who makes the ravage of rich homes his boast,
Haunts poverty, in all its sad turmoil;
And those poor ones who find sufficient toil
To bear life's burden honestly and straight,
Oft bend and fall 'neath sickness' weakening weight.
Heaven save the poor and needy; but save still,
Thrice o'er, the poor and needy who are ill!
Those unconvicted prisoners of pain,
Growing more weak as stronger grows their chain,
Sentenced, perhaps, to death long ere their time,
Not for a fault; perhaps for others' crime!
Praying each day for pardon or reprieve,
Walking with hopes that smile but to deceive;
Or of the pain-clad couch a weeping guest,
Beside whose bounds a coffin soon will rest,
A shallop come for them, from Death's black shore;
And soon the earth will swing a narrow door,

And they must enter in—long to remain!
 For they have learned that this distressful pain
 Is not the price of future life and breath,
 But th' advance agent of Untimely Death.
 Why for prone Poverty more grief should be,
 We cannot see!

But we may know
 How to make lighter all this pain and woe;
 How to bring back some comforts that have fled;
 How to light up the rough path they must tread.
 With kindness we their pain-vexed brows may smooth;
 May learn how best their misery-hours to soothe;
 If their tired souls at last must sail away,
 We can make fair the harbor, while they stay;
 We can make bright and pure and of sweet worth,
 Their latest memories of their native earth.
 How to beat back *some* sharp thrusts of the foe,
 We learn—and know!

God bless each heart
 That loves the helpless sick, and takes their part!
 God load with radiant favors, swift and sure,
 The self-elected sisters of the poor!
 God deck with honors that shall long remain,
 Those fair antagonists of others' pain!
 God grant that, mindful of the sufferer's boon,
 He call these angels Heavenward, not too soon!
 The angels that we read about are fair;
 Their sylph-like forms float lightly through the air.
 Their wings with heavenly radiance all are decked,
 Their robes with glittering star-dust may be flecked,
 And sweet it is, 'mid mingled hope and doubt,
 To feel that they are hovering all about;
 But give me, in Life's mingled sun and storm,
 An angel's spirit in a woman's form!
 No man who loves his race, but oft will see
 How that can be!

Rouse in your might,
 Humanity, with hope, and help, and light!
 Charge with all force of body, soul and mind,
 At this stern phantom-foeman of mankind;
 And with Philanthropy's bright flag unfurled,
 Sweep the invading spectre from the world!



A Mighty Mausoleum.

JUST off the border of City-Hall Park, in New York, the workmen are rearing, slowly, stone upon stone and pillar upon pillar, a massive building, wherein may be kept inviolate the archives of the city's life—the new Municipal Building. To watch this huge pile of stone grow, from day to day—to see the marvelous ingenuity and care focused in this attempt to rear a covering that shall withstand the silent wear of time and the ceaseless tear of man—and to marvel at the mighty, ponderous things which tiny man can make, is interesting and not at all unprofitable. One finds himself speculating upon the length of time the work may endure; he sees, nearby, structures that are not old in generations, but that already show their age, and unless he stops to think, he is almost sure to jump at the conclusion that modern science and art are here, in the domain of physical construction, exhibiting the very acme of human endeavor.

But that is far from truth. Nobody knows how many thousands or millions of years men have been engaged in rearing above certain tiny spots of earth structures that should protect and shut out from man and beast and the corroding elements of heaven, themselves, their gods, their treasures, and their dead bodies. At any rate that is what man has been doing ever since there broke upon his mind the light of self-consciousness, and in that endeavor our dark-skinned brothers that dwelt along the lowlands of the Nile, four or five thousand years ago, succeeded better than any race that ever lived before them, so far as men know, or that has existed since.

The pyramid of Cheops, at Gizeh, Egypt, is the most gigantic structure ever

reared by human hands, on all the round surface of this aerial sphere we call the earth. And what is more, scientists aver that woman will never again bear men able to construct one like it. Though men and women have read about this wonder of the ages ever since books were made, and though travelers from all lands have climbed those long stone stairways and halloed down the shafts that lead to the dark internal caverns of the granite-monster, and returned to tell friends of their experiences, those of us who have not seen it all with our own physical eyes, have little idea of the real Cheops.

You can find the place on your map. Near Gizeh, and not far from Cairo, is a spot marked "Pyramids." The greatest of these is Cheops—nearly five hundred feet high and nearly eight hundred square at the base, with sides sloping at about an angle of fifty degrees. An electric railroad carries tourists from Cairo out to the ancient plain, and a modern hotel—whose lights gleam through the very shadows of the mighty rock—waits to receive them.

But photography has taken us to the very presence of the mausoleum of the ancient Egyptian king. One of the pictures given with this article shows the corner of the great pyramid as one looks up the vast retreating incline of stone and mortar. It is wonderfully realistic. A few individual stones have, here and there, been broken and moved out of place. Weather has worn rough some of the faces of the blocks that were cut with such wonderful skill and perfection. But as a whole, out of sheer massiveness the pile is today as sturdy and unshaken as it was in the days of the Pharaohs.

Ascent and descent of the pyramid is always made by one of the four corners. It would seem that nothing would be easier than to climb the even steps of the great upward sloping sides at almost any point; but those who have made the ascent say that such is not the case. While the steps are regular and the stones for the most part firm, some of that ante-

upturned sea of stone. It is probable that, being so far from earth, he feels acutely the awful, relentless tug of gravity upon his person. And being so frail himself, is it any wonder that, in the presence of such mightiness, he feels that utter, sickening sense of helplessness? Indeed, the Arab guides will not allow their charges to try the side-slant route



"THE VAST RETREATING INCLINE OF STONE."

diluvian cement that holds the stones together has crumbled, and sand from the desert of Sahara—on the edge of which great earthen ocean the pyramid stands—has drifted into the angles of the steps to obscure and make uncertain the climber's foothold. Then there is some unaccountable element of fear that seems to take possession of one's soul when he finds himself alone on the great rough

either going up or down, for they say that should one miss a foothold the fall would be as swift and fatal as a plunge out of the clouds. The men tourists generally pick their own way up the well-known path, but women always go with hands firmly clasped by two native guides—one in front and one behind.

What was the motive that prompted this mammoth undertaking? Was it

human love, or hate, or fear, or worship, or selfishness, or vanity that prompted the building of such a stupendous pile? Were the builders foolish or were they wise in their generation? Do men do the same thing today only on a smaller scale?

Well, the pyramid is a mausoleum, built by Cheops, king of Egypt, that his body as well as his soul might be immortal, and that his name might last forever.

years. In the very heart of the pyramid was the King's chamber, and here in a huge sarcophagus the body of Cheops was put away, and every passage closed and sealed. Modern explorations within the great tomb have also discovered a Queen's Chamber (without its Queen), also carefully sealed, as well as a series of other caverns whose purpose no one knows.

The time and labor required to con-



"WITH HANDS FIRMLY CLASPED BY GUIDES."

Yes, men have like impulses today, and carry them out as best they can, but Cheops came nearer attaining his purpose, by far, than modern men, with their tiny cell-like mausolea. Though some curious body-snatching people of modern times have robbed the sarcophagus of his "sacred" dust, Cheops' tomb itself has stood—well, nobody knows how long, but say—four or five thousand

struct the pyramid fairly paralyze the imagination. Ten years were spent in building a road of polished stone, sixty feet broad, and ornamented with carved figures, along which the material, previously transported from the Arabian mountains by way of the Nile, might be carried to the building-spot. After this giant causeway had been constructed, a hundred thousand men, changed every three

months, were kept laboring for twenty years to build the tomb of Cheops. And had it not been for the rapacity of mod-

ern times it would today be the shifting and uncertain abiding place of his dust.

Poems by Margaret E. Sangster.

The Beauty of the Lilies.

THE beauty of the lilies! as virginal they stand,

Snow-white and brimmed with sweetness in gardens old and fair;

The beauty of the lilies! as in many a lonely land

Broadcast they fling their incense on the dewy evening air.

It steals across my spirit, this subtle grace of theirs,

Not royal like the sceptre of the all-commanding rose;

But a tender charm and fragrance that woo me unawares

And in a mystic spell of love my dreaming thoughts enclose.

No wonder that the Master when He sought to give us ease,

Bade care-worn men and women behold the lilies bright;

Not Solomon in purple was arrayed like one of these

That holds within its chalice the sun's unsullied light.

They toil not and they spin not; we, who must toil and spin,

May do so with the courage and the simple faith and love,

Which He who made the lilies, wove their gentle hearts within,

May lift, like them, our faces to the steadfast skies above.

We shall never need for raiment if we live as lilies do,

Expecting from the Father our clothing day by day.

We shall never lack for shelter, if we trust Him to renew

Our tent upon the journey, our homes upon the way.

For the God who plants the lilies in the garden and the field,

Is our own God forever, and pledged to safely keep

His children in all perils; and His love is oft revealed

In the flowers that grow in splendor if we waken, or we sleep.

August.

A ROYAL month, most beautiful, most fair,

That sweeps in splendor down a heaven-bright stair!

Velvet the shadows on the western hills; Golden the sunlight on the leaping rills.

In deepest pools that stir not in the breeze,

Reflected see the glory of the trees.

The buckwheat ripens on the waving plain;

The shorn fields rest till seed-time comes again.

Heaped in the sky behold the thunder-heads!

With stately steps, the God we worship treads

The pathway of the firmament on high; His the wide earth, and His, the boundless sky.

O month divine, most peerless and most sweet;

Within thy door, the royal seasons meet!



The Structure of Plants.

DO not despair of learning a great deal about the immensities of the minute things, even if you have not access to a compound microscope, or the two, three, or six hundred dollars necessary to purchase one. In these days of rapid progress and multiform achievement, we are obliged to depend upon specialists for a part of what we know; and to be a good microscopist through means of books is well worth doing. Fine pictures of what you would see if you were able yourself to do the investigating, and faithful descriptions of the same, are easily available. Learn what you can

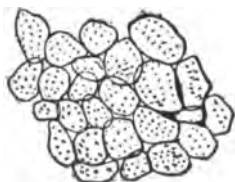


FIG I.

and with the same or similar things that you can observe in nature.

The substance or material out of which plants (and animals as well) are made, is called tissue. Do not confound the word "tissue" with the idea of the paper that goes by that name: it is not because the substance of living material is thin or fragile, that the word "tissue" is used to describe it, but because the thing referred to is the very substance of the organism's life. The tissues of the human body, for instance, are not the thin membranes of the body, but the bone, muscle, fat, fibres, blood, and everything that makes up the tangible matter of the body.

So it is in plant life. The things that

make up a plant are called tissues; and there are several kinds.

The chief of these body-substances is cellular tissue, sometimes called parenchyma. This forms the principal material of most plants, and consists of minute oval sacs, called cells, crowded together, and often becoming angular, by pressure. This may be seen in Fig. I., where some of the cells are forced into an almost triangular form by the lateral pressure of other cells. The soft parts of an orange are a good illustration of cellular structure. The little round sacs may be easily picked apart, and examined.

The walls of cells usually consist of a very thin and transparent membrane, through which the fluid contents of the sacs can easily pass. Cork and elder-pith are made up of empty cells, each closely attached to its surrounding neighbors.

The matter of cell-contents is very interesting, since right there is the fountain-head of the plant's life. Sometimes they are empty or contain only air: when the cells are dead, as in pith. Sometimes they contain fluid, as in the orange-pulp; or, besides fluid, protoplasm, the only really living substance, in plants or animals. This is a viscid, semi-fluid substance, and is composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. It may be colorless; or it may contain the pigments

that give the hues to leaves and flowers. It is this protoplasm found within the cells of plants and animals, that furnishes most of man's food.



FIG II.

Starch granules are also found within

the cells of many plants, as botanists know.

Sometimes the cell-walls are very thick and hard; packed closely together, they form such structures as the stone of the cherry and some other fruits. The leathery surfaces of leaves are also formed by the close union of hardened cell-walls.

Some plants, such as mosses, fungi, seaweeds, and lichens, are formed wholly of cellular tissue; and almost all have more of this kind of structure than any other. Since fluids can pass readily through the walls of the cells, the nourishment is sucked up from the roots, and distributed throughout the plant, by passing from cell to cell.

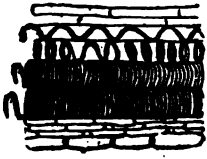


FIG. III.

Other kinds of building-material are:

wood-tissue, bast-tissue, and vascular tissue.

Wood-tissue forms the principal part of the material of plants. It is really cellular tissue with the cells emptied, drawn out into long narrow tubes, hardened, and packed by Dame Nature close together.

The bast-tissue substance consists of very long flexible cells, or rather tubes, closed at both ends. It occurs chiefly in the inner bark, and supplies the material for many useful fabrics. Hemp and flax are bast-cells of the plants of those names. Vascular tissue is also composed of long tubes with thin walls, but it is distinguished from the other tissue by the fact that the cell-tubes are twisted into a spiral form. These are made, not by the elongation of a single cell, but by the disappearance of the intervening walls of a row of cells. They are shown in Fig. III.; and they may also be seen in torn edges of a leaf of the hyacinth.

The Children's Fruit.

IF any one of the numerous fruits that come into the American market, were to be singled out as the Children's Own, an impartial and observant jury would perhaps designate the banana. While all the other delicious tree-foods and vine-foods are appreciated and enjoyed, you can perhaps tempt the average child farther with a banana than with any other one fruit.

The banana is a great traveller; and from its tropical home goes in all directions to the waiting palates of the world. It is easily the star of all the Southern fruits, and can be raised anywhere in the path of the hot belt that twines about the earth.

After the planting of the "cutting" or "shoot" (which must be done in rich deep soil) two leaves, closely intertwined with each other, soon make their appearance. When they have grown two or three feet high, one new leaf after another begins to unfold, until their stems form a smooth

trunk, eight or ten inches thick, or more.

The herb-like tree thus formed, takes its time in producing the fruit for which it was planted. Not for eight or nine months are there any signs that its mission is to help feed the world. Then it blossoms, fruits, and in three or four months more, clusters of ripened bananas hang ready for the picking.

Meanwhile the parent plant, having done its work, becomes withered, and dies. But new shoots grow up around it, which may be transplanted, or which may grow and fruit where they are, if room is given them by the removal of the remains of the old plant.

The banana is constantly growing in favor—especially in northern latitudes. It is not only eaten for pleasure, but used as food by a great many people—some claiming that when properly baked it supplies the largest amount of nourishment of anything that is known of its size and cost.

Though this fruit is wholesome when perfectly ripe, the amount of indigestion caused by eating unripe bananas is far greater than that produced by other green fruits, the notorious green apple not excepted.

In its tropical home, it is frequently cooked, and never eaten from the hand unless dead ripe.

Sent to us perfectly green and left to ripen in darkness, the banana lacks the delicious flavor it has when allowed to remain on the trees, in the brilliant sunshine of its warmer home. In many places, birds in great numbers destroy the fruit, and to prevent this it is incased in a sack, where it ripens without blemish.

There are many varieties, with only a few of which, the red and yellow, we are familiar in this country.

Many new and dainty ways of preparing them for the table are constantly appearing. Housekeepers frequently purchase them by the bunch, as they come cheaper in this way, and leave them to ripen in some dark closet.

The poisonous tarantula appears so frequently, however, in a bunch of bananas, that it is safer to purchase by the dozen. Sometimes a whole colony of these hideous spiders will be found in one lot of fruit; but, fortunately, they cannot live long in our climate.

The banana is the most prolific of all fruits, being fortyfour times as productive as potatoes, and one hundred and thirtyone times more so than wheat. No cheaper fruit can be found; for though formerly it brought a much higher price, now a cent will procure one in the city; and only in remote country districts can it still be counted a luxury.

The Italian, carefully arranging his fruit in the most tempting form possible, and persistently appealing to each passer-by, is a familiar figure. Unmoved by the cold, cheerless rain, or scorching sun, often with gloomy face that plainly tells us of an unsuccessful day, his patient waiting rouses our sympathy; but the noisy street-vender, with his discordant yell—"Bananies! fine bananies!" breaking in upon our comfortable afternoon

nap, we dislike most cordially, and find nothing pathetic in his appeal.

The banana plant is useful to the world not only with its fruit, but with its leaves—out of which a kind of beautiful cloth is made. The young shoots, also, are often cooked and eaten as greens.

A Hard Answer.

WHILE S. M. Hewlett, once the comrade of Gough, and as fine a mimic, though not so powerful an orator, was upon one of his temperance-lecturing tours, he spoke one evening in a town where there was a distillery. The proprietor of this institution for the evolution of spirits did not fancy the idea of a temperance-lecture within his bailiwick, and looked around for some method of breaking it up. He finally hit upon Andy Stimson, a large and very uproarious young man, who consumed daily a fair proportion of the distillery's outfit.

"Now, Andy," said he, "I'll give you all you want to drink, at the start. Then you go to the lecture, and sit there, and wait for a chance to break in. As often as Hewlett gets excited, you jump up and blurt out something in reply. No matter what it is, so that it downs him. You hear?"

To his surprise, however, the lecturer did not get excited. His discourse was so mild and even, that Andy soon fell asleep. Some of the facts and arguments, however, greatly disturbed the distiller, who rose in the midst of the exercises and tried to do the interrupting himself. He shouted:

"Fellow citizens, this is a destroyer who has come amongst you! He wants everybody to quit drinking; and that would close the distilleries! If it wasn't for them, what would you do with your rye? And your corn? And your barley? And your rye? And your barley! and your corn! And your!"

One of his gestures had inadvertently struck Andy under the chin: and he roused just in time to yell out in reply, "Feed 'em to y'r hogs, y' fool!"



A California Etching.

WE who basked in sunshine and walked among flowers, thought sometimes that this must be heaven, it was all so soft and beautiful.

The Proctor cottage stood upon a high bluff overlooking Santa Monica bay. Beneath, musical waves caressed the shores in lingering singing tones.

The low house lifted its gable roof above a garden of flowers.

Lilies grew so sweet and tall, roses clustered about its threshold, fragrant heliotrope pushed lovingly against the latticed porch, climbing upward to peep in upon Dorothy. She sat cooing in her mother's lap, stretching dimpled hands to the lovely picture without.

Great beds of violets bloomed beneath Dorothy's window—purple, lavender, and white—filling the air with subtle fragrance; while within—grew and blossomed pretty daughter Dorothy.

"Sweeter far than all the flowers"; thought her mother, as she watched in loving wonder the dainty bud unfold, and sunned the babe in a window-seat swept by the perfumed breath of violets.

Indeed everyone loved Dorothy. She was a gentle child, with eyes as deep and blue as the wide expanse of water stretching out to the horizon, and soft black hair pressed like a little round cap upon the white purity of her brow.

One Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Proctor came to dine at the Casino and Dorothy was wheeled in a basket-carriage into the long dining-hall.

The Casino was built originally for a club-house, but Mrs. Wilson had changed it into a charming home-like boarding-place.

Almost every day Puck and Seabeau Campbell strolled down a path shaded by drooping pepper-trees to Mr. Proctor's cottage and spent some time with Dorothy.

There was no foreboding of evil to check the happy smile upon Dorrit's mother's face that day as she gaily played with the little one all unconscious of an overhanging cloud.

Dear daughter Dorothy seemed ill one morning shortly after this, and drooped her pretty head like a lily plucked from its stem.

Our kind doctor advised measures of relief. But she was such a tender flower. Could it be possible that the violets and heliotrope, lilies and pinks, smiling up at the sun in the garden, were stronger and hardier than winsome Dorothy?

Upon the third day of her illness, Mrs. Proctor said to the doctor:

"The little candle is flickering in its socket. Oh, doctor! I fear it will go out."

His answer came with solemn gravity:

"We must look to a Higher Power than mine for help." And with a heart stupefied by pain, the mother watched on.

It was midnight—Mr. Proctor left the cottage and hurried to the Casino.

All was dark—the inmates asleep.

He threw a handful of pebbles against a window in the second story, and as they pattered on the glass, Mrs. Carson roused and called: "Who's there?"

A broken voice replied:

"Our baby has gone: the little flame burned low, flickered unsteadily for a moment and suddenly went out; and her mother still watches by her side with

a look as if she had been turned into stone."

To lean upon Mrs. Carson's sympathy was healing balm. The sorrowful came to her for comfort. She walked home with Mr. Proctor, and entered the dark shadow of their grief.

In the morning the violets, rousing from slumber, called to Dorothy:

"Rise up my love—my fair one—let me see thy countenance and hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely."

And then tears of dew gathered in their eyes because she answered not.

But never a word of sorrow came from Dorrit's mother and her face remained as immovable as marble.

When the family at the Casino assembled for breakfast there was a strange hush over everything.

They all knew that little Dorrit had gone and every one felt saddened. Puck and Seabeau gathered white violets from the beautiful garden of Mira-Mar and wove a beautiful wreath for tomorrow's burial.

"How is she?" the family asked anxiously when Mrs. Carson returned from the village that night.

"Just the same", she said in gentle sympathy—"no tears—no moan—the Doctor hopes that when her mother comes the poor child's stony grief may give way." The mother came—but still that same calm fortitude.

How strange it seemed. The grandmother could weep as the two women fondled those dainty garments which their baby would never wear again, and turned with sudden anguish from the sight of two little half-worn shoes. Oh, blessed tears! Will their soft relief never come to Dorothy's mother?

One clanging lengthened toll sounded from the belfry of St. Augustine by the Sea when the English Colony was assembled, and the solemn hush within was

broken by their rector's voice repeating as he walked up the aisle: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live."

Closely following him, the Doctor and another friend carried a tiny white casket between them; while in the sad order of this sorrowful procession, Dorrit's mother walked after, all by herself. She was clad in white like a bride; the gown rustling its wings in angel purity as she passed up the aisle. Behind her, the trembling grandmother leaned for support upon Mr. Proctor's arm.

During the simple comforting service, this sweet white figure stood, resting one hand upon the small flower-strewn casket, and when all was over, passively allowed Mr. Proctor to lead her from the Church to their open carriage and leave her within.

When Dorrit, covered with white violets, was carried down the aisle and out into the sunshine, the mother stretched forth appealing hands, and our Doctor gently placed his small burden in her arms. No one present could ever forget that sight. "Seabeau dear", Mrs. Campbell whispered with a sob, "her face will always dwell in my memory."

And so the long line of carriages roll slowly away toward the cemetery, where this white-robed mother bore her drooping flower to be transplanted.

"How beautiful it is, Mamma", Seabeau said; "when I die, will you carry me like that? it is so much nicer than a glass carriage and nodding plumes."

But for once Mrs. Campbell seemed not to hear the dear child's voice. She was softly repeating as they walked up the street lined with roses:

"Thou which hast showed us great and sore trouble, shalt quicken us again, and shalt bring us up from the depths of the earth."

BONNIE SCOTLAND.





Carelessness With Presidents.

THIS country has never had a chief magistrate that did as much traveling as does Mr. Taft. He is one of the most obliging of men, and appears at many functions merely to honor the occasion, and not because his presence is imperatively necessary.

He is, supposedly, well guarded in such cases, if so prominent a man can be well guarded: but there are many people who feel that he is in constant and peculiar danger, and that a good marksman in the vast crowds that constantly surround him could at any time send a fatal bullet his way.

"Is there any one that would have the heart to do such a thing?" will immediately be asked. The answer must be, "There are thousands of desperate people, devoted to the cause of removing all potentates, whenever they can get the opportunity."

In January, 1897, EVERY WHERE gave this warning in regard to the movements of President McKinley, and the article was considered by some of our correspondents as indicative of the "borrowing of trouble":

DANGEROUS SIMPLICITY.

The Jeffersonian method of riding to a Capitol-fence, hitching the horse, and going quietly up the steps to be inaugurated, has in it certain dramatic elements, and reads interestingly. The fact of a President-elect's walking about town, shaking hands with his old neighbors, and making himself accessible to everybody, is pleasant and winsome.

But there is always a certain amount of crank-insanity in the world, irrespective of party, which ought to be calculated upon and guarded against. Lincoln

sat in full view of thousands of his fellow-citizens, and considered himself safe among them; but Death sat with him. Garfield went to the station the same as any private citizen, to take the train for Long Branch; but he was really starting for the grave. A President of France drove in an open carriage through crowds of people; and was murdered by one of them.

During the late campaign, both candidates for the Presidency were constantly accessible to any lunatic who might wish to remove them from the world, and distract the plans of their supporters.

When a man has invested in him the trouble and expense of electing him or nominating him for President, it would be as well to consider him worth taking care of. He should not be put under a glass case, or swathed in cotton-batting; but he ought to be quietly and none the less efficiently guarded from danger.

In May, 1897, EVERY WHERE published the following:

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY'S WALKS.

The new President wishes to be "as democratic as possible during his official residence in Washington", one of the dailies tells us, and so takes walks through certain parts of the city frequented by promenaders. People point him out to each other, bow to him, shake hands with him, and are delighted to see that their salutations are returned.

And one of these days or nights he may meet some lunatic who has developed from his wrecked brain a misshapen but calamitous idea that the President ought to be "removed"—and the nation may writhe under another Garfield tragedy.

The President's republican simplicity is admirable, and approved by all true-hearted people; but his manner of displaying it might provoke disaster.

We repeat our warning of some months ago. The fierce light that beats upon the ruler of a nation, needs in front of it a certain screen of caution and protection.

Since the above was written, news has come of the attempted assassination of the King of Italy and the President of Uruguay.

This, too, was considered as a prophecy of events that would never happen; and some papers gave the editor of *EVERY WHERE* the classy little name of a "calamity-howler." Notwithstanding this, another article was published in our issue of March, 1908, on the same subject, which was as follows:

GUARD THE LEADERS!

Again we say to the American people—take good care of your President, if you wish or expect to keep him. Again we say, there is too much carelessness in taking care of our chief executive officer, President McKinley. "Republican simplicity" has a good, fresh sound, like the humming of bees or the gurgling of a summer brook; but the actual bee is provided with a stinger, and the brook comes, sooner or later, to be protected by law. In a complex and complicated age like this, simplicity has its perils: and they are very grave ones.

A list of the political leaders of the world who have been killed, or assaulted without being killed, during the past five years, would startle our readers. The recent assassination of President Barrios, of Guatemala, is the latest and one of the least, of these.

Why should our President be expected to stand at a reception for hours, and shake hands with whoever can get into line? No doubt most of those who pass in front of him with outstretched hand are well worthy to do so; but it would require only one desperate villain or courageous lunatic, to "stab" him with the seven-bladed dagger of the revolver. There are detectives hovering about, and keeping a keen eye upon everything:

but they are not shrewd or quick enough to stay a cunningly-directed arm.

The ruler of a nation should be guarded every minute of his life by trusty and capable men.

In September, 1901, the above was confirmed by an event which we were obliged to narrate as follows:

THE GRIM DEATH-HANDKERCHIEF.

Slowly a long line of people moved up the hall toward the President, who stood greeting each one as he came opposite. The right most Americans claim—to shake hands with those whom they have elected to high office—was being freely exercised. The President of United States was for that day the great attraction of the Pan-American Exposition.

On the people came—edging their way along one by one. Each, as he came opposite the chief of seventy millions of people, had a cordial hand-grasp, and, perhaps, a look of cheer and sympathy. It was no haughty, high-headed person who stood there, waiting for his fellow-citizens to come past and speak to him: it was a man of the people—one of the kind who, if a statue were to be made of him, might have said, "Do not put it upon a pedestal, but upon the ground, so that my fellow-beings may consider that I was one of them, rather than one above them."

In the line was some one whose right hand was tied up in a handkerchief. Nobody noted him particularly, except perhaps to wonder for an instant how he had been hurt. Slowly, but surely the white badge of pain came on.

The great organ in Music Hall was in full tune, and the man at the keys was trying to put into musical language what a great and mighty nation this is. And he was right. It has fought and lived its way to the very front; it must be reckoned-with whenever nations are counseling together; it is Europe, Asia, and Africa, all in one, and yet apart from them all. It is the granary from which this world is largely fed, and the treasury to which it sends many of its harvests of golden coin and rustling drafts. It is on

such a career of growth and prosperity, that nothing but earthquake or pestilence can check it for a moment.

It is something sublime to be the very head one of such a nation; and the modest, unassuming gentleman, shaking hands with the others, was that one. Taking everything into account, if there was, politically speaking, a leading citizen of the world, he was that one.

But still the hand in the handkerchief came nearer. There were only eight or ten people now, between him and the President.

This Chief of the People was one of the people, and never had deserted them: there was no denying that. From a poor country schoolboy, he had made his way to this place. Perhaps those who listened to the music for what it could say to them, heard this from the tones of the organ. It may be that some one was stimulated to honest, never-ceasing endeavor, and that the country will yet be better and happier for that fact.

But now the man with the handkerchief was only third in the line.

Just at this moment, as is stated by those who were present, the organ sprang into one of its most magnificent efforts. An instrumental song of triumph filled the air. It was the very culmination of the President's career: at that moment he was upon the highest pinnacle to which man can climb; and the great structure of ivory keys and artfully-constructed reeds, was constantly telling about it.

The death-handkerchief had come, and was opposite the President.

A kind, sympathetic look came into the face of this Man of the People: he felt for a moment with the possible suffering that lurked beneath that humble badge of distress. With a benignant—perhaps a fatherly—smile, he reached for the unmantled left hand.

A rude and clumsy lurch against the President; two dull detonations; and the first great tragedy of the Twentieth Century was consummated.

The nation does not want any more of this terrible business: but is it taking sufficient care to prevent it?

Both Came Out Ahead.

"YOU see," said Uncle Jim, "me an' my brother don't have much to do here in the mountains, when the cold weather comes. It's all right in the summer: we make our livin' by tradin' around among the neighbors, an' among the city folks that comes up here. Me an' my brother is both good traders, an' can al'ays come out ahead.

"But when it comes winter, everything sort o' freezes up, an' there don't seem to be much of anything a-doin'! Then my brother an' me gits together, every day, an' trades back an' forth, an' makes a livin' *that way*."

"But how can you *do that*?" asked the summer visitor, with curiosity in his voice. "It seems to me as if what one would make, the other would lose, and neither one of you would achieve any progress."

"Wall, it would look a little like that, first off", admitted Uncle Jim. "But ye see, it's like this. Each one of us has somethin' he don't want, an' that wouldn't be any use to him in livin'; an' he's anxious to trade it off an' get somethin' that's useful to him. 'What's one man's meat is another man's poison', the poet has said: an' so in a good many of our trades, we both come out ahead. But the biggest profit we both made was when we was both young fellows, an' traded gals. We both came out ahead on that deal.

"Ye see, I was goin' with a gal named Cornelia, an' he with her sister, who was called Cordelia. We both thought we could do a little better by tradin', an' so we done so an' told the gals about it. They was so mad, that neither one of 'em would marry neither of us, an' we've both of us thanked God many an' many a time since."





The Champion Pullers.

LA sakes! if theer ain't a yoke of oxen! The first I've seen this many a year. How like old times it does look to see 'em! I'll never forgit oxen, not the longest day I ever live, I won't; 'specially them oxen what Ezekial used to own. I might come to forgit my name, I s'pose, but I kin never forgit them oxen, never. Ezekial raised 'em himself, and broke 'em in with his own hands; and if ever any man knowed how to break in oxen it was Ezekial Meeks, if I do say it. They was known fur and near, was them oxen, and there wa'n't another yoke in the whole county could compare with 'em at pullin'. It was move or break with 'em, and it was 'most gen'ly move; but I once seen 'em split a yoke and walk right outen it when they was hitched to a tree at noonin' hour. It was wonderful the strength they did have. But they long ago went the way of all flesh, the same as poor Ezekial himself, and I doubt if anybody recollects 'em now but me.

"When Ezekial Meeks first began to pay attention to me, them oxen was just in their prime, and Ezekial was just turned of age. I well recollect my father a sayin' that if 'Zeke Meeks had as much thunder an' lightnin' in him as them oxen had, he was no fittin' match for me; and it was his opinion that he had. He was rather 'posed to our marryin', father was, and when finally Ezekial popped the question, and I told him I was willin' if he could get father's consent, father he came right down flat with a big 'No!'

"That was in the spring, when farmin' work was a comin' on with a rush, and that was the last I seen of Ezekial for a good while. But bless you! I didn't feel a bit worried, for at our partin' Ezekial

he just allowed we'd best wait a little, so I was sure 'twould be all right. He went home, Ezekial did, and went to work, and in a little while we heard he'd bought the farm next his father's and was settin' up for himself.

"Father, he allowed as he'd never pay for it in the world; but one of the neighbors said Ezekial allowed as them oxen had pulled everything he'd ever hitched 'em to yet, and he reckoned they could pull the mortgage offen that farm. So Ezekial and his oxen they set to work; and you might say the whole township got up onto the fence to watch 'em. The next fall, father set about movin' his barn. You see, it faced north, and father he thought it would be a sight better to have it face south. So 'Lias Brown he lent his oxen fur a day, and what with father's yoke, too, they thought they'd have no trouble. Father hadn't said so—he was too spunky for that—but me and mother knowed well enough he'd liked to have had Ezekial's yoke the worst way. Well, they got the barn around all right, all but about a quarter turn, and there it stuck. They tried and tried, but it was no use, and at last 'Lias he allowed it couldn't be got 'round no further 'thout more help.

"'If I was you, Squire,' says he, 'I'd go over and git 'Zeke Meeks's yoke.'

"'No,' says father, 'I won't do it, not if I haf to let the old barn stand right here.'

"'You can't git 'ary other yoke 'thin six miles,' says 'Lias.

"'Then we won't move it anuther eench,' says father. But he didn't quite mean that, for the barn had to be set straight, now the work was begun; so, after a good deal of blowin' and stormin'

around, father he finally sets off to get Ezekial and them oxen.

"'Zeke,' says father, 'my barn is stuck so's we can't budge it, and I want you to come over with them oxen of yourn and help pull it around.'

"'Squire Runson,' says Ezekial, slow and easy like, 'kin I have Keziah?' meanin' me. "'Cause if I can't,' says he, 'my oxen can't move your barn.'

"'By dad!' says father—and that was as good as a bond in blood with him—'By dad!' Zeke Meeks,' says he, 'if them oxen of yourn kin move my barn alone, you kin have Keziah.'

"'Then they'll move it, Squire,' says Ezekial, 'if it ain't took to root.'

"So Ezekial he came over with his oxen, with the biggest yoke and the strongest chain he had, and he hitched 'em fast to a corner of the old barn.

"Me and mother we went out to look on and I did hope and pray that them oxen would do themselves proud. Well, Ezekial he made sure everything was all right, and then he took his place at the head of his yoke, with his gad in hand, and gave the word for them oxen to start. Then them oxen leaned for'd till they had the chain drawn tight, and they bent to and pulled. La sakes! how they did pull! I kin see 'em this minute. They just dug in their hoofs, and bent their backs and strained every nerve, and I really do believe my heart stopped beatin' 'twixt my hopes and my fears. 'Hoy!' says Ezekial, 'hoy!' and he touched 'em with his gad. And then how they did pull! Their eyes bulged, their tails straightened out like pump handles, and you could fairly hear their bones a-crackin'.

"My hopes was beginnin' to sink, fur the old barn didn't budge; but I didn't know what them oxen could do. 'Hoy!' says Ezekial again, 'hoy!' They was pullin' together like they was one critter, not givin' a hair's-breadth of slack, and somethin' begun to creak. 'Hoy!' says Ezekial, just once more, and that time told the story. Them oxen seemed to double right up; their noses touched the ground; they fairly groaned; and I reckon that pull would have been the

last of 'em, but the creakin' suddenly growed louder, and then the old barn gave a lurch, and them oxen walked away with it.

"Well, father he was never no hand to swear much, but that time he clapped his hand down onto his leg, and he said he'd be goshed if he'd ever seen the like! And Ezekial, when them oxen had pulled the barn to where it was wanted, he comes to me and takes me by the hands, and says he, 'Keziah, you are mine, and them oxen has won ye!'

"I never felt so proud in my life. And father, as he was a man of his word, he allowed that it was a fair dicker, and he wouldn't back out.

"No; we wasn't married right away. Ezekial he allowed we had better wait till winter, seein' as we had waited so long, and by that time he'd have the house on his own place all fixed up and ready. So it was settled that we wasn't to be married till January. But the time soon passed, and almost afore I knowed it my weddin' day was at hand. And it was a time I'll never fergit—the same as I'll never fergit them oxen. I suppose nobody ever does fergit their weddin' day. Anyhow, I know I'll never fergit mine; and while I kin recall that day, I'll always recollect them oxen. It was them that took us over to Parson Donlow's little log meetin' house at Munson's Corners, where we was yoked for life.

"Munson's Corners was a good three miles from our place, and on a cold night it was considerable of a ride; and that weddin' night of ours was about the coldest night that winter. But we had a big party in the sled, and so we managed to keep tol'ably warm. There was his father and mother and mine made four; and Ezekial's sister Prudence, she made five; and his brother Joshua, he made six; and Joshua's wife, she made seven; and her sister Experience was eight; then my two sisters, they made ten; and my sister Charity's husband, he was eleven; and Ezekial and me, we made thirteen. It was a onlucky number, so father said, but we just filled the sled-body right up, and by settin' down flat on the bottom in the straw we man-

aged to keep tol'ably warm, as I said.

"Father he joked with Ezekial, sayin' he didn't believe them oxen could ever tote us all up Jimson's Hill. But Ezekial he allowed they could, and of course they did.

"This Jimson's Hill was long and steep, and right at the top of it was Munson's Corners, and just a little this side of the Corners stood the old log meetin' house.

"The place was about full when we went in, but room was made for us by the stove. The meetin' was goin' right on all this time; they was singin' and shoutin' in the good old way we never hear nowadays. At last, when the right time had come, Parson Donlow made some remarks about havin' a couple to unite in holy wedlock, and then he calls for Ezekial and me to rise to our feet an' come for'd.

"We went up, Ezekial lookin' as red as a beet, and me feelin' about the same; and there, in the presence of everybody, we was yoked together for life, promisin' to love and cherish till death do us part, which I'm proud to say, we carried out to the letter.

"When it was all done Parson Donlow he takes us by the hands, and says he, 'My children,'—them was his words—'my children,' says he, 'you have now started upon a new walk in life. You have taken upon yourselves the gravest responsibilities of earth. Upon you depends the fitting for heaven or hell of future generations. Will you not, at this critical period—at this critical period,' says he, 'put yourselves into the hands of the Lord, to walk with Him all the days of your life?' Then Ezekial speaks up, and says he: 'Parson Donlow, that is just what we've made up our minds to do'—and at that Parson Donlow he shouts: 'Praise the Lord!' and Deacon Wilburt hollers 'Amen!' while Squaire Monson he let out his ringin' 'Hallelujah!'

"Havin' our minds made up to it, Ezekial and me kneeled down at the mourners' bench, and there was soon a good many more with us, for Parson Donlow he just let himself out and preached his best, sort of usin' me and Ezekial for his

text; and the loud amens and the ringin' hallelujahs was heard all the while. You never heard such a time, for they don't have such times nowadays.

"But I ain't comin' to the p'int. Parson Donlow he was a-prayin' and it seemed as if he had laid hold upon the very battlements of the heavenly city. He was pleadin' for more and more of the power, though for the life of me, I couldn't see what was to become of us if we got any fuller than we was then.

"Let us see the real pentecostal fires!' he shouted. 'Let us hear the rushin' sound from heaven, and feel—' But that was as fur as he got, for just then, all of a sudden, somethin' happened. That little old log meetin' house begun to move—really move. And it kept right on a-movin'. It was a jerky, thumpy, rocky motion, as though it was shook up by some mighty heavin' of the ground itself.

"If there had been shoutin' before, it wa'n't to be compared to the shoutin' there was then. You couldn't hear for the noise they made. 'Praise the Lord!' cried good old Parson Donlow. 'Amen!' hollered Deacon Wilburt, and 'Hallelujah!' rang out Squaire Monson's voice. But Ezekial he just jumps up, a-gaspin'—'Them oxen!' and he made for the door just as fast as ever he could. But the door had got jammed so's it couldn't be opened.

"And there we all was, in that rockin' and tremblin' little old log meetin' house, amidst the shoutin', and the singin', and the groanin', and the sighin'; and the mourners' bench—it wa'n't half big enough to 'commode the sudden demand for places. And still that jerky, thumpy, rocky motion kept on, till the people they began to get frightened half out of their wits. The women screamed and the children cried, till at last Deacon Wilburt, more or less scart himself—and I guess 'twas more—he jumps up on to a seat and hollers, 'Enough! Enough! Oh, stay thy hand'—and just then there came an extra hard thump, and the deacon went sprawlin', heels over head, into the crowd around the mourners' bench, and the motion stopped as suddenly as it

had begun. That last jolt loosened the door, too, and Ezekial he rushed out, all the rest a-follerin' him, and, bless me, if Parson Donlow's little old log meetin' house wasn't clear down to the foot of Jimson's Hill! You see Ezekial had chained them oxen fast to the bottom log at the back of the buildin', never once thinkin' they'd walk off with it, and the shoutin' must hev started 'em.

"No, I kin never fergit oxen, not the longest day I ever live, and 'specially them oxen of Ezekial's. Ezekial he has gone to his reward, and I know that I must follow soon. He fought the good fight, and won the crown, and I know that I shall meet him on that bright shore beyond the swellin' tide; and—I s'pose it's foolish—but sometimes I fancy it's just possible I'll find them oxen there, too."

A Soldier-Son of the Republic.

(See Frontispiece.)

FEW men in this country, or the world, for that matter, have been so continuously in the military service of their country, as has Col. Frederick D. Grant. Without displaying any appetite for political preferment or glory, he has been steadily living his military way onward through the years, and has formed part of the history of every decade except his first.

He was present, with his father, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, at five different battles, before he was thirteen years old.

He remained in the army with his father, until the surrender of Vicksburg.

He was a student at West Point from 1867 to 1871.

He was in Europe with Gen. Sherman, in 1871 and 1872, studying military matters.

He was made aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Sheridan, in 1873, and engaged in several expeditions against the Indians.

He was with his father during the Oriental part of the famous trip around the

world, and continued with him till his death, aiding him in the writing of his memoirs.

He was United States Minister to Austria, from 1889 to 1893.

He served in the Spanish-American War in Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, participating in several battles and skirmishes.

He was General in command of the Department of Texas, from 1902 to 1904, and of the Department of the Lakes from January to September, 1904.

For the four ensuing years, 1904 to 1908, he commanded the Department of the East, being commissioned Major-General in 1906. Since 1908, he has been again in command of the Department of the Lakes.

But General Grant's interest in public affairs is not limited to military matters. When the great temperance pageant-procession paraded the streets of Chicago a few years ago, General Frederick D. Grant took a leading part therein, thus lending his influence as a military leader and army man to this important civic demonstration.

General Grant's wife, to whom he was married in 1874, is Ida M. Honoré, daughter of one of Chicago's leading citizens and a sister of Mrs. Potter Palmer.

Be Careful With Ink.

THERE are many good reasons why we should be wary with ink; its disagreeable effects upon the clothing and temper are well understood, but few realize that it may also seriously endanger health. Most ink is made with gall-nuts and is liable to contain germs of disease that may result in blood-poisoning if taken into the system. A trifling scratch or puncture made with a pen often gives rise to dangerous symptoms, due to the numerous bacteria the ink contains, especially if left in an open bottle. It should therefore be kept carefully covered when not in use.





Up and Down the World.

A Twenty-One-Year-Old Governor.

IN this, "the young man's age", as it has been called, when worldly success is appreciated more than ever before, instances of high attainments gained early in life are extremely interesting.

But examples of early success are not all to be found in this or even in our father's generation. Stevens T. Mason, so far back in our country's history as 1831, was secretary of the Territory of Michigan at the tender age of nineteen and Governor at the age of twentyone. The story of this young man's life is interesting.

Stevens Thomson Mason, First, a United States Senator from Virginia in 1795, when the Jay Treaty was passed (the document that defined American commerce-rights during the hostile period between France and England), had made himself famous by publishing—in the face of the government's displeasure—the text of the Jay Treaty, in the Philadelphia "Aurora." The knowledge of the terms of the treaty caused such a furor among the people—who thought that they were being defrauded of their commercial liberty—that Thomas Jefferson was mobbed in the streets of New York. This recalcitrant Senator was the grandfather of Stevens T. Mason, Second, and it was for him that the younger man was named.

He was born in Loudoun County, Va., in 1812, but grew up and was educated in Kentucky. He attended William and Mary College, and began the study of law. Before he had been admitted to the bar, however, and when only nineteen years old, he heard that the posi-

tion of Secretary of the Territory of Michigan was vacant. With firm confidence in his ability to perform the duties of the office, he applied to President Jackson, for the position; and after a short examination of the young man's credentials and general fitness, the blunt-natured President hurried him off to his post.

The duties were not arduous, but many of the details of the office, at that time in its formative period, required a bold initiative and a resolute execution. And it was in this very quality of dauntless courage and unabashed self-confidence—which, by the way, he had inherited from his paternal grandfather—that he found his way to success.

On the death of Governor George B. Porter, July 6, 1834, the young Secretary was appointed Acting Governor. During his first term occurred that memorably exciting, though bloodless controversy over the boundary line between Michigan and Ohio, and in all the heat of public passion then rife, there was no cooler head, no clearer mind, than that of the stripling Governor.

Then when Michigan sought admission to the Union, and was refused, Governor Mason again showed a truly statesman-like grasp of public affairs. He summoned a special session of the Legislature and laid before the two houses a message of exposition and counsel that stands today as a model of clear thinking and perfect expression.

But Stevens T. Mason's claim to political notice does not rest upon the fame of a territorial governorship, nor upon the accident of death as a cause for preferment. When Michigan was admitted into the sisterhood of sovereign states, in

1835, he was the free choice of its citizens for its first Governor. And again in the following year he was chosen to the same office.

Having retired from political life, after his second term as Governor of the even then prosperous and important State of Michigan, he spent a few years in study and the practice of law. In 1842 he removed to New York, and there laid the foundation of an extensive and lucrative practice in his profession; but here death cut short his career.

In the tardy and fragmentary style of old-time journalism, the *New York Evening Post*, for January 7, 1843, the most important New York newspaper of that time, printed, in small type, in an obscure corner of the sheet, four days after his death, the following obituary notice:

"Having retired from political life, he came, about a year since, to this city, where he had numerous friends, as well as connections to whom he was allied by marriage, and pursued the practice of law, devoting himself to his professional pursuits. At the age of thirtyone years, even in the strength and vigor of his manhood, and in the very commencement of a useful and promising career, death has taken him suddenly from his bereaved family, and from the midst of a circle of friends.

"His many virtues are recorded on the hearts of those who mourn his untimely and irretrievable loss."

Why Don't Detectives Detect ?

NEVER have facilities for finding and ferreting crime been more numerous—more varied—one would think. Telegraphs and telephones burrow and climb almost everywhere. The policeman walks up to an iron box at the street-side, opens it with a key, and talks to headquarters as if he were there. The farmer, in many cases, can "head off" by the marvellous talking-wire, any one who should be arrested, although the malefactor have a start of many miles. The chemist is capable of analyzing whatever is put before him, even so accurately as to distinguish human blood-

corpuscles from all others. The hand-writing-expert stands ready to magnify disputed chirography, throw its shadow on the screen, and expound it to the judge and jury. The camera can frequently be brought into service, to make a picture-record of untoward events, or contribute additions to the "Rogues' Gallery." Detective-bureaus abound, anxious to undertake the finding-out of anything in the world, if they are paid for it.

Yet, in this complexity and multiplicity of machinery for detection, there are horrible and unnamable crimes, whose perpetrators are never brought to justice. Almost every city-street and country-road has its tragic mystery. The cemeteries abound in dead bodies that became so—no one seems to know how. What is the reason?

The student of human nature will probably give several. One is, that while there are new and improved methods of detection, there are also more facilities for concealment. New and subtle poisons have been discovered, and are for sale at the druggist's. Many so-called "medicines" can be used as intended poisons. Weapons are handier, more easily carried and concealed, and, from their commonness less easily identified as to their owners. Means of getting from one place to another without being noticed in the throng, abound; and there are more hiding-places and methods of disguise than there used to be.

Besides, most people do not care to give evidence in court, if they can possibly avoid it. A witness, nowadays, is often treated as a sort of junior- or secondary-criminal. The prisoner's attorneys may institute against him almost as severe a campaign as the prosecutor does against the defendant. If there is anything unusually weak in his record, it is exploited, and made to appear at its very worst—in order to impeach his testimony or render it of less value. Matters that had long been atoned-for and well-nigh forgotten, are now once again brought forward, sometimes to the witness' ruin. Even if there is nothing against him, a lawyer of the scoundrel-variety can sometimes blight a portion of the witness'

life, by asking questions in a manner to indicate that something is known which the witness is hiding, and does not wish revealed.

Add to this the fact that he receives scant pay for leaving his business for the purpose of testifying, and that he is virtually a prisoner whenever the prosecution desires to have him so, and it is no wonder that the average individual feels like shirking the pillory of the witness-chair, where it is taken for granted by the opposition that he is a liar, and that he is to be diligently cross-questioned to prove him so. The above facts often make difficult the obtaining of witnesses to a crime—even when it is morally certain that the guilty one has been apprehended, and the public virtually know that there is abundance of evidence in witness of his guilt.

Again, the newspapers, in order to feed public curiosity and swell circulation, have their own detectives constantly working on any case of importance; and as these people, naturally, do not know as much about evidence as they do about sensationalism, and care much less for obtaining justice, than getting "a good story", they keep the real criminal constantly informed of everything they can possibly find out, concerning the means taken for his capture. For a few cents the fugitive can ascertain each day whatever has been found out against him, and thus learn how to meet or evade it. What chance do detectives have, when they are hampered and embarrassed by the constant interference of newspaper-writers, who know nothing about and care nothing for the case, except as it furnishes material for "copy"?

Whether or not the spirit of corruption that pervades our country at present and appears to be on the increase, has possessed the souls of certain officers of the law; whether money is more and more used to conceal the theft of money, and the murder of justice to conceal the murder of men, women and children, may be a question worth some little thought. The fact remains, that unpunished crimes, so far as the law is concerned, are increasing every day.

The Birthday Gift.

THIS beautiful poemette, full of grace and sentiment, we clip from the Brooklyn *Eagle*:

Sweet was the gift that Marjorie brought
Though it cost the dear little maiden naught
Save a trip to the garden where roses grew,
Tipped with their gems of morning dew.

Other gifts there were—a bracelet and ring,
And a portrait each of the Queen and King,
And a lovely collar of ivory lace,
And set of books in a crimson case,

And a pair of gloves, some handkerchiefs,
too,
As well as a sunshade, gold-shot-blue,
And a tortoiseshell comb and a lizard-skin
purse,
And a red satin pincushion made by nurse.

And Mother counted and praised them all,
Those birthday presents, both big and small,
But sweetest the gift that Marjorie brought,
Though it cost the dear little maiden naught
Save a dear little sigh and a dear little
thought,
And a trip to the garden where roses grew,
Tipped with their gems of morning dew.

A Small Boy's Conundrum.

EVERY ONE in the room had given a conundrum, and the guessing proceeded variously. No one thought of four-year-old Ted, who sat very quietly in his corner, listening thoughtfully, and at last he said:

"I've got one too: Why is the Cong'ational steeple painted brown?"

Much surprised, every one laughed, and then began to guess. All sorts of attempted answers were given, but the little boy shook his head, and explained very seriously, when all had "given up," "Cause the church is brown."

A Mistake in the Date.

"I UNDERSTAND that your store was burned last Thursday," said the doctor, to Rozenheimerstein, whom he met on the street.

"Oh, gootness, sakes alive, no!" replied R., with a startled look. "It's *next* Thursday."



August Morning Stars.

SHAKESPEARE in "Love's Labor Lost" makes Birone say:

"These early godfathers of heaven's lights

That give a name to every fix-ed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Too much to know is to know naught but fame;

And every godfather can give a name."

But the immortal Bard of Avon did not believe all he had his characters say. Indeed, in the same scene he makes Birone take back a good part of what he had said, and enter on the course of study that King Ferdinand had prescribed!

The fact is, that all the different generations of the human race have been the real "godfathers" of the stars, and have virtually given them their names—or at least continued them. Attempts have been made to rename certain of them, again and again; but the general consent of the world lacking, it could not be done. For instance, the name that countless generations had given to the magnificent winter constellation, Orion, was attacked, during the mid-career of Napoleon Bonaparte, and an attempt made to call it after that famous military hero; but nobody hears of it now, except as a curiosity of attempted nomenclature; and Orion it is and will be to the end of time—that is, unless some world-conqueror outstrips Napoleon in the matter.

So when we learn the stars by name, we know them by the same names that countless millions before us have used in

designating them, and have thought while looking at them; we can learn and reflect upon hundreds of things that have been said about them: and these facts make every star a historical character—something about which we have heard, and which we are glad and interested to see.

So it follows that those who know the names of these upper lights and something of their histories and habits, really do have "much more profit of their shining nights" than those who "wot not what they are."

Our two evening stars, Jupiter and Saturn, described in previous numbers of *EVERY WHERE*, will still glow throughout the month of August, and form landmarks (or rather sky-marks) for many a traveler or sojourner. But Venus, which was our splendid evening star during the first half of the year, has now made acquaintance with the fresh and dewy morning; and those who rise early enough will see her coming along up the horizon, as if "coaching" the sun in his daily advance into the blue firmament. She will be brightest on the morning of the 13th, but enough so for all practical purposes on every one of the other mornings.

From about the 15th to the 20th, will be the best mornings to see the famous little planet Mercury. As stated before in these columns, he is a coy little fellow, and there are thousands of people who take quite an interest in planets, and still have never seen him—the reason being, that he is always so near the brightly-blazing sun.

If about the 15th then, you look close down to the horizon, at just about where the sun is expected to rise, you will see

Mercury flying along ahead, like a moth that is trying to get away from the light, instead of approaching it. Next morning he will be a little farther to the north-westward; next morning still farther; and finally, after the 18th, he will begin to slip downward again, and you will lose sight of the golden planetary insect of the skies, as he will be lost in the sun's glory.

The planet Mars will have risen, probably, long before you have; between one and two o'clock. It is of a red color, and you will not have as much difficulty in capturing it as in the case of Mercury.

As is well known, this Mars is one of our nearest planet-neighbors; being sometimes as close as 35,000,000 miles to us; while at other times it is not so intimate, and wanders away at the distance of 61,000,000.

The surface of Mars has, of course, been very carefully examined through the telescopes of astronomers. They notice that the polar regions of the little planet are covered with some white matter (probably snow and ice). Indications are also found that seas and continents exist there.

Mars has many faintly-described lines extending from its poles toward the equator, which it has been imagined were canals, constructed by the hand of intelligent beings, or signals to attract the attention of other planets. It has been thought by some that the people on Mars want us to signal back to them, and so commence a series of quasi-communications; but this, of course, is merely conjecture, and will have to be decided in future years, if at all.

Up to the year 1877, when the planet was unusually near us, it was not known that Mars possessed any moons; but in that year Prof. Hall, of Washington, discovered two tiny satellites hovering about it. They are so small that it has thus far been impossible to accurately measure them; but it has been estimated that the larger one is seven miles in diameter and the smaller one between five and six. One of them rises in the east (to the Mars people, if there are any), and the other in the west.

Some Cookery Wisdom.

THE "Farm Journal" exudes the following bits of kitchen lore, which are worth reading by those who have to fry, roast, and stew. There is always a good deal said against cooking "on paper" instead of from practice: but theory also sometimes "makes perfect."

"Always put off till tomorrow what is wrong to be done today."

"Heat your knife before cutting hard soap."

"Wet a cloth with a bit of soda on it and clean up the grease-spots on your kitchen-floor."

"Jelly from berries picked wet is almost sure to mold, and doesn't jell right. Try to pick them dry."

"Put a few grains of rice in your salt-shakers. They will break the lumps, gather the moisture, and make the salt come out freely."

"Glue pieces of felt or pieces of old rubbers to the bottom of the chair-legs, and there will no scratched floors and less noise."

"An emergency glue may be made of rice. Boil a handful of rice in water until it is a thick fine paste. Very good for pasting white paper."

"In making cake with fruit in it, beef suet and butter, half and half, is better than all butter. I have known lard and beef suet to give good results."

"When a ham or smoked tongue has been boiled, try plunging it in cold water as soon as removed from the fire; this will make the skin come off easily and smoothly."

"A handy way to remove pies and cakes from a hot oven, is to use a common shingle. Cut away the thick end into the shape of a handle. Bore a hole in it and keep the shingle hanging behind the stove."

"String beans cut with a pair of sharp scissors, on a slant, instead of straight across, will cook more quickly if one happens to be pressed for time. This may seem a notion, but I have tried it often, and have found the beans to cook quicker than when broken straight across in the usual way."



Anti-Drowning Instructions.

1. When you approach a person drowning in the water, assure him, in a loud and firm voice, that he is safe.

2. Before jumping in to save him, divest yourself as far and as quickly as possible of all clothes; tear them off if necessary; but if there is not time, loose, at all events, the foot of your drawers, if they are fastened, as, if you do not do so, they will fill with water and drag you.

3. On swimming to a person in the sea, if he is struggling, do not seize him then, but keep off for a few seconds till he gets quiet, for it is sheer madness to take hold of a man when he is struggling in the water, and, if you do, you run a great risk.

4. Then get close to him and get fast hold of the hair of his head; turn him as quickly as possible upon his back; give him a sudden pull, and this will cause him to float; then throw yourself on your back also and swim for the shore, both hands having hold of his hair, you on your back and he also on his, and, of course, his back to your stomach. In this way you will get sooner and safer ashore than by any other means, and you can easily thus swim with two or three persons; it has even, as an experiment, been done with four, forty or fifty yards in the sea. One great advantage of this method is, that it enables you to keep your head up, and also to hold the person's head up you are trying to save. It is of primary importance that you take fast hold of the hair, and throw both the person and yourself on your backs. After many experiments it is usually found preferable to all other methods. You can in this manner float nearly as long as you please, or until a boat or other help can be obtained.

5. It is believed there is no such thing as a death-grasp; at least it is very un-

sual to witness it. As soon as a drowning man begins to get feeble and to lose his recollection, he gradually slackens his hold, until he quits it altogether. No apprehension need, therefore, be felt on that head when attempting a rescue.

6. After a person has sunk to the bottom, if the water be smooth, the exact position where the body lies may be known by the air-bubbles which will occasionally rise to the surface, allowance being, of course, made for the motion of the water, if in a tideway or stream, which will have carried the bubbles out of a perpendicular course in rising to the surface. A body may be often regained from the bottom, before too late for recovery, by diving for it in the direction indicated by these bubbles.

7. On rescuing a person by diving to the bottom, the hair of the head should be seized by one hand only, and the other used, in conjunction with the feet, in raising yourself and the drowning person to the surface.

8. If in the sea, it may sometimes be a great error to try to get to land. If there be a strong "outsetting" tide, and you are swimming either by yourself, or having hold of a person who cannot swim, then get on your back and float till help comes. Many a man exhausts himself by stemming the billows for the shore on a back-going tide, and sinks in the effort, when, if he had floated, a boat or other aid might have been obtained.

9. These instructions apply alike to all circumstances, whether as regards the roughest sea or smoothest water.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR RESTORING PERSONS APPARENTLY DEAD FROM DROWNING.

Rule 1. Unless in extreme cold

weather, when there may be danger of freezing, do not move the patient, but instantly expose the face to a current of cold air, wipe dry the mouth and nostrils, rip the clothing so as to expose the chest and waist, and give two or three quick smarting slaps on the stomach and chest with the open hand. If the patient does not revive, proceed at once as follows:—

Rule 2. To draw off the Water from the Stomach and Lungs.—Turn the patient on his face, place a large roll of clothing beneath the stomach, and press heavily on the back and spine over it for half a minute, or so long as fluids flow freely from the mouth.

Rule 3. To Produce Respiration.—If no assistance is at hand and you must work alone, place the patient on his back with the shoulders slightly raised on a folded article of clothing. Draw forward the tongue and keep it projecting beyond the lips. If the lower jaw be raised, the teeth may be made to hold the tongue in place; it may be necessary to retain the tongue by tying a handkerchief under the chin and over the head. Grasp the arms just below the elbows, and draw them steadily upwards until they nearly meet above the head. (This enlarges the capacity of the chest and induces inspiration.) Next, lower the arms to the side, and press firmly downward and inward and backward on the sides and front of the chest, over lower ribs and sternum. (This produces expiration.)

Repeat these measures deliberately and perseveringly twelve to fifteen times in every minute. Occasionally rub the limbs upward from the extremities toward the heart, and dash cold water in the face.

Rule 4. If an assistant is at hand, and two can work together, have one kneel at the patient's head and one astride the hips of the patient facing the patient's face. Proceed as given above, save that when the operator at the head lowers the arms to the sides, the second operator presses on the sides and front of the chest backwards and downwards, throwing all his weight into it. The method followed by two workers is the same as that by one, save that the second operator applies the pressure on the chest, and in the time

when the arms are being raised applies friction and warmth to the body.

Rule 5. Send for medical aid, stimulants, and warm blankets and clothes as soon as possible.

Rule 6. Keep up the efforts for fully two hours, or until the patient breathes.

Rule 7. Practice drying and rubbing from the beginning in so far as possible without interfering with the movements of artificial respiration.

Rule 8. After-Treatment.—As soon as the breathing is established, let the patient be stripped of all wet clothing, wrapped in blankets only, put to bed comfortably warm, but with a free circulation of fresh air, and left to perfect rest. Internally give a little brandy or hot water or other stimulant at hand every ten or fifteen minutes for the first hour, and as often as necessary.

Indians as Namers.

THE untutored red men and women do not call their children by some borrowed Christian name that possibly meant something in the past, and now means nothing but the parties to whom applied.

In divorce cases at Chamberlain, South Dakota, the following red people were mixed up: Appearing Earth, First-Born, Her Cane, Charlie Eagle, Maggie Crow, Strong Blanket, and Good Natured Fool Bear.

Royal Thrift.

ONE of Queen Victoria's prince-sons, wishing to turn an honest penny, sold his royal mother's autograph, for five guineas. The good lady, having heard of it, wrote him a letter, bitterly upbraiding him for the act.

The young man soon sold this letter, for ten.

To A Beautiful Sneerer.

REFLECT, fair girl, if not inclined
To help that wreck to start anew,
She once in body, heart, and mind,
Was just as pure and sweet as you.



Her "City Chap."

BY FLORENCE GERTRUDE RUTHVEN.

A summer morning; a girl fresh as a dewdrop, lies half hidden beneath the drooping boughs of an apple-tree in the orchard adjoining an old farmhouse.

Mary Brown, only daughter of Farmer Brown, and distinguished above her neighbors in point of education—having had the advantage of a term's tuition at a select academy for young ladies—is supremely happy. At last she has discovered a lotion to remove freckles.

In how many quarts of liquid of beautifying fame had she not been swindled last summer? But this June, oh, joy of joys! her little sky-tipped nose and rounded cheeks are unadorned by brown polka-dots, as Mary scornfully terms Nature's decoration of her complexion. And Mr. Chapman, last summer's boarder, whom she expects to return this season, will have no cause to tease!

It is of his coming that Mary dreams; thinking, girl-like, of the effect her crisp muslin and bright sash will produce.

He had said once that if she were properly dressed she would be a beauty. And since then had she not attended Miss Tibbett's Academy, and learned not only to play the piano, but the art of fashionable dressing?

The sash rivals her hair in hue, and would offend the eye of an artist; but is nevertheless the admiration of several young ladies in the neighborhood: who jealously admit it to be very becoming.

Mary feels encouraged on another score; but a natural reserve prevents her making a confidant of any one.

It is sufficient to lie this morning beneath the shade of the huge old tree, and hear in every rustling leaf an echo

of the whispers of a year ago; whispers that any day may bring the lips to repeat. Dear lips! of what may they not speak this year? Mary knows; and a little bird sings in her heart.

'Twill be of life beyond the old farmhouse; beyond the hearing of a shrewish tongue; beyond the sight of the hens and geese and cows. Life amid the bustle and glitter of a great city; where red-haired women are feted and adorned, and wear brilliant sashes every day.

But, meantime, her father, and young Jones, son of a neighboring farmer, have climbed the orchard fence.

"Ah! Mary," exclaims her father, "in the orchard ag'in? And in them duds?"

Mary laughs, in tones learned at school.

Young Jones says nothing. He simply stares at Mary Brown in the way he has been in the habit of doing for the last two years. His devotion is common talk.

"The little carrot-top had better take him", whisper the malicious fair ones of the neighborhood. "That city chap'll never come to time."

But the bird in Mary's heart never wearies of singing.

"Yes," continues her father, "y'r mother always complains that the poultry ain't fed when y'r dressed up, and pitches into me fer lettin' you go to boardin' school."

"Oh! never mind, Dad," laughs Mary, kissing him, "you just tell mother the city news, and she'll forget about me."

Farmer Brown scratches his head, and replies: "I don't know as I have any."

"What? and you've been in the city two days?" cries the girl.

"Waal, now, let me think. Oh, yes, when I got through seein' the man about

buildin' the barn, I dropped in to see that lawyer chap who was boardin' here last summer. I thought he might give me a p'int er so about payin' that miserable old mortgage."

"Yes, yes", says Mary; breathless.

"Waal, he seemed right glad to see me; shook me by the hand as hearty as you please. 'Do you know, Farmer Brown,' says he, 'I've been feelin' fine since stayin' at y'r place last summer.'"

"'Glad to hear it,' says I; 'you'd best come ag'in this year.'"

"Waal, he kinder waited a minute before answerin', and then laughin' out, he says: 'I would like to go back first rate, but I don't know as how farm life u'd suit my wife.' 'Y'r wife!' says I, a little

took back—he looks so young to have a wife. 'Yes', says he. 'I'm goin' on my weddin' tower this week; but I guess it'll have to be to the sea-side.' I clapped him on the back fer luck. 'Drop in and see us some day, along with y'r wife', says I, at leavin'."

"Won't mother be surprised!" exclaims Mary, walking ahead.

"I reckon so. But I've been thinkin', on the way back, as how after all it's as well they ain't comin' here, seein' how set yer mother is ag'in boarders."

"Yes, just as well", says Mary.

And she tries not to shrink from Jones, as he helps her over the orchard fence—at the very spot where she and her "city chap" used to sit in the gloaming.

A "Crazy" Philosopher.

THE following from a lunatic, in an asylum, contains a spirit of subdued resignation and refined common-sense, that would do credit to one of the ancient Stoics, and which people who consider themselves in their right minds, seldom attain:

"Yes, it is quite true, unalterably, irrevocably so. I am a lunatic, and yet, the first shock to my sensibilities having worn off, it does not seem very horrible.

"I seem to be pretty much the same individual that battled with the world for several years past for place and a livelihood. I have the same tastes, the same general characteristics, the same inclinations accentuated, or more pronounced perhaps along certain lines, that is all. To be sure there are days when I feel the oppression of my thoughts as they will persist in dwelling upon some unpleasant feature of my fate, but a little reflection tells me I am foolish to permit this.

"Yesterday I saw an old man, one whose race of life was nearly run, and to whom life had brought but little except toil and trouble and poverty, shuffling wearily to the corner store and returning

with such purchases as his few pennies would permit, painfully retrace his steps to his wretched hovel, where he must prepare his food for himself, and then keeping warm as best he may with a few pieces of coal; again venture forth on another day to seek the few pennies that are necessary to supply him with the little food that will serve to prolong his life yet a few days. Compare my lot with his. I am well housed in a comfortable and well-ventilated home, furnished with comfortable and suitable clothing, and furnished with as good a couch for my slumbers as the ingenuity of man can devise. I am furnished with a sufficiency of well-cooked food, which, while it may not be what my tastes have heretofore demanded when fortune favored me in my pursuit of money wherewith to gratify my tastes, yet is quite sufficient for my needs and quite as rich and delicate as would be beneficial to my system.

"Why should I complain? Death comes some time, comes to all, I could not hope to escape, and why repine that he comes in form not just to my liking. From long contemplation of the unwell-

come truth, I come now to take delight in living over again past days. My career is ended, so far as this world is concerned, that I know, but would not my life be an exception, did I not have some halcyon days in the long ago that were worthy being marked with a white stone in the secret calendar of my heart, and are not these memories ever with me? And really this kind friend, whom we call memory, is such a good companion, so pleasant, and with such bright ways, and with such a mellow, golden-

lighted lamp, does he illumine these pictures of other days, that sometimes I fain would spend more time than I can spare from my daily round of little duties, in his company. And then there are great problems in the science of religion, in metaphysics and in many other important fields.

"Who so well fitted for these abstruse speculations as he to whom the world has something of its glamour lost, and who is no longer allured by the *ignis fatuus* of wealth or fame?"

The Nine O'clock Gun.

WHEN the dark of the day nestles down,
 And the stars hang their lamps in the skies,
 When New York, the old world-famous town,
 Part in flame part in shadow land lies,
 When 'tis time that the children be wed
 To the innocent white-pillowed bed,
 But grim villains from over the earth
 Soon will prowl to dishonor their birth,
 Thus when Night her first finger has pressed
 On the brow of the world, gently striving
 To soothe into much-needed rest,
 With the magics of tender contriving;
 Then thund'ring o'er roof-top and tower,
 Comes the first mighty stroke of an hour:
 Then once more, as at set of the sun,
 Comes the boom of the nine o'clock gun.

From the wave-guarded nest where our fighting-boats rest,
 When they've homed from the far-away seas,
 Comes this signal of power at the evening's mid-hour,
 That the timid may slumber at ease.
 That the hearts of the West may with confidence rest,
 In the good will of nations around:
 But the mailed hands of might are all ready to smite,
 Should that friendship a treach'ry be found.
 So God grant that our peace with the world may not cease!
 But the flowers of a garden are nought,
 Unless, shunning neglect, there is power to protect,
 When by cruel desire they are sought.
 So let nations "disarm", if they look for a charm
 In the ease of a duty undone.—
 Gentle peace is our choice: but we still must rejoice
 In the boom of the nine o'clock gun.

—Harper's Weekly.

Editorial Comment.

THE AIR FAMINE.

THERE are a good many different kinds of famine, but of them all, the air famine is the worst—and most of the world does not realize that it even exists.

It is all the more blamable, because it arises from no lack of material to wipe it out—but from lack of power or disposition to use it.

There are 40,000 persons suffering in the advanced state of consumption, at LARGE in the city of New York alone—to say nothing of those who are slowly dying in-doors. This is not a guess, but a COUNT: made by responsible organizations. It is safe to believe, that there are 10,000 more, in bed.

If 50,000, now, were dying from want of food, how soon and quickly the required material would be rushed to them! Very few people ever die from lack of food. It takes little real nourishment, and that very simple, to keep the human body alive.

Nobody ever thinks of dying from want of water, except sometimes in a desert. Reservoirs and aqueducts, both large and small, natural and artificial, abound everywhere. Nobody *will* die from want of water: he will hunt the world over and under for it.

But thousands are dying from the air famine. The God-given stuff is all around them, all above them, all beneath them: but not enough WITHIN them. Walls bar it out; clothes bar it out; improper foods bar it out: public halls, "crowded to suffocation", bar it out.

The shelters of the world are growing more and more oppressive; the enclosures are becoming thicker and thicker; everything tends more and more toward asphyxiation.

Even the out-door air in cities is tainted with all sorts of gases and other impurities.

A healthy body DEMANDS AND MUST HAVE A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF OXYGEN day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, second by second. How many bodies get it? Study the matter up, with the people you know as object-lessons, and report.

Is it any wonder, that we die many long years before we should, or need to do? Is it a puzzle to know why the poor men and women die by thousands, before they have reached their prime? Need it be hard to realize and believe, that a rich man eats a hearty dinner, and dies before midnight of acute indigestion? They were all starved for want of oxygen.

What is it that cities need? Pipes, conducting fresh and pure air, into every dwelling-house, every shop, every audience-room, and every hospital. Huge engines, forcing this heaven-given fluid throughout the whole municipality. The good, pure air, as easy to get as gas or water. Facilities for the citizen to fill his room with it in a moment, by turning the faucet.

This would cost money.—But what does a hospital cost? What will 7,000 persons applying for rooms and beds in which to die, cost, at last?

The streets and the parks furnish air, but not pure air, or anything that approaches it. It is laden with foul breaths, decaying vegetation, and putrid animal matter.

Give every dwelling-place and every working-place a full supply of the best air obtainable, and you can stamp out the White Plague—and never in any other way.

BOUNTIES ON DEAD INSECTS.

VALUABLE ideas trundle along sometimes slowly, and run down a lot of meretricious ones: but a correct thought generally gets to the fore, in fairly good time.

EVERY WHERE has for some years advocated the idea of paying bounties on the remains of undesirable insects, the same as has been done in new countries, upon the scalps of wolves, bears, wild-cats, etc. It argued that if every youngster received a certain amount "per" upon every hundred or thousand of mosquitoes he or she killed, there would be not only thousands but millions less, every succeeding year. (If the millions-part of this statement is not believed, kindly reckon the number of descendants of one mosquito and the descendants of *their* descendants, for five years.)

The idea of the bounty proceeded slowly: but it proceeded. People began to pay their children so much per bottle for all the noxious insects they could catch, and, of course, execute. The youngsters took part of the time they would have devoted to play, and put it in as insect-hunters. People began to see that if vermin were really a pest, it was worth money to destroy them—and the possible parents of millions of them.

For instance, the housefly, having been duly denounced all over the country as a dangerous and annoying nuisance, a children's crusade was instituted against it on the 22d of June last. A prize of \$100 was offered to the boy or girl that would trap the largest number (or number of quarts) of those much-hated insects. This happened in Worcester, Mass.

The children went to work with the usual zeal born of monetary incentive; and when the contest closed, which was in a month, ten barrels-full of deceased flies had been turned in, comprising, it was estimated, several millions of the objectionable insects. The boy who won

the prize had alone captured 95 quarts of the pests—warranted to contain 1,210,000 flies—if any one wanted to take the trouble of counting them. It is to be hoped that the less-successful children also received more or less rewards for their industry.

This same sort of thing might be done all over the world. If people want comfort, and safety from harmful and annoying insects, they should be willing to pay for it: and who so appropriate to employ in the matter, as their children?—whom it will teach that the best way to enjoy money, is to first earn it.

Not only flies can be eradicated or at least largely diminished by this method, but mosquitoes. If children tire of the task, grown persons that want the money, can take hold.

Whatever the world needs to have done, should be done systematically, and at a fair price.

CHOLERA KNOCKS AT OUR DOOR.

THE fact that a few cases of cholera have come by ship to New York, need frighten no one who keeps clean, within and without, and exercises reasonable care as to what he eats.

The disease has existed for centuries and sheaves of centuries, in one place and another: but its ancestral homestead seems to have been in Jessore, seventyseven miles northeast of Calcutta. The people of this little town of 8,000 inhabitants have long had a fine school, in which the minds of the young were cultivated: but they were not able to teach what the cholera was, and how to prevent it. People farther west had to do that.

In 1884, Prof. Koch, of Berlin, announced that he had found the whole source of the trouble. It was a tiny microbe—too small for the naked eye, but well defined through microscopes, as being of about the shape of a comma,

and a very alert, enterprising little animal.

It proves to be a tough little creature, and able to live almost anywhere. It never does our human race any harm, unless it gets into the body, and, for some reason, is *detained* there. Then it exudes a lot of poison, and the trouble begins.

If there is nothing to impede its progress, it goes along through the system, and passes away, as millions of other microbes are doing all the time. And, if cholera is around, your safety is assured by practicing the simple arts that give the little stranger a clear path.

Here is a fact which it is well to remember, and which will illuminate the whole way of safety in the matter:

The germ never gets into the blood-vessels, tissues, or muscles:—only into the intestines.

If these intestines are kept clear and progressive, the microbe will move along with the procession, and do no harm. If the procession stops for any length of time, the microbe will stop, too, and soon begin developing the poison that kills.

Now, knowing these facts, if you would keep well, the whole question of your safety depends upon your treatment of the intestines—and the intellect. So

Don't be frightened, if some one else should happen to get the disease—near or far from you. In epidemics of every kind, a great many people die of pure fright. Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia", lived for many years in Oriental countries, where cholera is always hovering about, and lost all fear of it. He once said:

"More people die from bronchitis, teething, and measles, every year, than from cholera. I have helped carry into hospitals many persons afflicted with it in the streets of India. It is no more than a colossal protean stomach-ache. Simple precautions will ward it off.

"Five drops of hydrochloric acid in a

cup of tea every other day, will kill the microbe. It cannot live in an acidulated stomach."

He also adds that the English and American stomachs are well-nigh proof against the disease, when a little care is exercised.

Having made up your mind that cholera is not a great death-dealing mystery, but a well-defined little trouble, which it is possible to prevent, take good care of the intestines, where you have found that the microbe will appear, if at all.

Boil all water and milk before using it.

Cork the bottles while hot, with cotton wool or absorbent cotton.

Throw away all the remaining water or milk, after you have used some from a bottle once open.

Keep clear of raw fruits, raw vegetables, and cold meats, and, if you can bring yourself to it, ice cream and candy, until after the "scare" is over. The microbe likes the taste of all these, and might stop to eat of them, and pay for his lodging in poison.

Keep the large intestine (colon) perfectly clean, by injections each day with a fountain or bulb syringe. Three or four quarts of warm water at a time, are not too many. This process itself (commonly called the "Wilford Hall Treatment") has cured hundreds of cases of cholera, even after they were in full progress.

In 1892, this treatment was used in Hamburg, where the disease was in full career. Copious enemata of salt water were injected into the bowels, and within a few days the number of cases in Hamburg was reduced by one half. In the same year, large numbers were cured in Russia by this method—only using soap instead of salt.

It is to be hoped that the regular school of physicians will not be averse to adopting this treatment, should cholera ever appear to any extent in our midst.



Sermon-Making.

IN answer to a request for an account of how he constructs and delivers his weekly sermons, Dr. P. S. Henson said:

"As a rule I choose my texts early. I get them, if possible, before going to bed Sunday night. I put them in soak, just as when you make soup you put the bones in the pot and let them simmer, and later skim off what rises to the surface, or just as seed planted in the ground grows night and day unconsciously. You can't force the process Saturday night; it takes time for the roots to strike down and the shoots to strike up.

"Beyond this planting process, my methods are very variable. I think it's a bad thing for a man to lie on a procrustean bed and have an invariable method of making a sermon. I always carry a pocket pistol, by which I mean a note book, in my hip pocket, loaded with texts, and whenever outlines of sermons come to me, whether it be on the street car or steam car or anywhere else, I at once make note of them. I think the best work I do is on the railroads in that way. My people tell me that my sermons prepared there are my best, because they have more movement in them, and for that reason I always prefer a fast train. Indeed, there are few places where I enjoy work so much as on a sleeping car or on a parlor car, where I settle down to a day's travel with nobody to molest me or make me afraid. I think, for the most part,

through the nib of my pen. After getting a text, I sometimes have the whole outline come to me with it. It opens up the layout of the land at once. Then I write in a hieroglyphic fashion—a sort of shorthand that would be the despair of any reporter—may be twenty or thirty pages. This I do to clarify my thought and to freshen my style, for a man who doesn't write is sure to drop into ruts and repeat himself world without end, which makes the people tired. After I have written I go over the matter thus accumulated, maybe recast it and make a syllabus, and then go over the syllabus and from it make a more abbreviated syllabus, and then go over that syllabus till I've got it in my head. That memorandum I usually lay on my pulpit Bible, but don't commonly need to have recourse to it.

"In preparing a sermon I make it a point not to read anything bearing on the subject immediately beforehand. It interferes with one's own thinking. For what with his own thoughts and other people's all mixed up, he is all cluttered up, and the result is apt to be a kind of puddingstone, instead of clear-cut granite.

"My idea is that man should be reading all the time, just as a cow should be grazing all the time, but you don't want the cow to give grass, but milk. A man should keep himself full (reading maketh a full man). The only book that I try to keep in touch with in the preparation of a sermon is God's book. I want to hear what He says about it, and the less of confusion of human voices the better.

"As a rule I preach for the edification of the saints in the morning, and with a view to evangelistic results in the evening. I am apt to put my strength on my evening sermon. The morning service is a kind of dress parade, to which people will come anyway, from force of habit or stress of conscience, but if you want them to come in the evening you have got to give them something to come for. I think the cause of the small evening congregation in so many churches is that the preacher puts on a full head of water in the morning, and dribbles at night."

Harvests of Coin.

IF half of the time spent in devising means of replenishing the church treasury, were spent in earnest prayer for souls, what a harvest would be gathered in!

An uninitiated person coming in our midst might conclude, that collecting money was the chief aim of the church.

At the invitation of King Joash, the people gave gladly, for the repairing of the Temple, and there was great rejoicing. But notice when it was the priests' work to collect the money, the work lagged. The more direct way is most interesting to the giver.

The planning and scheming to get up "something new", that will make people pay without knowing it, is far from giving cheerfully to the Lord.

Not long ago I saw an account of what was called a "Country auction", where country cookery and household articles, such as are supposed to be in use in the country, were sold by a professional auctioneer. Would not taxation be preferable to things of this kind?

I sometimes wonder what our dear Saviour would do if he were upon earth, but I do not stop long to wonder, for I think I know what he would do. "And Jesus went into the Temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the Temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers and the seats of them that sold doves."

How it must grieve his loving heart, that his service is such a burden that we have to resort to almost every means to carry it on! When we make a present to a dear friend, do we raise the money in the way we do for our Maker, who has given us all that we have?

We are surely responsible for the way we are teaching the world to give; and often encouraging them in evil habits. Do we not pray for the reform of the drunkard and the gambler? Are we working with God to hasten that time, when we are making grab-bags, fish-ponds, ring-cakes and the like? Then there are the mite societies, where cider is served.

The sooner we do away with these inconsistencies, will the Kingdom Come. There is no time to waste. Souls are passing into eternity and must witness against us.

S. C. S.

One Pastor's Methods.

I AM a communicant in a church where the pastor, although a good enough man, and a fine parish visitor, cannot preach a little bit. He is a pretty good conversationalist, and makes everybody at ease when they call upon him; and he is welcome in all the families under his charge: that is the way he holds his position.

But when he gets in the pulpit, he seems entirely out of his element; he blushes, stammers, mispronounces, scolds, wanders from his text, and makes almost everybody pity him. On this account, his audiences are small, and other preachers near by draw all the floating church-population away from him. Those of us who go, go as a solemn duty.

His audiences in the morning are composed of those of us who are bound to "hold out faithful unto the end"; and we believe that we are doing a plain duty in always being there, even if we do go away with the taste of an empty spoon in our mouths. By our self-abnegation, we feel that we get a blessing many times, that no eloquence ever would bring.

In the evening, he would have just about the same audience, were it not for the fact that, ambitious to have somebody else there, to draw a crowd, if possible, he has procured a cheap stereopticon, and gone to giving "sacred lectures", illustrated by screen-pictures. I have heard only one of these; and felt all the while as if I had rather be home, reading my Bible. It was a rambling discourse about all sorts of things, with a few Palestine scenes thrown in. But if he could ever get a single thing of a Bible nature that happened in a place, he would make that a pretext for exhibiting several views of that locality. For instance, he threw on the screen ten views of ancient and modern Rome, because St. Paul once stopped there for a time. These pictures were such as one can see at any stereopticon lecture, and were tolerably good, of the kind, for a week-day evening; but they were out of place entirely, on the Sabbath.

In this way, he is working his best to induce people to come, in order to see the pictures; but how much real spiritual good they get out of it, is a question; that is, it *would* be a question, if the facts were not so unmistakable. Those who go consider it merely as an entertainment, free at that (except for the small coins they throw in at the collection he is careful to take up); and the saving of souls is left entirely out of the matter.

I don't like to be put down permanently in the class of murmurers; but in this case, it seems to me as if it would

be a comfort to be able to grumble just as loud as I want to, for once; and this, in a paper of your circulation, is pretty loud. So please let me, Messrs. Editor, just this once.
E. H. H.

Field-Sermons.

NOT useless are ye, flowers, though
made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er hill and dale, by day
and night;
On every side your sanction bids me
treasure
Harmless delight!

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living
preachers—
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a
book;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teach-
ers,
In loneliest nook.

Ye matin worshipers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless
eye,
Pour from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

'Neath cloistered bough each floral bell
that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing
air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever
ringeth
A call to prayer.

—Horace Smith.





Nevers, for the Mother.

THERE can be no fixed rules, by which all children may be guided and controlled alike: each one has its peculiar disposition and tendencies, which only the mother can know. Sometimes she too fails to understand them.

The nervous sensitive child, with a hungry little heart that yearns for sympathy and love, is often embittered by neglect, and the boisterous, stubborn little fellow, inclined to be selfish and overbearing, is foolishly indulged until he rules the household. The bashful, timid child cannot be too carefully dealt with, while another may need kind but firm restraint.

Child nature is in many points however, the same, and mistakes are very commonly made, that should be carefully guarded against.

Never, when the child is present, make it the subject of conversation. A little girl accustomed to much attention, mortified her mother by remarking:

"Mamma, you haven't told Maud's latest." Yet the child was not to be blamed for expecting the usual foolish recital.

Never laugh at a sensitive child's mistake. Such thoughtlessness wounds more deeply than you know, and makes the little one shy and awkward.

Never command the child in a sharp, petulant manner, and then, be vexed because you are answered in the same way. The child is irritated by your fretful tone, and unconsciously mimics it.

Never allow your admiration for an attractive child to spoil it. Children are quick to observe when whatever they say

or do gives pleasure, or they are watched with favor; and nothing makes a child more disagreeable than an air of conscious smartness.

Never decide a matter too hastily; but when once resolved upon your decision make it final. A teasing, coaxing child is a little nuisance, and your change from "yes" to "no" is regarded as falsehood by the disappointed small boy or girl.

Never give lessons in deceit. Little happens in the home that children do not notice, and they naturally imitate your example. Be polite and considerate if you expect them to be so. A rude, pert child is usually but a little copy of an imperfect pattern. Remember, that example is better than precept.

Never repel your children's confidence, but encourage them to come to you with all their little trials and pleasures, tell their thoughts and freely confess their errors, as they will if sure of sympathy.

Never grieve them with indifference or frighten them by severity; for without confidence and sincerity in childhood, it is impossible to hope for it in after years.

Never be unnecessarily severe over some trifling fault, and allow a graver offence to go unnoticed. A soiled dress is hardly as important a matter as an act of selfishness, or a *lie*.

Never allow your love for your own child to make you unjust to another's. Wait to find out and understand the circumstances of a quarrel before you blame any one.

Strive to be just, above all. The confiding love of that little child is your choicest treasure.

Never seem to tire of the questioning that is Nature's way of making instruction easier for you, nor let your many cares drive away the sweet caresses of baby lips.

Never lose your patience, unless you want to run the risk of losing your child's love.

Voices of the Night.

THE New York Street-cleaning Department lay awake, not long ago, and evolved a mildly-brilliant thought—which was, to have the débris of the houses along different streets, collected during the dark hours. A great clamor rises from various citizens who had suspected that night was made for the repose of those who wanted it, and that sleepers should not be roused unnecessarily.

One complains that he is awakened at half past eleven, half past two, and half past four—"just properly arranged to keep one awake all night", he opines.

"The idea of disturbing sleep with the odor of garbage and the rattling of cans", says another, "is preposterous. The wagons alone are enough to wake the dead. I am awakened regularly at three o'clock, and cannot go to sleep again. The day is the time for such work, for then the noise is not noticed.

"If the Department would compel janitors to cover the bottom of each empty can with a good disinfectant, he would be doing something good. Worst of all, at night the men cannot see to do the work as well as by day."

Another says: "It is not only the ash-carts that are 'raising dust and making noise', but the inhabitants of the flat-houses are as much and more disturbed by the puffing engines of the waiting automobiles in front of the houses as well as the returning of taxicabs to their stands without interference by anybody.

"Awakening early through the noise of the ash collectors, I have been watching them for ten days. Although it is hard on the sleepers to close their windows, still it is an absolute necessity, unless we want to swallow dust instead of pure air."

Another says: "Allow me, as a taxpayer, to voice my protest against the removal of garbage at night. Not alone is the noise a great nuisance, but those who use the stoops for breathing-air find it both unpleasant and unhealthful to inhale the stench of the garbage, which at times is not collected for two nights. Then, again, is the city responsible for cans that are stolen?"

Another complains that they awake his baby, and scores of others, through the various papers, voice their night-woes.

It seems strange, that amid all the efforts to produce "sane Fourths", the city authorities should inaugurate means to make the people insane o' nights.

The Drunkard.

FOR centuries the drunkard has been despaired of, and treated, at great expense to the community, as a criminal. The person occasionally found intoxicated in public also has been despaired of. Society has pushed him down, at expense and to its detriment, into the ranks of confirmed inebriates and criminals. Reform has been little thought of; the moral and economic waste has been fearful. The special committee appointed by the Board of Estimate of this city to consider the advisability of establishing a Board of Inebriety and a hospital and industrial colony for inebriates reports that the centuries of mistaken treatment have involved "a heavy expense," yet they were "wholly fruitless." The Board of Estimate will consider its committee's report, and take steps to check this waste.

According to the committee, this city is spending \$80,000 a year for the cases of intoxication committed to Blackwell's Island, and \$65,000 a year for the cost of the "overflow" wards at Bellevue; moreover, the proportion of expenses for these cases in the Magistrates' courts "is at least \$125,000 a year," besides the great expense incurred in policing the inebriate inmates of the city prison and the alcoholic wards of hospitals. "As a result of all these expenses under the

present system," the committee says, "there is a complete lack of accomplishment. There is no pretense even that the individual is helped, but the contrary."

The inebriates law of 1910 for this city would tend to prevent drunkenness. It would release the occasional offender, and would place on probation the second offender. If the probation officers fail, the inebriate would go to a hospital, not to a jail, and to an industrial colony, not to evil associations with criminals. Only the hardened offenders who have actually developed into criminals would find their place in jail.

Alcoholism is a disease. Its victims are neurasthenics. It is inhuman to treat them as criminals. It is inhuman not to restore them to health, and, to the last degree, contrary to public policy to help them away from lives of reformation, recovered self-respect, and renewed usefulness to their kin and the State. A site for the city's new institution of thrift and healing should first be selected at a cost not to exceed \$50,000, and a Board of Inebriety must be constituted in order that the work may be commenced.—[*N. Y. Times.*]

Death in Drugs.

FEW messages have been written that were so important as one President Taft sent to Congress not long ago. In it he says:

"The Supreme Court has held in a recent decision that the Food and Drugs act does not cover the knowingly false labelling of nostrums as to curative effect or physiological action, and that inquiry under this salutary statute does not by its terms extend in any case to the inefficacy of medicine to work the cures claimed for them on the labels.

"It follows that, without fear of punishment under the law, unscrupulous persons, knowing the medicines to have no curative or remedial value for the diseases for which they indicate them, may ship in interstate commerce medicines composed of substances possessing any

slight physiological action and labelled as cures for diseases which, in the present state of science, are recognized as incurable.

"Fraudulent misrepresentations of the curative value of nostrums not only operate to defraud purchasers, but are a distinct menace to the public health.

"At the time the Food and Drugs act was passed there were current in commerce literally thousands of dangerous frauds labelled as cures for every case of epilepsy, consumption and all lung diseases, cures for all kidney, liver and malarial troubles, cures for diabetes, cures for tumor and cancer, cures for all forms of heart disease; in fact, cures for all the ills known at the present day.

"The labels of many of these so-called cures indicated their use for diseases of children. They were not only utterly useless in the treatment of the disease, but in many cases were positively injurious.

"The shameful fact is that those who deal in such preparations know they are deceiving credulous and ignorant unfortunates who suffer from some of the greatest ills to which the flesh of this day is subject.

"Prior to the recent decision of the Supreme Court the officers charged with the enforcement of the law regarded false and misleading statements concerning the curative value of nostrums as misbranding, and there was a general acquiescence in this view by the proprietors of the nostrums.

"Many pretended cures, in consequence, were withdrawn, and the proprietors of many other alleged cures eliminated false and extravagant claims from their labels, either voluntarily or under the compulsion of criminal prosecutions.

"Nearly one hundred criminal prosecutions on this charge were concluded in the Federal courts by pleas of guilty and the imposition of fines. More than one hundred and fifty cases of the same nature, involving some of the rankest frauds by which the American people were ever deceived are pending now and must be dismissed."

World-Success.

Woman Dentists.

BY MABEL H. RICE, D.D.S.

IF you, being a feminine, have made up your mind to be a dentist, as many girls have done, take a good long microscopic view of yourself and your abilities, before you set out to do it.

Be sure, for instance, that you have a natural adaptability for constructiveness. It is one thing to *think* you will be a dentist, or dentiste, as some of them call themselves, and to *be* one. You have something to do more than look at a tooth and prescribe medicine for it, as a regular doctor does for a patient.

In the next place, be sure that you have patience and ability to learn—for the schooling is hard and exhausting—and not free from the prejudice of fellow-pupils of the sterner sex. They will laugh at you, no doubt, quiz you in polite exasperating ways, and make life a burden to you, if they can. The instructors, too, are more exacting with you than they are with the male pupils—at least you are apt to think they are, and that is about as bad. Be sure—unless you are a useless, insipid flirt—if you get your diploma, you will most surely earn it.

In the third place, be sure that you have good general health, and can stand on your feet hour after hour and day after day. Many and many a time, when you would like to go and lie down, your patient is impatiently waiting for your ministrations. If you lose your health, you lose your practice. Your patronage will desert you as soon as it is known that your sanitary condition is failing. Suffering people never want to be taken care of by *other* suffering people.

Fourth, be sure that you have strength and endurance enough to stand others'

ills and pains. Sympathy is one of the most prominent characteristics of woman, and in your chosen profession, if you choose it, there will be scarcely an hour in the professional day, that you will not inflict pain. If you show the least lack of nerve, your patient will show the same.

Fifth, make up your mind at the very outset, that you will never gossip with your patients concerning anyone or anything, while on duty. There are no doubt a hundred or two things in the community that need talking about—but they will keep. Talking takes your mind off your work, and if you indulge in it, will cause you to make false and hurtful motions. It is also likely to create dislike among your friends and patrons: for if you talk very long you will talk about people, more or less, and they will find it out and resent it.

Sixth, let what little you *do* say to patients, be of a pleasant character. If they are brave while "in the chair", tell them so; if they are not, pity them, and say nothing about it. Greet your patrons with a smile—bear with them in their unreasonableness, and put yourself in their place. I have known a dentist to lose twenty patients in one year, by a little "grumpiness."

Seventh, don't give up if customers do not come flocking to you as soon as you expose your little sign to the daylight. You may have a lot of waiting to do, before your office is thronged with customers. While biding your time for them to come, make everything, including yourself, ready for them. Do not content yourself with studying the best books on the subject of dentistry—study the best periodicals, and "keep up to date." Examine all the new improve-

ments, and try them, if they seem valuable.

Eighth, if you really mean to be a woman-dentist, don't adopt the profession merely to keep you going until you get married to some one.

With these directions, and others that occur to you (for all successful people must invent as they go along), you may hope to achieve success—as many women have done, in the dental profession. Some have accumulated fortunes.

A Fool Fools Fellow-Fools.

A DISTINGUISHED alienist tells the following story:

"There was a half-witted youth in Bridgetown to whom the neighboring farmers liked to offer a penny and a nickel.

"Gathered about him in a circle on market day, the farmers, one after another, would say:

"Now which'll ye be havin', Peter? Here's a cent—here's a nickel—take yer choice."

"And the foolish Peter invariably would choose the cent rather than the nickel, and the farmers, before such incredible foolishness, would roar with laughter, double in two, and clap their legs noisily with their brown hands.

"Peter," I said one day to the lunatic, 'why is it that you always take the cent instead of the nickel?'

"Peter grinned a very cunning grin.

"Suppose I took the nickel," said he, 'would I ever get a chance to take another one, or cent, either?'"

Signs That Are Not Given Us.

IF people in charge of the comings and goings of other people took as much trouble to put up signs that would direct, as they do to display advertising-placards, it would be much more to the advantage of the public in general.

For instance, at a certain elevated-rail-road station, you can read all kinds of directions as to what pickles and other

grocery-luxuries you can use on the table by paying a certain price: but you have to search very carefully indeed, to find whether the stairway before you leads to the uptown or downtown trains.

And for instance, if you are searching for a house on one of the streets, perhaps you will find the number, and perhaps not. So hard is it to find some people's houses, that it makes one almost think that they are hiding from creditors.

And for instance, if you want to know upon what street you are, you perhaps will find it labeled as it ought to be, perhaps not.

If the time were estimated that residents of a town lose in telling strangers where to go, it would aggregate several hours per day, in each place.

If the time used by strangers in searching for information that ought to be put plainly before their eyes, were added up, it would greatly surprise whoever might see the result.

The lust for advertising-money gets in the way of a great deal of legitimate information, to which the world is entitled.

The Boy Mathematician.

THERE was something almost uncanny about the extraordinary mathematical powers of that youthful prodigy, Zerah Colburn.

Born at Cabot, Vermont, September 1, 1804, in early childhood he developed remarkable propensities for calculation. When he was but six years of age, young Colburn's powers of computation were so extraordinary that Dr. Wheelock, president of Dartmouth College, offered to educate the child at his own expense: but this the elder Colburn refused to allow.

In 1810, the father started to exhibit the boy in order to make money.

At Boston he was received with greatest interest. He solved mentally problems involving the use of four or five places of figures—and with greater ease than old and experienced mathematicians. Although but six years of age, he answered correctly and within twenty seconds such questions as this: "How many days and

hours are there in 1811 years?" At that time he could not explain his own process of calculation; but later it was learned that his methods were not at all new, but merely an exhibit of the great facility with which he used old processes, that made possible the astounding results.

At nine years of age, he solved such questions as: "What is 999,999 squared $\times$ 49 squared $\times$ 25?" The answer to this question required seventeen figures. He gave immediately the factors of 294,967,297, which number French mathematicians had previously supposed to have been a prime number.

His inconceivably rapid mental processes and his powerful memory aroused much interest wherever he was exhibited, in the Middle and Southern States, and in England, Scotland and Ireland. He spent eighteen months in the Lycée Napoleon in Paris.

In 1816, while in England, the Colburns were so greatly impoverished that the father was glad to accept the patronage of the Earl of Bristol, who had become interested in Zerah, and who placed him in school at Westminster: but owing to a disagreement between Mr. Colburn and the Earl, the boy was removed.

In accord with his father's wishes he then studied for the stage: but abandoned this work to assist in a school. Later he taught for himself, and did astronomical calculations for Dr. Thomas Young, a secretary of the Board of Longitude.

After Mr. Colburn's death, in 1824, the boy returned to United States, where he taught school at Fairfield, N. Y., and then studied in the University at Burlington, Vermont, where he supported himself by teaching French.

He then joined the Methodist church, and was for nine years an itinerant preacher. In 1835 he became Professor of Languages at Norwich University, Vermont, where he died in March of 1840.

He was unassuming and quiet, and showed no evidence of other great genius and his remarkable faculty for computation left him as he came to manhood. He published an interesting book of memoirs.

How America Was Named.

THERE has been a good deal said against Americus Vesputius, because this continent happened to be named after him instead of Columbus. Some have even placarded him before the world as an impostor. But as a fact, he is entitled to much more credit than he generally receives.

He was a bright student as a boy, and a great lover of geography, natural philosophy, and astronomy.

In 1492, the year that Columbus discovered America, he was at Cadiz, and of course, being inclined toward voyages and discoveries, was much interested in the expeditions that were projected toward making new researches in the regions of which Columbus had discovered the stepping-stone. He made four voyages to the "New World", as he called it, and seems to have had a good flow of language in describing everything he found there. In short, he was probably one of the best advertisers that have ever commanded a ship.

We do not have any copy existing, of this Diary, although it was, in its day, published, and widely circulated.

The particular circumstance which gave his name to our vast country, was a curious one. He wrote several letters to an old schoolfellow, named Soderini, the chief magistrate of Florence, with some account of his discoveries, and one of them was translated into Latin, and sent to the University of St. Dié, in France, in 1507.

This letter was published in a book at St. Dié, called "Cosmographiae Introductio": and then was first given the name that has clung to all the Americas since: North, Central, and South. It was done in these words:

"A fourth part of the world, since Amerigo found it, we may call Amerigé or America." Thus was a name given to the Western Hemisphere, which has always clung to it, and, probably, always will do so.

Every year, they hold a little celebration in St. Dié, in honor of the fact that this country was named there.



A Page and a Half of Casual Thoughts.

A dreary old age is usually a selfish one.

“Home is” often “where the heart is” broken.

Learn how to use your indignation economically.

A toady gets into a great many places—but not very far.

Jealousy is the natural and gratuitous press-agent of Injustice.

A spoiled child has started on his way to join the devil's recruits.

Once in a while, Haste is worth more than the Waste it causes.

Many a human chanticler escapes injury until he begins to crow.

Whatever is may not always be right: but if not it can be righted.

A really “square deal” must be square enough to go all the way round.

A vast amount of ignorance is caused by a fear of knowing the truth.

A stated and assured income, however large, is liable to keep you poor.

No good dream ever came true, unless the one who dreamed it was true.

The more independent you become, the harder in life your work will be.

If you have sustained any great misfortune, guard against it thereafter, in every possible way:—it will always be

hanging around, trying to get back to you.

Over all the works of man, the word “Anonymous” will some time brood.

Jests have in them the seeds of quarrels, if they be sufficiently nurtured.

Help should be so carefully and wisely bestowed, that it is not a hindrance.

A swindler always practices his vocation on himself before he is through.

A lack of continuity is one of man's worst prevailing and disastrous defects.

The title “Professor” has produced more self-consciousness than it is worth.

Wise people never spend any time congratulating themselves on their wisdom.

To toil for others is really to toil for yourself—because you love or pity the others.

The famous “drop in the bucket” has a universe within it—so says the microscope.

True love may be temporarily changed into hate, but is always liable to “come back.”

Encourage persistently the very best that is in your friends, and you will get it.

A stab in the dark is bound some time to show in clear sunlight the coward who gives it.

The man who is never ill-at-ease, has

secured one of the great essentials of success.

Hash contains secrets that we know not of: and so do most other styles of cooking.

Many men who are called "brutes", if so, would be vastly superior to what they are.

If you learn how to enjoy words that the dead have left you to read, you seldom will be lonely.

The question of "endurance" means partly how long you can get the world to endure you.

An earthquake will be necessary on resurrection morning, to shake some of our friends awake.

If old people would take better care of themselves, it would be considered no misfortune to grow old.

Let the world be utterly silent for a week, and the most nervous of people would pray for noise.

The young often deride old age, when all the time they are getting nearer and nearer to it every day.

Shakespeare set a terribly bad example, in borrowing his plots, and it has been followed ever since.

Waste no pride upon yourself for being strong, until you have been attacked at your weakest point.

It is a pitiable exhibit when any one tries to make up with affected eccentricity, what he lacks in real power.

Often you think you are "governing your temper", when you are just merely governing one manifestation of it.

There will be more confidence placed in specialists, when they stop dying of the diseases they profess to cure.



June 27—A unanimous request for votes on reciprocity, July 24, farmers' free list, July 26, and the wool bill, July 27, was refused by the Senate.

The New York Senate refused to recall the Grady bill requiring the signing of editorials.

United States District-Attorney Wise brought suit to dissolve the Magazine Trust.

28—Senators Cummins, Borah and Bristow, in bitter speeches, attacked reciprocity and President Taft.

29—The Federal Grand Jury returned indictments against eightythree men connected with nine steel and wire organizations, operating thirtysix factories.

A United States torpedo-boat destroyer

was raked by the boom of a schooner in a fog, and forced to put into port for repairs.

30—Reports reached Wall Street that the Canadian Pacific Railroad was to absorb the Erie.

The United States Government seized \$150,000 worth of furs from a New York firm, charging big customs-fraud.

July 1—Changes in the directorate of the National Railways of Mexico were announced at Mexico City.

The Interstate Commerce Committee ordered an investigation of all express companies doing an interstate business, to determine the reasonableness of rates and classification.

Two earthquake shocks, the heaviest since

- 1906, jarred central California and western Nevada.
- 2—It was announced that Secretary Meyer of the Navy Department had instructed subordinates to no longer permit the inspection of American navy yards by foreign naval officials.
The American Consulate at Bogota, Colombia, was permanently closed.
 - 3—The British seamen's strike came to an end, the men obtaining a majority of the concessions claimed.
 - 4—The country experienced the hottest Independence Day known since the Observation Station was established in 1874. Many people were prostrated.
King George reviewed an army of 35,000 boy scouts from all parts of the United Kingdom and from some of the colonies.
 - 5—France, Spain, Britain and Russia agreed to Germany's proposition to hold a conference about Morocco.
An international conference of steel-workers met in Brussels to organize the steel interests of the world.
Fifteen hundred employés of the American Harvester Works, struck, in Moscow, Russia.
Venezuela, began at Caracas, the celebration of the centenary of her independence.
 - 6—The International Seal Conference came to an agreement prohibiting open-sea sealing for fifteen years.
A Sicilian named Rosario Riola was arrested in Naples, a second time, formally charged with being the murderer of Lieutenant Petrosino of the New York police.
 - 7—Two thousand strikers' wives, with children clinging to their skirts, paraded Manchester, England.
A treaty abolishing pelagic sealing was signed in Washington by representatives of United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan.
Judge Bordwell, of Los Angeles, decided that his court had jurisdiction to try John J. McNamara for murder, due to the dynamiting of the "Times" plant, October 1, 1910.
 - 8—It was reported, in Caracas, that ex-President Cipriano Castro of Venezuela, had mustered an army and was prepared to resume control of the Government again.
King George and Queen Mary, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, landed on Irish soil for the first time.
 - 9—Mexico, through her Embassy at Washington, assured United States that order was restored within her borders: Senor Gilberto Crespo, the new Mexican Ambassador to United States, arrived in New York from Vienna.
 - 10—The Senate rejected all reciprocity amendments voted upon.
Commissioner of Immigration Williams denied to the House Committee on Rules that the immigrants on Ellis Island are mistreated, and, with Commissioner Nagel, he invited investigation.
 - 11—Twelve persons were killed and forty-nine injured when the Federal Express jumped a switch near Bridgeport, Connecticut, plunging off of a viaduct.
Hundreds of lives were lost and millions in property destroyed, in forest fires in Northern Ontario.
 - 12—The Senate rejected the Farmers' Free List as an amendment to reciprocity.
The New York Assembly adopted the income tax amendment, 91 to 42.
The New York Senate defeated the Woman Suffrage bill by a small margin.
The McNamaras pleaded "not guilty."
It was announced at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine, Paris, that two international congresses, scheduled for September, in Rome, Italy, had been postponed till Spring, on account of the cholera epidemic.
 - 13—King George's oldest son was installed as Prince of Wales with ancient ceremony.
A memorial tablet to William Penn was unveiled in London by Col. R. M. Thompson of New York.
 - 14—The House Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Agriculture, authorized an investigation of charges against Dr. Wiley, pure-food expert.
Great Britain and Japan signed a revision of the treaty of 1905, whereby their agreement of mutual aid in the event of attack by another power, does not apply if it is United States that attacks.
 - 15—Representative Cox of Indiana, Democrat, offered a resolution in the House, demanding all letters, records, etc., attacking Dr. Wiley; or protesting against his retention in office.
President Taft authorized Assistant Attorney General W. H. Lewis (colored) to attend the Negro National Educational Congress, at Denver, as the representative of the Administration.
 - 16—Twentyone miners were killed in an explosion in the shaft of the Cascade Coal and Coke Company's mine at Sykesville, Penn.
Two thousand men from the Island of Madeira were reported joining the Portuguese Royalists in Spain.
 - 17—The Government brought suit against the Reading Railway Company to compel it to keep out of the coal business.
The Senate passed a drastic Campaign Publicity bill.
King George went to Scotland to hold court in Holyrood Castle.

Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

ABRAHAM, ABRAHAM—On Cherry Island, Alexandria Bay, N. Y., June 28, aged sixty-eight years. He was born in New York City. As a boy he obtained employment in a Newark drygoods store. In 1865 he embarked in business for himself in Brooklyn. He joined a partnership with Joseph Wechsler, and upon the latter's retirement in 1893, the firm was reorganized under the well-known name of Abraham and Straus, one of the largest establishments in the country. He was foremost in all that made for the betterment of his city, winning the name of "the leading citizen of Brooklyn." Protestant, Catholic and Jewish organizations were recipients of his wise and generous benefactions.

BRAINERD, JAMES T.—In Cambridge, Mass., July 11, aged eighty-five years. He was born in Middle Hadden, Conn. He founded, with Benjamin A. Armstrong, the Brainerd and Armstrong Silk Manufactories, in New London, Conn., the first in America for the making of washable spool silks.

BROWN, JUDSON A.—In St. Georges, Bermuda, July 12, aged seventy-five years. He was born in Ohio, and coming to New York when eighteen years of age, he entered journalism. For thirty-five years he was the Cashier and Treasurer of *The New York Herald*.

CLOTHILDE, PRINCESS MARIE THERESE LOUISE—At Turin, Italy, June 25, aged sixty-eight years. She was born at Turin, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, the great King of Italy. She married Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon I., but was very pious and did not enter into the gay life of the court of Napoleon III. In 1872, when the Bonapartes were exiled, she followed her husband, who died in Rome in 1891. She eventually settled down in a chateau at Moncalieri, near Turin. One of her sons, Prince Victor Napoleon, is a pretender to the throne of France.

DENISON, CHARLES HALBERT—In New York City, July 12, aged seventy-eight years. He was born in Michigan. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and spoke in many States during Presidential campaigns under direction of the National Republican Committee. He was a veteran

of the Civil War and was the inventor of the Denison marginal index, in dictionaries and elsewhere.

DICEY, EDWARD—In London, England, July 7, aged seventy-nine years. He was born in Leicestershire, England, and was educated at Cambridge. He became a barrister, but was an author and journalist as well. He was connected at one time with *The London Daily Telegraph*, and for nineteen years was editor of *The Observer*. He was an earnest advocate of the annexation of Egypt. A number of his books concerned themselves with that country. His wife was Anne Greene Chapman of Massachusetts.

FYLES, FRANKLIN—In New York City, July 4, aged sixty-three years. He was born at Troy, N. Y. As a boy, he entered newspaper work in that city, and when twenty years old became a reporter for *The New York Sun*. For thirty years he was dramatic critic of that paper. He wrote several successful plays, among them being "The Girl I Left Behind Me", and "The Governor of Kentucky." Upon retiring from *The Sun*, eight years ago, he supplied about thirty papers with dramatic criticisms and notes of New York's theatrical season.

GORST, SIR ELDON—In London, England, July 12, aged fifty years. He was born in New Zealand, where his father was Commissioner. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He entered the diplomatic service in 1885. He became Assistant Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and in 1907 he succeeded Lord Cromer as British Agent and Consul General in Egypt, after twenty years' sympathetic intercourse with and close study of the natives.

HOWLAND, EDWARD C.—In New York City, July 10. He was born in Poughkeepsie. He was graduated at Cornell and began a journalistic career on *The Springfield Republican*. He was in turn Washington correspondent of *The Philadelphia Press*, *The New York Press*, and *The Mail and Express*. He was an editor also on the bulletin of *The National Civic Federation*, and other papers. He enjoyed the confidence of President McKinley, and was one of the best-informed newspaper correspondents on the tariff and political economy.

JEFFERSON, "CHARLEY"—In New York City, July 12. For many years he was the strong man for the Barnum circus, and later, for that of Barnum and Bailey. Upon retiring from the show business, he served for a time as a sculptor's model, posing, among others, for St. Gauderts, one figure taking a prize in Paris.

LEFT HAND—Near Darlington, Oklahoma, June 25, aged eightythree years. He was for many years, Chief of the Arapahoe Indians, and one of the most famous old-time warriors. He was concerned in the massacre of Major Elliott and his men the day of General Custer's battle of Washita.

MCCONNELL, DR. RAY MADDING—In Cambridge, Mass., June 23, aged thirty-six years. He was born in Tennessee, and was graduated by the Southern and by Vanderbilt Universities. He took A. M. and Ph.D. degrees at Harvard, and was an instructor there, in social ethics. He wrote "The Duty of Altruism", and the "Philosophy of Crime."

McMAHON, MRS. JOSEPHINE—At Long Branch, N. J., June 23, aged fortyseven years. She was born in Lambertville, N. J., and was one of the best known mission workers in that part of the State. Her husband, Frank McMahon, had once been Mayor of Rumson.

MARIA PIA, DOWAGER QUEEN—At Turin, Italy, July 5, aged sixtyfour years. She was born in Turin, the daughter of the king of Sardinia, later known as Victor Emmanuel II., who freed Italy from Austria. She became the wife of King Luis of Portugal, in 1862. In 1889 her son Carlos ascended the throne upon the death of his father. Carlos was shot down in 1908 and last year, the Dowager Queen's grandson, Manuel, with all the royal family, including Maria Pia, were exiled. Her sister, Princess Clothilde, died eleven days before Maria Pia. King Humbert of Italy, who was assassinated in 1900, was her brother.

MITCHELL, REPRESENTATIVE ALEXANDER C.—At Lawrence, Kansas, July 7. He was a graduate of the University of Kansas. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1907 and 1909, when he introduced the law abolishing capital punishment in the State. Last March he took his seat in the National House, soon after becoming ill. He voted on only one legislative measure—that of Canadian reciprocity. He was a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Kansas for six years.

NORTON, REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES STUART, U. S. A.—At Westfield, N. J., June 24, aged seventyfive years. He was

born in Albany, N. Y., and was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1855. He served throughout the Civil War and after the conflict he served on the Board of Inspection and Survey. From 1896 to 1898 he was in charge of the Washington Navy Yard and Station. He became a Rear Admiral in 1897 and was retired a year later.

SENATOR, PROF. HERMAN—In Berlin, Germany, July 14, aged seventyseven years. He was born in Germany, and was President of the Medical Society of Berlin, and Director of the Medical Polyclinic Institute. He was noted for his medical researches and as an instructor in medicine.

SMITH, CHARLES JEFFRIES—In New York City, July 13, aged seventy years. He was born in England, coming to United States in 1865. For three years he was city editor of *The New York Sun*. He founded *The New York Star* in 1869 and was its managing editor for seven years, when he became city editor of *The Express*. He founded, later, *The Insurance Record*, and thenceforward was interested in insurance publications. For twenty years he was head of the "literary bureau" of the Mutual Life Insurance Company.

THIRY, JOHN H.—In Long Island City, N. Y., June 23, aged eightynine years. He was born in Belgium, and studied to be a teacher. He was for a while Minister of Public Works in his native place. He came to America in 1859. He built up a large book business in New York, which he sold out later, moving to Long Island City, where he invested in profitable real estate. Here he became much interested in education, served on the local School Board under different administrations, and established the school savings-bank system, which has spread all over the globe. Exhibits were made at the Chicago and the Paris Expositions, where he was the guest of the President of France.

VAN ALLEN, MRS. HARRIET A.—At Madura, South India, July 5. She was born at Waukegan, Illinois. She had been a missionary under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, since 1888, when she married Dr. Frank A. Van Allen, head of the Albert Victor Memorial Hospital.

WHITMYER, DR. JOHN FRANKLIN—In New York City, June 23, aged fortyseven years. He was born in Schenectady, and was graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. For twentytwo years he had been connected with the Health Department of New York City, and for the last four years was its Chief Medical Inspector.

Forty Doings and Undoings.

Clouds frequently travel two miles a minute.

Half the sea commerce of the world is under England's control.

Anti-treating clubs are increasing. A large one was recently formed in Chicago.

Wood is getting dearer with the manufacturers, and paper matches are talked of.

Switzerland killed fifty-two and wounded thirty mountain-climbers in one summer.

Squirrels are not always vegetarians: one of them has been caught eating a redbird.

Conscience-money still rolls in from different directions, to different defrauded people.

It takes an oyster from one to seven years to grow, however expeditiously you can eat it.

United States now has as large a population as Great Britain and France put together.

Drowning at the seashore in order to escape the heat, is not an unfrequent occurrence nowadays.

Leaving one shoulder bare and draping the other one, is one of the latest tricks of French society women.

Country children are taken to the city and city children to the country on short observation trips by the Denmark schools.

Sea-turtles, when salted and cured, are said to taste like beef, and they are caught in great numbers on the Florida coast.

Children in New York have been caught begging for a "Sick Babies' Fund," and buying candy for themselves with the proceeds.

"Camp Rest" was the name of a forest-refuge in Connecticut, and it was changed to "Can't Rest"—because of numerous storms.

The family dailies continue to improve the tone of domestic life, by carrying into it complete reports of all the principal prize-fights.

When Chinamen are married—even by a white clergyman or justice, they insist on the kissing of the bride, and declare "no kisse, no payee."

Several western railroad conductors have been disciplined because they did not pronounce the names of stations correctly, and are studying elocution.

There are only sixty auk's eggs known to be in the world, and \$840 was paid for one of them at auction in London. The auk is extinct, and no more are to be had.

The Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans are fast acquiring the white bread habit, and that means the purchase of a large amount of wheat from America in the future.

A professional rat-killer is "Chocolat," a Parisian dog without a master, who goes

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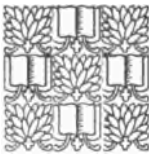
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about from one high-toned restaurant to another and is gladly received and employed.

A Delaware judge holds that men can whip their wives in punishment for being too familiar with boarders, and need not be punished therefor: a man's home being his castle.

Egg-eating dogs are cured by keeping them hungry for a day, and then letting them loose on a nest of rotten ones. They turn up their noses thereafter at sight of an egg.

There are not only glowworms, but what may be called glow-plants. The nasturtium, the marsh lily, and several other ones, have at times a certain phosphorescent gleam of their own.

The fortune of the late Chinese Empress Dowager, Tze Hei, between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000, chiefly in gold bars, has been shipped to England for investment by a bank in Brussels.

Fishing-nets are now illuminated with electric light: the finny victims rush in after the manner of moths at a candle, a string is pulled on shore or in the boat, and they are captured.

The cunning Japanese are imitating American handiwork, putting American brands upon it, and selling it in India for much more than it is worth—work and material being inferior.

United States is and has been for years the largest coffee-using country in the world; and the Philippine Islands produce as good a brand as the Java or Mocha. Cuba and Hawaii are not far behind.

A German invention to prevent premature burial on the slightest movement in the coffin causes a box on the surface to fly open, setting a bell clanging, lighting an electric lamp, and shooting out a black flag.

Farmers have begun cutting their wheat by propelling the reaper with a gasoline engine. They use but two horses, and they only to guide the reaper, and cut a third more wheat a day than with the old method of horsepower.

The first joint of an elephant's leg is considered a great delicacy in Africa; when properly cooked, it is not a strong, tough meat as might be imagined, but of a gelatinous consistency, that can be eaten with a spoon.

In machinery, if two hard metals rub together, they soon wear out, and an alloy of soft metal put between them largely does

away with the friction and wearing. This compound, tough but soft, costs many times as much as steel.

Thieves still back up with their wagons to temporarily deserted houses, in open daylight or early evening, and take away valuables by the thousand-dollar-worth. The police think the family is moving, instead of soon to be deeply moved.

So that they may learn how to use firearms, girl members of the Broad Street Park Methodist Episcopal church of Trenton, N. J., have organized the Girl Rangers Club. The pastor expects that all will develop into crack shots. Let us have peace.

Lightning the other day sought out and struck a man working in a Pennsylvania coal mine 1,500 feet underground and unaware that a storm was raging. The report in the despatch was, that the bolt "followed the intake of the air current."

Giant bees, one and a half times as large as the kind now in vogue, are found in the Philippine Islands. The honey combs they construct are said to be five times as large as that of ordinary bees, and when they are angry it takes them thirty seconds to make ready to sting.

Another pretender to the throne of France has arisen in the person of a peasant priest, Felix du Valois, who announces that he is Henry of France, Duke of Anjou, being a grand nephew of the famous prince with the iron mask which, it is said, concealed the features of Louis XIV'S twin brother.

Wives traveling with professional baseball players, are not popular with managers. "They always take sides in a quarrel, and are apt to draw the player's mind off his job", they complain. Yet it is not uncommon, now, for several members of a club to take their wives, and sometimes the children go along.

Aviation has separated one husband from his wife, and one wife from her husband. Atwood, who recently startled the country by flying from New London to New York and from there to Washington, has agreed upon a "friendly separation" from his other half, who apparently does not like to look so far up to him.

From Omaha comes a report that there will be an extensive employment of women in the harvest fields of Nebraska south of the Platte this summer. An experiment in that direction was made last year with such good results that a Deputy Labor Commissioner of the State estimates that fully 1,500 young women will earn from \$50 to \$150 each in the wheat fields this year.

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DAUGHTER WILL SOMETIME BE MA.

"You seem to be loaded down."

"Just a few Summer supplies," complained the commuter. "A hammock for daughter and a washtub for ma."

ONLY WAITING.

Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?

Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.

HARD WORK.

"A mounted policeman must have a hard time."

"How so?"

"It can't be an easy matter to sleep on horseback."

MODERN CONVERSATION.

"How did that couple ever make love, for neither one is talkative?"

"That may be so, but, you see, she has such a speaking countenance, while his money talks."

ACQUAINTANCES.

"I want to get a quart of rye whiskey," said the customer in the department store.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk: "will you have it sent, or will you take it and try to carry it home?"

LINGUISTIC LORE.

"The professor says that music owes a great deal to Rossini," said the young woman.

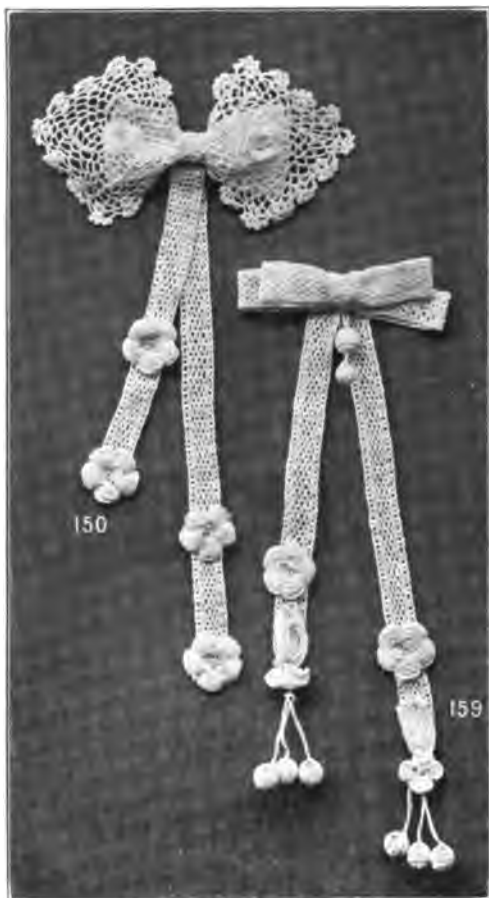
"What's Rossini?"

"That," replied Mr. Cumrox, "is probably Italian for 'rosin'."

VIOLATION OF RULES.

"They have expelled my favorite waiter from his brotherhood," said one hotel patron.

"Yes," replied the other, "he accidentally



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smiled and said 'Thank you,' a dollar's worth for a fifty-cent tip."

DIFFERENT CONDITIONS.

Muggins—The Bible says we should love our neighbors as we love ourselves.

Buggins—Yes, but you should remember there were no apartment houses when the Bible was written.

OCCUPATION TELLS.

"Your friend Timmins has a very supercilious air. What makes him hold his nose so high?"

"He can't help it, dear boy. He's an official egg-inspector."

UNCLE JOHN'S TEACHINGS.

Little Girl—Mother, is Uncle John deaf?

Mother—No, dear. Why?

Little Girl—Every time he gives me five cents he says, "What do you say?" and I'm never saying a word.

FOXY FATHER.

"I hear you actually encourage your boy to send poetry to the magazines. Do you want your son to become a poet?"

"No; I merely want him to get the conceit knocked out of him."

ECHOES FROM MATRIMONY.

Mrs. Gnaggs—I want you to understand that I had three proposals before I accepted you.

Mr. Gnaggs—Oh yes! I believe I did propose to you four times.

HELPING THE FAMILY.

"How'll you get off for the opening game? You killed your grandmother off last season."

"I'll get off to go to grandfather's wedding. What's the matter with the old gentleman getting married again?"

THE SENATOR EXPLAINS.

"I'm not in favor of this scheme of putting a tax on bachelors", said the Senator. "On the contrary, I think most of them should be pensioned for refraining from making homes unhappy."

SPOT CASH.

"Senator, what is the secret of your success in politics? How do you manage to beat down the opposition?"

"Young man, I don't try to beat 'em down. I pay 'em what they ask."

CONFLICT OF PURPOSES.

"And you had a strenuous time in the last town?"

"I should say so. The manager was in the wings egging me on and the audience was out in front egging me off."

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A QUESTION OF AGILITY.

Minnick—What's the matter with this chicken soup? They don't seem to have caught the idea of making it.

Sinnick—Seems to me more likely that they haven't caught the chicken.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

Rube—Where's yer boy naow?

Josh—He's in New York.

Rube—Which side's he on by this time?

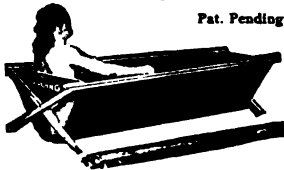
Josh—What d'yer mean?

Rube—Is he sellin' gold bricks a'ready or buyin' 'em yet?

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